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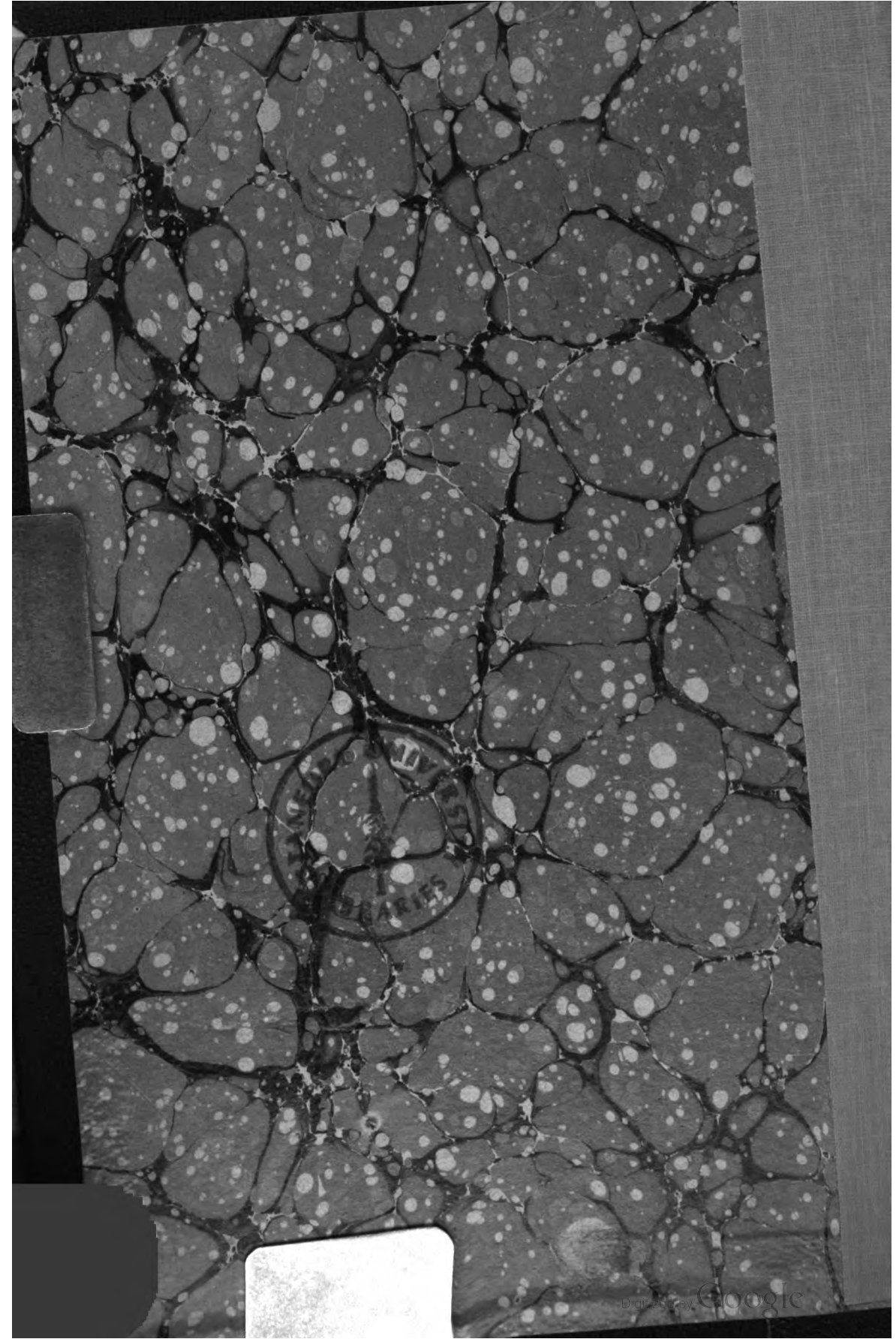
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Scribner's Magazine ...

Edward Livermore Burlingame,
Robert Bridges, Alfred Dashiell, Harlan Logan



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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE



PUBLISHED MONTHLY
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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
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VOLUME XLII
JULY-DECEMBER



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The FICTION



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AS usual, the **AUGUST** number will contain a group of the best short stories of the year and some beautiful color printing, including the cover, a frontispiece by MAXFIELD PARRISH and a series of drawings by HARRISON FISHER. It is in every respect a notable number.

Some Remarks on Gulls, With a Footnote on a Fish By Henry van Dyke

"Brave spirits of the sea and of the shore"

Few birds are more interesting in their manner of life or more suggestive of the mystery and poetry of the sea. The author gives his observations of the gulls of Manhattan and then follows them along the coast to some of their brooding places off the coast of Maine. Incidentally, he tells of how he and Gypsy caught the big ouananiche in the "Gull's Bath-Tub." The article is illustrated with drawings by Schoonover and with some remarkable photographs by Herbert K. Job.

A Day at the Country Club

Drawings by Harrison Fisher Reproduced in colors

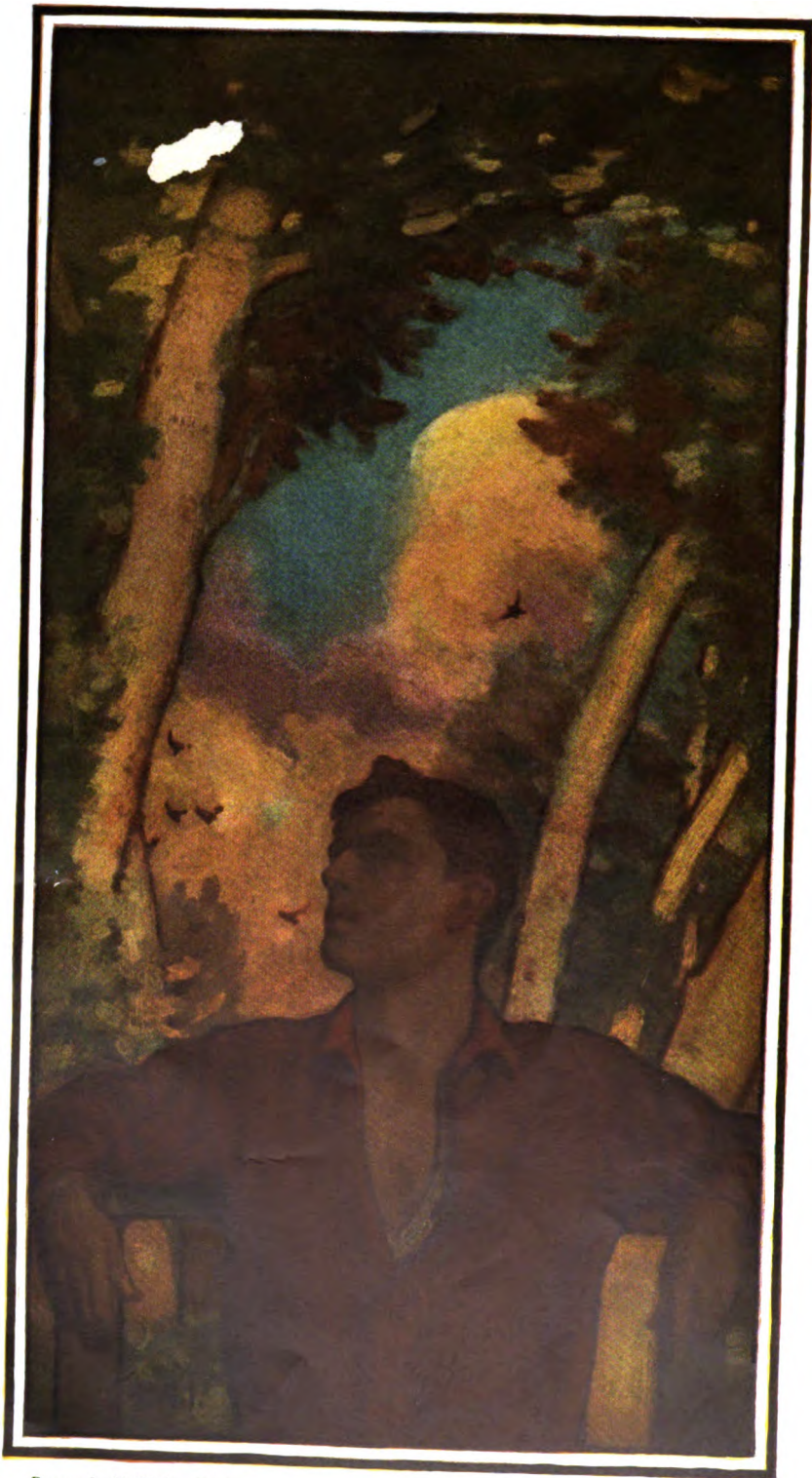
A charming series of story-telling pictures by this popular artist. "Wanted: An Answer;" "Byplay;" "Fore;" "Fisher-man's Luck."

Mortimer's Failure By Jesse Lynch Williams

The causes of Mortimer's failure were not any lack of business acumen or vain plungings in Wall Street. Quite the contrary. That the failure proved in every sense a good investment is made fully apparent to the reader of the story. Mrs. Mortimer rose splendidly to the situation. Illustrated by Yohn

The Fruit of the Tree By Edith Wharton

In the August installment Mrs. Wharton's novel reaches one of its tragic climaxes and prepares the reader for a situation that involves a problem of the most vital interest.



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

IN GOD'S GREEN INN.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XLII

JULY, 1907

NO. 1

THE GREEN INN

By Theodosia Garrison

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

I SICKEN of men's company—
The crowded tavern's din,
Where all day long with oath and song
Sit they who entrance win;
So come I out from noise and rout
To rest in God's Green Inn.

Here none may mock an empty purse
Or ragged coat and poor,
But Silence waits within the gates,
And Peace beside the door;
The weary guest is welcomest,
The richest pays no score.

The roof is high and arched and blue,
The floor is spread with pine;
On my four walls the sunlight falls
In golden flecks and fine;
And swift and fleet, on noiseless feet
The Four Winds bring me wine.

Upon my board they set their store—
Great drinks mixed cunningly,
Wherein the scent of furze is blent
With odor of the sea,
As from a cup I drink it up
To thrill the veins of me.

It's I will sit in God's Green Inn
Unvexed by man or ghost,
Yet ever fed and comforted,
Companioned by mine host,
And watched at night by that white light
High-swung from coast to coast.

Oh, you who in the House of Strife
Quarrel and game and sin,
Come out and see what cheer may be
For starveling souls and thin,
Who come at last from drought and fast
To sit in God's Green Inn!

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Garden of the Villa of Castello.

THE GARDEN AS A PICTURE

By Beatrix Jones

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY MCCARTER

GARDEN literature of to-day, as we all know, does not confine itself merely to flowers, insects, and the weather, but is equally authoritative as to astronomy, cookery, philosophy, and even matrimony. Some quotations from old writings, however, come back over and over again, like the burden of a song, and we have grown so accustomed to them that we feel almost defrauded if a garden book does not open with the first sentence of Bacon's stately essay. These books have done much good in making people realize that gardens are not pieces of ground kept solely for the delight of gardeners of the old school, who seem to have spent their time in designing flowerbeds of intricate pattern filled with bedding plants so atrocious in color that a kaleidoscope is Quakerish in comparison. They have also taught the great essential of gardening, that in order to have good gardens we must really care for the plants in them

and know them individually as well as collectively. This is an important part of the technique of the garden-maker; he must know intimately the form and texture as well as the color of all the plants he uses; for plants are to the gardener what his palette is to a painter. The two arts of painting and garden design are closely related, except that the landscape gardener paints with actual color, line, and perspective to make a composition, as the maker of stained glass does, while the painter has but a flat surface on which to create his illusion; he has, however, the incalculable advantage that no sane person would think of going behind a picture to see if it were equally interesting from that point of view.

The painter has another great advantage over the gardener, because, as he cannot possibly transfer to canvas the millions of colors and shadows which make up the most ordinary landscape, he must eliminate so

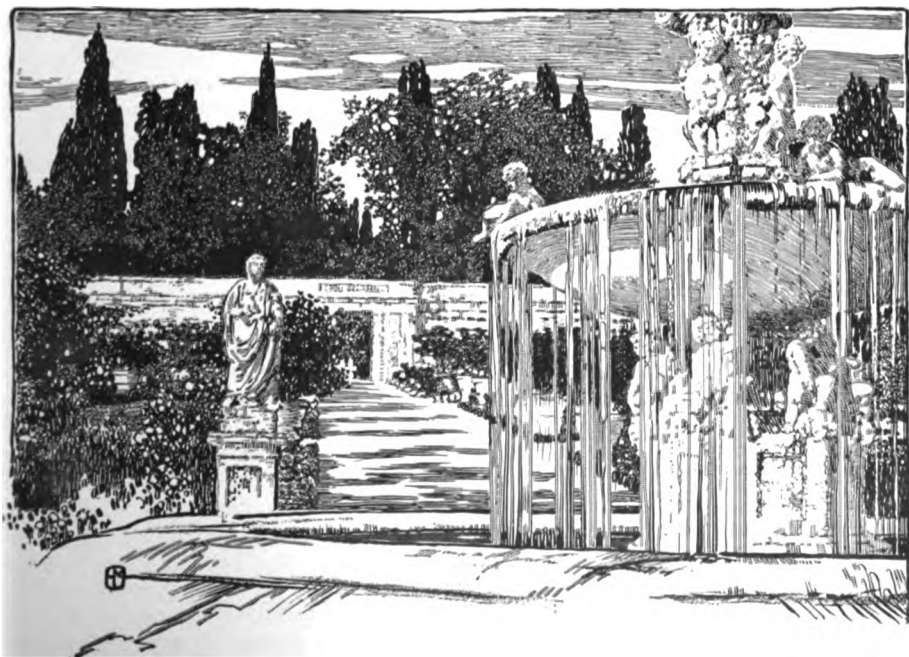
many that his presentment becomes more or less conventional, just as a playwright must recognize the conventions of the stage, and these limitations are taken for granted by the public, whereas the landscape gardener has to put his equally artificial landscape out in real light, among real trees, to be barred by real and moving shadows. The garden designer has no noncommittal canvas at the back of his picture, but must be prepared, like the sculptor, for criticism from any standpoint, and it would seem as though most people were irresistibly drawn to look at a composition from its least attractive side, as if, in a parallel case, they should criticise only the backs of statues, all of which are not so beautiful as that of the Venus of Syracuse.

The painter has yet another advantage hard to overestimate, in that his palette is really in great measure the creation of his personal artistic temperament, expressed with more or less variation in all that he does, while the landscape architect must take the elements given him by nature as the basis of his composition in each separate piece of work; this means that he cannot use the color, form, and texture suited to one place in another possibly only a few

miles away. The painter also usually follows his own bent and seldom varies from marines to portraits, or from still life to landscape, and although some have run the whole gamut, the personality of the artist unconsciously translates his subjects into his own individual language.

The landscape artist, on the other hand, must subordinate himself to the elements given him, the climate and the soil, the character of the vegetation, and last but usually not least, the wishes of his client. The painter and the sculptor may finish their work and it can at once be judged as a whole, while the person who works with plants has to make up his mind to see the particular shrub he wanted in a special spot perversely die, while for years the shady groves of the future will decorate the scene like feather dusters on broomsticks.

Although each year an increasing number of people interest themselves in out-of-door life and the habits of birds, trees, and wild flowers, they may realize only the striking contrast between a landscape where deciduous trees predominate and another where evergreens give the characteristic note. Everyone can see the difference between the austerity of the rock-bound coast



Fountain in the Garden of Castello.

of Maine, the quiet beauty of a Massachusetts intervale, and the sleepy luxuriance of the Pennsylvania pastoral country, but slight variations between these may often pass unnoticed; it is only in trying to copy the expression of a landscape, or rather to fit in with its character, that it is possible to realize how infinite and yet how minute these variations are. The quality of the light is perhaps the most important. There is a pellucid quality in the northern atmosphere which does not demand shade as do the richer colors and warmer light farther to the south. The recognition of the importance of the balance between light and shade was one of the chief elements in the composition of the great Italian garden artists. They used shadow as having the same value of accent as color. Their long and sunlit walks were relieved by patches of shade; their brilliant and sometimes glaring parterres, vibrating with light, were contrasted with the cool darkness of a little grove. This feeling for the balance between light and shade may not have been a faculty consciously exercised on their part, but it is unquestionably a feeling without which no artist can make a composition at all. We are apt to read into the people of a past time subtleties of which they probably knew nothing, on the principle of

Critics who from Shakespeare drew
More than Shakespeare ever knew.

The difference of the quality of light is no doubt what unconsciously affects the outdoor art of different countries, and the demand of the eye for contrasts may be what makes the English gardens so full of dark yews, which even on dull days make the bright flowers near them seem as if the sun were actually shining, whereas in Italy the dark laurels and bays are more apt to be used as a contrast to actual light and not color. It should also be remembered that the art of gardening at its best is as strongly national as that of painting or sculpture; in the England of old days gardens which were honestly supposed to be Italian were in reality British, just as the so-called "English gardens" of the eighteenth century were either French or Italian when they were made in one or the other country. One reason for this was that artists were not distracted by the multitude of photographs and rapid mental impressions of

travel which with us make individuality so difficult to keep; for instance, a model seen in Rome is now often repeated in an alien American garden, merely because it looked well in the place for which it was intended. We cover more ground in a short holiday than our forefathers did in one of their solemn "tours," and can bring home any number of accurate records of what we have seen. Before photography was invented, if a traveller wanted to be sure of remembering a terrace or a summer-house he had to sketch it more or less accurately; now we snap a camera which reproduces every detail with a minuteness usually impossible in a drawing. When the old tourist returned and went to work again there was an exotic flavor in his design, but he had necessarily forgotten many minor points of decoration, as in mouldings and ornaments, so he replaced them by those with which he was familiar, and his neighbors took it as a matter of course. Now we are terribly cultivated and scrupulously accurate; we know just how everything all over the world looks, whether we have actually seen it or not, and if it is a work of art we think we know just "how it was done."

It is well to remember that many of the garden decorations imported from one country to another, as from Italy to England, look much better now than when they were first expatriated. Time and neglect will do wonders for inappropriate garden architecture; in our climate, for instance, chilly marble goddesses will soon lose their noses and fingers in spite of their hibernation in wooden sentry-boxes, and fountains will go to pieces if the gardener delays putting on them the little thatched capes which look oddly like the mackintoshes of the Japanese jinrikisha men.

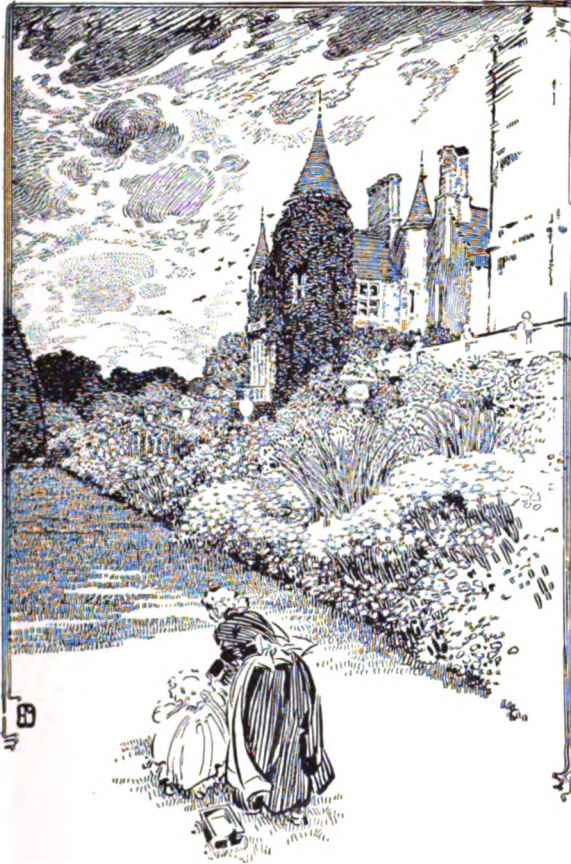
A collection of flowers, no matter how beautiful they may be, does not make a garden, any more than the colors on a painter's palette make in themselves a picture. A real garden is just as artificial as a painting, and yet it has not the advantage of artificial surroundings. The landscape architect must put his composition down in the open air with the sky and the trees and the grass as a background, and must juggle with nature in order that his composition may not look out of place, keeping always in his mind the balance between masses of color and offsetting masses of green. It is perhaps for this reason that we unconsciously

feel that a garden is best shut in, at any rate, in part, from the surrounding lines of the landscape. This enclosure does not necessarily mean a wall, nor does it mean that a garden should have no outlook, but only that there should be some definite limit.

If one may use a musical expression, there is the same difference in quality of color between a landscape and a garden that there

color and interrupted by high lights and dark shadows to throw out contrasts.

If it is possible to give over any considerable part of a place to one special effect by massing rhododendrons, spring-flowering bulbs, or one particular flower, the result is incalculably greater than if the same number of plants are dotted about promiscuously, but it must be borne in mind that in



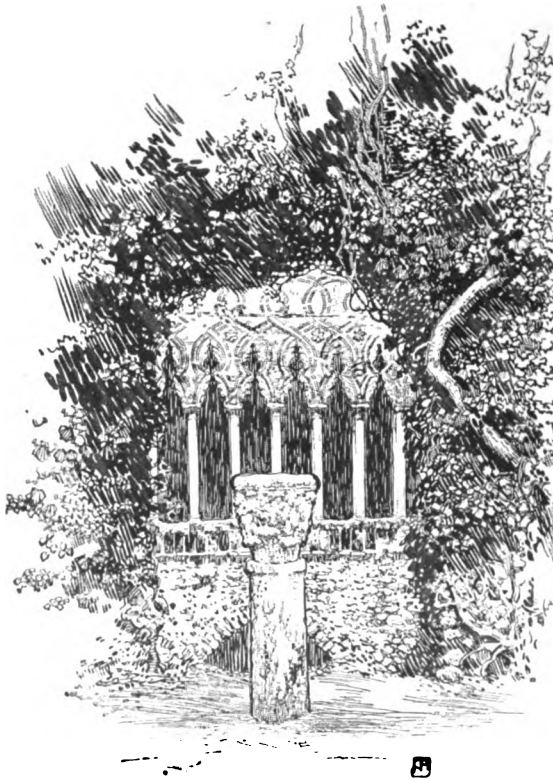
Shasta daisies in a border.

is between an old orchestra and a modern one of nearly double its size, where the parts are much more subdivided and the sound consequently more complicated. In the same way the vibrations of color from a garden, being more closely brought together, are much more exciting than in an ordinary landscape. This makes it necessary that the garden should be treated in a bolder manner; flowers must be used as

order to get an effect like this planting must be done on a big scale; the artist must try to keep step with the great stride of Nature and copy as far as may be her breadth and simplicity. This can only be attempted where there is plenty of room. Ten barberry bushes in a front yard may be very good because they are simple, but they cannot even suggest the broad effect of which we have been speaking.

A garden, large or small, must be treated in the impressionist manner. Old paintings and colored prints are interesting from their quaintness, but they do not make one feel the real effect of a garden any more than if they were in black and white. They treat it as a part of the landscape and therefore subdue its coloring that it may not jar with the rest, whereas in reality a garden vibrates with color as the air rising over some reflecting surface on a summer day vibrates with heat.

with manure, or at best with evergreen boughs and leaves. If, however, they only stay in the country for two or three months it is comparatively easy to arrange a mass of color like a Turkey carpet, in which flowers are laid in in broad washes. This brilliant effect can be held for a couple of months, and during that time there need be no holes where flowers have died which have served their usefulness and left not even a tuft of green leaves to cover the brown earth. If the garden has to be pre-



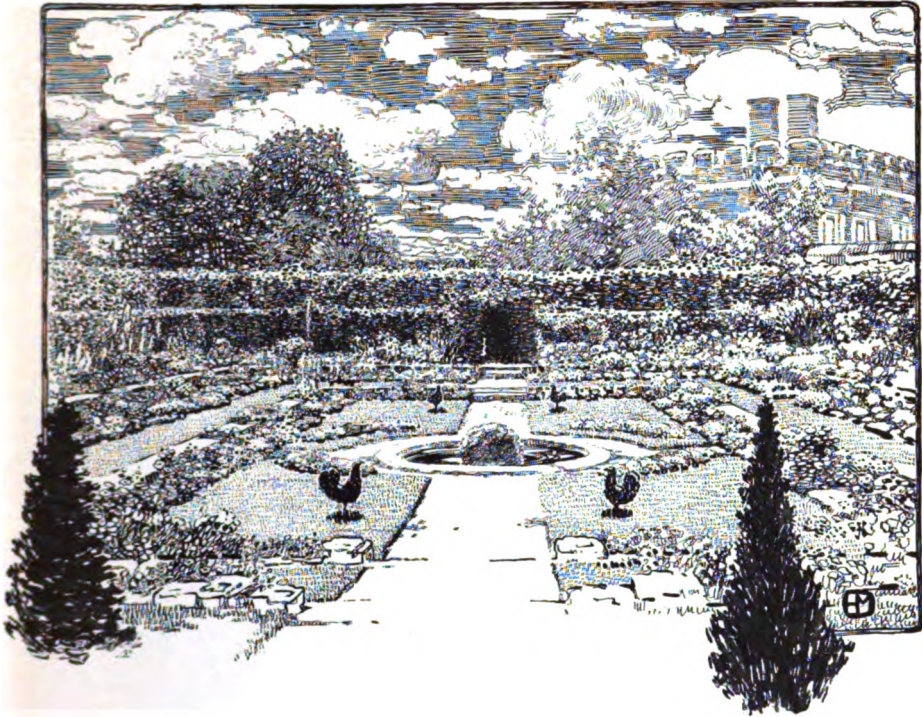
Moorish fragment at Villa Reed.

The gardener must also consider the length of time in each year in which his work will be looked at. In the north it is difficult to keep one from being more or less unattractive during six months at least; therefore, if a country house is to be lived in for the larger part of the year it is better not to put the garden too close to the house, as in that case the owners will have for several months a dreary view of garden walks with puddles in them and flower-beds covered

sentable from early spring to late autumn it will be impossible, unless it covers a considerable piece of ground, to do more than keep a continuous succession of bloom in small patches rather than in great masses. Breaks in the surface of the ground are also needed, like terraces, arbors to interrupt long walks by shadow, benches and balustrades. Here is where the old Italian gardens are so successful; their fountains and their statues, their benches and their vases,

are used as emphasis to give height or light or variation to a part of the composition which might otherwise be uninteresting. In the great Italian garden of Castello the whole interest of the parterre is focussed at the centre by the splendid high bronze fountain of Hercules and Antæus by John of Bologna

purple have completely changed the aspect of things from what it was in July, when there was nothing but slight gradations in a scheme with green as its key-note. Where colors do not change, as among the evergreens, the effect of the autumn coloring is much more than doubled, as they are the



The pond garden at Hampton Court palace

and Tribolo. It is difficult to put a rule into words which will serve as a guide in even one hypothetical place, perhaps for the same reason that no two people would paint exactly the same picture from the same subject, or tell the same story in the same words.

In nature colors are set rather as an incident than as the principal feature of a landscape; the spring flowers in the Alps, even if they are not surrounded by trees and much grass, are covered by the simple expanse of the sky; the colors in an American autumn, the change of leaf in the trees, the golden-rod and asters, are all playing in a certain tone of color. The whole symphony of nature changes at that time to an entirely different key from that of summer; the tawny, the brown, the red and yellow and

only objects in the landscape which have remained as they were. This unchanging quality of the evergreens is, of course, the basis for the well-known French saying that "Evergreens are the joy of winter and the mourning of summer." It cannot be too often repeated that a garden is an absolutely artificial thing, not only as to the congregation of flowers but principally as to color, and for this reason must be treated as such. One can seldom, if ever, command a setting as wide as nature's in which to place our work, and therefore we must tune up our settings to the key of the whole artificial composition. Writing in rhymed verse has been compared to dancing in fetters, and to apply that simile to gardening, it may be said that it is like composing in French

alexandrines with their measured rhythm and subtle cæsura. We must keep time with Nature, and follow her forms of expression in different places while we carry out our own ideas or adaptations. Perhaps the so-called natural garden is the most difficult to fit in with its surroundings, because there is no set line to act as a backbone to the composition, and the whole effect must be obtained from masses of color, contrasting heights, and varieties of texture without any straight line as an axis, without any architectural accessory for emphasis, without anything but an inchoate mass of trees or shrubs of a nondescript shape in which to put something that will look like a thought-out composition, and not a collection of flowers grown alphabetically on the principle of a nursery-man's catalogue. These gardens are very hard to design, far more so

than the formal garden, and almost impossible to reproduce, as pictures of them are apt to look like views of a perennial border, and all the play of light and color, which is the making of the actual place, is translated only by a little more or less depth in the values of black and white. The planning of an informal garden must be more or less like the arrangement of a painter's palette; and as an artist would not think of putting a rosy pink and a violent yellow side by side, so the gardener must go through careful processes of choice and elimination. Each garden has one or more points from which it may be seen to more advantage than from others, and in a formal one these are comparatively easy to manage, but in the natural garden the grouping of color must be considered from every reasonable point of view, in order that there may be no jarring combinations.

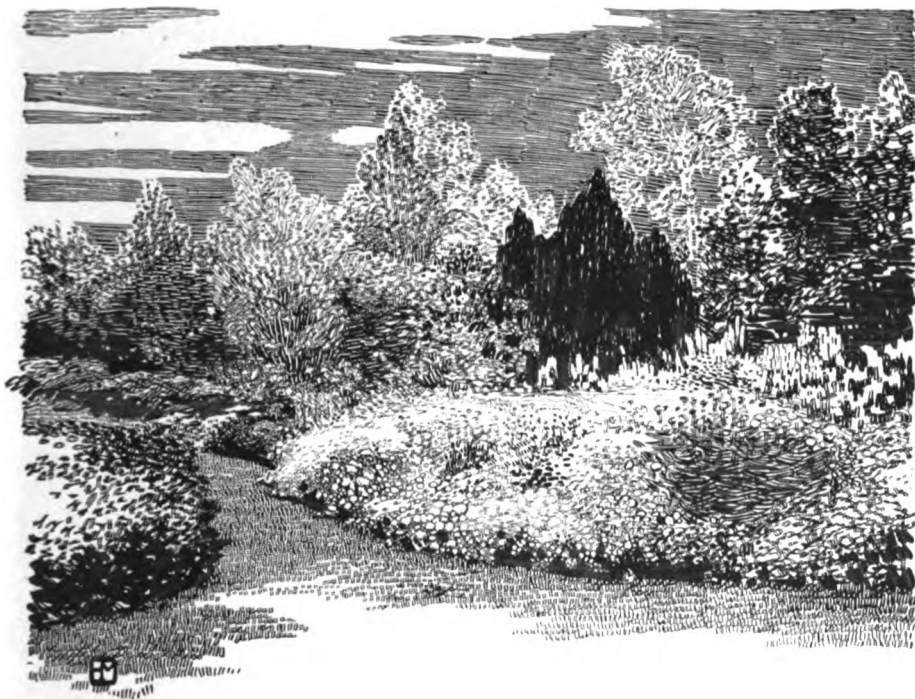


Approach to a natural garden

Perhaps it is a cowardly subterfuge, but it is one which is at least safe, to keep the bright yellows and the pinks absolutely separate in any place where masses of color are used. If you are going to make your garden in one of the very hot gamuts of color, you can use the deep oranges, the yellows and browns; the scarlets, and that wonderful unifier, blue, as seen in the larkspurs, but you cannot use a certain quality of pa-

ing and quite as effective in their own way. The blaze of the high colors may be compared to the brasses of an orchestra while the quieter shades are like the strings.

No splendid and complete garden, however, can afford to shut itself out from the high colors, any more than a composer writing an opera would omit all the horns and trombones. In some places where special effects are sought the gardener may leave



An informal garden

perly white in some thick petaled flowers, like the white phloxes and the Shasta daisies, which seem to spring out of any group of other flowers in which they are placed, leaving the rest of their companions looking muddled and woolly beside the intensity of their perfectly untranslucent white.

In quiet colors, some of the misty whites, like gypsophila or antirrhinum, the faint blues, such as veronica spicata, the pale yellows of some of the evening primroses, with the dull violets of aconitum autumnale and the lilacs of hesperus matronalis, make a subdued harmony less exciting than the red of lychnis chalcedonica and the yellow of helianthus strumosus, but are more appeal-

out the fanfare of the yellows and scarlets; perhaps his garden will be looked at often from the house or terrace on hot summer nights, and then he may wish to get the peculiar floating effect of certain white flowers which seem to quiver in the air rather than to grow on stems. Then, too, at dusk the scheme changes again as the yellow of the daylight fades and with it takes the subtler colors, leaving only the whites and some of the yellows to prevail. The elimination of detail at night and the thick quality of the light change the effect and the apparent distance of colors entirely, and give a curiously submerged appearance to the garden.

One of the most important things that



A water garden

the impressionist school has been trying to teach us is that shadow is a color and must be used as one, and the reason why the eye seeks relief from a flat surface is not only that it instinctively resents monotony, but that it feels the need of shadow. A flat country like Holland may be made beautiful and interesting by the cloud shadows which pass over it constantly from the ample vault of its sky, but it is not easy to imagine anything more dreary than a wide expanse of level earth with no shadows at all. This quality of shadow, which must be recognized as color, makes it one of the most important factors in outdoor composition. Who has not noticed the beauty of outline of the shadows of a group of trees thrown on a lawn by the later afternoon sun, the round-topped ones making gracious curves, and the pointed ones seeming stretched out to hurry on the dusk?

People must not hesitate to make gardens because they fancy the difficulties are too great; it is only by having them, living in them, and never ceasing to notice the changes that are constantly passing over

them, the effects that are good and those that are bad, the shadows that come in the wrong places and the superfluity of high lights, that they will learn to see; and not only must they see but they must think. They must notice the different lights and shadows and see how they change the effect; they must remember the plants whose scent begins at dusk and those whose fragrance stops with the light. They must distinguish the flowers that are beautiful by night from those that are beautiful only by day; they must learn to know the sounds of the leaves on different sorts of trees; the rippling and pattering of the poplar, the rustling of the oak-leaves in winter, and the swishing of the evergreens. And by noticing they will also learn that plants are only one of the tools, although to be sure one of the most important, with which a garden is made. Then, too, they will learn to see that the garden, to be successful, must be in scale with its surroundings as well as appropriate to them, and also that it must be kept up, as a garden, if left to itself, will quickly make alterations in the original scheme; certain

plants will become rampant, others will die out, and thus the delicate balance will be destroyed. The owner of a garden is like the leader of an orchestra; he must know which of his instruments to encourage and which to restrain. After all this notice and study and care many of us may feel that the more we learn about gardening the more there is left to know, but at any rate, we shall have gained a sort of working hypothesis on which to build the foundations of a good design.

THIS IS ANOTHER DAY

By Don Marquis

I AM mine own priest, and I shrive myself
Of all my wasted yesterdays. Though sin
And sloth and foolishness, and all ill weeds
Of error, evil, and neglect grow rank
And ugly there, I dare forgive myself
That error, sin, and sloth and foolishness.
God knows that yesterday I played the fool;
God knows that yesterday I played the knave;
But shall I therefore cloud this new dawn o'er
With fog of futile sighs and vain regrets?

This is another day! And flushed Hope walks
Adown the sunward slopes with golden shoon.
This is another day; and its young strength
Is laid upon the quivering hills until,
Like Egypt's Memnon, they grow quick with song.
This is another day, and the bold world
Leaps up and grasps its light, and laughs, as leapt
Prometheus up and wrenched the fire from Zeus.
This is another day—are its eyes blurred
With maudlin grief for any wasted past?
A thousand thousand failures shall not daunt!
Let dust clasp dust; death, death—I am alive!
And out of all the dust and death of mine
Old selves I dare to lift a singing heart
And living faith; my spirit dares drink deep
Of the red mirth mantling in the cup of morn.



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

They saw the strange old figure on the porch.—Page 17.

THE RETREAT

By Elsie Singmaster

ILLUSTRATION BY F. WALTER TAYLOR



GRANDFATHER MYERS rose stiffly from his knees. He had been weeding Henrietta's nasturtium bed, which, thanks to him, was always the finest in the neighborhood of Gettysburg. As yet, the plants were not more than three inches high, and the old man tended them as carefully as though they were children. He was thankful now that his morning's work was done, the wood-box filled, the children escorted part of the way to school, and the nasturtium bed weeded, for he saw the buggy of the mail-carrier of Route 4 come slowly down the hill. It was grandfather's privilege to bring the mail in from the box. This time he reached it before the postman, and waited smilingly for him. It always reminded him a little of his youth, when the old stone house behind him had been a tavern, and the stage drew up before it each morning with flourish of horn and proud curvetting of horses.

The postman waved something white at him as he approached.

"Great news for Gettysburg," he called. "The State militia's coming to camp in July."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Grandfather Myers.

"Yes, they'll be here a week."

"How many there'll be?"

"About ten thousand."

Grandfather started away in such excitement that the postman had to call him back for a letter. The old man took it and hobbled up the yard, his trembling hands scarcely able to open the paper. He paused twice to read a paragraph, and when he reached the porch sat down on the upper step, the paper quivering in his hands.

"Henrietta!" he called.

His son's wife appeared in the doorway, a large, strong, young woman with snapping eyes. She was drying a platter and her arms moved vigorously.

"What is it, grandfather?" she asked impatiently.

The old man was so excited he could scarcely answer.

"There's going to be encampment at Gettysburg, Henrietta. All the State troops is going to be there. It'll be like war-time again. It says here——"

"I like to read the news my own self, father," said Henrietta, moving briskly away from the door. She felt a sudden anger that it was grandfather who had this great piece of news to tell. "You ain't taken your weeds away from the grass yet, and it's most dinner-time."

Grandfather laid down the paper and went to finish his task. He was accustomed to Henrietta's surliness, and nothing made him unhappy very long. He threw the weeds over the fence and then went back to the porch. So willing was he to forgive Henrietta, and so anxious to tell her more of the exciting news in the paper, that, sitting on the steps, he read her extracts.

"Ten thousand of 'em, Henrietta. They're going to camp around Pickett's charge, and near the Codori farm, and they're going to put the cavalry and artillery near Reynolds's woods, and some regulars are coming, Henrietta. It'll be like war-time. And they're going to have a grand review with the soldiers marchin' before the governor. The governor'll be there, Henrietta! And——"

"I don't believe it's true," remarked Henrietta coldly. "I believe it's just newspaper talk."

"Oh, no, Henrietta!" Grandfather spoke with deep conviction. "There wouldn't be no cheatin' about such a big thing as this. The Government'd settle them if they'd publish lies. And——" grandfather rose in excitement—"there'll be cannons a-boomin' and guns a-firin' and oh, my!" He waved the paper above his head. "And the review! I guess you ain't ever seen so many men together. But I have. I tell you I have. When I laid upstairs here, with the bullet in here——" he laid his hand upon his chest—"I seen 'em goin'." Grandfather's voice

choked as the voice of one who speaks of some tremendous experience of his past. "I seen 'em goin'. Men and men and men and horses and horses and wagons. They was millions, Henrietta."

Henrietta did not answer. She said to herself that she had heard the account of grandfather's millions of men millions of times. Wounded at Chancellorsville, and sent home on furlough, he had watched the Confederate retreat from an upper window of the old stone house.

"I woke up in the night, and I looked out," he would say. "Everybody was sleepin' and I crept over to the window. It was raining like—" here grandfather's long list of comparisons failed, and he described it simply—"it was just rain and storm and marchin'. They kept going and going. It was tramp, tramp all night."

"Didn't anybody speak, grandfather?" the children would ask.

"You couldn't hear 'em for the rain," he would answer. "Once in a while you could hear 'em cryin'. But most of the time it was just rain and storm, rain and storm. They couldn't go fast, they——"

"Why didn't our boys catch them?" little Caleb always asked. "I'd 'a' run after them."

"Our boys was tired." Grandfather dismissed the Union army with one short sentence. "The rebels kept droppin' in their tracks. There was two dead front of the porch in the morning, and three across the bridge. I tried to sneak out in the night and give 'em something to eat, or ask some of 'em to come in, but they thought I was too sick. They wouldn't let me go. I——"

"It would 'a' been a nice thing to help the enemies of your country that you'd been fightin' against!" Henrietta would sometimes say scornfully. Grandfather's regret that he had not succored the Confederates still vexed him like an obsession.

"You didn't see 'em marchin' and hear the sick ones crying when the rain held up a little," he reminded Henrietta. "Oh, I wish I'd sneaked out and done something for 'em!"

Then he would lapse into silence, his eyes on the long, red road which led to Hagerstown. It lay clear and hot and treeless in the sunshine; to his eyes, however, the dust was whipped into deep mud by a beating rain, beneath which Lee and his

army "marched and marched." He leaned forward as though straining to see.

"I saw some flags once when it lightened," he said; "and once I thought I saw General Lee."

"Oh, I guess not!" Henrietta would say with scornful indulgence to which grandfather was deaf.

He read the newspaper announcement of the encampment again and again, then he went to meet the children on their way from school, stopping to tell their father, who was at work in the field.

"There'll be a grand review," grandfather said. "Ten thousand soldiers in line. We'll go and see, John. It'll be a great day for the young ones."

"We'll see," answered John. He was a brisk, energetic man, too busy to be always patient.

In the children grandfather had his first attentive listeners.

"Will it be like the war?" they asked, eagerly.

"Oh, something. There won't be near so many, and they won't kill nobody. But it'll be a great time. They'll drill all day long."

"Will their horses' hoofs sound like dry leaves rustlin'?" asked little Mary, who always remembered most clearly what the old man had said.

"Yes, like leaves a-rustlin'," repeated the old man. "You must be good children, now, so you don't miss the grand review."

All through the early summer they talked of the encampment. Because of it the annual Memorial Day visit to the battle-field was omitted. Each night the children heard the story of the battle and the retreat, until they listened for commands, faintly given, and the sound of thousands of weary feet. Grandfather often got up in the night and looked out across the yard to the road. Sometimes they heard him whispering to himself as he went back to bed. He got down his old sword and spent many hours trying to polish away the rust which had been gathering for forty years.

"You expect to wear the sword, father?" asked Henrietta, laughing.

News of the encampment reached them constantly. Three weeks before, they were visited by a man who wished to hire horses for the use of the cavalry and the artillery. John debated for a moment. The wheat

was in, the oats could wait until the encampment was over, the price paid for horse hire was good. He told the man that he might have Dick, one of the heavy draught horses.

Grandfather ran to meet the children as they came from a neighbor's.

"Dick's going to the war," he cried excitedly.

"To the war?" repeated the children.

"I mean to the encampment. He's been hired. He's going to help pull one of the cannons for the artill'ry."

The next week John drove into town with a load of early apples. He was offered work at a dozen different places. Supplies were being sent in, details of soldiers arriving to lay out the camp and put up tents, Gettysburg was already crowded with visitors. His father made him tell it all the second time; then he explained the formation of an army to the children.

"First comes a company, that's the smallest, then a regiment, then a brigade. A quartermaster looks after supplies, a sutler is a fellow who sells things to the soldiers. But, children, you should 'a' seen 'em marching by that night!" Grandfather always came back to the retreat. "They hadn't any sutlers to sell 'em anything to eat. I wish—I wish I'd sneaked out and given 'em something."

After grandfather went upstairs that night he realized that he was thirsty, and he came down again. The children were asleep, but their father and mother still sat talking on the porch. Grandfather had taken off his shoes and came upon them before they were aware.

"I don't see no use in his going," Henrietta was saying. "There ain't no room for him in the buggy with us and the children. Where'd we put him? And he saw the real war."

"But he's looked forward to it, Henrietta, he——"

"Well, would you have me stay at home, or would you have the children stay at home or what?" Henrietta went on. She felt the burden of Grandfather Myers more every day. "He'll forget it anyhow in a few days. He forgets everything."

"Do you—do you——" They turned to see grandfather behind them. He held weakly to the side of the door. "Do you mean I ain't to go, Henrietta?" It did not occur to him to appeal to his son.

"I don't see how you can," answered Henrietta. She was sorry he had heard. She meant to have John tell him gently the next day. "There is only the buggy, and if John goes and I and the children—it's you have made them so anxious to go." She spoke as though she blamed him.

"But——" Grandfather ignored the meanness of the excuse. "But couldn't we take the wagon?"

"The wagon? To Gettysburg? With the whole county looking on? I guess they'd think John was getting along fine if we went in the wagon." Henrietta was glad to have so foolish a speech to answer as it deserved. "Why, grandfather!"

"Then——" Grandfather's brain, which had of late moved more and more slowly, was suddenly quickened—"then let me drive the wagon and you can go in the buggy. I can drive Harry and nobody'll know I belong to you, and——"

"Let you drive around with all them horses and the shooting and everything!" exclaimed Henrietta.

Her husband turned toward her.

"You might drive the buggy and take grandfather, and I could go in the wagon," he said.

"I don't go to Gettysburg without a man on such a day," said Henrietta firmly.

"But——" Grandfather interrupted his own sentence with a quavering laugh. Henrietta did not consider him a man! Then he turned and went upstairs, forgetting his drink of water. He heard Henrietta's voice long afterward, and John's low answers. John wanted him to go, he did not blame John.

The next day he made a final plea. He followed John to the barn.

"Seems as if I might ride Harry," he said tentatively.

"O father, you couldn't," John answered gently. "You know how it will be, noise and confusion and excitement. Harry isn't used to it. You couldn't manage him."

"Seems as though if Dick goes, Harry ought to go, too. 'Tain't fair for Dick to go, and not Harry," he whispered childishly.

"I'm sorry, father," said John. It was better that his father should be disappointed than that Henrietta should be opposed. His father would forget in a few days and Henrietta would remember for weeks.

The next day when the man came for Dick they found grandfather in the stable patting the horse and talking about the war. He watched Dick out of sight, and then sat down in his arm-chair on the porch whispering to himself.

The children protested vigorously when they found that the old man was not going, but were soon silenced by their mother. Grandfather was old, it was much better that he should not go. "You can tell him all about it when you come home," she said.

"You can guard the place while we're gone," said little Caleb. "Perhaps the Confederates will come back."

"They wouldn't hurt nothing," answered the old man. "They was tired—tired—tired."

When the family drove away he sat on the porch. He waved his hand until he could see little Mary's fluttering handkerchief no more, then he fell asleep. As Henrietta said, he soon forgot. When he woke up a little later, he went down to the barn and patted Harry, then he went out to the mail-box to see whether by any chance he had missed a letter. He looked at the nasturtium bed, now aglow with yellow and rose and deep crimson blossoms, then he went back to the porch. He was lonely. He missed the sound of John's voice calling to the horses down in the south meadow or across the road in the wheat-field, he missed the chatter of the children, he missed even their mother's curt answers to his questions. For an instant he wondered where they had gone, then he sighed heavily as he remembered. Instead of sitting down again in his chair, he went into the house and upstairs. There he tiptoed warily up to the garret as if he were afraid that someone would follow him, and drew from a hiding-place which he fancied no one knew but himself an old coat, blue, with buttons of dull, tarnished brass. He thrust his arms into it, still whispering to himself, and smoothed it down. His fingers hesitated as they touched a jagged rent just in front of the shoulder.

"What—— Oh, yes, I remember!"

Grandfather had never been quite so forgetful as this. On his way downstairs he took from his hook the old sword.

"Caleb says I must guard the house," he said smilingly.

When he reached the porch, he turned his chair so that it no longer faced toward

Gettysburg, whither John and Henrietta and the children had gone, but toward the blue hills and Hagerstown. Once he picked up the sword and pointed with it, steadying it with both hands. "Through that gap they went," he said.

Then he dozed again. The old clock, which had stood on the kitchen mantelpiece since before he was born, struck ten, but he did not hear. Henrietta had told him where he could find some lunch, but he did not remember nor care. His dinner was set out beneath a white cloth on the kitchen table, but he had not curiosity enough to lift it and see what good things Henrietta had left for him. When he woke again, he began to sing in a shrill voice:

"Away down South in Dixie, look away, look away."

"They didn't sing that when they was marching home," he said solemnly. "They only tramped along in the dark and the rain."

Then suddenly he straightened up. Like an echo from his own lips, there came from the distance toward Gettysburg the same tune, played by fifes, with the sharp accompaniment of drums. He bent forward, listening, then stood up, looking off toward the blue hills. Then he realized that the sound came from the other direction.

"I thought they was all past, long ago," he said. "And they never played. I guess I was asleep and dreaming."

He sat down once more, his head on his breast. When he lifted it again, it was in response to a sharp "Halt!" He stared about him. The road before him was filled with soldiers, hot and dusty and tired. Then he was not dreaming, then—— He tottered to the edge of the porch.

The men of the Third Regiment did not approve of the march, in their parlance a "hike," which their colonel had decided to give them along the line of Lee's retreat. They felt that in view of the grand review in the afternoon, it was an imposition. Now they were glad to halt, while the captain of each company explained that upon the night of the 3d of July, 1863, Lee had traversed this road on his way to recross the Potomac.

When his explanation was over, the captain of Company I moved his men a little to the right under the shade of the maples. Then he saw the moving figure behind the vines.

"Sergeant, go in and ask whether we may have water."

The sergeant entered the gate, and the thirsty men, hearing the order, looked after him. They saw the strange old figure on the porch, the torn jacket belted at the waist, the sword, the smiling, eager face. The captain saw, too.

"Three cheers for the old soldier," he cried, and hats were swung in the air.

"May we have a drink?" the sergeant asked, and grandfather pointed the way to the well. He tried to go down the steps to help them pump, but his knees trembled, and he stayed where he was. He watched them, still smiling. He did not realize that the cheers were for him, he could not quite understand why suits which should be gray were so yellow, but he supposed it was the mud.

"Poor chaps," he sighed. "They're goin' back to Dixie."

One by one the companies drew up before the gate, and one by one they cheered. They had been cheering ever since the beginning of the encampment—for Meade, for Hancock, for Reynolds, among the dead; for the governor, the colonel, the leader of the regiment band, among the living. They had enlisted for a good time, for a trip to Gettysburg, for a taste of camp life, from almost any other motive than that which had moved this old man to enlist back in '61. They suddenly realized how little this encampment was like war. All the drill, all the pomp of this tin soldiering, even all the graves of the battle-field, had not moved them as did this old man in his tattered coat. Here was love of country. Would any of them care to don in fifty years their khaki blouses? Then, before the momentary enthusiasm or the momentary serious-

ness had time to wear away, the order was given to march back to camp.

The old man did not turn to watch them go. He sat still with his eyes turned toward the distant hills. After a while his sword fell clattering to the floor.

"I'm glad I sneaked out and gave 'em something," he said, smiling with a great content.

The long leaves of the corn in the next field rustled in the wind, the sun rose higher, then declined, and still he sat there smilingly unheeding, his eyes toward the west. Once he said, "Poor chaps, it's dark for 'em."

The cows waited at the pasture gate for the master and mistress, who were late. Henrietta had wished that morning that grandfather could milk, so that they would not have to hurry home. Presently they came, tired and hungry, the children eager to tell of the wonders they had seen. At their mother's command, they ran to let down the pasture bars while their father led the horses to the barn, and she herself went on to the porch.

"Grandfather," she said kindly, "we're here." She even laid a hand on his shoulder. "Wake up, grandfather!" She spoke sharply, angry at his failure to respond to her unaccustomed gentleness of speech. Her hand fell upon his shoulder once more, this time heavily, and her finger-tips touched a jagged edge of cloth. "What——" she began. She remembered the old coat, which she had long since made up her mind to burn. She felt for the buttons down the front, the belt with its broad plate. Yes, it was—— Then suddenly she touched his hands, and screamed and ran, crying, toward the barn.

"John!" she called. "John! Grandfather is dead."

THE CAPTAINS

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN



HERE was consternation in the great offices of Marcus Trefethen, for the chief had given an order that could not be understood. It was a sentence of twelve words, but its result, carried out, would be the sacrifice of more dollars than might be calmly contemplated. Besides infinite further consequences—throwing away, for instance, the glory, now almost in reach of these offices, of seeing their head the richest man on earth—that was a probable result if these twelve words went into action. It is easier to knock things to pieces than to build them. A great fortune assured, a great place in the financial world won, a future tremendous enough for a Dumas romance lying a few steps on—and the man who had done the work was tossing these immensities from him like playthings. What did it mean? Three men skilled in affairs, in touch with the delicate pulse of business life, bent their heads together and discussed it. Friday the policy of the office had been in the full vigor of its unhurrying, unrelenting swing. Saturday the chief had been restless, and had gone away and left things in a plastic form which needed his master-touch—an action out of character. And the first thing on this Monday was the extraordinary order. As long as they dared they discussed it, Compton and Barnes and Haywood, the three who stood next the throne, and at length, not overeagerly, Compton knocked and went into the inner room of the great man and closed the door. He emerged five minutes later with a slight dizziness in his air. He answered the inquiry of his associates' attentive silence.

"It's so," he said. "The order is to be carried not. He's gone clean mad. 'All negotiations as to the Southwestern road to be stopped at once.'"

In the inner room a man sat at a desk littered with the crisp sheets of a large mail, and stared out of the window, down over a white landscape of jutting roofs and soar-

ing sky-scrapers, over a harbor filled with shipping, and a broad, quiet ocean. He was a big man with a look of by-gone athletic form; his face was lined, and every line meant accomplishment; his mouth was set now as if he were this moment engaged in something whose doing called for force. He drew a breath, and spoke aloud.

"It's done," he said. "Thank the Lord it's done. Compton and the lot think me insane; but they can't undo it now. Thank the Lord it's done." Then he dropped his head into his hand and, gazing once more across the brilliant volcano of the feverish city, across the water-city of masts and smoke-stacks, his eyes rested on the ocean. With the crystal-clear, unwavering and rapid consideration which was his greatest power he reviewed events—followed up a clue which Compton and Barnes and Haywood had missed. Clearly as if it were a business affair he reviewed the time—but fully he did it—no moment of the three days' crisis was forgotten. For an hour he sat so, withdrawn from the whirlpool in which he had been the master-swimmer, which flowed about him yet.

On Friday at ten there had been a short meeting of the directors of the Imperial and Western Railway; seven men present had decided in half an hour a few questions which would affect twenty thousand. The Southwestern Railway, covering much of the same country, willing or unwilling, was to be consolidated. Unwillingly it would be, for it was an old road, with a large clientage which could be held in spite of the new Imperial, and the routes differed enough to make both still useful. That was the point. If there was money to make, why should not the Imperial merge the Southwestern and make it all? There was a large mortgage on the Southwestern, and Marcus Trefethen held the bonds; the Imperial and Western was richer; they could afford to lower their rates, forcing the older road to do the same; it was a question of a short time before the Southwestern would be making no money

and would be unable to pay interest on the mortgage. Trefethen could foreclose—the two roads would merge. And beyond this, to Trefethen's far-seeing eye, the eye of a poet in stocks and combinations, sounded the rhythm of a greater combination, a poem in which railroads rhymed to each other, and whose metre was the swing of accumulating millions. It was not money he wanted—he had plenty—it was the interest of the great game which drew him, the poet's joy to fit the verse and realize the vision.

The seven men decided that there was no reason why money should be made within reach of their grasp which they did not grasp. Marcus Trefethen unexpectedly demurred for a moment. In a flash of memory it came to him who the president of the Southwestern was, and that all his fortune was in the road.

"It seems a bit brutal," he said, "to undo solid work of forty years' standing."

"It's a case of the survival of the fittest," Carroll's harsh voice answered. "Centralization makes for efficiency—this is a world where the inefficient goes under."

"The Southwestern isn't inefficient. It's a well-managed business, with a future as well as a past."

"That's why we want it," Harrington slid in with suave readiness, and the others laughed cheerfully. Carroll took up the thread.

"Don't strain at a gnat, Trefethen. You're new to this business of absorbing small corporations, but if you want to do large work you've got to get used to it. If you believe in evolution you must see the reasonableness. The big beast preys on the little one through nature, and you can't stop with a jerk when you get to man. We're part of the scheme. Like the other beasts, if we want to live we've got to eat small fry."

"Live!" said Trefethen, and he threw a glance around the circle of multi-millionaires, and gave a short laugh.

Van Vechten spoke. "All this is a side-issue," and his glittering small eyes ranged about. "The point is whether our railroad can afford to let the old Southwestern, with its large business as a carrier of both passengers and produce, and with the prejudice of habit in its favor, continue to exist. If we do, the Imperial can't be a great railroad. We shall not only be forced to di-

vide profits—we shall have to contend for our existence. The Southwestern stands for equal rates, and other theories worthy but impracticable. It will bend our policy into the same lines. At this moment we are richer than they, and can force them to sell—it is lack of business initiative to hesitate. As to brutality, I don't take that seriously—sentiment has nothing to do with business. What reason, as reasons are known in affairs, is against our absorbing the Southwestern?" As the chilly tones fell, the men who listened saw no reason. Trefethen sighed as if he were tired.

"Of course," he said. "I meant it; but I was mistaken. It's my first affair of the sort, as Carroll said, and I'm not used to it. But it's got to be done. The American Beauty rose at its finest is only obtained by nipping off buds. Well, we'll make the Imperial an American Beauty, and nip off the Southwestern to begin."

As simply as a golf club committee arranging for new greens details were settled, and the meeting ended; clerks in the great offices lifted their heads to look sharply as the members of it filed out, for this in flesh and blood was the plutocracy about which one read in the papers. The most important of them all, left alone, turned to the calendar on his desk, where his time was spaced into half-hour, sometimes into fifteen-minute divisions, to see what came next. As he whirled about on his swinging chair, a knock sounded at the door. Young Haywood opened it.

"The Assistant Secretary of the Treasury had an appointment at this hour, sir."

"Yes."

"He telegraphs that he is detained in Washington and cannot be here till tomorrow."

"Very well." But Haywood stood in the doorway. Marcus Trefethen lifted his head. "That's all."

"Yes, sir"—the young man hesitated. "I'm sorry to trouble you, but there's a lady here—"

"A lady?" Trefethen's tone was surprised and not pleased.

"I hope you won't blame me—she is not an ordinary person; she is anxious to speak to you."

Trefethen glanced at his calendar. Here was an empty half-hour, too long to sit idle, too short to substitute any business effec-

tively. He might as well fill it in this way. "Show her in."

In a moment he was standing before a slim woman of forty who carried her straight figure and wore her well-made clothes with certainty, and the air of a person used to consideration. She put out her hand frankly.

"I used to know you, Mr. Trefethen. We went to school together—Sarah Speed." Trefethen remembered well enough. It was one of the old names in the old Southern town. "I'm glad to see you," he said cordially, stirred a little, as a reminiscence of the place and times stirred him always, and he placed a chair for her.

"I'm afraid you won't be when you know my errand," the woman said, and looked at him earnestly with wide gray eyes. Her face was troubled and sad, he noticed, for all her look of prosperity. He awaited developments. "I'll try not to keep you long," she said; "but the matter is life and death to me. I am Mrs. Ruthven now—Morgan Ruthven, the President of the Southwestern Railroad, is my husband." The man knew now, and his face hardened as he hardened his soul, and the woman saw it.

"Of course you know what I'm going to say"—her voice shook and then she lifted her head courageously. "I realize that it is awfully unpleasant for you, and not quite fair—you're here for business, and it's unbusinesslike to have a woman break in and beg for mercy. But it isn't just mercy I'm here to beg for—it's justice. You are going to force the Southwestern into a position where you can foreclose on it. It is a personal sort of business, that railroad. My husband's father was its president before him, and it has been prosperous and honorable forty years. It is now. They don't want to sell it. They're willing to make terms with your new road. You haven't any right to force them out simply because you can. You——"

Trefethen interrupted gently. "I know all this, Mrs. Ruthven," he said civilly.

The woman caught her breath and made an evident effort for calmness. "I know you do. It's foolish of me to try you on that side. I won't waste your time," she brought out quickly. "What I want to do is this. I want to tell you what it means to us, and let you see if it means as much to

you. My husband is very ill. He has been in an alarming state for a week, and to-day and to-morrow are turning-points. His business is on his mind, and last night when I was trying to calm him I thought of coming to you and telling you how things were, and asking you to remember old days and—" her voice broke, but she cleared her throat quickly and went on in even tones—"and just be merciful. Of course you have every right—I don't mean moral—but every legal right to wipe out the old Southwestern, but you don't understand. If I go back to Morgan and tell him I've failed with you it will kill him as surely as if I gave him slow poison. The doctor said yesterday that everything depended on his being kept cheerful. Cheerful!" She laughed, half choking. "Keep a man cheerful on the rack! And there's more. The boy. He is to graduate at Yale this summer, and he's a boy who deserves—everything. The happiest, cleverest, best boy! Best at everything—away up in his classes—a hero among the other boys for athletics. But I mustn't bore you," she caught herself. "Only he—he isn't just an ordinary boy"—and she laughed a little, tremblingly, knowing well enough through her trouble that all women think that of their boys. "He isn't," she insisted prettily. This wife of Morgan Ruthven's was an attractive woman, Trefethen acknowledged to himself unwillingly. "I want you to realize about Carl, because then you will know how impossible it seems to take away all his chances, that he has worked toward for years. Such a good boy, Mr. Trefethen," the gray eyes glowed with the soul close back of them. "He has worked so hard and been so happy. And"—she threw this impulsively at him—"he's captain of the 'Varsity crew. You're a college man. You know what glory that means. To give all that up—graduation with honors—the great race—it's enough to break a boy's courage. It would break my heart to have him. He has been promised a trip abroad with his best friend, a boy like himself, and after that he is to have a special course in Germany. He is full of ambition and vitality. He could do anything—be anything. He'll have to give it all up—if you ruin the Southwestern. You see what it means to me—my husband's life, my boy's future."

Marcus Trefethen was uncomfortable

and annoyed as the low, eager words stopped suddenly. This was all beside the question. The question was this—to make a gigantic enterprise must small interests be sacrificed? It had been answered. They must. That being the case, why should he harrow his soul with the details of each sacrifice? It served no purpose, his mind being made up, and it might unsteady his nerves, which he needed to keep steady. While he considered how to put things most concisely, the intense voice went on:

"Rich men nowadays, great financiers, seem to have a new standard of right and wrong. I don't see why. I don't see why the old standards of honesty and fairness don't apply as much to magnates as to every-day people. I don't see how it can make you happier, anyway. There's no real happiness in doing wrong, and it's wrong to crush life and hope out of people just to be richer yourself. You can't be good and do that, and you can't be light-hearted unless you're good—and it's worth a few millions to have a light heart."

The gentle, stirring tones stopped. The woman was full of individuality and charm, and she had thrown all of it into her speech. The quiet room was as if swept with the rush of a mountain stream. But the man who listened meant to be the rock that such a stream dashes against to break in foam. He looked at her with cold, half-shut eyes.

"Mrs. Ruthven," he answered, "you are very eloquent for your husband's cause. If eloquence might affect a business decision of importance, in which a number of large interests are concerned, yours would succeed. I considered this view of the question before I came to any arrangement. I was reluctant"—there were other things which Marcus Trefethen was going to say in poised sentences, but they were suddenly caught from him. The woman was on her feet; color flooded her face and her hand flew out in a gesture of command as she gave a quick gasp.

"Don't go on—it's no use—I see," she said. "I'll go home now." And before he could reach the door she had opened it for herself and passed out.

Always as direct and swift as a Winchester bullet, there seemed to be added velocity and penetration to Trefethen's mind through the hours of that day. Every second was full, hands and brain were full

to overflowing, yet not for one of the busy minutes was the memory of the morning's interview crowded out. Through the voices of men who talked to him, with his intellect keyed to its keenest to follow, to lead theirs, he heard all day the soft inflections so incongruous down there in his office. He saw again and again the gray eyes as she threw out her hand, heart-broken, scornful. It stabbed him that he should have broken her heart—it stabbed him again that she should despise him. Clearly Marcus Trefethen was not yet an expert in the art of being cold-blooded; the woman had got on his nerves—he could not shake off the memory of her. It was annoying. He dined at a club with men who were not concerned in the life of his daytime, and his spirits rose, and he walked over to his house later with a light step.

"All I needed was to get out of the rut," he said aloud and set himself to reading. And there, in pages of a book on Tibet was the face, the agonized gray eyes; the descriptions of Lhasa read with the woman's subtle accent. He threw down the book irritably. "I've overworked. I thought it was impossible, but I must have done it. This is morbid. I'll get to bed early and sleep it off."

Out of the blackness, as he lay staring, he heard a low voice say, "The happiest, cleverest, best boy!" "Stuff!" Trefethen spoke aloud to himself. He was a bachelor—he had no boy—why should he care about a boy? Doubtless she had exaggerated the whole business. Probably this boy was as commonplace as the average—each woman thinks hers exceptional. Yet at three in the morning he turned impatiently and said words aloud to try if they might break their hold. "He isn't just an ordinary boy—he isn't!" he repeated aloud. And then for a short time he fell asleep. But at six his eyes opened and his brain searched miserably for a moment after the thing that was harassing him. Only a moment—the thing was at hand. He sprang out of bed.

"I have to shake off this possession—it's out of proportion," he said to himself and dressed, and astonished a sleepy valet by ordering his saddle-horse at seven.

But the park and the spring freshness and the plunging beast gave him only temporary relief. In his office at ten he felt,

with almost a terror, the possession taking hold again. He read his paper sternly, missing nothing, but his grip on his own powers was not as firm as yesterday. He had a nervous dread of certain things he must see in print. There they were—Morgan Ruthven's name and the situation as it was known outside. He flapped the page over, and his eyes rested on the column beyond. Sporting news—from long habit it held his eye—the news of the athletic world had been interesting to him for twenty-five years.

"Boat-races at New Haven this afternoon."

The paper fell to the floor. He knew what he would do. It would straighten him out as nothing else could—he would go up to New Haven and see the races. Twenty-five odd years ago he had been captain of a famous crew, and boats and water fascinated him to this day—the change of scene, the air, the old sharp interest in a race—these would make him over. It was fifteen years since he had been at New Haven. No one there would recognize him. This was not one of the great regattas which would draw crowds of people who might know him. He could come and go alone and unnoticed. He would do it. He went through his mail, gave orders, changed appointments, and at twelve o'clock he was on the train at Forty-second Street.

At two he went out from it into the New Haven station—into a throng of fresh, boyish faces—with a sense of exhilaration. He rushed for a car and hung from a strap with enjoyment in the discomfort of it. Soon someone got out, and he dropped into a seat by a pair of big shoulders which prodded into him. The owner twisted about.

"I beg your pardon," he said in a frank young voice. "I'm afraid I'm taking up too much room, but I'm wedged into this crack on the bias, and I can't help it," and the two laughed together.

There was an irresponsible gayety in the air, and Trefethen found himself catching it. This friendly, honest-faced boy, with his enormous, inconvenient shoulders, pleased him. He fell to talking—asking questions about the new buildings, about the regatta, the university. Surprised, amused, he felt the old enthusiasm of Alma Mater rising in him. He was a Yale man—this lad was a Yale man—the brother-

hood asserted itself—for years he had not had this feeling. Past the green, serene with its three churches set like oases in its broad expanse, they shot; past rows of New England homes stately with a dignity which money does not achieve; into Whitney Avenue with its wide lawns and fine old houses, crowned with the great sweep of the Hillhouse place, and its dominating, pillared mansion. And about there the car jolted and stopped. Looking ahead, there was a line of other stopped cars—a block forward. By slow degrees the passengers got out, and studied the case, and speculated.

"Let's walk," said the boy. "It's only a mile."

And Trefethen, with a flattered sense of being officially taken into the guild of the able-bodied, swung out by the side of his new friend into a gay stream of people headed for Lake Whitney. His sponsor had gathered him under his wing with the simple, unconscious air of an older brother, which, to the man used to dictatorship, gave a piquancy to the situation. It was pleasant, if funny, to be looked after in this kindly way.

"My name is Richard Elliot," said the lad without preface, and gave his year, and turned his brown eyes consideringly on the older man.

Trefethen hesitated. Not to return this frank confidence would be ungracious, yet his name suggested himself too much just now throughout America to risk telling and hope to be unidentified. He compromised.

"My graduation is a quarter of a century or so ahead of yours, I'm sorry to say," He smiled. "And my name is Lord"—and spoke truthfully, for this was his unused middle name.

At that moment the lad's coat swung open, and Trefethen saw, pinned on his waistcoat, an Alpha Delta Phi pin. From some atrophied muscles sprang a throb which astonished him. Out flew his hand, the boy's eyes met his, and their fingers slid into the fraternity grip.

"Why, this is bully," spoke the youngster joyfully. "I'm awfully glad I met you. I wonder if there's anything I can do to make you enjoy yourself. Tell you what"—he went on in a burst—"ginger!—I'm glad I thought of it—come out on the water with me, will you, Mr. Lord? I've got a canoe, and my side-partner's sneaked—can't find

him. Anyhow, there's plenty of room, even if he turns up, if you'll sit tight and part your hair in the middle. Are you used to boats?"

Trefethen smiled. "That was my business when I was in college."

"What, were you on a crew?" the lad asked, his eyes bright with interest.

Vanity betrayed Trefethen suddenly. "I was captain of the 'Varsity crew of my year," he stated, and then felt alarmed to see the impression.

Elliot stopped short, quite casual as to halting a long procession back of him. With that he gave his own knee a sounding slap.

"Ginger!" he exploded. "Ginger! Hully-gee! and I never suspected. I might have known you were something with that build," and he glanced over Trefethen's figure searchingly. "Nobody has that look without its meaning something. Ginger!" he murmured again with no sense of monotony, and swung on, gazing sidewise admiringly at the embarrassed Trefethen. "Why this is simply great, Mr. Lord," he addressed him. "We must have you over at the boat-house to meet the men—maybe you can row on a veteran crew—I don't know how that is—that's not my line—but anyhow they'd love to meet you. Lord—Lord," he reflected. "Don't seem to remember the name—but the crews are not in my beat, as I said—they'll place you fast enough at the boat-house. What's your year?"

With that Trefethen realized that his incognito was in peril. "It won't do, Mr. Elliot," he said firmly. "I'm tired and came out for a lazy afternoon, and I don't want to meet people, even Yale men. I'm not up to it. I'll be delighted to go out in your canoe if it won't inconvenience you, but I'm a back number, and would only be in the way at the boat-house."

"Back number nothing," responded the boy earnestly. "Of course they'd be proud and glad. Yale men don't shelve their chaps who've won laurels for them. Did you win, by the way? What class were you?" he demanded.

Now Trefethen's crew had gained an historic victory, and to give his class might place it and him. He did not want to be placed. He had an uneasy feeling that the multi-millionaire, Marcus Trefethen, would lose this unique comradeship which

the obscure graduate Lord had found. This afternoon he had no use for his millions and his powerful name.

"Don't pin an old bald-head, young man," he argued. "Don't you see I'm ashamed of my age?"

The boy drew his brows and looked surprised, yet the glory of a crew-captainship overshadowed this exhibition of human weakness. "All right," he agreed; "but I'll look you up, you know. What difference does it make, anyway? Did your crew win? You can tell me that, Mr. Lord, and that's the point."

"You bet we won," Trefethen threw at him emphatically, like another boy.

"Hooray for you!" said the youngster, and laughed for pure love of Yale's greatness, and with that they were at Lake Whitney.

Girls and young men shifted in and out through a scene of gayety. Gray-haired men, men in the prime of life, and not a few older women with pleased faces to be there, thronged the landing-steps, and embarked every moment in boats of all sorts. And in every mouthful of the spring air Trefethen drew a breath of that clean and happy out-of-doors' enthusiasm, of forgetfulness of people for deeds, which is the inspiration of right athletics. In five minutes, Elliot, serious and businesslike over his responsibility, was pushing his canoe from the dock with a well-handled paddle, and Trefethen sat facing him in the bow. He realized so the tremendous development of the young figure as, his coat off, the big muscles worked through a thin silk shirt.

"You must be interested in something muscular by the look of you," he said. "What's your specialty?"

The frank eyes dropped. "Oh—I'm not so good as I might be at anything," he answered, and his manner was confused. He went on quietly. "My stunt's football, but I'd like to do it better than I do."

"Some failure to make good, poor lad," the older man thought to himself, and said aloud, with friendliness, "That's too bad—you're a strapping fellow. I should think you'd be strong at athletics if you really tried. But I dare say you make it up some other way. Probably you're a fine scholar."

The boy laughed. "Oh, no. Well, I'm not a positive disgrace to the family, but I haven't made *ΦΒΚ* by a good bit. Oh, no,

I'm afraid you wouldn't call me a search-light as a student. I'm afraid I'm better developed on the physical than the mental tack—can't be good at everything, you know. At least most can't. There's only one fellow I know in Yale who's all 'round first-class, and he's a miracle." The brown eyes flashed sudden fire. "Gosh! the lad shot through set teeth. "Gosh! I wish I had the killing of that man!"

Trefethen looked at the irate youth in surprise. "The miracle?" he inquired, smiling. "Do you want to kill the miracle?"

"No; oh, no." Elliot's responsive smile did not come. He was too stirred. "Not him—of course not. He's the finest chap in Yale University—the pride of the whole class. He's a peach. Why just let me tell you, Mr. Lord, what that fellow is: He made *ΦBK*, he was on the Junior Prom. Committee. He made"—the boy hesitated and spoke low—"he made Bones. He's good enough for the tennis team, and he could have been on the football team, and he's captain of the 'Varsity crew. You know what that means. He should have been here to-day—and he's gone. And the Harvard race in June will have to do without him. We'll lose it, likely, because of him. He's gone—gone!" The boy hurled the word at the man.

"Where has he gone—how?" the other asked eagerly, carried away by the speaker's intensity.

The paddle dipped in water for two liquid beats before he answered, and then it was with an evident effort for self-control. "It makes me so hot I can hardly talk about it," he brought out in repressed tones. "But you're a good sport, and square and all that—you'll appreciate how we feel. Last night at the training table the captain had a telegram and a special delivery. His father has been ill, and his business has all gone wrong, and he's—ruined. Just plain that. And when they were certain of it, yesterday, he got a lot worse at the news, and they were alarmed and sent for Carl. And the money's all lost, you see, so he can't come back. It's a darned shame!" the lad brought out, losing his grip on himself again. "I'd like to have that man, that captain of industry, that robber baron, who's got Carl down and out, at the end of my fist"—the great young hand shot out,

clinched. "It's Marcus Trefethen—the Marcus Trefethen, you know—and if I got within ten feet of him I'd beat his bloomin' brains out." The man in the bow, eight feet away, gazed thoughtfully at the speaker.

The canoe had worked up the lake; far away beyond the bridge was a stir as if those there could see the first crews of the first race coming; dozens of boats, gay with boys and girls and talk and laughter, lay below, beyond them, but at the turn where the canoe floated it was quiet. There was deep silence.

"It's all his work. He's a thieving, cold-blooded monopolist," the boy went on angrily. "He doesn't care how much flesh and blood he chops into hash to feed to his great fortune. He doesn't care that Carl's father's railroad stands for forty years' solid, honest work. He doesn't care that wrecking it is going to kill Mr. Ruthven—that Carl's got to give up his career and grind for bread and butter—all that's nothing."

The vehement voice stopped; the boy was out of breath, and the man felt a necessity to put in a word. "There are usually two sides," he said. "Possibly Trefethen may not be free to stop the workings of a great affair—there are many men concerned in such a business. And perhaps he may not entirely realize the suffering entailed." He wondered at his own tone, at his desire to conciliate. Why should he care how a college student judged his conduct? But he cared.

The boy's eyes, gazing up the course, questioned the distance. His big shoulders stiffened to alertness. "They're coming," he announced, and a twist of the paddle set the boat sidewise so that Trefethen also could see. "Ginger, they're coming fast! It's the Columbia freshmen against ours—golly, I hope we smear 'em! We lead—see—gosh, we've got a good lead!"

Garnished with strange interjections, the pleasant, well-bred young voice went on in staccato sentences, and Trefethen, still thunderstruck by the bolt that had been launched from the blue at him and all his works, watched the play of excitement on the unconscious face. The clear eyes followed keenly every movement of the rapidly nearing crews; they glowed with joy as the Yale boat forged ahead; they darkened tragically as the rival shell crawled up on it. It was a spirited scene and the impersonal rush of interest all about him carried



"Mrs. Ruthven," he answered, "you are very eloquent for your husband's cause."—Page 21.

the man out of himself and into the bright flood of enthusiasm. Suddenly he found himself cheering madly, waving his hat as the blue coxswain, megaphone strapped to his mouth, howled hoarse encouragement to his men—as the crew of Yale swept past and first beyond the finish stakes. How glad the boy was—and how glad he himself was! When had he had such a day?

"Hooray for Yale!"

He shouted, and laughed as he heard his own voice. He caught a long breath and drew in a mouthful of sentiments—sport—fellow-feeling—the game played fairly—he nearly choked with the unfamiliar taste—but he liked it.

The first event was finished. "Rain," young Elliot announced, turning up his face. "We'll put in under the bridge till it's over. I'll hurry, so we'll get there before the holy-poly."

The canoe flew in under heavy stone arches only just in advance of a crowd of others. Everybody knew his friend, Trefethen remarked. There was a shouted word for him from almost every boat which scurried in for shelter, and the boy responded with ready friendliness always, yet also, it seemed to the older man, with an unconscious air of being somebody. A rowboat with two students came bumping alongside,

and one caught the stern of the canoe and pulled in to it. "Here you, Dick—you can't take all of the roof if you are a great man," he threw at Elliot.

"Lots of room," said the boy cheerfully. "I want to present you to my friend, Mr. Lord. Mr. Selden—Mr. Van Arden," and two hands gripped him heartily in spite of the inconveniences of the situation. "Mr. Lord was captain of the 'Varsity crew of his year," Dick Elliot hurried to explain, and there was instant deep respect in the newcomers' manner. "Won't go to the boat-house. He's tired—doesn't want to be fussed over," he forestalled their suggestions, and they met this with a cloud of protestation. He ought—the men would want to see him. It wasn't right for Dick Elliot to keep a good thing to himself.

"Ought to get you two out of conjunction, anyway," Van Arden remarked in a half-shy, eager, boyish manner. "Two captains in one canoe are overallowance," and Trefethen looked inquiringly at him and then at Elliot.

"Why, he doesn't know," Jimmy Selden burst out. "I'll be jiggered! Mr. Lord doesn't know that Dick Elliot's the great and only captain of the football team! Holy smoke! But they make 'em ignorant down in New York."

And Trefethen—railroads and combinations entirely overshadowed—was deeply confused. Certainly he should have known—Elliot—last November's victorious team—certainly. But he had forgotten the first name; he hadn't thought of such luck—he simply hadn't placed him. And the boy laughed at him as a kind and modest emperor might laugh at an obscure subject unaware of his greatness.

"Tell you what," he flung at them, "if Mr. Lord is game, what do you fellows say to coming to feed with me at Mory's this evening?"

"O. K.," spoke Selden. "We'll come, anyway."

"No, you don't," responded the host promptly. "This is a party for a distinguished stranger, and there ain't going to be no party without him. Will you come, Mr. Lord?"

"My train goes at——"

"Oh, there's another one at nine, and ten—and maybe eleven," urged Jimmy Selden. "And we'll have big chops and wonderful potatoes and——"

"Look here, Jimmy, who's giving this dinner?" demanded Elliot. "Will you come, Mr. Lord? We will have those chops and things, and they're great, but it's none of his old business."

"Yes, I'll come," said Trefethen. "I never was as hungry for a chop in my life."

"Let's invite Pearly Gates, so he can sing

and tell about outdoor sports," suggested Selden enthusiastically. "And you might ask Pat O'Connor—he does lovely stunts—and what about——"

"Jimmy," shouted the entertainer, "will you let me run my own dinner?"

"Well, I don't know," growled Jimmy. "The last one wasn't satisfactory. You've got the cash, but I've got the sense."

And with that there was a spectacular, close race coming down the water—the rain was over—the canoe and rowboat flew out to posts of vantage, with parting arrangements for dinner-time called back and forth.

Mory's is a low, wooden, two-story house on Temple Street. Trefethen, looking at it, as he and Elliot turned the corner that evening, suddenly remembered it well. It had looked just like that, small and dirty-white, twenty-five and thirty years ago. Up five or six steps and into a side door they went. In each of the three or four rooms—low rooms, with bare floors and a few cheap sporting prints about the walls—are perhaps three heavy oblong oak tables, covered thick with initials cut deep into the top. They are initials of students of Yale who for twenty odd years have been making monuments of Mory's tables. Against the walls of some of the rooms hang other tables, initial-covered, and the legs taken off. Freshmen are not allowed in this holy place, but the three upper classes constantly give dinners here—little dinners of six or



"You bet we won," Trefethen threw at him emphatically.—Page 23.



"And if I got within ten feet of him I'd beat his bloomin' brains out."—Page 24.

so, for the most part, and the boys sing college songs all through them. The especial feature of such a meal is a chop, enormous in size and served on a plate twelve or fourteen inches across and supported by wonderful potatoes. The chops and potatoes at Mory's are famous.

Marcus Trefethen looked over the array of grouped letters, many of them standing for names now on the country's roll of honor, carved when their owners were fresh-faced lads like these who stood about him, who leaned over him with a big young hand now and then familiarly, comrade-like, on his shoulder. Earnestly they studied out famous name after name to show him.

"There's a futurity list, too, you know," Van Arden said in his buoyant, eager way. "Here is Dickey Elliot's mark—football captain to-day, President of the United States to-morrow—who knows?"

"What's the matter with Daisy Van Arden, editor *Yale News* to-day—Emperor of Russia next week-ski?" Jimmy Selden contributed, and then, in an awed tone, with

a big fore-finger pointed to letters freshly cut, "Boys, here's Carl."

"Ah!" A sound that was half a groan came from them all in unison, and they leaned across each other's shoulders and looked. "C. R." and the year. There was a minute's serious silence as the heads bent, crowded together.

"It's a darned shame," Dick Elliot said slowly, and then: "Well, let's have some eats. Our table's this way, Mr. Lord."

Selden's suggestions, though frowned upon, had been carried out rather closely. Pat O'Connor, indeed, turned up missing, but enormous chops and marvellous potatoes appeared, and Pearly Gates was on hand with the two gifts which made him a desired dinner guest. His father's fortune having been won by Gates's Pearly Capsules for Rheumatism, it was perhaps inevitable that the heir, Alexander, should be known in college as Pearly Gates. He was a Glee Club man with a remarkable voice, and, as Selden put it, a "peculiarly ready warbler," and also he was born with a marvellous ineptness for athletics which

amounted to an inverted genius. It had been discovered that his *au naturel* descriptions of a sporting event threw a light on the occasion which could not be found otherwise; also it was impossible to him, though healthy and well-made, to jump, run, vault, swim, skate, play football, baseball, tennis, or any known game.

"The blame thing can walk," Elliot assured Trefethen, patting the exhibit fondly as he inventoried his qualities. "Show the gentleman how pretty you walk, Pearly," he urged, and Pearly beamed from behind his glasses and kicked out affectionately. "Trainer says he's made up all right," Elliot went on. "It's just a sort of foolishness of the muscles. We're proud of him, you know," he explained. "He's the only one. There isn't such a fool in college. Pearly, which will you do first, sing or tell Mr. Trefethen about the football game?"

"I'll do anything you want in about a minute," responded the obliging gentleman, "but I do like to chew this chop. Let me alone just a minute. Talk about me, but just let me alone."

"Now look here, Pearly," Jimmy Selden spoke severely. "I didn't get you here to eat—primarily, that is. You were asked here to sing and be foolish—now do your part like a man. You're to amuse Mr. Lord. That's what I got you for."

"You got him—I like your nerve," observed the host, outraged. "Am I giving this dinner, I'd like to know?"

And the songster stuffed food placidly as war went on over him.

"In a way—in a way, certainly," Selden agreed soothingly. "But you know, Dickey, you do give the rottenest dinners when my fatherly care isn't about you. You know you do. Now you'd never have thought of Pearly, would you? And he's going to be the life of the thing in a minute. Pearly—that's enough—tune up!"

"All right," agreed the sweet-tempered youth, and pushed his chair away a bit and tossed back his blond head, and out through the room floated in the purest, most thrilling baritone, the words of "Amici."

"Our strong band can ne'er be broken;
Firm in friendship's tie,
Far surpassing wealth unspoken,
It can never die,"

he sang, and the words and the young voice went to the soul of Trefethen. Twenty-

five odd years ago a lad like these and other lads, his friends, had sung that song in these low, old rooms, and in their hearts was the promise—he remembered how hotly it had risen in his—that the good friendship would last out their lives. How had he kept it? What had he to show for the years—what that was worth the price paid—good-will toward the world, belief in ideals, altruism on fire to brighten the earth? Little by little he had paid these out, each bit wrapped in its cover of happiness, for a heap of money. The boys were all gone—the men—his friends—He had not seen any of them for years. He had not taken any interest. Now he thought of it, he had no friends. His fortune had followers; he had associates—that was all. And with that, all the voices together rose happily in the chorus—

"*Amici usque ad aras*
Deep graven on each heart
Shall be found unwavering, true,
When we from life shall part."

"Hooray!" yelled Jimmy Selden vociferously. "Pearly, you're the shark on the warble. Now buck up and tell Mr. Lord how you saw the football game."

Pearly was seized with shyness. "You fellows make a fool out of me," he complained.

"No trouble at all," Selden assured him.

"It's this way, Mr. Lord," the pink-faced, spectacled, good-humored songster confided. "All these chaps pretend they see extraordinary things and talk about 'em with queer words an' things. An' I don't understand an' I don't think most of the others do. So I just tell 'em about how it looks to the eye of nature, an' they think it's funny. 'Tisn't funny. I don't think it's funny. I went to that game an' I ate my sandwiches in the open, on a shelf with more like me. Humans—rows of 'em—thirty thousand. The fellows trotted on, pitter-patter, lookin' foolish, and all of us cheered—thirty thousand. Then the other fellows trotted on, lookin' foolish, an' we cheered. I knew precious little what they were doin' in the game, but it was pleasant to know they were doin' their best an' that we had an object in bein' there 's long 's they kept it up. They squatted and reflected an' then they fell on each other, an' then everybody rose and yelled and waved flags and Yale had the ball—or else



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Two captains in one canoe is an overallowance," Van Arden remarked.—Page 25.

Harvard had it. Then they scattered out, and Harvard's red-head got hurt once in so often, and then twice somebody—I think Yale—kicked the ball over the shinto shine at the end. Oh, this is truck"—he appealed to his *confrères*—"don't make me tell any more," he pleaded. And Trefethen shook with laughter as he had not shaken for years. "'S cruel to make sport of my infirmity," reasoned Pearly. "But it looked that way to me, anyhow."

The dinner was over; pipes came out of coat pockets. Elliot produced cigars for his guest of honor, and the military formation of the party "fell out" about the table; chairs grouped at every angle. Jimmy Selden pumped a profound sigh.

"Gosh! how Carl would have enjoyed them mushrooms!" he said sorrowfully.

Dick Elliot's level black eyebrows drew into a frown. "I don't know if we'd better talk about Carl to-night," he said. "It's a pretty melancholy subject to drag a visitor in on," and he turned to Trefethen. "You see, Mr. Lord," he explained, "the whole college is sore. Ruthven was popular with both the undergraduates and the faculty. Everybody was proud of him. He was just a miracle, you see. A whooping good fellow, a fine student but no grind, and a tiptop athlete. The worst is the race in June. There's nobody fit for his place. Harvard will likely smear us. It's taken the heart out of the whole business. It's hard on us all."

Van Arden spoke in his nervous, graceful way. "It's hardest on Dick, Mr. Lord. Ruthven was his room-mate, and he and Dick had it arranged to go abroad after they graduated this summer. It's been cut and dried for two years."

"Yes, Dickey-bird's chief mourner, all right," Selden agreed sadly, and with that he burst forth: "If about four like us had Trefethen clasped inside these loving arms, we'd fit him for a career of sausage-meat pretty quick."

"I give you my word," Dick Elliot said, and he threw back his great shoulders and threw up his square chin, and his brown eyes blazed at Trefethen. "I give you my word, Mr. Lord, that if that man Trefethen should get along with a bunch of us to-night, feeling the way we do, I'd hate to be responsible for his safety. I believe we'd hurt him."

This nervous English and the muscles that loomed back of it gave the guest of honor a sensation. He pulled at his cigar, and his eyes did not meet the football captain's.

At last, "You're a belligerent young lot," he reflected aloud, and then, "I dare say the man's a beast," he brought out slowly, "but you boys ought not to be swept away by half of a question. Remember there are always two sides—get at the other and found your judgment on knowledge—don't let personal feeling place you."

"It isn't all personal feeling, Mr. Lord," Van Arden threw at him eagerly. "It's the big question of the day; it happens to have fired a broadside into us just this minute, and we're hurt and howling—but it's the big question we're up against—the magnates—the huge overweight fortunes that destroy the balance. You're an unprejudiced man"—and Trefethen smiled inwardly—"you know they don't play the game fairly, these captains of industry—don't you?"

"I do not," Trefethen said with emphasis. "I know of no proof for a general statement like that. Of course there is plenty of advantage taken—you can't help that when men are human and the stake is worth while, but—"

"You can't help it?" Dick Elliot flung at him. "Of course you can help it—if you're civilized and decent. What's a standard for if not to live up to? What would you think of a football man that 'took advantage' and then said he couldn't help it because he was human and the game was worth while? We're penalized if we try that on; we're kicked out if we keep it up—and that's right. Lord, that stake looks bigger to us than a billion dollars! I don't see why fair play isn't the thing—the only thing—for a white man, after he leaves college as much as before."

"Hold on, Mr. Elliot, give me a show," Trefethen protested. "I'm not advocating dishonesty. I was going to say that there are hosts of men who have made fortunes honorably—don't you hope to be rich yourselves?"

There was a short stillness, and Pearly—the richest—broke it. They turned in their chairs and looked at him surprised. "Seems this way to me—like th' story in th' op'ra, y' see. When the gold shines



Drawn by F. C. John.

"I don't see why fair play isn't the thing after he leaves college as much as before."—Page 30.



"That afternoon at New Haven cost me five million dollars down."—Page 35.

over the waters of the Rhine, an' the Rhine-
maidens guard it, it's nice, an' everybody
would like it. But when the ugly dwarf,
Alberich, climbs up and grabs it, you feel
as if you'd rather get nothin' than get it by
turnin' into a beast like that."

"Hooray for Pearly! He's turning into
poetry," Jimmy Selden contributed in an
undertone, but Van Arden's keen face was
alert and serious.

"It's partly so, what Pearly says—he
wouldn't have any money but clean money.
Nor I. But there's more. Even if huge
fortunes are made straight we don't want
them—Americans. We don't want kings,
good or bad, and we don't want plutocrats,

good or bad. They don't fit us. We won't
have them, either, I'll bet," he added sagely,
this college editor, speaking as a man with
his hand on the pulse of the people.

"You've missed some points," said Tref-
ethen quietly. "If we didn't have variety
we wouldn't have civilization. It's the
men who step out of the ranks who make
progress. We'd all be cave-dwellers yet if
some old skin-dressed fellow hadn't begun
to accumulate stone knives and oyster-
shells. I dare say they called him a menace
to society. It's better for the world that
some houses should be filled with pictures
and books than that all should be hovels
alike."

He stopped and considered, puffing at his cigar thoughtfully, and the bright-faced boys, sitting about the table, regarded him eagerly, respectfully.

"The race is tied together. The whole procession moves up when the leaders take a step. The hovels of to-day have luxuries the palaces didn't have once. It's competition; it's survival of the fittest that raises the standard for all. To the man fittest to organize and lead goes the prize. It's right it should go to him; he has earned it. He has created capital by efficiency. Before long his income inevitably exceeds his expenditures. A fortune is made, and it is a benefit to mankind that men of mental grasp should handle such fortunes, have the power to found libraries and hospitals and great public works; doing good to thousands, rather than that the money should be dribbled out in small sums among those who can't accumulate and who can't spend wisely."

Van Arden was on his feet, his tall, nervous figure quivered with intensity. "That's the optimist view, Mr. Lord; that's not the average. Here and there, one in a thousand, maybe, is a magnate who takes his luck responsibly, but mostly what you see is vulgar greed—use of privilege without genius—brutal indifference, power used tyrannically, cynical hardness to human feelings. Why, the papers are chuck-full of it. Look at our case; look at this Trefethen." He stopped and smiled a frank deprecation. "You see, I'm back to the personal view. I own up. Well, it isn't an abstract question in New Haven to-night. It's concrete as the dickens—it's Carl."

"This Trefethen," lighting a fresh cigar, did not care to smile back into the sincere eyes; he occupied himself closely with the cigar. The football captain thundered in.

"Carl!" he echoed dramatically. "Of course it's Carl, and he's an illustration of the whole mess. What sort of fairness has been shown in his case? Legal, all right; but that play wouldn't go in football. Just because Trefethen & Co. think they might as well make all the money in sight. He's rolling now, but they say he's going to be the richest man in the world—a sweet ambition! Hope he'll enjoy himself! I'll bet a doughnut he isn't happy this second. I wouldn't be in his skin for a dollar a minute."

And the silent Trefethen squirmed under that skin and agreed.

"He's a Yale man," put in Van Arden reflectively.

"More's the pity," growled Elliot. "We're not proud of him. Do you suppose any of us will ever turn into case-hardened octopuses like that? Ginger! I'll make a try at least not to be a disgrace to my Alma Mater." With that, as his guest sat quiet, his eyes on his cigar, "We're giving Mr. Lord a dickens of a gay time," Elliot announced cheerfully. "Unloading all our kicks for his benefit. Now cut it out, fellows. Mr. Lord's not crazy about our great thoughts on political economy. He's no captain of industry—" All at once he seemed to realize that in fact they did not know what their guest might be. "You said you were a lawyer, didn't you?" he demanded a bit anxiously.

Trefethen smiled. "I've been called as bad as that," he answered truthfully—for he had been admitted and had practised twenty years ago. And the boy was quite satisfied.

"That's all right," he said, relieved. "Pearly Gates, you sing."

And Pearly's lovely voice floated out as promptly and as easily as if someone had started a music-box. First an old song adapted to the football captain of the year, and all the room—but one—joined in as he led it:

"Here's to Dick Elliot, Dick Elliot—
Here's to Dick Elliot, he's with us to-night.
He's with us, God bless him; he's with us,
God bless him;
Here's to Dick Elliot, he's with us to-night."

With its never-ending chorus of

"Chug-a-chug, chug-a-chug, chug-a-chug—"

Then, slipping effortless from one air to another, he was singing a favorite of Trefethen's own time.

"Winds of night around us sighing,"

sang Pearly,

"'Neath the elm-trees murmur low."

And the other voices joined in and the deep sound flooded the room as the boys sang, as Trefethen sang with them words about

"The merry life we lead 'neath the elms,
'Neath the elms of dear old Yale."

They were out in the street now, marching together, arm linked in arm. Dick Elliot's big hand was across the older man's shoulder, and the touch was pleasant to him. So pleasant that his voice stopped in the middle of a line once, and the phalanx burst into a roar of young laughter.

"Did it swallow a fly?" Jimmy Selden inquired impudently. They were all boys together now for sure.

So, singing and laughing, the five went down the dark street to the station, Trefethen in the midst, the guest, the hero, quite dazed, and happy as he thought he had forgotten how to be happy.

"You wouldn't let us give you a real red celebration," Selden explained, as they stood on the platform, waiting. "It was fitter that a crew captain should be officially blowed to a party, and that dinner wasn't much—just a snack. But we done what we could—I done my durndest," he finished modestly. And Dick Elliot's scornful "Huh!" came out of darkness.

"Did we give you the time of your life? Do you like us?" Jimmy investigated further, and Trefethen laid a hand on his muscular arm.

"You've given me the best time I've had in twenty-five years," he said. "And I like you a lot."

"Well, we like you; you're the right sort," Van Arden's quick tones threw back frankly, and with that Pearly broke easily, sweetly, into

"He's a jolly good fellow
As nobody can deny."

And the others chorused it with ringing notes. And as the train moved slowly out—Trefethen standing on the platform, watching his friends with intent eyes, with a new sense of loneliness—Pearly Gates's thrilling clear music rose again in "Bright College Years," the other voices instantly lifting to his.

"The seasons come, the seasons go;
The earth is green or white with snow;
But time and change shall naught avail
To break the friendships formed at Yale"

they sang. And the train moved faster, and the boys stood in the half-light of the station, arms around each other's shoulders, leaning on each other, singing. And the train drew away.

On the 27th of August the *Celtic* sailed

from Liverpool for New York. As the land of Wales melted into clouds a young fellow with conspicuous, broad shoulders walked aft and fell into conversation with a man who stood watching the fading earth-line.

"I never can take any stock in the ship till the land's clean gone," the man said. "It'll be gone in a few minutes now." He glanced about the deck as if the next interest were awakening. "A crowd on board," he said. "Quite a lot of celebrities. Have you noticed the passenger list?"

"No," said the boy politely, but a bit absent-mindedly.

"There's Lord and Lady de Gray, and a French marquis—I forget his name; and a Russian prince—I can't pronounce his. And there are several big Americans. That's Trefethen over there—Marcus Trefethen, the capitalist." He nodded across the deck where a tall man stood alone, smoking and staring out at sea.

The boy turned. "Marcus Trefethen? I'd like to see him." His eyes searched. "Where?"

"The tall fellow with a cigar—right where you're looking." The gaze changed to bewilderment, and with that there flashed to his face an astonished delight. "Marcus Trefethen your grandmother!" he threw at the man, and with a leap he was gone.

"Mr. Lord—why this is great! You haven't forgotten me—Dick Elliot—the races on Lake Whitney last May. Yes—I didn't think you would." Trefethen's hand hurt with the grip it got.

"So you and young Ruthven had your trip, after all?" he said five minutes later.

"Golly! Did we!" responded Elliot with enthusiasm. "Never had such a bully time in all my life, and Carl's as happy as a king—his father all right, his two years in Germany arranged, everything going his way. The finest chap. I wish you knew him! Wasn't it queer, though, about that old Trefethen, the octopus? Nobody understands, but he suddenly just took the clamps off, and buzz! the wheels went 'round. The Southwestern Railroad came to, and is going like a queen, and Mr. Ruthven was well the minute he heard it—pretty near dead he was, too. Carl came back to college with howls of joy, and he rowed the race, and we smeared the Harvards, and the whole thing went like a book. What do you suppose happened to old Tref-

ethen?" he shot at the other. "Lost his mind, didn't he?"

"Old Trefethen" puffed at his cigar. "Hadh't heard of it," he said tersely.

"Well, I'll tell you one thing, Mr. Lord. I feel differently toward that old galoot. Since the Southwestern business I respect him. I don't understand, but I swear I respect him. I've read every scrap about him in the papers, and I've formed an opinion. It's my idea that he's decided there are better games than being the richest man in the world. He's certainly thrown away his chance for that, by what they say."

"He certainly has," the other responded, as one having authority, but the boy did not notice. A flash of amusement lit his face and his words flashed after it.

"Do you know, Mr. Lord—that's queer—I'd forgotten." The hurrying words fell over each other. "You were pointed out to me as Trefethen this minute. That's how I came to see you."

The man knocked his cigar ash into the sea. "Curious," he said quietly. It's not the first time, however—I look like him." He went on. "Tell me about yourself. What are you going to do when you get home?"

The bright face grew serious. "Well, Mr. Lord," he said, "I'm in bad luck. Not the worst, for my people are all right, thank Heaven—but it's bad. My father's business—he's a steel man—is in poor shape, and it's about inevitable that he's got to fail. If he could raise a hundred thousand he could tide through, but he can't do it. It's too much for the small people, and the big people won't risk it—and he can't ask them. So. They wanted me to stay over with Carl and finish out my six months, and I could, for the trip is off money that was left me. They said they'd rather have me, and I'd only be in the way at home, and all that. But it seemed to me that if the governor was in a scrape I'd better go and stand by him. Even if I'm not good for much at first, I might help brace him up. Don't you think I was right?" he asked wistfully.

"I do, indeed," the other answered with emphasis. And then slowly, staring at the earnest face: "I wish I owned something like a boy to stand by me in time of trouble." A quick color rushed to Elliot's cheeks.

"If you mean that—you don't know me

much—but if you'd let me—I'm not a lot of good yet, but I'm trustworthy. I'll stand by you, Mr. Lord."

It was very boyish, but it went straight. So straight that Trefethen did not speak, and the lad went on eagerly. "Looks like you were in a scrape this minute, from the cock of your eye. Is it money? All right. Here I be. Just use me for a battering-ram or any old thing, and I'll take charge of you and the governor together."

At that Trefethen found his voice and his hand fell on the huge shoulder. "You're adopted," he said. "Just remember that. But I don't need you just at present—not that way. I'm doing rather well financially."

Suddenly he drew back a step, and put his hands in his pockets and stared at the boy quizzically, a slow smile coming in his eyes. "You're a dear lad," he said, and his voice sounded strange to him. "But you're an expensive luxury. That afternoon at New Haven cost me five million dollars down, and heaven knows how many more by this time." The boy stared, amazed. "I don't grudge it, you know. What I got for it has paid, and will. I got a new point of view and a sense of proportion. I got a suspicion that what men want millions for is happiness, and millions don't bring it; I got a startling and original impression that the only way to get anything out of life is to live it for other people; I got the thought that service and not selfishness is the measure of a man's value, and I got—oh, I got this thing rubbed in with salt and lemon juice till it smarted like the devil—I got the idea that to play the game fairly is the first thing required if you mean to be a man at all."

The boy gasped. "Who are you?" he stammered.

"Wait a minute. I was just going over the edge of a precipice. I'd have slid down pleasantly—a long way down—and I'd have wallowed in gold at the bottom, and it would have been a mighty cold, hard bed, too. I'd have been miserable and lonely, with half the world envying me, after I'd got there. But there were two or three strings tied to me yet—and they were lying up on God's earth above the precipice, and you boys got hold of them and yanked me back. Great Scott, but you yanked manfully!" he said, and laughed and shook his

head at the memory. "It wasn't your political economy—I'd read things something like what you said. But I saw myself through your eyes—honest eyes. You had nothing to gain or lose, and you gave me your sincere thoughts—and you gave 'em from the shoulder, you'll allow me to say. Jove, how you roasted me! A spirit that I'd forgotten about was in every word, and I caught it, and I'm trying to keep the disease, for I believe that, from a practical point of view, it's the spirit that will bring a man peace at the last. And all along."

"Who are you?" Dick Elliot demanded again in a frightened voice.

"I think you half know," the other said. "I'm Marcus Lord Trefethen, and I'll never be the richest man in the world, and I thank heaven for it. Don't hate me, boy—don't be afraid of me, for your friendship's important to me," he went on. "You remember what you said—you'd stand by me. I need you now." And the young face brightened and smiled frankly at him.

"Ginger, I'll do it, too," he said. "You're worth saving. You can't phase me just by

being a bloated bondholder, Mr. Lor—Mr. Trefethen."

"That's the sort," said Trefethen gladly. "And as you belong to me a bit—adopted, you remember—you're to take that hundred thousand to your father from me. We'll send him a Marconi that will stagger him."

Elliot gasped again. "Oh, no—I can't do that—I wouldn't have told you," he stammered.

"Come, Dick, don't be a jackass," advised Trefethen. "It's business—I'm lending it to him—I'll skin you both yet." And then, as he still hesitated, with wide troubled eyes on the great man's face, Trefethen put out his hand and found the football captain's fingers, and twisted them into the fraternity grip—and the old college boy smiled at the young one. "Brothers, aren't we?" he demanded. "You've done a lot more for me than I can do for you," and with that, a flash of misty mischief coming into his eyes, "By ginger," quoted Marcus Trefethen, "let me 'make a try at least not to be a disgrace to my Alma Mater.'"

UNAWARE

By William Hervey Woods

"CHILDREN, tell me who was she
Dancing with you on the lea?
That bright maid of mien beguiling,
Sometimes sad and sometimes smiling,
But with witching sweetness wiling
All your hearts away—
Was it elfin maid, or human,
Princess fay, or budding woman,
Led your games to-day?"
Then again I heard her laughter,
And the children a-dancing after,
Said nor yea nor nay.

"Who was with you, lovers twain,
Yonder in the moonlit lane?
Young she seemed, and maiden-slender,
Yet might Psyche nothing mend her
Phantom grace, nor Venus lend her
Aught of beauty new—

Once I watched her bend and whisper—
Did she in that speaking lisp her
 Name and fame to you?"
"Nay," the lovers said in wonder,
"None was in the rose-lane yonder,
 None beside us two."

"Mother, in whose brooding eyes
Shine low lights of Paradise,
When the sunset skies of amber
Paint the west, and in the chamber
Sleepy-head at last would clamber
 Up the waiting knee,
Round ye both her white arms twining,
Standeth one in raiment shining,
 Wondrous fair to see—
Can this be the Mary-mother?"
Soft she answered, "Here's no other
 But my child and me."

"Soldier, in thy stern delight
Charging headlong down the fight,
Who is she above you gliding
Like some ancient goddess guiding
Heroes forth, and still dividing
 With them triumphs won?
Not more brave was Trojan Hector,
Not more proud the Trojan's victor,
 Far by Ilion."
"Vex me with no phantom woman,"
Cried the soldier, "Lo, the foeman
 Wavers! Ride, ride on!"

Seeking still and still distraught,
To the sage my quest I brought,
"Tell me, father, what this haunting
Vision is, this changing, taunting,
Woman shape the world enchanting,
Yet that none confess:
Is it trick of necromancy,
Or some bright mirage of fancy
 Gilding men's distress?"
"That," the wise man answered, sighing,
Something far beyond him eying,
 "That is Happiness."

THE "MEMORIA" OF VELASQUEZ

By Walter Pach

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



ARTISTS have left but little of written criticism. That they are practised critics, that nothing more delights their leisure than the close analytical scrutiny of the productions of art—other men's and their own—no one can doubt. We see them in museums—knots of intense students praising or condemning, sustaining an opinion or opposing it, just as we see them in Zola's "L'Œuvre" and the few other great books on artists. Follow them back as far as the records take us: to Dürer visiting Flanders and Italy and pronouncing on what he saw; to Botticelli explaining that the principle of beauty lies within the artist; even to Cimabue recognizing the germ of a noble art in the untrained drawings of the youthful Giotto—and still we find that hand in hand with the faculty of creation goes that of criticism. But what has become of this mass of opinion—the weightiest that could be brought to bear on the much-discussed problems of art? All but the smallest of stray parts has been lost with the breath that uttered it. If the question of the value of their opinions entered at all the minds of most artists, it would seem as if they thought their ideas could be read clearly enough in their works. Only an unusual combination of circumstances—of fortune, of success in the work, of acquaintance with artists, could bring a Vasari to write. In Cellini it was the union of egotism and insatiable desire for expression; in Sir Joshua it was his exceptional point of view that the principles of art could be taught; in Fromentin we recognize that a scholarly quality of mind and training, rare among artists, led him to set down his ideas in writing.

The efforts of a Spanish *savant* some years ago made a new and most important addition to the store of criticism by artists. The "Memorial of Paintings," by Velasquez, here given for the first time to English readers (see page 44), shows that the great Spaniard "had the gift for language as for paint." Indeed, it was in the "History of Spanish Literature" from which these words are quoted

that I first learned of Velasquez's having written. No one in America seemed to know of the matter, and it was after considerable time that a very kind answer from Mr. James Fitzmaurice-Kelly, the author of the "History," reached me in Madrid. It referred me to the memorials of the Spanish Academy for 1871, in which appears the following extract from the minutes of a meeting in March of that year: "In behalf of our correspondent in Cadiz, Don Adolfo de Castro, and with a note of transmission which was read, Señor Fernandez-Guerra presented a rare and precious example of a pamphlet which contains, as denoted by the title, 'A Memorial of the Paintings which the Catholic Majesty of the King our lord Don Philip the Fourth sends to the Monastery of San Lorenzo the Royal, of the Escorial, this year of 1656. Described and arranged by Diego Velasquez de Sylva, etc.'—and with this printed matter, a manuscript from Señor Castro dedicated to the Academy, and purposing to prove that the small work cited is not the only datum which would make us give to the painter Velasquez the rank of a good writer. The Academy wished at once to hear the catalogue *raisonné* of Velasquez; and indeed occupied with it the rest of the session, the reading being often interrupted by demonstrations of applause, observations, and comments from almost all the academicians present. And as, in the discreet and laconic description and critical judgment of the pictures there were naturally encountered words and phrases technical in art, and authoritatively used by the author, it was decided to include Don Diego Velasquez among the authorities on the language recognized by the Academy.

"It was also the unanimous decision to give a vote of most sincere thanks to Señor Castro; and that the said pamphlet, together with the manuscript of our zealous correspondent, be published in our memorials.

"The Academy also decided that the present location of each of the pictures described should be noted, as far as possible; and this charge was given to the academician Don Manuel Cañete."

Perhaps it would be as well to give here the results of his search. Of the total number of works treated by Velasquez, he identifies twenty-one as among those in the Prado Museum in Madrid; nine are in the Escorial, while twenty-two more, including the "famous" St. Sebastian of Titian, he fails to trace, though a Titian mentioned—"The Tribute Money"—appears to have been the one stolen by the French general Marshal Soult, who afterward sold it to the National Gallery of London for 62,000 francs. It is now set down in the catalogue of that museum as "school of Titian." Such was evidently not the impression of Velasquez, for in his passing mention of it he says, describing the location of each painting at the monastery, "after that one, the painting *from the hand of Titian*" of the "Tribute Money, etc."

The foot-notes of the "Memoria" are by Señor Cafiete, except the one on the word *a posentador*.

Mr. James Fitzmaurice-Kelly, in his history above cited, in speaking of the "Memoria" says: "It deserves a passing reference as a model of energetic expression in a time when most professional men of letters were Gongorists or *conceptistas*." (The followers of the former of these schools of literature might be called the euphuists of Spain; those of the latter tried to elevate the style of their writings by interspersing them with frequent allusions to "concepts" of pseudo-sciences concocted by themselves.)

The first of the writers on Velasquez to refer to the "Memoria" was Don Francisco Pacheco, the Sevillian painter with whom Velasquez studied, and whose daughter, Doña Juana, afterward became his wife. We are indebted to the book of this old painter and scholar for much of our information about the great master, and in it we read of this transference by Philip the Fourth of a part of his collections, on the occasion of certain solemnities connected with the royal tombs at the great mausoleum. Pacheco expressly says, "My son-in-law also drew up a memorial of the pictures that were sent." Palomino, another and highly considered writer on art, at a somewhat later time, also mentions the transaction, speaking eulogistically of Velasquez's style in writing and his command of the subject. After these references, we

lose track of the little book, and indeed one of the numerous and distinguished family of Madrazo spoke of it in a discourse as "unfortunately lost." A phrase of Palomino's furnishes a clue to the probable explanation of this; he says the memorial was done "for the information of his Majesty as to the disposition of the pictures." Velasquez having performed the whole work simply in accordance with his duties as court painter, the idea that his pages might become a matter of concern to others, either as criticism or as literature, does not seem to have occurred to anyone but that youthful associate of the master, Juan de Alfaro, whose name appears on the title-page. Whether this devoted young pupil (later to become a very tolerable painter), hailing his master as the "Apelles of this century" (he afterward wrote a long epic in Latin with Velasquez as the hero), really did have the work printed in Rome to consecrate it to posterity, or only pretended that he did in order, as Señor Castro surmises, to forestall possible trouble, we cannot be sure. Certainly in our gratitude for the preservation of the document we must hope that his act procured him no disfavor from his superiors, though it can hardly have been acceptable to that Padre Santos, a chaplain at the Escorial, who, during the two years that intervened between Velasquez's writing of the "Memoria" and Alfaro's publication of it, in his book on the monastery made use of Velasquez's manuscript for a description of the pictures without giving credit to the original author, changing his text only superficially. It is clear from the extracts which Castro includes in his notes that Santos borrowed in the same way from his celebrated predecessor, Sigüenza. The attitude of still a third monk, however, makes it seem as if such methods were then considered less reprehensible than now. This last, Padre Ximenez, "ingenuously confesses" that he copied from Sigüenza and Santos, only making such changes as he thought would improve their lines.

The publication of Santos's plagiarism, which Señor Castro treated fully in the essay which he sent to the Academy, together with the "Memoria," produced an effect which the "learned writer," as Beruete calls him, did not expect. For it is around Santos that dissension centres as to the

authenticity of the work—a small group of critics having come forward with the contention that he, and not Velasquez, was the author. Perhaps the first to take issue against Castro's discovery was the Spanish art-writer, Villaamil. His first point, that Velasquez could not have set Raphael's "Pearl" above his other work, "The Virgin of the Fish," seems too easily refutable by the change in ideas that two centuries may bring to need further discussion. His second criticism, however, having been taken up by Don Aureliano de Beruete in his book on Velasquez, is more important. Villaamil says that an honor which is given to Velasquez on the title-page of the little book was one he did not at the time enjoy, *i. e.*, that he was not then a knight of Santiago (St. James). But even if we were to allow that this argument could utterly vitiate the "Memoria's" claim to authenticity, there would still remain to the critic by far the greater part of his task in proving his statement. From Palomino we know that the Pope's sanction, which was needed for the painter's final entry into the noble order, did not come until after the publication by Alfaro—as Villaamil notes. But from the same source we know that the king, "acknowledging no temporal superior," conferred the title first, and had Velasquez's qualifications (freedom from any taint of Moorish or Jewish blood, absence of his family during three generations from any commercial pursuit or base office, etc., etc.) proved for Rome afterward. Mr. John La Farge, in discussing this point, as connected with Velasquez's wearing the red cross of the order in his own picture of the "Meninas" (two years before the "Memoria"), distinctly takes the ground that the insignia was even then due to the artist. For, he reasons, following the old account that it was Philip himself who painted on his favorite's breast the cross in the picture, the king not only wished to reward him for the work, but to make it apparent to all who saw this intimate record that the painter thus associated with himself and his family was a person of sufficient rank for the honor. So Villaamil's objection as to the dates can in no way be considered final.

Prof. Carl Justi, pursuing what Beruete calls a series of "ingenious reasonings," finds what he thinks cause for considerable doubt. The author of the "Memoria"

seems to him rather cavalier in the style with which he begins to speak of an English king dead seven years before, plunges, "like a modern essayist, *in medias res*, so as to rivet the attention of the reader by a striking statement," and only at the end brings in King Philip, with whom he really should have begun. Could we get more data on Velasquez's correspondence—so much of which is lost—we might include this opinion of Justi's in a consideration of the exact degree of the king's intimacy which the court painter enjoyed; but how little it affects the validity of the present document may be judged from the silence which the German's fellow-dissenters preserve upon the point.

Justi—as also Beruete—finds the opinions which Velasquez expresses on the pictures quite out of accord with his characteristics as a painter. I take up below the arguments which seem to me to prove that no such incompatibility exists. And, while recognizing the scholarly qualities in the works of both of these gentlemen, and the increased knowledge of the great master which they have spread, I must remark that a constitutional disposition to over-criticise seems to afflict them both—leading to such mistaken decisions as that which they rendered against the Velasquez portrait recently acquired by the Boston Museum, a work whose genuineness is now commonly admitted.

Justi's final point—or, in his own book, the first—is, that a suggestion by Stirling-Maxwell in 1848, that Velasquez's lost "Memoria" may have guided Santos, did not, perhaps, fall on deaf ears; meaning that Señor Castro, having possibly read the Scotch author's lines, might have fabricated the work, or reconstructed it according to his own lights. This insinuation of Professor Justi becomes the more surprising as we read on in his chapter and find that the only support which he brings to it is what he considers the internal evidence which the text of the document contains.

Here Beruete stands entirely apart from him. He does not believe in the "Memoria," but his attitude toward Castro is wholly that of respect, laying the blame—if such there is—on the eighteenth-century conceit of producing literary forgeries. It seems most probable to him that the culprit was the Count de Saceda, on the ground that



From the painting by Velasquez.

The Meninas.

At the left of the picture appears Velasquez, showing on his breast the red cross painted by King Philip in recognition of his work and proclaiming him a person of rank.

he was especially fond of this species of mystification. Beruete reviews the works of Villaamil and Justi, and states that Señor Menendez y Pelayo, one of the most distinguished of Spanish *littérateurs* to-day, first accepted the "Memoria" and later decided against it. On Stirling-Maxwell's idea that Velasquez's book was used by Santos—that shrewd surmise which led Justi to his strange accusation—Beruete is silent, although he must have known of it from the former's reference. Sir Walter

Armstrong, while he does not produce any further reason of his own for doubting the work, dismisses it more summarily than any of the preceding critics, with a poetic comparison of our loss of the "Memoria" to that of certain relics of Dante. Such writing can only deepen an impression that the opinions of this group would have greater weight if more evidence should sustain their assertions and more logic temper their sentiment.

In France, Baron Charles Davillier, the well-known writer on art and art industries,

especially Spanish, translated the "Memoria" into French (Paris, 1874). Lefort, in the Velasquez book of his series, "Les Artistes Célèbres," gives considerable space to the document, which he accepts without question.

Upon being published in Spain by the Academy, the "Memoria" was generally received in much the same spirit as when first read to that body. The ascription of certain pictures of which Velasquez treats, now returned to Madrid and the Prado Museum, has been changed since the discovery of the document. Such is, for example, the "Ecce Homo" of Titian, formerly ascribed to Bassano. Later catalogues confirm Velasquez's account of the distribution of the pictures; indeed, a few are to-day where he placed them. The number of pictures lost is very largely attributable to the conflagrations, which in later and decadent reigns "afflicted" the Escorial.

For the Academy's reprint of the "Memoria" Cañete found it necessary to do no more than modernize the spelling, a few slight errors of printing also being corrected. So we read the master's words to-day precisely as he left them.

Two and a half centuries have gone by since Velasquez wrote his memorial, and on the artists here so succinctly treated whole libraries of commentary and criticism have piled up. But the surety of the master's judgment was such that we look in vain among the received authorities for any considerable divergence from the lines of opinion that he laid down. The simple and direct words with which Velasquez notes the difference between the face of the Virgin and that of the others in Veronese's "Marriage at Cana" contain the substance of the lengthy treatments of such subjects that we find in later writers. Sparing as are the phrases with which he describes each picture, we find again and again that he has fairly included the salient qualities of the painter.

He is impressed by the devotion, the reverence, and the feeling in Raphael. Not only to the faces in the "Virgin of the Fish," but to those in many another of the master's pictures could be applied Velasquez's words, "beautiful and grave, . . . although smiling." So, too, where he speaks earlier of "her exceeding grace" many a Raphael Madonna must come to mind.

Of an entirely different tenor is his discussion of the Tintoretto picture. Admiration for the truth of effect here takes the place of a search for spiritual qualities. Who but Velasquez among the old masters would have hit on that phrase "ambient air" between the figures? And when we read the remarks on the flatness of the floor, and think that it was this very year of 1656 which saw the "Meninas" flow from his brush, we see a connection between the ideas which he expressed in writing and the ones which he expressed in paint. With this great interior of his own beside the Tintoretto, there would, as Lefort suggests, have been one picture at least which would not "remain in terms of painting." The photograph shows how completely he has described the Del Sarto in the few sentences he employs. Again an even more succinct note is that on the Correggio, where the rapid phrases seem like the strokes of his own brush. We wonder if he does not define his position between realism and idealism when he says that the landscape "equally deceives and rejoices the sight," for of all pictures, his hold the truest balance between the two.

History tells us that Michael Angelo, on seeing a painting by Titian, spoke slightly of Venetian drawing. But here admirers of the great colorist have a dictum of equal value in favor of his drawing, and from an absolute master of the figure, when Velasquez says that the "famous" Saint Sebastian was "beautifully planted on his feet." This is to say that Titian has met one of the very difficult problems of drawing.

It has frequently been noted that painters of varying schools—draughtsmen, colorists, and expressers—justify their theories by citing the same great masters. And that this arises from no anomaly is seen in these pages. For directly after his praise of the noble figure-drawing in the Veronese "Marriage at Cana" Velasquez gives his appreciation of the distinctions of expression, and finally in the same paragraph a recognition not only of the color in the vesture of the little negro for itself, but for that "spot" as related to the whole composition. Later again he speaks of a figure by Titian as being "so divinely colored that it seems alive and of flesh." Men of the first rank appreciate all sides of art and embody them in their production. Afterward, men who can



From the painting by Raphael Sanzio de Urbino.

"The Pearl."

do but one thing find it in the work of the masters, and straightway proclaim them as proving their doctrine.

In spite of his catholicity, however, from his earliest *bodegón* to the "St. Anthony and St. Paul" of the latest period of his life, certain tendencies and preferences are markedly apparent in Velasquez's work, and it

would be unnatural that these should have no effect on his judgment. They do; and if it seems at times, as in placing that first Raphael—the "Pearl"—above the Tintoret, that he does not follow completely his own judgment, we must remember that it was the pictures of his "lord, the king" with which he had to deal, and while he might

watchful to secure the best. This he did here, obtaining for high prices (which seemed nothing to him) the canvases and panels which were justly reputed the best among many good ones. When they were brought to Madrid and their excellence was recognized close at hand to deserve the attention of our Lord the King, with his superior understanding, [the Duke] laid them at his feet, and they had their due place and estimation in the Royal Palace—that sumptuous treasury and asylum of culture, where, obedient to Jove's command, the Arts have accumulated what is most admirable and precious of his realm—the labor and honor of many ages.

I. [IN THE] SACRISTY.—Beyond competition, a panel* by Raphael Sanzio de Urbino

* This picture later came to be called "The Pearl," by which title it is now generally known.

merits the first place. It was carried from Mantua to England; in it is painted Our Lady with the Child, Saint Isabel and Saint John, with a landscape well applied to the figures, and in its second compartment a Saint Joseph—most excellent, all this, in drawing as in color. The action and countenance of the Virgin more than human. Words fail to explain her exceeding grace, that of the Child and the Saint John. The Child has his foot on a pillow that is in a cradle formed of osiers; the cloths of it are truth itself. No exaggeration could equal the taste and diligence of this work; we may assure ourselves that till to-day nothing equal by its author has been seen in Spain. The panel is five and a quarter feet high and a little more than four in breadth.

II. SACRISTY—Let there go in the second place, but not as inferior, the Canvas of



From the painting by Andrea del Sarto.

Our Lady, the Child, and St. John.



From the painting by Paolo Cagliari Veronese.

The Marriage of Cana in Galilee.

Christ performing the miracle of the conversion of water into wine.

Christ's Washing the Feet of the Disciples, the night of the Supper. The great Jacobo Tintoretto here exceeded himself. It is most excellent in conception, and admirable in invention and execution. With difficulty does the spectator persuade himself that what he sees is painting: such is the force of its tints and the disposition of its perspective, that he thinks he can enter and walk about on its pavement—flagged with stones of different colors, which, diminishing, make the distance in the piece seem great; and between the figures there is ambient air. The table, seats, and a dog which is introduced are truth, not paint. The facility and *verve* with which it is handled will cause astonishment to the most adept and practised painter; and in short, whatever the painting that beset beside this canvas, it will remain in terms of painting, while so much the more will this be felt to be *truth*. This canvas and another of the Supper were done by Tintoretto for the church called St. Mark's in Venice.* It was taken away and a copy put in its place, but

although one knows that such is the case, so satisfactory and harmonious is the copy that even beside the work of the master it seems an original. It is seven and a half feet high and nineteen broad. The figures are life size.

III. SACRISTY.—The panel by Andrea del Sarto, of Florence, is very worthy of this place and to be the work of so great a master. It is Our Lady seated upon some steps. She holds the Child with one hand and with the other her mantle. The Child stands, looking at an angel dressed in a green and most beautifully worked tunic; he has an open book in his hands, and looks at the Child, who stretching out His arms with an action of rare life, seems to throw himself toward him. On the other side there is a figure (in the main part of the picture) seated on the steps; it may be taken as Saint John the Evangelist, though it bears none of the special marks that denote him. On the last of the steps is seen another small figure of a woman with a child by the hands, and all this against a landscape whose tints harmonize with the composition of the picture. This one was also taken to England from the auction of the Duke of Mantua.

* In the Catalogue of the Pictures of the Royal Monastery of San Lorenzo, called the Escorial, by Don Vicente Poleró y Toledo (Madrid, 1857), a note to page 11 says that this canvas was painted, not for the Church of St. Mark's, but for that of Santa Marcola. The Spanish ambassador, Don Alonso de Cárdenas, brought it at the auction of Charles I of England for King Philip IV for the sum of £250 sterling.

IV. CHAPTER-ROOM.—A painter of the Marriage of Cana in Galilee, where Christ is performing the miracle of the conversion of water into wine; it is by Paolo Cagliari Veronese, abounding in figures of the nobility and rare disposition that this great painter possessed in all he did, both those seated at the table and those that serve. There are admirable heads, and almost all seem portraits. Not so that of the Virgin, for it has greater gravity and divinity, and though very beautiful, corresponds proportionately to the age of Christ, who is beside her; a matter in which very many painters err, who painting Christ of mature years, paint his mother as a girl. There is one standing figure, dressed in white, who seems to enter from without. Others accompany him, and as they stop at the sight of the miracle one of those at the table describes it to them. Before the board is a little negro seen from the back, serving; his vesture is yellow, and the spot produces a great harmony in the composition. The figures are of half-size. The height of the picture is four and a half feet, and its length seven and a half.

Together with these four canvases he [the Duke] brought from England others, profane works, no less excellent—such as are the twelve emperors which the famous Titian painted for the Duke of Mantua, and which have been so frequently copied, to the greater fame and estimation of the originals (they serve to-day to adorn the royal palace of Mediodía); among them the portrait of the Lord Emperor Charles the Fifth as a young man, his hand resting on a greyhound. But as the above-named are the four principal paintings, we shall only speak now of them, reserving a consideration of the others which he brought and gave to His Majesty for a due time in the future.

As paintings really decide their own rank by their excellence and reputation, and as these are so possessed by the pictures here described, surely no one will imagine that I need give them grade or precedence. Pre-supposing this, I pass on to speak of others of the many that Don Ramiro Núñez de Guzman, Duke of Medina de las Torres, gave to His Majesty when he came from Italy. The following go with the four described above.

V. HALL OF THE CHAPTER.—A panel * from the hand of Raphael of Urbino, in which is painted Our Lady seated on a high chair, and in front, below, a chest or pedestal of wood. At her right side is the youthful Tobias, kneeling with the fish in his hand that indicates his history, and the angel who accompanied him. Notable are the devotion, reverence, and feeling of both as they look at the Virgin and at the Child; all, it seems, have life. The countenance of the Virgin is beautiful and grave, as also that of the Child, although smiling. He stretches out his arm toward them, and the other rests on a Saint Jerome kneeling at the other side in the robes of a cardinal with the lion at his feet. Of this painting, Giorgio Vasari makes mention in the life of Raphael. He says it was painted for Naples and that it is in the Chapel of the Santo Cristo who spoke to Saint Thomas. The Duke carried it to Spain, and with other excellent pictures presented it to His Majesty. The panel is seven and a half feet high and five and a half broad.

VI. SACRISTY.—A picture of as high estimation as the preceding, from the hand of Antonio Correggio, is the risen Christ in the orchard. The Magdalen, most beautiful, on her knees at his feet—most tender in feeling; the Christ very beautiful; the landscape, in which there is the illusion of a dawn, equally deceives and rejoices the sight. The height is four and a half feet and the width nearly four.

VII. ANTE-SACRISTY.—A picture by Paul Veronese of the Mystery of the Purification. The figures are of half-size, but they have no lack of the appearance of life. In the centre is seen the aged Simeon, decorated with the insignia and ornaments of the High Priest, bowed with years, and resting his heavy body on two attendants who conduct him to the table or altar. The Virgin, kneeling before him with the Child in her hands on a white cloth, He all nude—most beautiful, tender, and seemingly with the restlessness so natural to that age, so that he appears more alive and in the flesh than painted. Saint Joseph accompanies the Virgin with a candle in his hand, and be-

* Señor Cañete's note.—Among the multitude of works of which the French despoiled us during the War of Independence, this picture went to Paris in 1813. The bad state of the panel made them transfer the painting to canvas, on which it is preserved to-day. They returned it to us in 1822. "The Virgin of the Fish" is the name generally given to this beautiful composition of the painter of Urbino.



From the painting by Raphael Sanzio de Urbino.

The Virgin of the Fish.

hind the altar is a woman with some pigeons in a cage, all painted with the nobility and grand manner of its author. The countenance of the Virgin, which is seen in half-profile, is divine—most beautiful and modest, and the other heads of the figures

of the story most excellent. One figure seen from the rear in front of the altar, in counter-position to a white cloth which covers it, dressed in a yellow garment striped with other colors, and with an open book in his hands, completes the composi-

tion marvellously. This picture is four and three-quarters feet high, almost five wide.

VIII. ANTE-SACRISTY.—Another, by Tician, of the Flight into Egypt. In a natural and very beautiful landscape, Our Lady with the Child in her arms, gazing at Saint John, who brings her some cherries gathered from a tree by an angel; on the other side is Saint Joseph smiling, looking at the Child, on foot and leaning on his staff. Among the trees in the landscape is seen a little donkey grazing, and in the farthest distance, other animals. In the shrubbery, where there are terraces that seem real earth, some little rabbits gambol. In another part, on a pool, some ducks; marvellous all this, and in the best style of the author. The figures are less than life size. The height of the canvas five and a half feet, and twelve and a half broad.

IX. SACRISTY.—Another of the same artist, a "Betrothal of Saint Catherine." Our Lady is seated in a landscape, the Child reclining in her lap; the saint kneeling to caress Him; Saint John the Baptist, a child, who brings fruit to the Virgin, who extends her hand to take it. This is an original—highly esteemed. The figures less than life size. The height is three and a half feet, the breadth almost five.

X. SACRISTY.—Another picture, from the hand of Paris Bordone, a portrayal of Our Lady seated in a chair of state, with the Child standing on her knees. At her right hand a Saint Anthony of Padua, and at the other, Saint Roch, medium-sized figures; the whole painted with very good taste. Three and a half feet high, and in length, less than five.

The Admiral of Castile, Don Juan Alfonso Gutierrez de Cabrera, gave many and selected paintings to His Majesty when he came from Italy. Of these, the following go to the Escorial:

XI. CHAPTER-ROOM.—A canvas of Paul Veronese, in which Christ, accompanied by the Fathers of Limbo [*Padres del Limbo*—see Dante, "Inferno," Canto IV], visits his mother, finding her in loneliness and great affliction, praying. The countenance of the Virgin is one of great feeling, and in it are seen expressed at once sorrow and joy. Christ, most beautiful, with a white mantle, is blessing her, and nearest to him is seen the good thief, with his cross, and his hands in

cords. The others, patriarchs and prophets—excellently painted and with great judgment, are recognized by their insignia. The invention is rare, the idea new, and the composition and harmony of the representation beyond exaggeration. The figures are less than life-size. It is nearly five feet high and almost eight wide.

XII. SMALL AULA.—Another of the same author; he has painted in it the martyrdom of a saint, * possibly Saint Sebastian. The other figures are many, varied in posture and in dress. It is of the finest of his work. The saint is kneeling, already placed on the spot where he is to be decapitated; the executioner bares his neck with one hand while with the other he holds the sword. The saint, with his eyes toward heaven, closes his ears against the persuasion of some priests who point to the bronze statue of a goddess; all is painted with singular grace and charming taste. The figures life size. The height is nine feet and the breadth six and a half.

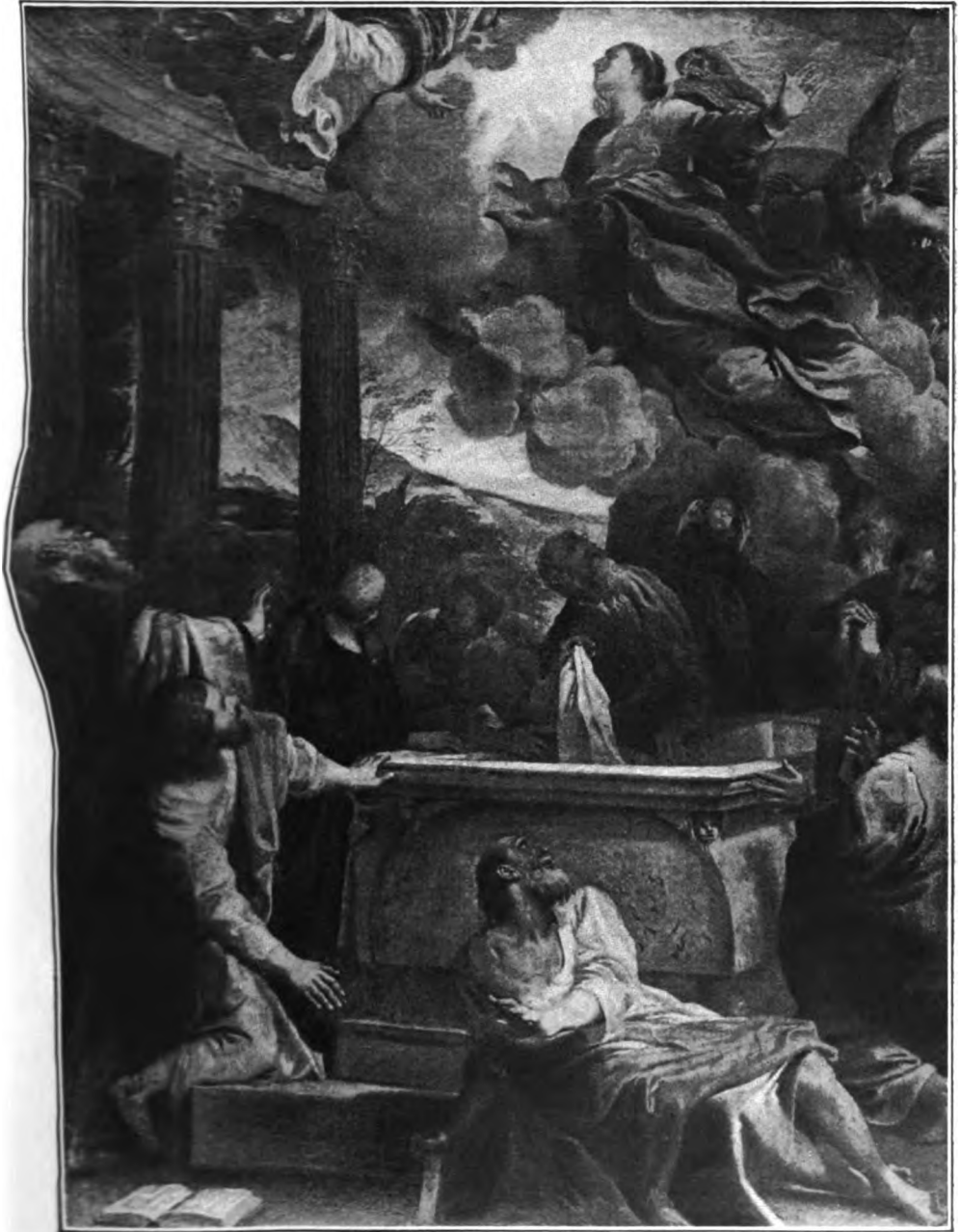
XIII. SACRISTY.—Another of Saint Margaret reviving a boy whom an old man, accompanied by other persons, sustains with his hands. The figures are life size—more than half-length. It is held to be from the hand of Michael Angelo Caravaggio, and one of his best works in this style. The height is four and a quarter feet and the width more than three and a half.

Of the paintings which the Count of Monterey brought from Italy and gave to His Majesty, whom God preserve, the following are included:

XIV. SACRISTY.—One by Annibale Carracci of the Ascent of Our Lady to heaven. Leaving the sepulchre she rises on high accompanied by angels, and the apostles in various positions watch in wonder. It is a painting of great fame and stands among the good works of its author; very similar in its masses of color and in the disposition of the story to those of Tintoretto. It is in height four feet and three-quarters, in width three and a half.

XV. SACRISTY.—A picture by Fra Sebastiano del Piombo, of Venice. Christ, carrying the cross slanting, with a light violet tunic; a painting of grandeur and force. The head of the Christ is most beautiful,

* Caffete's note.—The martyrdom represented is that of Saint Gines.



From the painting by Annibale Carracci.

The Ascent of Our Lady to Heaven.

and it and the rest of the figure represent well the weight and fatigue of the cross which bears him down. A rough fellow is beside him; his head, charmingly painted, seems a portrait. Behind him is seen another head of a man in armor. The tint of all the rest is dark. The life-size figures are of somewhat more than half-length.

Many copies exist of this original, and there are two at San Lorenzo which seem to be by the same hand. The height is four and a half feet, and the width a scant four.

XVI. SMALL AULA.—Another from the hand of Titian: Christ shown by Pilate to the people. He is surrounded by many rough fellows; the figures all natural size. It is

two arrows piercing him, the head raised to heaven with great feeling and life; and beside the body's being beautifully planted on its feet, it is so divinely colored that it seems alive and of flesh.

[I here omit the notices of a number of pictures which the author simply mentions with their sizes and location at the monastery—no comment being made.]

Of all the forty-one paintings there remain only five to be accommodated, and of these the size has not been convenient; so they remain in the chapter-rooms till others come that are expected, so that all may be placed.

These sacred paintings, selected from those of all kinds which adorn the royal palace of His Majesty, are the ones he now sends to the Royal Monastery of San Lorenzo, thus giving, as he absents them from his sight, a new and marked evidence of his feeling for that house, and a proof that to furnish it magnificently he will never hesitate, when necessary, to strip his own residence of its most highly prized belongings.

His Majesty noticed that some of the apartments were poor in paintings, especially the two

described, and he did not delay in their improvement. Beyond a doubt, when this sacred and stupendous pile was erected by his mighty grandfather, the latter, foreseeing the great piety of His Majesty, purposely left him much space vacant, so that his royal mind might adorn it at will, and that his churchmen, in due gratitude, should incessantly pray God to prosper and prolong a life of such great importance.



From the painting by Fra Sebastiano del Piombo.

Christ Carrying the Cross.

very good, but has suffered much and has some repairs. The height is more than four feet, the breadth three and a half.

Other sacred paintings accompany those referred to, completing the number twenty-four; they are these:

XVII. SACRISTY.—The great Titian's famous Saint Sebastian (which belonged to the Counts of Benavente), a figure of natural size in a niche, nude, the hands behind and

IMPRESSIONS OF CONTEMPORARY FRANCE

BY BARRETT WENDELL

IV—THE REPUBLIC AND DEMOCRACY



WHEN we compare the present system of government in France with the various others which have flourished and fallen since the Revolution overthrew the traditional monarchy, at least two circumstances distinguish it from all the rest. The first is that in origin it was not deliberate. Foreign invasion had resulted in the fall of the empire; a provisional government was a matter of necessity; and from this provisional government the republican system still in existence was presently developed, by methods of debate rather than of armed force. Though, beyond doubt, the republic had intense partisans, their convictions would hardly have established it but for the solid fact that no other proposed plan of government, royalist or imperial, proved practicable at the moment; something had to be done and this seemed, on the whole, the only thing to do. Exceptional though the tragic conditions of its beginning were, there is, accordingly, a case for those who should maintain, with what seems paradox, that the present republic is the most normal form of government which has controlled France since the old *régime*. For it is the only one which was forced upon the country by the practical logic of necessity. All the others were based on the revolutionary precedent of supplanting the regularly constituted authorities by armed force—a process which, of course, resulted in making the suppressed parties revolutionists themselves, duly waiting their turn. The republic, to be sure, has as much doctrine of its own as the empire had or as either scheme of royalty; but this doctrine is rather the defence of its power than the basis.

Even if this were the only circumstance to distinguish it from the forms of government to whose authority it has succeeded, it would stand conspicuously alone. A second cir-

cumstance makes its position doubly clear. Whether the unrecognized normality of its origin has had anything to do with its endurance or not—the question might well prove debatable—the fact of its endurance is now beyond question. Between the outbreak of the Revolution and the fall of the second empire no French sovereignty had maintained itself for more than eighteen consecutive years. There had consequently never been a period when everyone in the country who had attained the age of twenty-five could not personally remember both the state of affairs which had preceded that under which he was living and the revolutionary disturbances by means of which the government actually in power had come into existence. During the first years of the third republic it must have seemed as palpable a political novelty as almost any other of the systems which had come before it in living memory. By the year 1888, however, it had already survived as long as either the reign of Louis Philippe or the second empire, its two most prolonged predecessors; and by this time the interval since 1888 is as long as that which separated 1888 from 1870. For thirty-six years the actual form of government in France has now remained unbroken by revolution. By 1906 there was not a living Frenchman under the age of forty, whatever his political convictions, who could personally remember any other system than that under which he was contentedly or restlessly living at the moment. Almost insensibly, the present Republic of France is growing to have such sanction as must come to any institutions from time wherein the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

This of itself would give the present republic a chance of stability not enjoyed by any other French system of the nineteenth century. When governments, as when children, survive the dangers of infantile disease, their prospects of survival till old age

regularly sets in are indefinitely strengthened. The important question becomes whether anything seems to be organically the matter with them. In the case of a government, such questions are extremely complicated. They involve all manner of statistics, for one thing; for another, they are always confused by the methods of practice common among political experts and political quacks alike. Politicians, particularly when they have brewed panaceas of their own, are always eager to prove that the state needs their medicine. Their habitual eloquence, accordingly, resembles that of the travelling vender of pills who declared that the great art of his profession lay not in the selling of his remedies, but in knowing how you could talk so as to make a crowd feel sick. In such quandary, an unprofessional listener, affected with qualms, has no resource but to look at the crowd for himself. If it appears healthy, there is a strong probability that, whatever its momentary misgivings, it is really in sound condition.

If any traveller in France thus considers the aspect of the country in the thirty-seventh year of the third republic, he can hardly avoid the impression that, at this moment, nothing could look more prosperous. Other countries, to be sure, may look more aggressively enterprising; you will perhaps see elsewhere more obtrusive novelties of modern trade and manufacture, or notice more bustle; but you will discover nowhere else more constant evidence of solid and substantial welfare. From Flanders and Normandy to Provence, wherever you go,—from the Atlantic to the Alps, too,—you will find less evidence of poverty, of idleness, of misery, than will force itself on your attention in most parts of the world. To rely too strongly on such an impression as this may be imprudent; yet one cannot rationally neglect it. Travellers' tales have their value, as well as their limitations; and a pervasive national prosperity, a sound national virtue, is a fact as incontrovertible as any assertion of statistics or philosophy. What is more, there are moods in which you are disposed to think it more significant than the best of them. No government, to be sure, could produce the prosperity which must impress travellers throughout France unless the people under its control were vigorous, intelligent, and thrifty; but no vigor or intelligence or thrift on the part

of a people could produce it under a government which had not proved itself on the whole salutary. Whatever statistics or philosophy may tell you, the general condition of France at the present day is evidence enough for any traveller that throughout the memory of all men under forty years of age the government of the country has been not only unbroken, but efficient—that it has really worked for the public good.

Whether it has worked any better than some other form of government might have done, or even so well as might have been the case with some other, is evidently another question. In other countries, or at other epochs, this question might have been merely academic. In France, throughout the existence of the third republic, it has often seemed one of practical politics. As we have already reminded ourselves, the present form of French government, though it has had the good fortune to survive beyond the limit of average human memory, began as a make-shift during a period of unprecedented national disaster which threatened to result in anarchical revolution. For the moment, almost all Frenchmen were willing to submit themselves to it provisionally. To many of them, however, it seemed at best only a prudent temporary alternative for some other form of government which they sincerely believed to be superior. The empire had fallen; but the spirit of the imperialists was not yet extinct. And, as everyone knows, the whole force of the empire, even when it seemed most dominant, had in no wise crushed the spirit of devoted royalists—Legitimist or Orleanist—any more than it had smothered that of devoted republicans. What is more, everybody in the whole world could vividly remember the empire of Napoleon III; men still in the full vigor of middle life could remember the reign of Louis Philippe; and it was only forty years since Louis Philippe had dethroned Charles X—little longer than it is now since Napoleon III surrendered at Sedan. Evidently, the present republic began its career under great disadvantages. Throughout France there were admirably honest Frenchmen who ardently believed that the country could not fully prosper until it returned to one or another of the three rival systems.

Each of the three, too, had a personally respectable pretender to the throne of France. Had any of these aspirants to

hereditary sovereignty possessed a vividly commanding personality, the course of history might have taken another turn than that which we have been considering together. In this respect fortune favored the republic. Without venturing to criticise the character of any of the three, we can hardly fail to agree that none of them was graced with that kind of power which, whether you love it or hate it, impresses the imagination of an enthusiastic people. Even from the beginning, accordingly, the republic was in less danger than might otherwise have been the case of succumbing to some freshly revolutionary assertion of royalist or imperialist tradition. And the course of events during the past thirty-six years has gone far to avert what danger of such fate may have originally existed. The direct line of Napoleon III is extinct; so is that of Charles X. The Orleanist prince who has succeeded to the Legitimist claim is not even descended, in male line, from Louis XIV; and the present heir of the Bonapartes must go back to the Corsican lawyer of the eighteenth century if he would prove kinship with either of the French emperors. Neither of these gentlemen, furthermore, is any more fortunate than the pretender whose claims he inherits, in the matter of such personal qualities as irresistibly impress public imagination. It may seem needless to repeat that nothing is further from my purpose than to make any comment whatever on their private characters, which I am led to believe deserving of universal esteem. The plain truth is that neither of them, for all his honorable virtues, has the gift of such distinction as should make people in general quite sure of just who he is. A pretender whom you have to verify in the *Almanach de Gotha* is no longer a serious menace—unless, in time to come, he remove himself from those impressive pages into the sunshine and shadow of open air. At this moment, accordingly, the claims of rival traditions to the established government of France seem less threatening to established order than at any previous time since 1815.

For all this, these rival traditions persist to the present day; and at times they have been real dangers to the republic. Even though they no longer present themselves, at least for the moment, in so serious a light, the effect of them is evident everywhere throughout France. For years they were

well within what seemed the range of practical politics. So long as they remained there they could not help emphasizing the fact that, as a form of government, the republic is based on only one aspect of French tradition,—on the tradition of the Revolution, which is passionately contradictory of royalist and of imperial tradition alike. The course of the republic, in many questions of detail, has done nothing to mitigate this emphasis; rather it has gloried in the tradition peculiar to itself. Had it done otherwise, it might have been more prudent, but it certainly would have been less French. There is something pleasantly typical in the device which now ornaments the reverse of its gold coinage. Instead of the imperial eagle, we have the Gallic cock. To all appearance, this spirited bird is in the act of crowing—for the purpose, one opines, of reminding us that he is on top of the heap; which is very delightful for the cock, but not conciliatory to the temper of less fortunate fowls. The same spirit shows itself more sedately in the inscriptions with which the republic has everywhere decorated the public buildings of France. Wherever you go, the words Liberty, Equality, Fraternity stare you in the face, never suffering you to forget that the watchwords of the Revolution are once more those of the government in full possession of power. And another vivid example of the spirit in question happens to rise straight to the surface of my memory. Among the masterpieces of Renaissance architecture in France is the Château of St. Germain, a great part of which was erected in the reign of King Francis I. It was accordingly decorated, like many other of his buildings, with his personal device, the salamander, and with the initial "F" of his royal name. In the course of time it fell out of repair, and furthermore was disfigured by various additions, and surrounded by other buildings, of neither dignity nor importance. Within a few years the government has undertaken to restore it, as an historical monument. The restoration, which has proceeded with intelligence and skill, is now so far advanced that, in certain places, it has reached the stage of finishing touches, of ornamental detail. Here the salamander writhes as splendidly as ever; and here, as in the elder time, admirably designed initials alternate with him. But the new initials, of the restored palace are not those of

King Francis. Instead of "F," you perceive "R. F." everywhere. The republic does not show itself quite confident enough to admit the past. Thus, by its own act, it reveals what still seems true. Even to this day the republic presents itself, both to its partisans and to its opponents, not so much in the light of an established national government as in that of a temporarily dominant political party.

In spite of this, we should be much mistaken if we supposed its career exactly like that of some party which should have proved able to maintain itself indefinitely in power under a system like our own. In the course of its career, it has come, at different times, under the control of very different kinds of people. There have been moments in its existence, indeed, when it has so nearly passed into the hands of sympathizers with royalist tradition that the advent of a king seemed close at hand; and, radical though its revolutionary devices must always have appeared, it has more than once found itself under the management of people whose impulses were certainly conservative, if not reactionary. In other words, if we are disposed to liken the republic to a dominant party, as distinguished from a system of government established by full consent of the governed, we must never suffer ourselves to forget that it has resembled a party composed of discordant factions rather than one vigorously united by general devotion to a common purpose.

Viewing the matter in this light, one would naturally suppose that when any faction found itself for a while dominant it would be disposed, as a matter of obvious policy, to behave in a manner which so far as possible should conciliate its opponents. Precisely this form of amenity seems one of the few which the French are impulsively unable to practise. Wherever you go in France you find aggressive assertions on the part of any faction or party which has ever got itself into control of affairs that it has had its way, if only for a while. The Gallic cock of the republic struts crowing on coins which are still popularly described as napoleons; the cockerels which France has hatched for him show themselves of the pure breed.

An obvious example of this tendency must instantly attract the notice of any visitor to Paris at the present day. The capital city of the republic is, in most respects,

very like the capital of the second empire. Viewed from any distance or from any height, however, it proves to be dominated by two lofty structures which have been built under the present system of government. And these rise so conspicuously above all the rest of Paris that they are inevitably the points which catch the eye, and which linger in memory as the most salient features of the view. One is the Eiffel Tower, a remarkable achievement of construction in riveted steel. Its loftiness and the structural accuracy of its lines give it something more like dignity and beauty than one would have supposed possible. At the same time, this network of steel pushed skyward has no apparent quality of permanence. It is evidently nothing more than a colossal piece of eccentric ingenuity, devised for the purpose of amusing crowds who flocked from everywhere to one of the international expositions. It has outlasted the occasion for which it admirably served its advertising purpose; and, as it still attracts and amuses a good many travellers every year, it stands there still, a huge plaything. But it does not look as if it need stand there very long. When people grow tired of playing with it, you fancy, it will be taken down and sold for old metal. And everybody will be happy—including those sensitive persons whose artistic susceptibilities are wounded whenever they look at the monster. It has never done any harm to anybody else; and it is said to have proved a lucrative investment.

The other structure which now surmounts Paris is in all respects of a different character—except that there might be a case for those who should maintain it no more beautiful. The highest hill within the limits of the city is Montmartre. It is at present crowned not with the houses and the windmill which used to distinguish it in former times, but with a huge white edifice, unmistakable in its ecclesiastical character, yet so obviously modern in its lines that you can perceive it instantly to be a brand-new monument of the wealth and the power still resident in the Church. This sumptuous sanctuary, you presently discover, is the new Church of the Sacred Heart, specially consecrated to an extremely French species of mystic devotion. It symbolizes that aspect of the Church which is most intensely enthusiastic, and least concerned with the affairs of this world. It stands not for the

inexhaustible charity of Christianity, forever bringing aid and comfort to the poor and unfortunate, earnestly endeavoring to mitigate the ills of life. It stands rather for such holy ecstasies as those who doubt or dislike Catholicism are apt to suppose little else than drunkenness of the spirit. It is immensely expensive; millions on millions of devout francs have been consecrated to it by the faithful. Every centime of them has gone into its masonry and its decorations, to remain fixed there forever. For its foundation and its walls are as solid as human skill can make them. The church has been built there on Montmartre to dominate Paris so long as Paris shall stay on earth to be dominated. And, for fear that it might sometimes escape the notice of Parisians, the country-folk of Savoy have given their savings to buy for it the biggest bell that can be had for money. They promise you, I believe, that when the "Savoyard" is sounded, you shall hear the note of it in every cranny of the capital city of the French Republic.

All of which is admirable in its way. One cannot too deeply respect the self-sacrificing devotion with which the Catholics of France have thus testified to the living persistency of their faith. If any splendor of enshrinement can really contribute "*ad maiorem Dei gloriam*," no man who can sympathize with the longings of the human soul would ever grudge the Church a bit of it. But you cannot be long in Paris without learning that this colossal new place of worship has another aspect than this primary one of testifying to the depth of orthodox devotion still resident among the French. As is well known, a great number of honest republicans have believed, throughout the nineteenth century, that the Christian religion, particularly in its purely devotional aspects, is a relentless obstacle to human progress. To men of this disposition, the most unwelcome of all French cults has been the adoration of the Sacred Heart—for the reason that it carried people farthest in sympathy from the things of this world, directing their attention rather to mystical ecstasy in regions which they believed heavenly. To unbelievers, in short, this worship stood for the acme of superstition. It was therefore the form of devotion which was most certain to excite their antagonism.

When the republic was for a while in reactionary hands—when the men tempora-

rily in power were disposed rather to sympathize with the Church than to oppose it—you might accordingly have expected them, as prudent statesmen, to have taken this phase of opposition into consideration. You might have expected the Church itself to have displayed a similar spirit. There are aspects enough and to spare in which Catholic Christianity is obviously beneficent. These, you would have supposed, would be those which both its clergy and its laity would have thought for the moment most deserving of emphasis. The last thing which you would have supposed astute men to favor would have been manifestations of their more exasperating points of difference from fellow-citizens who had the misfortune to hold them in distrust. Yet with free choice of conduct, the most extreme imaginable manifestation of such difference was the course which they preferred to take. Churchmen eagerly proposed this colossal monument of the Sacred Heart; the government of the moment consented to it. And there it stands to-day, a monument of several other facts as well. It reminds everybody that for a while the clerical spirit was dominant in the third republic; it reminds everybody that the moment it became so, it proceeded to celebrate its dominance in the most obtrusive and self-glorifying way—and also in that which might be the hardest to obliterate when politics should take another turn. It reminds everybody that this other turn of politics has ensued. It reminds all who enthusiastically delight in the doctrines for which it stands that these are no longer in power. It reminds everybody who distrusts or hates them that, if they once get into power again, their enemies need look for little mercy at their hands. At best, no matter what may have been the actual motives of its founders, it reminds the whole world that the Frenchmen who built it were willing to set up, the moment they could do so, a constant and aggressive cause of provocation to any compatriots who should not sympathize with the phase of national force which it so sumptuously represents.

Even as yet, I believe, the Church of the Sacred Heart is nowhere near finished. Meanwhile, as we have already reminded ourselves, the government of the republic has fallen into far from clerical hands. These more intense republicans have not as yet set on foot a Temple of Reason, or what-

ever else, which should dwarf the Sacred Heart. On the other hand, they have lost few opportunities to assert their own opinions in fashions quite as aggressive as that in which contrary opinions were asserted by clerical sympathizers a few years ago. All over France you will find monuments to the worthies of the republic and the heroes of the Revolution. In the Louvre itself, the two monuments which vie with the Arch of the Carrousel are a most restless one in memory of Gambetta, and a sketch for an equestrian statue not yet cast of that hero of two republics, Lafayette. One of the avenues which radiate from the Arc de Triomphe has been deprived of its name of imperial victory and given instead that of Victor Hugo; and this not because he was an eminent poet, but because he was a staunch republican opponent of the empire. There is hardly a French town of any considerable size anywhere, indeed, which has not given his name to a principal street. And just such violent, instantly aggressive changes of nomenclature are still occurring everywhere.

Now the use of a name, either for an individual or for a locality, is obviously to serve as a means of identification. Any alteration of a name, accordingly, is inconvenient and confusing. This reasonable consideration seems rarely to present itself to the minds of enthusiastic French republicans. They are at present disposed rather to regard the names of public places as instruments of doctrinal propagation. At Dijon, for example, one of the most memorable local worthies is Saint Bernard, who was born in a little village overlooking the old Burgundian capital. A bronze statue in his honor was very properly erected there some years ago; and the square which surrounded it—in a new part of the town—was duly named the Place St. Bernard. How long it retained the name I do not know. At present it has been renamed the Place Étienne Dolet. So far as I am informed, Étienne Dolet had little if anything to do with Dijon; but beyond question the conduct of this skilful printer, who flourished at the period of the Reformation, was such as to get him into trouble, and he was ultimately burned at the stake. The reason why his name has replaced that of Saint Bernard is not that he was a more memorable personage, or that he had anything like so much reason for commemoration on the spot in question. It

is simply that Saint Bernard was a canonized worthy of the Catholics, and that Étienne Dolet was a heretic, whose memory must remain obnoxious to anyone who cherishes Catholic tradition. They have left the saint on his pedestal; but no one who believes in the faith which he preached can see him there without reminder that this faith no longer has the best of it.

Again, in the city of Lyons there existed, a few years ago, three distinct streets, which very properly had three distinct names. What these names were, I do not remember. The fact which remains permanently impressed on my mind is that at present all three bear the same name—that of Émile Zola. They are distinguished, I believe, as Rue, Avenue, and Boulevard; or perhaps one of them is a Place, and not a street. All I feel quite sure of is that the confusion is annoying to travellers and to cabmen. It is more than annoying—it is persistently exasperating—to people who live in any of the three and who do not chance unreservedly to approve the work of the eminent novelist in question. Even his most eager admirers can hardly deny his tendency to pornographic excess, which goes far to counteract the impression of his indisputable power. Few would pretend him, as a man of letters, a model for the young. But this is not the question. During the progress of the Dreyfus affair he devoted himself, with generous enthusiasm, to the cause of what he believed to be justice. In so doing he was probably encouraged by the fact that he found arrayed against him the general consent of the Church—an institution of which he had been a violent opponent through his whole literary life. The certain fact is that, as a most conspicuous advocate for Dreyfus, he had made himself more objectionable than almost anyone else to the very considerable and personally respectable body of conservative and clerical prejudice which believed, on general principles, that a case, once decided, had better not be reopened. Meanwhile, this same line of conduct made him a partisan hero of the anticlericals. Anticlerical people came into power at Lyons. Among the first things they proceeded to do in the heat of their victory was to name for Zola not one public place, but three separate ones. The conciliatory wisdom of this process seems rivalled only by its practical good sense.

In some towns this kind of thing has gone further still. I remember one where a number of small streets bore extremely local names. These I did not take the precaution to copy; but they run somewhat as follows: "Rue Jean Duval (Maire 1882)." Without the parenthesis even the oldest inhabitant might now be at pains to remember who Jean Duval was. His name, however, has served the worthy purpose of supplanting that of the saint for whom the street had been named ever since the Middle Ages; and if you should take the pains to look into his municipal history, you might very likely discover that he had some lively dispute with the priest in charge of the neighboring church. Now, whatever the personal merits or faults of Jean Duval, there can be little question that his name is not so easy to remember as that of Saint Peter, we will say; and consequently that it is intrinsically less adapted to the purpose of naming a street. I ventured to make this observation to a staunch republican friend, who lived at the town in question. He admitted the justice of my view, except, he went on to say, that it showed a foreigner's ignorance of the local situation. My argument, he said, had actually been presented to the authorities of the town; the householders of the street had preferred its old name, as a matter of obvious convenience; the authorities had been disposed to take their view of the case; the matter had been laid over till the next meeting of the local council. But then, what happened? M. le Curé had preached a jubilant sermon to the effect that an impious attempt to dislodge Saint Peter had been frustrated by the faithful; the clerical newspaper of the town had flapped its wings and crowed like the cock of Saint Peter himself. And at the next meeting of the town authorities down went Saint Peter and up went Jean Duval. The unhappy saint, it appeared, had ceased to be a topographical fact, and had become a political.

A more familiar manifestation of this spirit was widely published a few years ago. The law courts of the republic, continuing the tradition of the empire, and I believe of all French governments since the Concordat, had been ornamented with crucifixes, which meant, in point of fact, just about as much as the Bibles used for the administration of oaths in English or American courts of justice. The anticlerical authorities of the

republic came to the conclusion that these had best be removed. In this, we may admit, they showed good sense. There was no actual relation between the administration of French law and the doctrines of Catholic Christianity. There was no reason for pretending that any existed. The crucifix was evidently exasperating to anticlerical prejudice. The absence of it, when people once got used to the new state of things, need not excite any prejudice whatever. If the crucifixes had been quietly taken away from the court-rooms, accordingly, the process might have been salutary, as distracting from public notice an evident matter of rancorous dispute. Instead of seizing this opportunity, the republican authorities preferred to emphasize their anticlerical sentiments in the strongest way they could think of. So, of all days in the year, they selected Good Friday for publicly removing from their courts of justice the traditional image of Christ. One's mind recurs, in contrast, to the old story of the high-church parson who converted his communion-table into an altar by moving it an inch every week, until—quite undetected by his evangelical congregation—he got it safe against the wall.

In fact, as we have reminded ourselves enough and to spare, whenever the extreme partisans of the republic in France have got the government into their hands, they have conducted themselves with no more reserve, with no more attempt to conciliate doubtful or hostile sympathy, than was shown by reactionary people when for a while they had the best of it in republican politics. Rather they have been disposed to dwell triumphantly on every detail of the differences between themselves and their conscientious opponents. They have insisted on the full extent of their radical doctrines. They have exulted in every triumph. They have often behaved, in fact, as if they were complete advocates of a partisan tyranny, differing chiefly from the conventional tyrannies of history in the fact that it pretends to be the tyranny not of an individual, but of a special class which likes to be described as the people.

Had the republic, however, really been so radical and so tyrannical as its utterances and its petty acts might lead us to infer, the present state of France could hardly be so healthy and so prosperous as it appears.

The republic seems French to the core, in the fact that it lays down a system as near logical consistency as it can devise. That system has the advantage of being comparatively new; it is consequently contradicted by fewer incompatible facts than would be the case with an old system, like that of the *ancien régime*, or of the Church. Being human, nevertheless, it cannot help being confronted with some facts—among others, with persistent contrary prejudices—not to be reconciled with its doctrines. These, accordingly, it attempts either to ignore or to suppress after the good old human fashion. It does not try to reconcile opposition; it tries rather to impose its own principles, by force of assertion, or, if need be, by civil force. It seems still affected by the youthful dream that men on earth can somehow manage to have their own way.

The principles which it holds and promulgates appear on the whole to be those of extreme theoretical democracy. And there is no reason to doubt that it holds and promulgates them with sincerity. At the same time, so far as a foreigner can understand what these principles signify to the French mind, they are by no means what the principles of democracy are really held to be among us of America, who have so long lived under a democratic system of government. With us, as well as with other peoples, the commonplaces of democracy have been popularly set forth during the nineteenth century almost without reserve. In practice, however, American democracy has hitherto confined itself to insistence on the principle that government should derive its just powers from the consent of the governed. It has rather maintained than weakened the traditions of its own constitutional system. It has not indulged in the delights of class tyranny. We have talked very valiantly about the people and their rights. We have never clearly defined what that term, the people, ought in truth to signify. In conduct, the while, we have acted on the tacit assumption that a complete people consists of no one class or kind of men—high or low, learned or ignorant, few or many; but rather of the inevitable variety of human beings who must exist, each in his own sphere, in any healthy society. Democracy with us seems to mean government by common consent for the common good. Practically, so far as it has prospered in France,

it has signified even there government for the common good, but with the element of common consent decidedly subordinated. In theory, however, and it utters its theories with intense effusiveness, it seems to mean among the French a system of government conducted in the interests of the masses, as distinguished from those of the better classes. It fiercely condemned the privileges of the better classes in former times. In their place, it now seems disposed to do all in its power to establish something like privileges for the common people.

How far it remains from anything like such an achievement is instantly proved by the persistence of the better classes throughout France. It is proved, as well, by the stability of the general social structure throughout the country. It is proved by the beautiful solidarity of domestic life in France. It is proved, among people of all classes, by the steady conscientiousness with which they maintain, and transmit to their children, their ancestral personal traditions. The extreme result of democratic doctrine—the arbitrary supremacy of the lower classes—however generous in impulse and agreeable to fervid faith, is something which France seems still almost as far from as ever. For the practical consequences of theoretical democracy, so far as it means that the ideal of equality shall drag down the ideal of excellence, would be either utopian, or barbarous, or both. And no one who knows contemporary France could possibly mistake it for either Barbary or Utopia.

How eagerly, on the other hand, the advocates of an equality sanctioned neither by divine law, scientific observation, nor human experience occasionally try to make their principles dominant was lately brought to my notice by an anecdote told me by a professor in a provincial secondary school. He happened to be called on to examine candidates for free instruction—for state scholarships—in the school with which he was connected. His subject was the history of France; the candidates were children from twelve to fifteen years of age who had honorably completed the course of instruction in the primary schools of the region. In general, as I understand the case, they were of the respectable middle class—the smaller *bourgeoisie*, or the more well-to-do peasantry. Their examiner began by asking

them various questions concerning the older history of France. Their confusion of mind was appalling. They hopelessly mixed up kings and queens, cardinals and poets, wars and rebellions; the only fixed idea in their minds seemed to be that France had once been in a state of deplorable turbulence, much like that which was said once to have been taught concerning ancient Rome in the common schools of Russia: "The last of the kings was Tarquinius Superbus, who was dethroned by an unprincipled demagogue named Brutus. A period of hideous disturbance followed which was brought to an end by the commanding genius of Julius Cæsar." Startled by the extraordinary ignorance displayed by these young French candidates for honorable distinction in the history of their country, their examiner was by chance reminded that he had put to them no questions concerning the history of the Revolution. The moment he touched on that the clouds rolled away. There was no Revolutionary incident so trivial that they did not know both the circumstances of it and the precise date; some of them could transpose the Revolutionary calendar into the terms of common civilization at a moment's notice; they knew by heart not only the great men of the Revolution, but the smaller ones, too. They had been taught and had learned the history of France, in short,—and France, we must remember, was their own dear native land,—as if until 1789 the whole country had been plunged in depths of mediæval darkness, too dense to deserve the pains of intelligent exploration.

Of course, the case is solitary and perhaps unique. But even if it indicate how apostles of democracy now and then demand elsewhere that nothing be taught to ignorant children except the doctrine and the legends and the pious tales of the Rights of Man, there is no reason why we should blame their purpose. In its philanthropic sincerity, it is as worthy of respect as is the contrary purpose of so many religious teachers, who suppress or distort the facts of heresy everywhere. Whether doctrine, legend, and pious tale be devout or philanthropic, they are honestly meant; they represent conscientious effort to direct the course of children toward righteousness. On the other hand, there can be no question that any teaching of French history which neglects the development of France, throughout its thousand

years of pre-Revolutionary existence, deliberately discards a priceless treasure of national tradition. The mood which would dictate such a policy, too—however aspiring and devoted in purpose—involves further injury than this to the full welfare of the nation. It would evidently exclude from the management of public affairs, and even from participation in public life, all who cherish this elder treasure of national tradition as in any wise comparable with the newer tradition of Revolutionary philanthropy. Thus it deprives the form of government in which it believes of what, in happier case, might be its most confident hope for endurance.

For no one who comes to know the France of to-day can question that the men in actual power, however doctrinarian they may seem, and however tyrannical may seem the acts which they occasionally commit, are men of serious purpose, of alert intelligence, and of moral dignity. But neither can any such visitor doubt that there is equally serious purpose, equally alert intelligence, equal moral dignity, in many of their opponents. Were the republic as a system of government now in open danger, distrust of all sentiment not intensely republican might be a sad necessity of republican polity. As the republic stands to-day, one can perceive no reason why a policy of more hearty mutual confidence, of more magnanimous sympathy, should not prove as compatible with astuteness as it would surely be with generosity. France still seems a country of irreconcilable antagonisms; yet France, I believe, has reached a point where such reconciliation is no longer inconceivable.

Born of necessity, as we have seen, the republic has had the unique fortune of persistence throughout the range of average human memory. And it has proved, whatever else, favorable to the material welfare of the country which it has governed. And meanwhile chance has greatly weakened the hold on popular imagination of the systems—royalist or imperialist—which during the earlier years of its existence were threatening rivals in their claim to power and to loyalty in France. Another fact about it is surely true. The men now living in France, whatever their personal convictions, are men who have lived for more than thirty-five years under no other form of government than this. They have inherited, one and all, from the traditions of former

times the habit of mutual intolerance and suspicion. Men of each side will honestly tell you, in all solemnity, that the advocates of other principles than theirs are either densely stupid or deliberately wicked. Yet when you meet those other men, who will tell you just the same things about their critics, you cannot feel that in truth they are either unintelligent or evil. There are unworthy people, no doubt, in any party, anywhere. What is more salient to a traveller among divergent kinds of Frenchmen is not this fact that some men everywhere must fail to command his complete esteem. It is rather that wherever he goes, among radicals or reactionaries, devout Catholics or philanthropic philosophers, he will surely find honest and admirable gentlemen, in the best sense of the term. There is less true discord of the spirit left in France than Frenchmen yet seem to dream.

There are not wanting, meantime, certain small symptoms that the French themselves may perhaps be approaching a point where they can at last do more justice to one another than has been quite possible through the recurrently revolutionary period of the nineteenth century. A happy suggestion of this came to me most unexpectedly in the course of an excursion to some interesting old towns in central France. A month or two before I had written for a French review an article on contemporary politics in America. In the course of this, I had mentioned, as a commonplace, the view of American democracy which I have long entertained, namely, that it is not the tyranny of any one class over any other, but the consent of all classes—none secured by inflexible privilege—to exist together under a system which all can trust, on the whole, to act as the guardian and the agent of their common welfare. For the moment nothing was further from my mind than this little essay of mine in political philosophy. I had passed a delightful day in travelling through beautiful and interesting country; and came hungry to my dinner in the chief hotel of a small town remarkable for possessing some romantic mediæval buildings and an excellent secondary school. Some of my neighbors at table presently proved to be teachers in this establishment; they were highly intelligent young men, evidently of extremely republican sympathies, for their conversation, which one could not help overhearing,

was eagerly concerned with democratic doctrines, and indicated no difference of opinion about general principles. It was an alertly critical discussion of a phase of democratic doctrine which to them seemed new.

To my rather amused surprise, this turned out to have been suggested by my own article. They had no idea who I was, and, I fancy, not much that, in my character of a foreign traveller, I was paying any attention to what they said. In point of fact, however, they were eagerly wondering whether my doctrine—that a truly healthy democracy could never coexist with a persistent misunderstanding between social classes—might not throw light on the present troubles of France. The democracy of America they freely admitted to display a quality of traditional endurance not yet evident in the newer democracy of their own country. The democracy of France, they went on to say, had always been intolerantly distrustful of the old privileged class, the nobility. They admitted that they had been so themselves; it had not occurred to them that any other course was possible. Was it conceivable that they had been mistaken—that the French people could never be a complete people unless it was willing to count as an essential part of itself that very nobility, which, after all, was as French as they were themselves?

In other words, it appeared, these young Frenchmen had been at least momentarily impressed by two or three suggestions in my article which seemed to them far more novel than to me. Any stable national government, for one thing, must take into its account the full range of rooted national tradition. This is obviously the case in England to-day, where the nation, as a whole, cherishes with equal respect and affection the memory of men who took the side of the king in the civil wars of the seventeenth century and of those who took the side of Parliament. There are statues in London of both Charles I and Cromwell; and England could not be the England of our own time, if any considerable body of Englishmen now desired to overthrow either of them. Something similar is true already of our own republic, the United States. Little more than forty years ago, we were engaged in the most portentous civil war in modern history; to-day the survivors of that conflict are fellow-countrymen whose mortal enmi-

ties are beginning to be fused in precious historical memories. Our American republic has had no more loyal services in all its career than it has received already from honest men who fought hard against it through four earnest years. The monuments which commemorate Union soldiers in the North and those which commemorate Confederate soldiers in the South have already been consecrated by the friendly presence of men who fought against the dead in whose honor they were raised. It will not be much longer, one grows confident, before the descendants of both sides shall find themselves ready to join in equal tribute to the heroes of both. When that time comes our true national tradition will come once more to be that of a united country.

Again, it is beyond peradventure that an enduring democracy can never exist when only a portion of a people—a single social class—is dominant, to the exclusion of the rest. Such a state of affairs is a democracy only in name. In fact, it is at best an oligarchy—and oligarchy is oligarchy, whether the ruling class chance to be large or small, high or low. What is more, good sense should seem to remind us that the oligarchical tyranny of the masses must be a more dangerous—a less tolerable—one than an oligarchical tyranny on the part of people of the better sort. For surely, to put the case most mildly, it must be animated by less intelligence and by more fickle instability of emotion. To us of America, immemorably habituated to the practice of democracy, the notion of submitting ourselves to the direction of a small privileged class is abhorrent. Hardly less so, in reality, would be the notion of submitting ourselves to the absolute sovereignty of a lower class, privileged in point of mere numbers by the very fact of its lack of individual privilege. We are restive at this moment under the suspicion that too much power among ourselves is concentrating itself in the hands of our richest men. We are little less restive at the suggestion that there is danger of finding our country at the mercy of trades-unions. It is not that either form of oligarchy might not conceivably work well, or even prove beneficial. It is rather that both alike are oligarchy, and not democracy.

For true democracy, I cannot too earnestly repeat, must tolerantly include all manner of men and of classes who are sure

to exist in every vital nation. It must give each his due, and demand its own due from each. It must preserve the structure of society so firmly that the opportunity of a career shall always be open to talent. It must preserve such liberty of the individual that no inherited privilege shall keep weakness long secure, nor stand in the way of ability born in a station too narrow for its power. But it may never safely meddle with the elemental truths of human nature—pretending things excellent which in truth are commonplace. It may never safely deny the fatal fact that most men, in whatever range of human effort, are bound to have their superiors in power, and that civic insecurity is the surest means to offer the semblance of a career not to talent but to mischief. It must recognize in itself not an immortal and inspired system, but only one of the means by which human beings attempt so to govern society that society may advance in prosperity and in righteousness. It must humbly admit itself as subject as any polity which it opposes to the insidious temptation of such tyranny as must surely bring any form of government to grief. If democracy can truly rise to such full sense as this of its duties and its limitations, it may grow, by such happy historical chance as has been our own in America, into the venerable sanction of historical tradition. Then, and only then, it can begin to enjoy such security as shall warrant it in holding high hopes for the future. And these hopes shall be the higher, and the more confident, when the nation which submits itself to democracy is such a nation as the France of to-day, rich with many noble memories, instead of with only one. In outward semblance the vital traditions of France seem fatally divergent, but at least they have the deep community of enthusiastic devotion to ideals.

Though the dream that these several ideals can ever be reconciled may well seem utopian, it already has the sanction of a memorable phrase. And this phrase, I found, appeals nowadays to almost every Frenchman, whatever the complexion of his political convictions. Again and again, amid surroundings which seem hopelessly at odds with each other, this same little story was told me, and always with the same admiring sympathy with its truth. For it goes straight to the heart, not of one party or another, not of one or another system of doc-

trinal tradition, but of all alike. It touches the common imagination of the whole people—not in the mere democratic sense of the word, but in that broader and truer sense which makes the people comprehend everyone in whose veins French blood is flowing.

The greatest military calamity of the war which brought the empire to an end, and from which the present republic emerged as the only system of government for the moment practicable, was the surrender of Metz with its intact army, by Marshal Bazaine. What his motive may have been remains debatable. Whatever the case, there can be no doubt that he gave up, without a blow, a force with which the invaders of his country would otherwise have had to reckon. Wherefore, in due time, when the war was ended, he was brought to military trial. There, in his own defence, he maintained that at the moment of his surrender the empire had fallen, and no government had arisen securely in its place. His duty had been to defend the government. With the disappearance of constituted authority it came to an end. The citadel was in the hands of the enemy. The empire was a thing of the past. What was left to fight for? Nothing—*Il n'y avait rien*.

To which instant answer was made by the member of his court of judges who could make it best. From the time when the kingdom of Louis Philippe had fallen the princes of the house of Orleans had been mostly in exile from their native country. Their presence there in any position would have seemed to menace either the republic which for a little while ensued on the constitutional monarchy or the revived empire before which the second republic fell. But the moment that France was in national danger, struggling with the terrific force of foreign invasion, the Orleanist princes came back to their country, not as royal personages, but only as Frenchmen. As such they were welcomed with all the rest; and the royal prince who—of all his kind—has perhaps done most to re-establish the dignity of royal character in the estimation of a radical century was among the officers who sat in judgment on the accused marshal of the second empire. It was he—the Duc d'Aumale, the son of Louis Philippe—who made the answer which so instantly appeals to every French heart. There was nothing to defend, said Bazaine—*Il n'y avait*

rien.” “*Monsieur le Maréchal*,” said the royal prince, “*il restait la France*.”—“There was France.”

So there was, and so there is, and so there shall be. France has been the France of the empire; France to-day is the France of the republic; and no Frenchman who would treasure the full richness of memories which have gathered in his country may wisely forget the glories of either. But neither comprehends France, any more than France was completely comprehended in that constitutional monarchy which made the house of Orleans for a while sovereign by the will of the people. The true France embraces all three, and more and more besides. It is the France of the song of Roland, the France of St. Louis, the France of Jeanne d'Arc. It is the France of the Renaissance, and the France of Henry IV; the France of Richelieu, and the France which imposed an imperial standard on European civilization during the great century of Louis XIV. It is the France of the old *régime*, as well, the France of the Revolution, and the France of the empire. It is the France of that bewildering, aspiring nineteenth century over whose history we have been lingering together. No single one of these memories, nor yet of the myriad others which these stirring names evoke, has made the France of to-day such as it has seemed to me and as I have tried to tell you. All of them together combine to make France heroic—none alone, none apart or neglected. Without every glory of its glorious past, France would be the poorer, the lesser. All of them, blended and shining together, make the France of to-day that inexhaustibly noble fact which those who come to know it, and thus grow to love it, must always feel it to be.

So when, now and again, good friends of mine were apt to speak of France as the republic, I found myself, as I find myself still, disposed in answer to speak not of the republic, but of France. This implied no lack of eager response to the kindness with which the French republicans whom I met welcomed me to their friendly country. It implied, indeed, no shadow of doubt that the system of the present republic, strengthening as it is into an immemorial tradition, is the system under which that friendly country may most confidently hope for a future as admirable as its past. What

I felt **was only** that the word republic still might seem to mean not the whole nation, but **only the accident** of the sovereignty under **which that nation now finds itself**. To the French **themselves**, the republic still appears **not so much national as partisan**. I long, with the best of them, for the time when it shall have grown to be no longer partisan but national; and I believe that the time will come. But even then we shall be truer to the full splendor of the past, if we salute the republic still as France, and not France only as the republic. Nothing less than the utmost can ever comprehend it all.

A THANKSGIVING

By William Lucius Graves

I RAISE my face to Thee,
Beneath Thy stars, O Lord;
Take Thou the praise that still must be
Beyond the uttered word.

Life leaps within my breast,
I feel its lyric beat;
Blow cold or warm from out the west,
The breath of life is sweet.

To live, to feel the wind
That shakes the apple-bough,
To see the furrow trail behind
The thrusting of the plough;

To lie where shadows swing
Across the summer hush,
To hear upon a dawn in spring
The passion-throated thrush;

Lo, these are joys to me,
And all things that befall,—
The glancing rain, the lilac-tree
That purples by the wall.


Each wingèd day, O Lord,
Hath burden of new bliss;
Yet, since the past will have its word,
I thank Thee, too, for this:

Remembrance, through dead years,
Ah, keen as lavender,—
Behind a mist of tender tears,
The pitying eyes of her.

THE PERPETUAL VISITOR

By Evelyn Schuyler Schaeffer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

HE mail is late this morning," said Cousin Jane.

Outside, the rain was persistently pouring down. Inside, a fire was burning cheerfully on the sitting-room hearth and the three ladies were spending the morning over their work: Cousin Jane, elderly, stout, comfortably conscious that she was full of benevolence and feeling perfectly justified in being full of curiosity; pleased with the expensiveness of her house, her rugs, her pictures, her china, and all her other belongings; remembering the price of each thing and quite willing to tell it; yet kindly and generous, the Lady Bountiful of a country town: Cousin Mary, acquiescent, as became one who lived with Jane; a tranquil, industrious person: and Delia, in her careful dress, befitting a guest, with her slim, erect figure, her wavy light-brown hair, now beginning to grow dull in color, her delicate face, whose beauty was being effaced by tiny wrinkles and more decided lines; deep lines of cheerfulness—the careful, persistent, determined cheerfulness of one who for ten years has been occupied in being a good guest. She was knitting a shawl for Cousin Jane, hurrying to get it done before the end of her visit. She always did knit something for her hostess and always had to hurry to get it done. She did not stop when the mail was brought in; she expected nothing. The next visit was arranged and she had little correspondence of any other kind. But there was a letter for her, after all, which Cousin Jane handed her after examining it curiously.

"I don't know what Anne Morrison can have to write to you about," she said. "You have told her what train you are going by." Then, as Delia laid the letter in her lap, "Aren't you going to open it and let us hear what she says?"

"I haven't my glasses down here," murmured Delia.

"Take mine," promptly answered Cousin Jane, wiping them and holding them out to her.

Delia hesitated. "Thank you," she said finally. "Yours don't suit me, you know, and I have to go upstairs anyway for some wool."

As she went out of the room Jane turned to Mary with a little laugh. "Delia never forgets that her eyes are younger than mine."

"Well, you know she is near-sighted," said Mary apologetically.

Up in her bedroom Delia opened the letter. Anne was so sorry, but some of Henry's family were coming unexpectedly and there wouldn't be an extra spot in the house; she and Henry were going to sleep on sofas. It was too bad to put dear Delia off, especially when they hadn't seen her for several years, but could she stay a week or ten days longer with Cousin Jane? And then she must be sure to come and stay a long time to make up.

Delia sat down, feeling suddenly weak. Cousin Jane also expected other guests and had definitely fixed the limit of her visit three days hence. The next instalment of her income was not due for a month yet, and meantime she had not money enough to pay ten days' board with travelling expenses in addition. She had a horrible sinking sensation and her hands and feet grew cold. She leaned back and closed her eyes. A few tears oozed between her eyelids, her throat ached. She thought of her father and mother. To them she had never been quite grown-up—she was their Delia, to be cared for and made much of. Did they somewhere know of these horrible years that she had been a wanderer from one friend's house to another's? Delia hoped not—yet sympathy would be sweet. Her thoughts wandered back to the comfortable little house and the pleasant little housekeeping. She hadn't been a good manager after her mother's death, but how could she be, with so much company? Involuntarily rose the picture of herself sleeping on the lounge in the study while Julia and her mother had her room. That was when all the relations came to Washington for the Inauguration, and it was before Julia was rich. Everybody liked to come, at all times, she remem-

bered, with a thrill of pride in herself as a hostess. And then those years when her father was an invalid and there was no more salary. How could she stint his comforts then? "I'm glad I didn't!" said Delia aloud. And then when he died. "Why," she asked for the thousandth time, "did I yield when Cousin Jane said I couldn't keep the house and take lodgers? Why did I let her break it all up and carry me off? Why should she think that I would marry and settle the question that way? I wasn't a young girl even then. And oh, I'm so wretchedly ungrateful! I don't love them all as I used to." She surprised herself with a sob and jumped up hastily. This would never do—she must be ready to go downstairs. But how to go with no plan made—

The doorbell rang and she went into the hall and leaned over the banister. A deputation from one of Cousin Jane's boards of managers had arrived and Delia heard the beginning of an informal and voluble committee meeting. The affairs of the Orphans' Home would keep them busy for some time, and she drew a long breath. Casting about desperately and remembering the school-girl visits in Washington, she decided to ask Julia Sinclair if she might go there for ten days. Julia was good-natured and never put herself out for her and her house was big enough for anything. She went to her trunk and got out writing materials and a travelling inkstand. There was no writing-table in her room; Cousin Jane considered the library the place for writing and all were welcome there. What need of privacy? However, the most docile of guests has her own devices. Delia wrote to Julia. It was not an easy letter to write, but she managed to explain that there would be just time for an answer, and then put on her rainy-day clothes and posted the letter herself, slipping down the back stairs.

Luncheon found Jane still so absorbed in the perplexities of benevolence that Delia's explanation went off fairly well; an explanation which could not be longer deferred without the certainty of giving offence.

"Why didn't you consult me before writing?" Jane asked; but added kindly: "I'm really sorry, Delia. Almost any other time you could stay right on here and it wouldn't make a bit of difference."

Three days later Cousin Jane provided her with a luncheon and a paper-covered

novel, personally superintended the locking and strapping of her trunk, and took her to the train. In the breathless hurry with which the sight of a waiting train always inspired her, Delia turned to clamber into a coach, but was restrained by Jane's admonitory voice:

"Are you going in the parlor car?"

Delia turned away with a hurried, "Oh, no, of course not," and fell in behind Jane's quick toddle. After all, there was plenty of time. She kissed Jane good-by with a warmth born of relief and found a seat for herself.

"Don't wait!" she cried from the window.

"Very well," called back Jane. "If you're all right now, I'll go right on to my managers' meeting. Good-by!"

Delia looked after her until she was out of sight, and then turned to arrange her belongings. The car was filling up. A woman, broad of hip and laden with large bundles, had just sat down beside her, squeezing her against the wall. Delia sighed with disappointment. It was only during her journeys that she had any sense of possession in herself. Then she calculated rapidly, devised one more makeshift of economy that wouldn't show, and made a quick decision. Hurriedly leaving the car, she flew back along the platform to the Pullman which she had just passed, gave her bag to the porter and let him help her up the steps. It was with the relief of one who has reached home that she dropped into a chair.

"After all, why shouldn't I?" she thought. "This, at least, is my own money. Only I do hate to feel that I am growing sly."

She took off her jacket, settled herself in her chair, and let herself relax. Her face lost its set expression of cheerfulness, the muscles drooped, the lines became softer; she looked infinitely tired. Yet as the train rushed on, a little light came into her eyes, a little smile lurked in the corners of her mouth.

"This is my parlor," she said to herself. "I have just come in and am resting. These other people—oh, I think they are not here at all. I don't see them." She looked out of the window at the landscape slipping by, but presently closed her eyes and dropped into her favorite day-dream—a dream of a little house which always stood ready for her, awaiting her mood. Here was her par-

lor, with her own table, her own chair, her own lamp, ready to be lighted. Her writing-desk stood in a corner; a fire burned on the hearth. The rugs, the pictures—she had selected them long ago, stopping to look in at shop-windows, “choosing,” as children do. Beyond was her dining-room. There things were even more familiar—her mother’s silver, her mother’s china, so long packed away. Cousin Jane had urged her to sell them and had offered to take the tea-set herself, but what havoc that would have made with the day-dream! A pretty maid came from the kitchen with a tea-tray. The maid was always pretty, always neat, always devoted to her. She was an excellent cook and never broke anything. Delia saw the tea-table in front of the fire. What lovely cups and saucers her mother’s were; and what joy to rest here a little with her old trunk thrust under the eaves in the attic!

By and by she roused herself. The afternoon was wearing away and Delia liked sitting for a while in the twilight. Then the lights were turned on and she liked that equally well. In the unreal light given by the lamps it was no longer home, but it was another state of being—a sort of intermediate state where earthly existence was in abeyance. Rushing along through space, somewhere between heaven and earth, why shouldn’t they come out on the other side of things? Delia closed her eyes. Cousin Jane was years behind her, Julia was part of an improbable future. Was she in the body or out of it?

Into this trance came the porter with his whisk brush. Delia detested this attention. It seemed to her that the brush took liberties; but she felt that the porter had a claim and brushing appeared to be the proper thing, so she stood up meekly and let him buffet her with his little broom; and by the time she had given him a modest fee she had arrived and there was Julia’s smart trap awaiting her.

Julia Sinclair had accepted Delia as an inheritance from her mother. She took the trouble to invite her to her country house for a month each year and to see that the beginning and the end of the visit duly joined the end and the beginning of other visits in the neighborhood; and one summer when she was abroad she had sent Delia to the seashore for a delightful month. She always sent her carriage to the station to meet

her, gave her a pleasant room, begged her to consider herself quite at home, but did not take her too seriously. Delia, on her side, enjoyed these visits very well. She was not a distinguished guest, for whom luncheons and dinners were given, but she was treated with courtesy and was not interfered with. If not of great importance, at least she had great freedom. It was therefore not at all out of the natural order of things that the Sinclairs should on this occasion leave her with the house to herself while they went off on a ten days’ automobile trip. She was to have all the resources of the house, the garden, and the stables at her disposal and was to amuse herself as she saw fit.

“And by the way,” said Julia, as she was taking her leave, “if Teddy Creston should turn up before we get back, don’t be disturbed. He’ll wait for us.”

“Who is Teddy Creston?” asked Delia.

“Haven’t you ever met him?” said Julia carelessly. “He’s a cousin of Frederick’s, and he generally makes his headquarters here for a little while in the fall when he comes back from the other side. He is due about this time.” Seeing that Delia looked somewhat dismayed, she added: “Don’t be afraid of him. He’s quite harmless and he won’t interfere with you.”

“You call Teddy quite harmless?” laughed her husband as they drove away.

“Yes, as far as Cousin Delia is concerned,” replied Julia.

And now began a season of delight for Delia. In the morning her breakfast was brought to her room by a smiling and obliging maid and she need not get up until she was ready. When she went downstairs the world was all before her, where to choose. She could wander into the library and select such books and magazines as she wanted, she could go out into the garden and pick all the flowers she liked, she could take a drive if she chose. As an additional piece of good fortune the weather was perfect, with the tempered warmth of early October. At noon an inviting luncheon was served for her, at night an equally inviting dinner; but best of all, she liked the afternoon tea, which could still be enjoyed out of doors. Once or twice some friend of Julia’s drove over, not knowing of her absence, and accepted the cup of tea which Delia offered in a flutter of shy hospitality. It was just the one



Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

He loved to give a picturesque account of himself.—Page 71.

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touch of companionship which she needed to make it all quite perfect. She began to bloom a little; her face lost its sharpness and regained its lovely oval and her cheeks showed a delicate color. Even the maid who waited on her noticed it.

"It certainly does agree with you here, Miss Mynor," she said.

She took time in the morning to look over her box of old lace and added a few becoming touches to her toilet. She even considered putting on her very best gown for dinner, deciding at last with a sigh that she could not afford the extra wear. Thus a week passed and then one day the doorbell rang and she heard a masculine voice asking questions in the hall.

"Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair will be back about the 20th, sir," she heard the butler say; "and they said if you came you would please make yourself at home."

"Quite so, Banks," the gay voice replied. "And so I shall be entirely alone here?"

"There's Miss Mynor, sir," replied the man.

"Oh. And who is Miss Mynor?"

"She is a friend of the family, sir, on a visit."

"Very well, Banks. My old room, I suppose?" and a moment after he was running upstairs.

Delia sighed. She felt horribly shy at the thought of this strange man and greatly feared that the spell of enchantment was broken. She put on her best gown for dinner, but with no such zest as she would have felt in putting it on the night before. But when Mr. Creston sat opposite her at the dinner table he was very good to see; and when he looked at her in his frank way and spoke to her in his cordial, almost boyish voice there was a magnetism about him that dispelled her shyness. In fact, magnetism was Teddy Creston's strong point and it was his nature to make himself agreeable. Even his wife was still susceptible to his charm, although she had had the strength of mind to establish herself in Paris. Margaret Creston was a good deal of a philosopher, and although when she first realized that change was the law of Teddy's being she had some bitter hours, yet her very insight into his character helped her. "If he must have change," she said to herself, "then I, too, will be a change to him. I will go away while he still cares for me a

little and he shall come to me when he wants me." This suited him very well, particularly as Margaret had plenty of money. He visited her once a year, in Paris or elsewhere, and they lived very pleasantly together for a time, and then he returned to be a free lance for the rest of the year; or perhaps it would be better to compare him to a resplendent butterfly. He could hardly look at any woman without feeling some interest in her, were it only to ask himself whether she could under any circumstances interest him. In asking this question a woman's age—within limits—made very little difference to him. His taste was catholic; and as for himself, he was now thirty-five years old.

"A vestal virgin," he summed Delia up, and found a certain piquancy in thawing out the stiffness of her manner. Before the evening was over he had her laughing as she had not laughed for years, and meantime was planning the most delightful and surprising amusements for the morrow.

"You have never been in a motor car?" he said. "Then it shall be a motor car. I'm sure Frederick has left one here, and if not, we'll hunt up another. We'll take our luncheon and some books, if you like. These days are too glorious to spend indoors."

Delia awoke at daylight the next morning and looked out of the window in breathless fear lest the day should not be fine. It gave promise of perfection, and she went back to bed with a mind relieved. It was not worth while to get up, for her breakfast would not come for a long while yet, and they were not to start before eleven o'clock, Teddy being by no means an early riser; so she lay still and thought happily of the pleasure in store.

Delia's heart was indeed virginal. In her youth she had been perhaps somewhat overfastidious and had held herself aloof from the few admirers who came in her way. She had not been without her girlish dreams, but her ideal lover had been an angel rather than a man, a being so impossible that the result had been to give her a distaste for the reality as it had presented itself to her. She had never known any man well except her father, who was of her own type; the husbands and brothers of her friends were so remote from her that they were, as to the blind man of Scripture, "as trees walking." With the advent of her remarkable fellow-

guest a whole new set of sensations was being awakened. Delia was thirty-six years old, but sensations out of season are all the more powerful. She was, however, still free from self-consciousness. When she got up she recklessly put on her best walking dress, the costume in which, simple as it was, she must be presentable for visits all winter. She experimented with her hair, too, arranging it more loosely than usual about the temples. The little waves into which it fell of its own accord were very becoming to her. She hesitated over the hat, and finally put aside the best one as being too formal and selected an old summer hat with a brim. She had not looked so young for ten years.

It was a great success, that picnic. Even Teddy found himself amused. It entertained him to take her for the first time in a motor car. The first of anything always entertained Teddy. He drove the car himself and it pleased him to see her excitement when he increased the speed. Delia was not in the least frightened; she wanted to go faster and still faster and was half sorry when they stopped, miles away from home, for luncheon. But she found nothing to regret. He exerted himself to make her comfortable, putting cushions behind her and waiting on her with the ease born of long practice in studying the ways of women. To Delia, unused to being considered, this was an even more exciting experience than the drive. Then, too, they could talk, which had hardly been possible while they were flying along the road, or, to speak more correctly, he could talk and she could listen. They sat long, breathing in the fragrant air of the woods, while he smoked innumerable cigarettes, but at last it was time to gather up their belongings and start for home.

"You are a good sport, Miss Mynor," he said, as he helped her into the car, "not to be afraid of my reckless driving. I can never do anything half-way."

"I don't want to do it half-way," said Delia. "I want to do it completely." She laughed. "I'm tired of half-way," she said.

"I am half sick of shadows," he quoted under his breath, but she heard him.

"I believe there is no 'half' in that, either," she said.

One day followed another, each spent in the same way. If anyone had suggested to Delia that these excursions were too unconventional she would have laughed at the

idea—she, an old maid, and he, a married man! She was in love with motoring and Teddy was in love with the air, the sun, and the wild speed with which he drove the machine; and he was for the moment amused with the idea of giving Delia "the time of her life." He was amused at himself, too, for being willing to remain sequestered in the deserted house when there were plenty of people in the neighborhood who would have been pleased enough to see him. As it chanced, he met no one who recognized him, disguised as he was by his cap and goggles, and Delia's head was enveloped in a veil; and they returned so late in the afternoon that she merely had a cup of tea in her room before dressing for dinner. They dined together and afterward they both went into the library, where they sat in front of the fire and he smoked his cigarettes. He loved to talk and she was a most sympathetic listener—and what talker does not love a fresh audience? It seemed to him an odd and delicately flavored little adventure, this gentle flirtation with a woman who suggested nothing so much as a nun just escaped from convent walls. He loved to give a picturesque account of himself and allowed it to appear that he was handicapped in his career by the whims of a wife who chose to live abroad.

"For my part," he said virtuously, "I'm not willing to expatriate myself. Little old America is good enough for me and my place is here."

Delia looked at him admiringly; his sentiments sounded noble. "It is such men as you that are needed in their own country," she said fervently.

He laughed and lighted a fresh cigarette. "Well, as to that, I'm afraid the country needs better men than I," he said lightly. "I'm a pretty worthless, do-nothing, selfish sort of a fellow, Miss Mynor. When I really want to do a thing I don't let anything stand in my way, I assure you. As to whether the things are worth doing is another question."

All of which was quite true, but it didn't sound true when he said it. It only sounded adorably frank and boyish. His method of expiating a fault was to announce in a winning way that he had it; after that he felt almost bound to indulge it. It was wonderful how much immunity this habit purchased him. He looked at Delia with laughing eyes, and as she continued to gaze at him

in a sort of perplexed admiration, he added: "You mustn't think me better than I am, dear."

The word, apparently spoken inadvertently, gave Delia a shock of surprise and a curious thrill, which was not displeasure. Instantly she thought: "He doesn't know he said it; I dare say he is so used to saying it to his wife. I wouldn't for anything seem to hear it." But her color betrayed her.

He looked at her curiously. "She takes it more coolly than I thought she would," he reflected. "I wonder why."

Just to find out, he said it again. This time, still covered with blushes, she remonstrated.

"But what is the harm in it?" he asked. "You wouldn't think anything of it if I said my dear Miss Mynor. If I wrote a letter to you I'd say dear Miss Mynor. Now what particular thing is there about the word dear that makes you object to it?"

"It is different," said Delia, much embarrassed.

"But there isn't anything really wrong about it."

"It isn't usual."

"And must one always be usual? Heavens! What a stupid world it would be!"

"Well," said Delia, with some little dignity, "I think in this particular thing I'd rather be usual even if I'm stupid."

"Just as you like," he said in a tone of caressing indulgence; and she was glad not to have offended him.

As it happened, this was their last day together. Anne Morrison had already written that she was ready and waiting for Delia's visit, and next morning the Sinclairs came home, bringing a houseful of guests in their train.

"And you have actually been here four days?" said Julia to Teddy. "What did you do with yourself all the time?"

"Oh, I've enjoyed myself very much indeed," he replied.

"Have you been visiting the neighbors?"

"Well, no. I didn't need the neighbors. I've been living out of doors most of the time."

She looked at him curiously. "That doesn't sound like you, Teddy. I've never known you willing to shun the madding crowd. I hope you've made yourself a little agreeable to Cousin Delia."

"Cousin Delia and I are great friends. Cousin Delia's too good to be true!"

"Come now, you needn't make fun of poor Delia," said Julia.

"Heaven forbid!" he exclaimed, and took himself off, leaving Julia doubtful.

The dinner-table that night was very gay, everybody laughing and talking. Even Delia, who had not yet had time to get back into her shell, displayed a gentle liveliness. At the unusual sound of her soft laugh, Julia turned and looked at her with a considering eye. Mrs. Sinclair was young, but she had the wisdom of the world. She noted Delia's improved looks, the color in her cheeks, the light in her eyes, the arrangement of her hair, and the subdued coquetry of her dress, rearranged by herself with old lace from her box. And Teddy said that he had enjoyed himself. "Teddy is incorrigible!" she said to herself. She was very kind to Delia after that, although she did not urge her to prolong her stay after the next day; so Delia, with an ache at her heart, packed her trunk that night. All day Teddy had been much engrossed by the new arrivals and she had not exchanged many words with him. Her good time was over, and she tried to accept the inevitable without bitterness.

She was to leave directly after luncheon, and in the morning, after she had watched the different parties going off, some on horseback, others on foot, she slipped away for a solitary walk. She wandered through the woods, gorgeous in their autumn coloring, but somehow the exertion made her tired, and she sat down on a stone to rest. She wished that she could have had one more ride; she wondered whether Mr. Creston would ever think of her again; he had been so kind; it was years since anybody had been so kind to her. Idly she picked up the colored leaves and laid them together on her lap. Then with a sudden impatient movement she brushed them away and rose to her feet; and as she did so she looked up and saw Teddy sauntering along the path toward her.

"I thought you went out to ride," she said, flushing painfully. Could he conceivably think that she had followed him?

"The ride was postponed," he said. "And now I can have a little talk with you."

"No, I must go." She would at least show him that she had not come to seek



Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

She experimented with her hair.—Page 71.

him. "I am leaving to-day, you know, and I must get back." She tried to meet his eyes, but faltered and looked past him. "Good-by, Mr. Creston," she said, holding out her hand. "You have given me some very pleasant days with the drives and picnics. I hope you'll have a pleasant winter."

"Delia, look at me!" he commanded.

She raised her eyes to his and he kissed her full on the mouth.

"Oh!" she cried, and turning, fled toward the house without another look or word.

Teddy watched her until she was out of sight and then strolled on. "Now I wonder why I did that," he said to himself. "Was it to give her a sensation or to give myself one? On my soul, I don't know."

And Delia, gaining her room, panting and agitated, asked the same question: "Why did he do it? He doesn't love me. If he did, it wouldn't have made it right, but it would have been less insulting. Oh, it was brutal, and I hate him!" She walked up and down with clenched hands. "I wish I *could* hate him," she groaned. And then from depths unsounded by any plummet of Teddy's came the cry: "I have been cheated out of my birthright. A woman is born to be loved, and I never knew it till now—and now it is too late!"

For a while she gave herself up to wretchedness; but the conventions of life are exacting, and in the end they recalled her. She was obliged to put the finishing touches to her packing and to go down to luncheon. When she looked in the glass to see whether her emotion had left any traces it would not have surprised her to confront the ravaged face of an old woman. As it was, she failed to see that instead of age she had gained a new and subtle look of youth—a youth which had never been hers before. As she sat at the table, trying to go through the form of eating, more than one person glanced at her with interest. Mercifully for her, Teddy did not appear at all. When she

made her adieux she found that Julia was giving herself the unusual trouble of accompanying her to the station, where she purchased a ticket for her and a seat in the Pullman coach.

"This is my treat," she said cordially; "and I shall expect you to come again as usual, you know. This little visit doesn't count, for we were away all the time."

Over the tea-table Delia was for a few moments the subject of conversation.

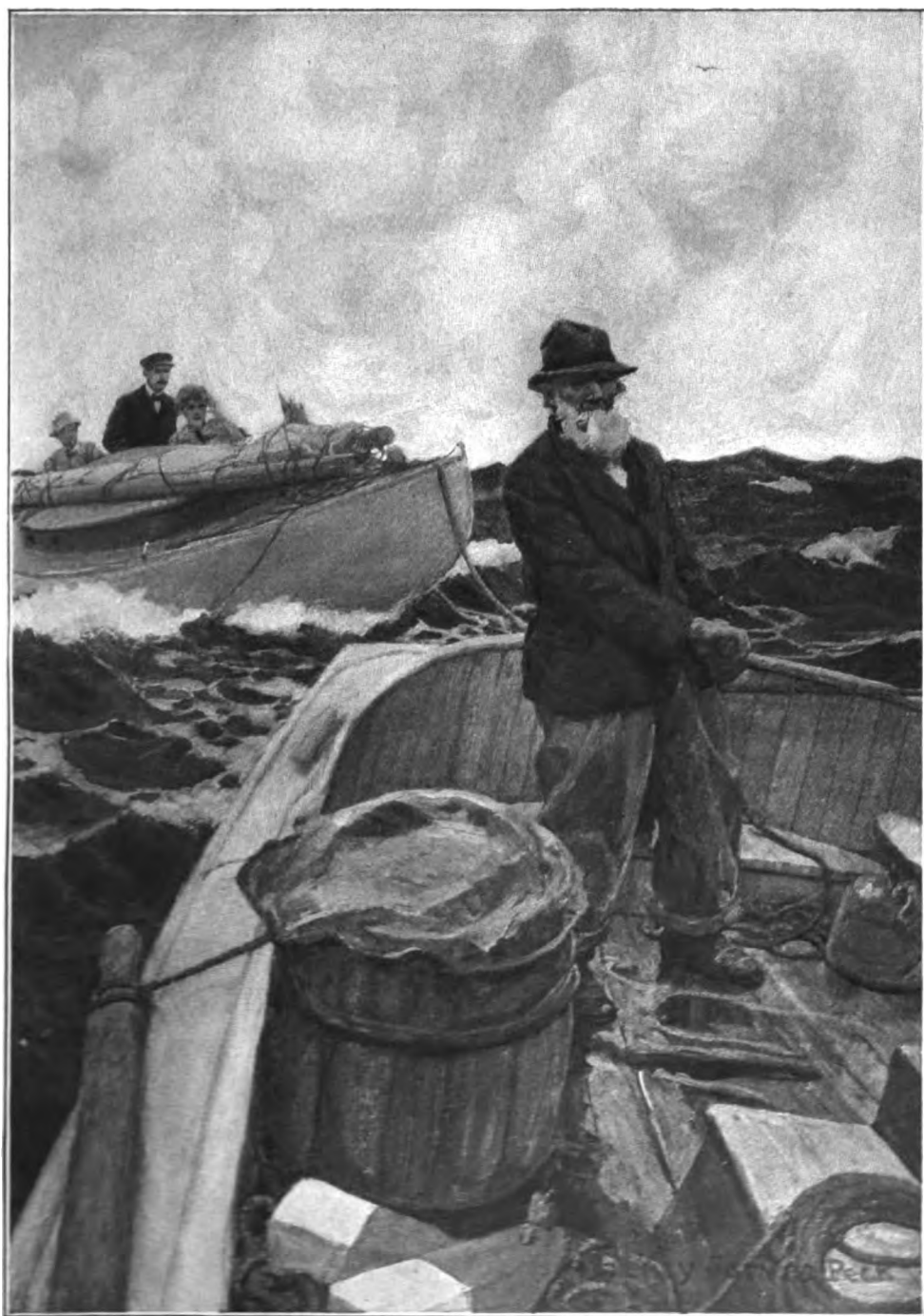
"I had no idea," remarked one person, "that Miss Mynor was so pretty. I never noticed her particularly before."

"Don't insult her by calling her pretty," said another man, who was by way of being artistic. "Beauty of so pure a type deserves a better adjective than that."

Julia wondered whether it were not almost a pity that she had not let Delia stay to receive this belated admiration; whether it would not have proved an antidote to the dangers of Teddy's philandering. But it was too late to think of that now.

Meantime, Delia, travelling to her next visit, was a prey to distressful thoughts. Her universe was in a state of upheaval; and most of all, she was aghast at the elemental instinct which had sprung to life in her—aghast and yet fascinated, and filled with desperate rebellion at fate. Was she, then, to be condemned henceforth to this futile inner turmoil? She looked back to the sweet, solitary days which she had so recently passed; she remembered the little house of her dreams; she even thought of certain satisfactory hours of visiting. Those tranquil pleasures belonged to a past which was definitely ended, and before her she could see nothing but unrest; uncertain hopes and certain discontents. Did she, then, wish to go back? Oh, no, she wished to go forward. Belated, but imperious, the primitive woman in her had awakened and demanded to be recognized. Was it, indeed, too late?





Drawn by Henry Jarvis Park.

The Tortoise and the Hare.

THE LAST BUSTING AT THE BOW-GUN

By L. A. Huffman

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

A HUNDRED and six in the shade of the cook's tent-fly at the Hat X Camp on the Big Dry. It was a mid-August afternoon near the end of the general round-up. The sand flats and dunes of the lower Dry were radiating heat like griddles. Not a breath of air, not a suggestion of a breeze; yet in some mysterious way little dust and sand laden whirlwinds were born, sprang up and chased each other sportively, and sometimes savagely, noisily, across the bars and up the dunes to die in the sage or fringe of cottonwoods.

The cook was flinging out a kettle of stewed raisins, which, he explained—to no one in particular—"would assay eighty per cent. grit, since one of them dam whirligigs" got tangled up with his pie preparations.

The great herd had watered and lain down by thousands upon the narrow strip of cool, moist sand that bordered the half-mile-long pool—a tempting pool, with smooth sand and silt floor. Yes, but the first splash of a swimmer might start that entire herd rolling their tails for the hills, the pine ridges of Woody, twenty miles back, from whence the Circle, at much pains and expense of good horse-flesh, that morning had brought them. No one there needed cautioning,

but a veteran puncher remarked: "Big difference in cattle. They are sure always wolffy that range the pine ridges. Nev'r could quite savvy why they should be so much wilder than prairie rangers, but they never *do* stand for no herdin' afoot or swimming parties."

So we did not swim. We did the next

best thing—lay in the shade swapping hunks of cow and horse wisdom; rode bronc's, headed stampedes, "fit" prairie fires, killed whole dens of rattlesnakes, burned incense, watched, from the thickly bedded herd, the o'erthirsty ones rise stretchingly and plod in straggling lines to the water, drink deep, plod back again, *always* to *their* particular family group to lie down again; changing sides, too, of course, same as you or I going back to bed.

To the west on the wide bench columns of dust and smoke told of the cut of cows and calves and the

branding fire where Webb, Charley, and Smoky would soon be in a *real* roping contest, bringing quite a hundred and fifty calves for the boys at that fire to wrestle with in the space of an hour and a half. Across the flat to the north, which was the round-up ground this morning, the Cross Anchor boys were pushing the biggest throw-back of the



Lee Warren



Bringing calves to the branding fire.

At the branding fire.

year. From the bed-wagon I took a shot at the drag end of it as it passed; and you would not believe me, nor would the assessor, if I let you in on my estimate of how many horned creatures there were in that more than a mile-long line of drift, bound Redwater way.

Also from my perch on the bed-wagon, 'twixt yarns and snap-shots and burnings of incense, I saw far down the flat a string with a bed-horse in the lead, making our way through the dust-laden, shimmering heat.

The "Rep" that belonged to that string proved to be Sandy B of the Bow-Gun, who,

presently bunched the string ropes and unloaded the bed-horse and unsaddled his sweating, blowing mount.

"Me?" said Sandy, after he had drunk his fill from the keg beside the wagon and squatted among us, munching from a hunk of bread in one hand and a hunk of cold beef in the other, "ME? Why, I've been moonshinin'* the breaks below Hell and Crooked Creek, with a bunch of breeds from Poplar River way for ten days. Mess-wagon looks good to me. Hot? Say, Cat-

*Rounding up rough country where packs instead of mess-wagon must be used.

tle-boys, these sand-flats is cool to them breaks. Me?"—to no one in particular—"If I had time and a string of my own, I sure *would* go moonshinin' the breaks for horses. There's a wild maverick bunch in there that would give two honest, capable punchers a start in life. This cow-punchin' is gettin' to be a *sorry trade*. These breeds I reps with tells me it's no josh that them Neidrings that owned the N—N and have driven in more Oregon broncs and trailed more cattle than anybody are *sure* starting a *hog* ranch. Yessir, a *hog* ranch, wooshers, rooters, thousands of 'em. They are building her right now somewheres on the Missouri not far from Prairie Elk. Hain't goin' to be no room on this earth for 'ery *real* cow-hand a few years more. *He* goes to the tremblin' room *final* for his check—with 'er *hog* in the corner. This throw-back settles it with the old Bow-Gun, I guess. I am on my way to the ranch now to help gather the horses. We are short of saddle stock—going to break a bunch before the beef-gather begins. Better come out and see a touch of high life"—this with a nod in my direction—"and bring along your snappin' machine."

The fiery orb touched the tops of the cottonwoods. They began to push our herd from its bed-ground on the bar. The squad from the branding fire galloped campward. The horses were bunched behind the ropes.

The round-up was to split the long drive to Hungry Creek, where they would make the round-up next day, by an evening move to a dry camp high in the divide back of Sand Arroya. Next morning when I awoke Sandy was just cutting his string from the Hat X bunch, and with his bobbing bed-horse in the lead was soon a speck against the first slanting beams of the sunrise.

But I did not forget Sandy's tip to be in on the "busting"; so it fell out that one raw windy September evening I pulled up at the Bow-Gun, one of the old-time cow camps of the north country, built nearly twenty-five years back, and now sadly fallen to dilapidation and decay.

I had come twenty miles to see "broncs busted" by new methods; and I thought, as I unhitched, of the Bow-Gun boys of a far time, and harked back to the days when the environs of Milestown—aye, its main thoroughfare withal—was the daily chosen

arena for the busters of those times, when a hand rode out his string whenever or wherever it was dealt to him, and was of the sort that resented the appellation "Horse Fighter" or "Buster." He was born to the saddle and lariat, as farmer lads are born to the milking pens and the furrrows.

Foreman Bob bade me welcome. He and his crew were enjoying a rest between the general and the beef round-up, and lending a hand with the broncs. The old place seemed deserted until the cook, a tall, bony, four-eyed* rooster, let out a yell that searched the crannies of the old place and echoed back from the buttes, "It's a-l-right with m-e-e!" The cry brought foregathering from the one-time "buckaroo" house and sundry tepees pitched beside the dry washout, the hungry crew of the Bow-Gun, fifteen strong, to file by the lay-out box, where each man supplied himself with an outfit—plate, cup, knife and fork—and straightway to load the same with ribs of young beef, pot-roasted, hot biscuits, stewed corn, and the ever-present "Blue Hen" tomatoes, and to top it, a portion from the Dutch oven, of pudding with raisins galore, and sauce too *à la* Vanilla magoo, and strong black coffee, of course.

While we supped I looked about meto see if I could pick out the broncho rider, whose fame had been long familiar to the countryside. "Weak head and strong back for a horse fighter" is an old and common saying; and likewise it had not infrequently chanced in old days that that gentleman could, with certainty, almost unerringly, at any time or place, be spotted by his swagger, his display of artillery, his unfailing weakness for wearing heavy bearskin or llama leggings, even in the hottest weather, and his spurs.

But times *have* changed. There's little doing in bearskin shaps. Fewer men are drawing fifty a month, making up in hat rim what they lack in skill and brains. And here was the old Bow-Gun almost at the end of it, soon to become a third-rate sheep camp.

As Foreman Bob and I supped elbow to elbow in the firelight, listening to the chaff of the crew, I asked him which was Lee Warren, who was to begin on the following morning to ride the wild Bow-Gun horses at the rate of six or eight a day. Pointed out, he proved to be about the least con-

* Spectacled.

spicuous, least loquacious man of the bunch. Short to stubbiness, and dressed like a farm-hand; declining the proffered weed with thanks, saying he'd never learned to smoke.

Supper over, we gathered in the bunk-house for a memorable evening of songs and stories. No herd to hold, no guards to stand, so no one seemed in haste to seek his blankets. The four-eyed one, too, joined us when his work was done for the night; and there was a man with a voice and a laugh—such a voice and rippling contagious laugh you never could forget, once you'd heard it. A man could top my string of the best nag in it if I could fetch a laugh the like of that. And the one story—I'm sorry it's unprintable—that old four-eyes springs on us puts it out of everybody's reach for that session. So we unrolled our beds and turned in.

From where I lay, through the wide-open door, I looked long at those eternal, turreted, cold, moonlit Western hills; outlined against them stood, saddled and picketed, sentinel like, the wrangler's gray night-horse, listening too to the myriad voices of the night that unfailingly come to the senses once a camp is stilled. I wondered, as I had a thousand times in years that are gone, when, by some dying camp-fire I drowsed, up-gazing into the always new, yet changeless star-studded, glittering vastness, what the indescribable charm of this life *was*, that one failed always to put into speech.

In the cold grayness the wrangler tiptoed among the silent sleepers, wakened the cook, mounted old "Specks," the gray horse, and was off to round-up his night grazing band.

Then the voice, clear as a bugle: "R-o-l-l o-u-t, R-o-l-l o-u-t, while she's hot." It was steak, stacks of griddle-cakes, and coffee; after which Foreman Bob, addressing Warren, said: "Lee, tell Lem [Lem was the horse wrangler] how many you want, and the boys will run them in for you when you're ready." Warren "reckoned" six would do to sample them at the jump-off. It reminded me of Dewey and Gridley: "You may fire, Gridley, when you are ready."

Both men were dealing in commonplaces. He'd have six, not more, raw onion-eyed, four- and five-year olds, for his first morning's work—when Lem was ready—and six horses, mind you, that had never smelled oats or felt weight of rawhide since they had had that

burned on their shoulders, some terrible day of their colthood.

While we waited for the horses, Warren took stock of his outfit. Just a plain, ordinary, single-rigged cow-saddle, bridle, and lariat, spurs, quirt, and some short pieces of grass rope for the cross-hobbling. Presently the voice, its owner elbow deep in his bread-pan, announced, "Hy-ar they come a f-o-g-g-i-n'."

Swiftly across the wide flat, flanked by half a dozen well-mounted riders, the little band swings a wide circle, leaving adrift behind it a long ribbon of dust. The big gate is flung open, and the day's work is corralled. An inner gate swings, another swift rush and the six beautiful beasts are bunched, snorting and trembling, in the round corral, the one with the snubbing-post in the centre, where legions of wild, care-free, young horses before them have bitten the dust, bidding sudden and painful farewell to the glad, work-free life of the prairie.

Warren, as he looks them over with critical eye, uncoils the rawhide, adjusts hondo and loop. At his first step of approach they break away. Round and round they circle, in vain effort to dodge that flying noose, which, at the second cast, falls true, and the bright bay leader of the bunch, Oscar Wilde (a name that Warren flung to him with the first throw that he so neatly dodged, and Oscar he will be to the end of his days in the Bow-Gun saddle bunch) is in the toils, leaping, bucking, striking savagely at the thing that grips him by the throat, now held taut by Lee and his two helpers, who, when his first desperate lunges are past, take a turn of the rope round the snubbing-post set deep in the earth.

"Easy, easy now! Snub him too sudden and he kinks her or breaks her [his neck]. Steady now!" He is facing the post, feet braced and wide apart, straining at the rope until in his final, blind struggle for breath, he throws himself. Quick as a flash, Warren has his knee on Oscar's neck, grips him by the underjaw, tilts his head so that his nose points skyward. Instantly the turn is thrown from the post. The noose slackens, is slipped off, passed bridle-wise over his ears and, by a dexterous and simple turn, made fast curbwise to his underjaw.

For a full half-minute Oscar has found that dust-laden air so good that he has relaxed, forgotten to fight. Deftly and quick-



ly Warren hobbles his front feet together and slips on the bridle. Oscar bounds to his feet, but quickly finds that his struggles to free himself only result in a succession of falls that cause him to hesitate, until, in some mysterious way, he finds his near hind foot, too, caught in a noose and made fast to his near front one. He's cross-hobbled now and ready for the saddle.

Here the skill and patience of the bronco rider are put to a severe test. He must hold his horse by the reins and rope, lay the saddle blanket, then with a one-hand swing place that forty-pound saddle where it belongs. Dazed, cross-hobbled as he is, the horse resents the blanket to the twentieth time, often, and may frustrate as many attempts to reach with the latigo strap that swinging cinch ring, and often he will slip from under the saddle a good many times before it is caught and the first hard pull cinches the saddle firmly in place.

Oscar has been in the toils fifteen minutes—no doubt it's seemed longer to him. His hobbles are now being removed—often quite as exciting a task as putting them on. They are off, those hobbles, but Oscar does not know it. His attention is distracted by a pain in his ear. Lee has it twisted firmly, gripped in his strong left hand. Strange, but true, nine times out of ten, the wildest outlaw will stand motionless for a minute or more if you get just the right twist on his ear.

Cautiously, tensely, without the shadow of hesitation, Warren lightly swings to his seat. The critical moment has come. For five breathless seconds after that ear is released Oscar stands frozen, wide-eyed, nostrils distended, muscles strained until under the rear of that saddle-skirt there's room for your hat 'twixt it and his back.

In response to the first pull at the rein, by one or two quick, short, nervous steps he discovers that his legs are once more unshackled. Up he goes in a long, curving leap like a buck. Down goes his head, and he blats that indescribable bawl that only thoroughly maddened, terrified broncos can fetch, something uncanny, something between a scream and a groan, that rasps the nerves and starts the chill, hunted feeling working your spine.

The Voice, drawing water at the well, sends a hail: "N-o-w he t-a-k-e-s her. S-t-a-y with him, Lee. S-t-a-y with him," as round and round he leaps, reined hard,

now right, now left, by his rider. Again and again he goes high, with hind feet drawn under, as if reaching for the stirrups. Fore-legs thrust forward, stiff as crowbars, driving hoof-prints in the packed earth, like mauls, as he lands; yet light and tight, seeming never to catch the brunt of the jolt, sits his rider.

Now the little horse begins to sulk, backs suddenly, and rears high, as if to throw himself backward. If he should succeed, should rid himself in that way, of his rider, he would surely try it again. His first lesson might end in failure, and he'd have made a good start toward becoming Oscar the outlaw.

But Lee has also another card looped to his wrist, one that he is loath to use, that stinging rawhide quirt, which now descends fore and aft, round his ears, and raising welts on his quivering flanks at each stroke. Oscar is quickly distracted from rearing and backing. Again he sulks, refuses to respond to word, rein, or quirt.

Now, for the first time it's the steel—the spurs—and the horse chooses doing the circle, the thing of the least punishment. Oscar has been in the corral forty minutes. Sweat runs from belly and nose, and in little rivulets down his legs. Warren swings off gently, then quickly up again, mounting and dismounting rapidly half a dozen times, each time, with his gloved hand, patting the blowing horse on flank, rump, and neck.

Almost in one motion, saddle and bridle are off—flung together at the post. Oscar's first lesson is finished. The gate swings, he dashes through to the outer corral, while Foreman Bob, where we're perched on the fence, says to me: "Old Lee knows when to quit. He's careful; never baked a horse for us yet. Keeps his temper. *That's* where most of us lose out in that game. Feller we had here last summer—good rider, stout as a mule—loses his, and his job. Bakes the first one he tackles. Fights him an hour saddlin', then sifts him outside; throws him the gut-hooks and quirt until the hoss is plumb baked, overhet. Falls dead there a hundred yards from the ranch. Third time's plenty soon to ride 'em outside."

Once more Lee gives "Smithy" the gate-man, a nod as he throws the kinks from the rawhide, coolly adjusting his noose for number two, a big chestnut sorrel. "Flaxey"

is the name that fits him by reason of his wealth of mane and tail of that color.

Flaxey ducks, turns, doubles, and dodges that singing noose for the third time, like a boxer. "I'll just take your front feet away from you, you——, if you'd rather," and the loop then flies low, edgewise, well in front of the galloping horse. Somehow, too quick for the eye to detect just how it was done, Flaxey's down, his front feet gripped in the noose. Smithy's "nailed his muzzle" and sits perched on his neck.

It's the story of Oscar repeated, except that Flaxey varies the entertainment by bucking the empty saddle the second his hobbles are loosed; gets his feet tangled in the reins, snatches off the bridle.

Lem's throw to catch him again falls short, catches the saddle-horn, pulls the saddle back on his rump, making him look for a time, to Lem, "like a two-seated hoss with the front seat missin'."

"Say, Cattle-boys, old Flaxey, he *shore* does cut her high and wide when that saddle turns under his belly." It's only one of the inevitable, enlivening incidents of the day's work, delaying for the space of five minutes only, the twisting of Flaxey's left ear and his proper topping.

It is eleven o'clock now. Warren, bare-headed, shapeless, sooty as a smith with dust and sweat, is up on "Stripes," his sixth and last horse, when the Voice sings, "B-o-n-e-h-e-a-d-s, b-o-n-e-h-e-a-d-s, take it away," which announces the best meal of the day—roast beef, boiled spuds, fresh bread, cinnamon rolls, and, to trim it, quarters of thick, juicy, blackberry pie.

Always when I sample blackberry pie or snuff the dust of a horse-fight, memory takes me far back on my trail to a distant September day before a yard of wire fence or a horse corral had obtruded between Old Smoky Butte and the Sand-hills, or betwixt the Cannon Ball and Wind River, when horses were dirt cheap and for the most part broken on the trail. Just roped, saddled, and rode in the open.

Old Twodot Satchel was our trail boss then, bringing in two big herds of Swinging A cattle. Our camp was among those wonderful red scoria hills on the Big Powder, hills that were full soon to witness the final and big things of the range cattle business.

Old Satchel was scouting the country for

shelter and grass and a site for the new ranch, and all hands were "layin' off to turn loose the herds," when this other day of horse-fighting, pie, and almost a homicide rolled around.

Old Twodot was a good man to trail with. Never took the best of it, being boss, to shirk night guards on his boys. Come his guard any time between cocktail* and breakfast, he would "like to see some blank blank" stand his guard, as he'd lope for the herd prompt as any hand in the outfit. Woe, too, by the same token, to the man he caught overworking the gentle horses in his string, giving the bad ones the go-by cold mornings, hanging back when there was swimming in sight. He was never "hunt-in' shaller crossin's," was old Twodot, but had a well-earned reputation for "chousin" into any river that got in his way.

We all have our failings. Old Twodot had his. Strike him at any time and he had two or three outlaws in his string that he seemed never to ride or to have other use for than to steer unsuspecting strangers against.

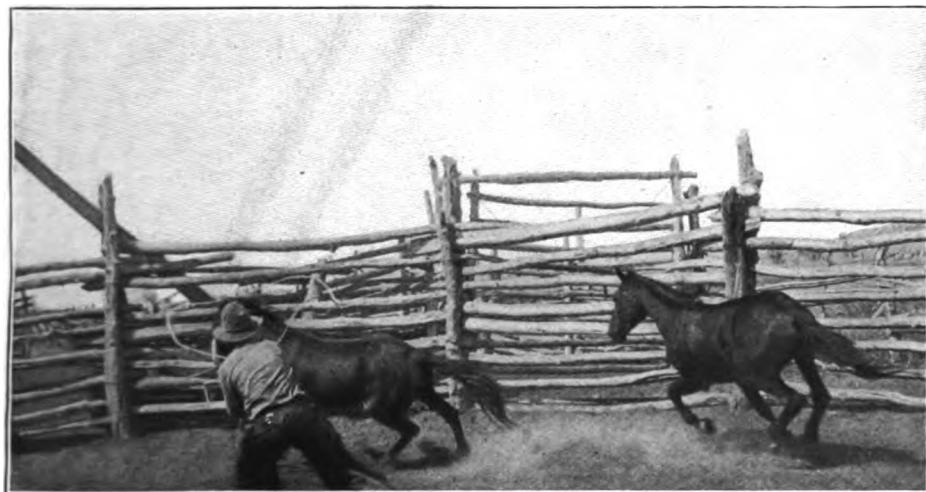
"Looks like Old Satchel k'aint have no fun," Andy Williams used to say, "less'n he's sickin' somebody to ride Old Mokey or Zebra, and get k-i-l-l-e-d u-p. It ain't any of my fambly that's takin' risks that way. I shore have knowed fellers, though, to get a gun bent over their nut for less than loan-in' such outlaws to parties with a yearn for this glad life."

On the September day reverted to, there drifted into that camp of ours a strange, wild specimen of humanity, not only wild-looking, but with that something indescribable in the look of his eye that told of his hunger for his kind.

No puncher need look twice as he approached to learn that the black mare he is riding, is "Injun" and wild, a stranger to cow camps, unbitted, ridden with something between a one-eared bridle and a hackamore made of untanned skin; that his stirrups are pick-ups that don't mate, that the skirtless seat itself is more like some old castaway, back-number tree that's been hanging on a fence for a year, than a saddle.

That arrival resulted in old Twodot taking a long lay-off and making a trail boss of Andy. It was, to the last day of that worthy's life, worth while to hear him re-

*The first guard after the last meal of the day.



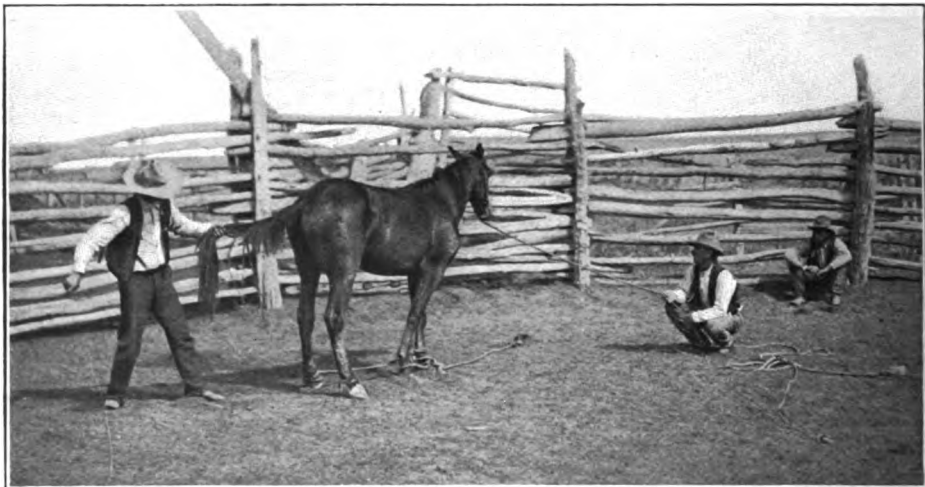
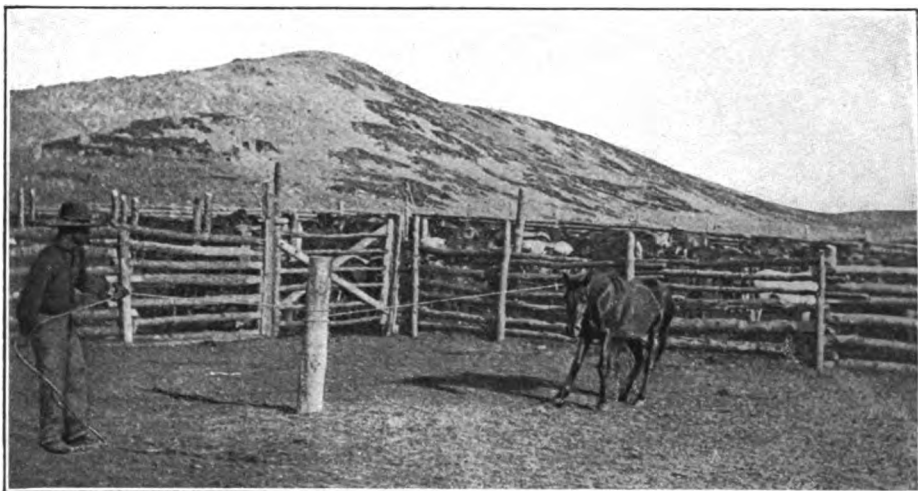
The outer gate swings and the band dashes through.

The flying noose falls true.

gale a bunch of cow-hands with the story in somewhat this wise:

"I never did meet up with but one sure-enough hoss-tamer since I works my way, packin' water, into old Rarey's show when I'm a kid, where he's tamin' balky plugs for farmers back in old Misoo' at ten bucks a hoss; and that was Stutterin' Bob, that strikes us when we are locatin' the first 'A's' old Satchel brings in on Powder that time. It's this Bob, you see, shoots up old Daniel's dive in Cheyenne that time, and wings one of the Blocker outfit when he's makin' his getaway, headin' north,

thinkin' he's a hunted outlaw. Keeps goin' from May to July, dodging stage roads and cow camps and every place where he might have got a meal, livin' like a 'kyot-e, and packin' a hunk of the Blocker boys' lead in his shoulder. When he is about all in he stumbles onto the camp of this old French doctor that's livin' with the Crees and breeds, around Sheep Mountains. Old Frenchy mines the lead out of him, and fixes him up some, but when he gets so he can crawl out of the wickiup, he ain't got no more horse, saddle, or gun, than a prairie-d-a-w-g. Them Crees the old sport



"Easy, easy now!"

He's cross-hobbled now and ready for the saddle.

is a-harboring has him set afoot proper, exceptin' the clothes he's got on, and one pop. When he just *kain't* choke down another round of the marrow-gut and pemican dawg-feed this outfit feasts on, he borrows a hoss one dark night, and lights out on the back trail. It's a cinch that lone gents ridin' mares* ain't so permiscous that away but what this Stutterin' Bob makes a hit with the A outfit, we bein' three hundred miles from a neighboring cow camp or a stage ranch when he shows up on us in that rig of his'n. Starvin', hidin', and hard

ridin' fixes it that he gets the red ticket easy over anything that hits Powder River up to then. We all has our preejidences. Old Twodot has his. No squawmen, breeds, or Injuns for his'n. He catches a whiff of that teepee smell that's waftin' all the way from the old Dock's Cree Wickup in them remnants of what's onct Bob's clothes; while Bob, all onbeknownst to them preejidences, is throwin' the feast of *his* life into hisself; after which he loses no time bracin' Old Satchel fer a job, ridin'. 'Well, stranger,' says old Twodot, smoothlike, disguisin' his feelin's, 'we ain't short-handed for riders,

* Never used by cow outfits.



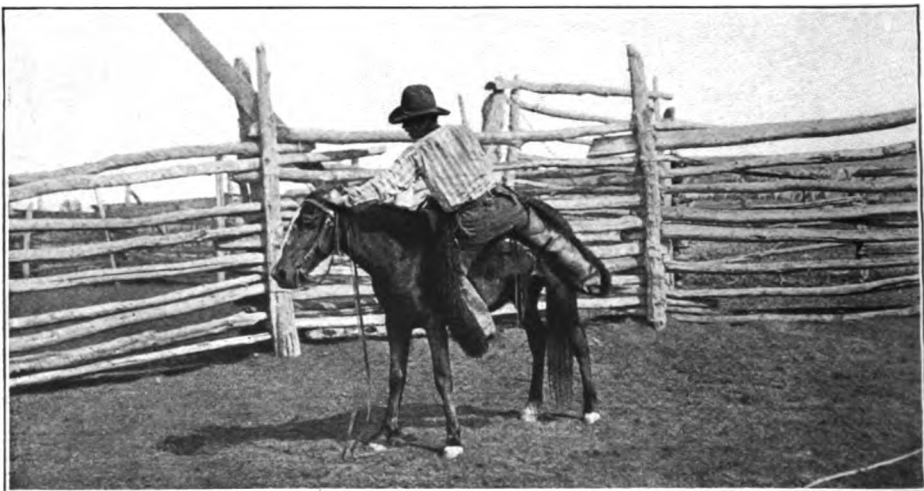
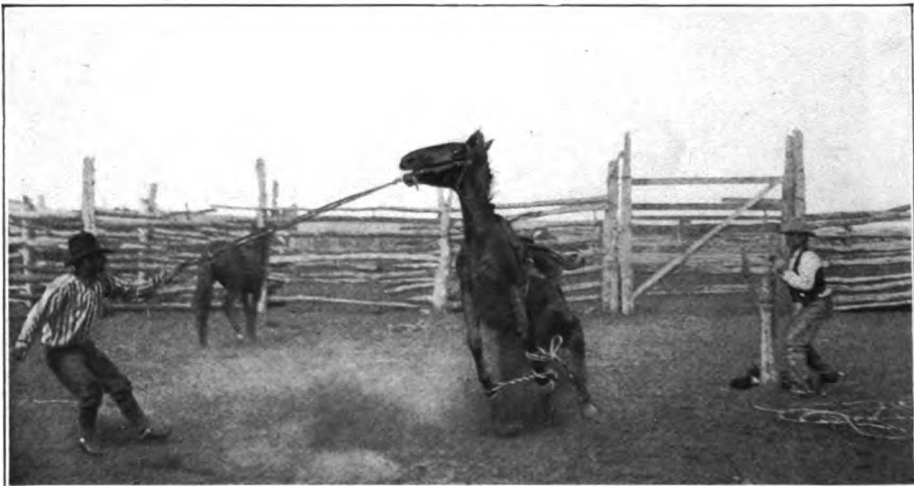
Cross-hobbled as he is, the horse dodges the saddle blanket successfully.

The first hard pull and the saddle is firmly in place.

just at present, but, if you-all hain't drawin' the line at *mares*, I might stake you to an old gentle hoss or two, out of my string, so you can help with the cattle for a spell, until you can strike something better.'

"That's all right with him. Next thing we see is this wild man leadin' old Zebra out of the bunch with this hackamore of his. Now, Zebra, he's one of these splay-footed, old hellyans that'll stand kinder spraddled, thoughtful, and meek-like for saddlin', never making a flounce until his man starts swingin' up; then of a sudden he breaks out er-rocketin', hoggin', sun-

fishin', and plowin' up the yarth for about seven jumps, when he changes ends, caterpillers, goin' over back quicker'n lightnin'. The way the outfit begins to line up watchin' him cinch that old centre-fire tree on old Zebra confirms his suspicions. He gives Twodot a savage look like a trapped wolf, tucks the loose coil of that hackamore rope into his belt, and just *walks* onto that hoss; never tries to find the off-stirrup, but stands high in the nigh one, a-rakin' old Zeeb up and down, and reachin' fer the root of his tail, and jabbin' him with his heel every jump until he goes to the earth, feet up-



Sometimes it's quite as interesting getting the hobbles off as on.

Mounting—the ear twist.

wards like a bear fightin' bees. Old Bob ain't under there to get pinched none, though, not on your type; he's jest calmly puttin' a pair of rawhide hobbles on them front feet and a-wroppin' old Zeeb's head and ears in that rag of a coat of his'n, that seems like he shucks before he hits the ground. I'll never tell a man what that long-legged, stutterin' maverick does to a bronc. Zebra ain't the last horse, though, that I sees him mesmerize, until they'd seem to firgit their past life when he'd let 'em up to foller him around crow hoppin' in the hobbles like a trick mewn in a circus.

Less time than I'm tellin' you, he has them hobbles off again, and is ridin' old Zebra round as quiet as a night hoss.

"The laugh is on old Twodot; and he's that ringey he breaks out intimatin' Bob of some dirty breed work, like slippin' a handful of gravel or a string of buckshot into old Zeeb's ear, and a chow-ow-in' that he never *did* see no Squawherdin' — that rides fair. At that Bob climbs down, sayin' quiet like, 'Eat that Injun part and that name or I'll *ride* you.' Old Satchel goes after his gun, but Bob is too quick. He has him plugged through the wrist, and



He discovers his legs are once more unshackled.

Again and again he goes high.

sends another barkin' his scalp that downs him like a beef before he ever gets action. That's however I got *my* start in life, running the old A outfit."

It was a far, far cry between those two September days, between those two samples of blackberry pie. Stutterin' Bob, Two-dot, Old Andy, and Gentleman Bill had passed away. In the shade of this old Bow-Gun blacksmith shop, vaqueros born since their time were listening to tales of their prowess, while tentatively mending gear, from saddles to sougans, through the long afternoon.

It was the third and last day of my stay at the old ranch. Warren, rising from breakfast asked—of no one in particular—"Who all is going to haze me?" Which was to say that Oscar, Flaxey, Stripes, and their fellows of that day's work are to-day to get their first gallop outside—with a hazer, a rider mounted on something wise to the game and swift enough of foot to stay alongside, heading them from washouts, dog-towns, and miles on miles of breaks and cut-banks, any direction from the Bow-Gun, where there's such footing as one takes with caution on well-broken mounts.



Rearing and backing.

Plumb gentle.

Now he dispensed with hobbles and helpers, roped, bridled, and saddled the horses unaided, mounted them, circled the corral a turn or two, gave the gateman the word, and out they went like a shot, buster and hazer neck and neck, off up the flat like a whipping finish in a quarter race. Four rides with a slicker lesson or two, and these dare-devil riders call them "plumb gentle," and each man gets his share of the new ones for immediate use in his string.

"Of course," mused Lee, as we lounged by the cook's fire that last evening; "of course, if a buster was getting fifteen bones

a head instead of five, and all the time he needed, say thirty instead of five days, for a bunch like this one, horse fighting would be safer, less exciting, less picturesque, as you'd say. We would do our work, too, in a heap safer way for horses and men; but will it pay? is the question. Whether it's bustin' a bronc or a bank, bosses won't stand for a fifteen-dollar finish on a thirty-five dollar horse."

"Where do you go to ride your next bunch?" I asked.

Warren fell silent, twirling thoughtfully the rowel of a spur, before replying.

"Just between ourselves, I am quitting the game right here—riding my last bronc'. *She* wants that in our "contract." I am to be promoted to run the Flying Eight over on the river. We'll be at home to our friends along about turkey time, and you'll be welcome, if you happen that way, to the best we've got, and the spin of your life behind a pair of flyin' hole colts."



The old Bow-Gun Ranch.

FINALITIES

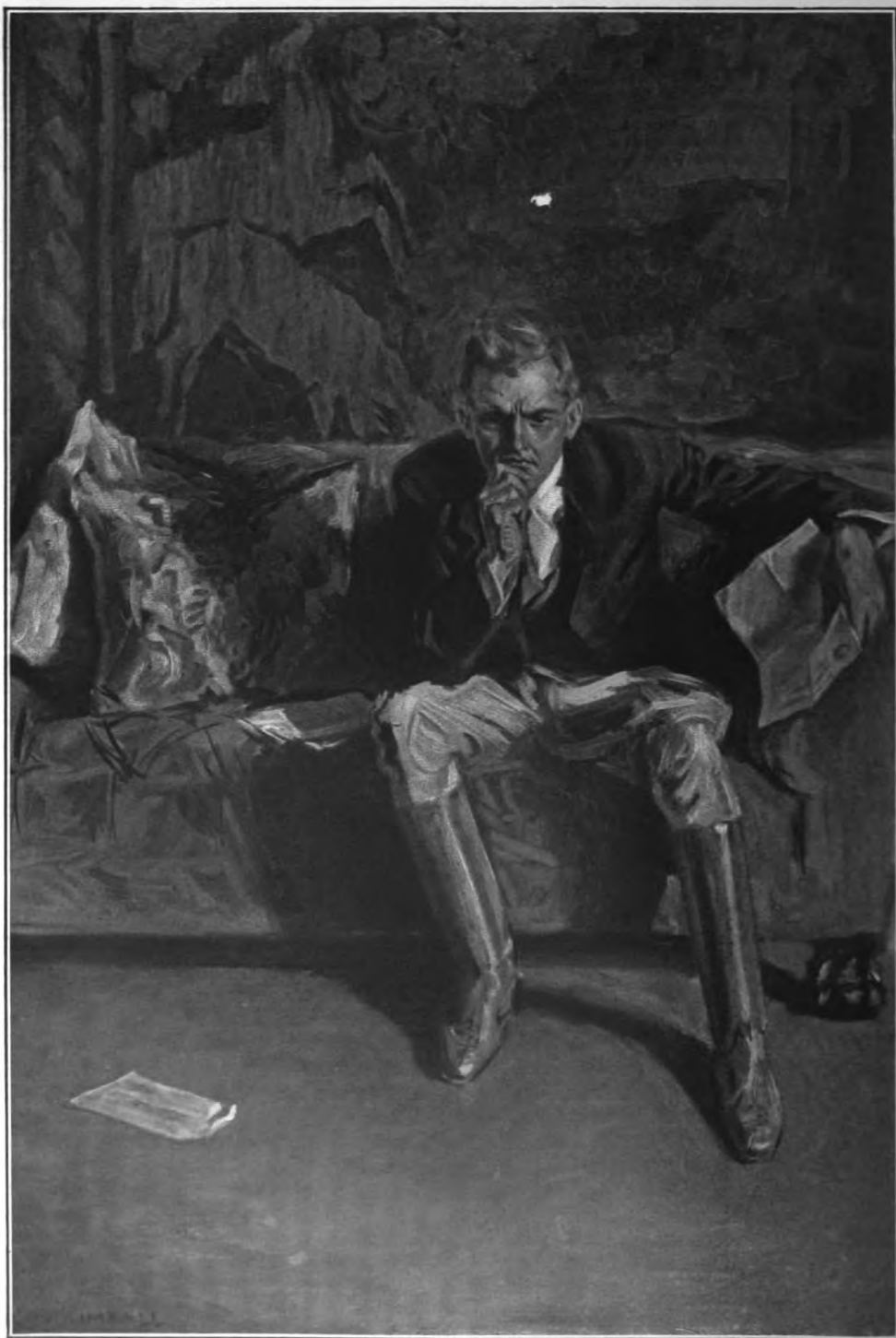
By M. A. DeWolfe Howe

THE AMBUSH

SUDDEN turnings of the trail,
Fading footprints, clues that fail—
What may not these portents mean
When the foe is all unseen,
And each fated pioneer
Fares along a grim frontier?
Lurking somewhere, left or right,
Near the pathway, safe from sight,
In his ambush subtly laid,
Stands the patient, hostile Shade.
Come you marching like a king,
Like a craven loitering,
Still the unconquerable foe
Waits your coming: forward, go!
Thus along the grim frontier
Fares each fated pioneer.

THE LAST ENEMY

For my destined last defeat
Naught of mercy I entreat;
Only borne to earth and faint
May I fall without complaint;
But, dear Foe, for them I love
All thy mercy would I move.
Torture not their end with vain
Long vicissitudes of pain;
Though they feel thee lurking near,
Let their brave hearts laugh at fear;
Then bestow thy sweetest gift,
Smiting merciful and swift.
Yet—yet may the stroke be stayed
Till at evening, undismayed,
They shall seize the vision far
Of one reassuring star!



Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

What was there to keep him from accepting?—Page 99.

THE FRUIT OF THE TREE

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

BOOK III—(Continued)

XIX



It was late in October when Amherst returned to Lynbrook.

He had begun to learn, in the interval, the lesson most difficult to his direct and trenchant nature: that compromise is the law of married life. On the afternoon of his talk with his wife he had sought her out, determined to make a final effort to clear up the situation between them; but he learned that, immediately after luncheon, she had gone off in the motor with Mrs. Carbury and two men of the party, leaving word that they would probably not be back till evening. It cost Amherst a struggle, when he had humbled himself to receive this information from the butler, not to pack his portmanteau and take the first train for Hanaford; but he was still under the influence of Justine Brent's words, and also of his own feeling that, at this juncture of their lives, a break between himself and Bessy would be final.

He stayed on accordingly, enduring as best he might the mute observation of the household, and the gentle irony of Mr. Langhope's attentions; and before he left Lynbrook, two days later, a kind of provisional understanding had been reached.

His wife proved more firm than he had foreseen in her resolve to regain control of her income, and the talk between them ended in reciprocal concessions, Bessy consenting to let the town house for the winter and remain at Lynbrook, while Amherst agreed to restrict his improvements at Westmore to such alterations as had already been begun, and to reduce the expenditure on these as much as possible. It was virtually the defeat of his policy, and he had to suffer the decent triumph of the Gaineses, as well as the bitter pang of his foiled aspirations. In spite of the opposition of the directors,

he had taken advantage of Truscomb's resignation to put Duplain at the head of the mills; but the new manager's outspoken disgust at the company's change of plan made it clear that he would not remain long at Westmore, and it was one of the miseries of Amherst's situation that he could not give the reasons for his defection, but must bear to figure in Duplain's terse vocabulary as a "quitter." The difficulty of finding a new manager expert enough to satisfy the directors, yet in sympathy with his own social theories, made Amherst fear that Duplain's withdrawal would open the way for Truscomb's triumphant reinstatement, an outcome on which he suspected that Halford Gaines had always counted; and this possibility loomed before him as the final defeat of his hopes.

Meanwhile the issues confronting him had at least the merit of keeping him busy. The task of modifying and retrenching his plans contrasted drearily with the hopeful activity of the past months, but he had an iron capacity for hard work under adverse conditions, and the fact of being too busy for thought helped him to wear through the days. This pressure of work relieved him, at first, from too close consideration of his relation to Bessy. He had yielded up his dearest hopes at her wish, and for the moment his renunciation had set a chasm between them; but gradually he saw that, as he was patching together the ruins of his Westmore plans, so he must presently apply himself to the reconstruction of his married life.

Before leaving Lynbrook he had had a last word with Miss Brent; not a word of confidence—for the same sense of reserve kept both from any explicit renewal of their moment's intimacy—but one of those exchanges of commonplace phrase that circumstances may be left to charge with special meaning. Justine had merely asked if he were really leaving and, on his assenting,

had exclaimed quickly: "But you will come back soon?"

"I shall certainly come back," he answered; and after a pause he added: "I shall find you here? You are going to remain at Lynbrook?"

On her part also there was a shade of hesitation; then she said with a smile: "Yes, I shall stay."

His look brightened. "And you will write me if anything—if Bessy should not be well?"

"I will write you," she promised; and a few weeks after his return to Hanaford he had, in fact, received a short note from her. Its ostensible purpose was to reassure him as to Bessy's health, which had certainly grown stronger since Dr. Wyant had persuaded her, after the dispersal of the last house-party, to accord herself a short period of quiet; but (the writer added) now that Mr. Langhope and Mrs. Ansell had also left, the quiet was perhaps too complete, and Bessy's nerves were beginning to suffer from the reaction.

Amherst had no difficulty in interpreting this brief communication. "I have succeeded in dispersing the people who are always keeping you and your wife apart; now is your chance: come and take it." That was what Miss Brent's letter meant; and his answer was a telegram to Bessy, announcing his return to Long Island.

The step was not an easy one to take; but decisive action, however hard, was always easier to Amherst than the ensuing interval of readjustment. To come to Lynbrook had required a strong effort of will; but the effort of remaining there called into play less disciplined faculties.

Amherst had always been used to doing things; now he had to resign himself to enduring a state of things. The material facilities of the life about him, the way in which the machinery of the great empty house ran on like some complex apparatus working in the void, increased the exasperation of his nerves. Dr. Wyant's suggestion—which Amherst suspected Justine of having prompted—that Mrs. Amherst should cancel her autumn engagements, and give herself up to a quiet outdoor life with her husband, seemed to present the very opportunity these two distracted spirits needed to find and repossess each other. But, though Amherst was grateful to Bessy for having

dismissed her visitors—partly to please him, as he guessed—yet he found the routine of the establishment more oppressive than when the house was full. If he could have been alone with her in a quiet corner—the despised cottage at Westmore, even!—he fancied they might still have been brought together by restricted space and the familiar exigencies of life. All the primitive necessities which bind together, through their recurring daily wants, natures fated to find no higher point of union, had been carefully eliminated from the life at Lynbrook, where material needs were not only provided for but anticipated by a hidden mechanism that filled the house with the perpetual sense of invisible attendance. Though Amherst knew that he and Bessy could never meet in the region of great issues, he thought he might have regained the way to her heart, and found relief from his own inaction, in the small ministrations of daily life; but the next moment he smiled to picture Bessy in surroundings where the clocks were not wound of themselves and the doors did not fly open at her approach. Those thick-crowding cares and drudgeries which serve as merciful screens between so many discordant natures would have been as intolerable to her as was to Amherst the great glare of leisure in which he and she were now confronted.

He saw that Bessy was in the state of propitiatory eagerness which always followed on her gaining a point in their long duel; and he could guess that she was tremulously anxious not only to make up to him, by all the arts she knew, for the sacrifice she had exacted, but also to conceal from every one the fact that, as Mr. Langhope bluntly put it, he had been "brought to terms." Amherst was touched by her efforts, and half-ashamed of his own inability to respond to them. But his mind, released from its normal preoccupations, had become a dangerous instrument of analysis and disintegration, and conditions which, a few months before, he might have accepted with the wholesome tolerance of the busy man, now pressed on him unendurably. He saw that he and his wife were really face to face for the first time since their marriage. Hitherto something had always intervened between them—first the spell of her grace and beauty, and the brief joy of her participation in his work; then the sorrow of their

child's death, and after that the temporary exhilaration of carrying out his ideas at Westmore—but now that the last of these veils had been torn away they confronted each other as strangers.

The habit of keeping factory hours drove Amherst forth long before his wife's day began, and in the course of one of these early tramps he met Miss Brent and Cicely setting out for a distant swamp where rumour had it that a rare native orchid might be found. Justine's sylvan tastes had developed in the little girl a passion for these pillaging expeditions, and Cicely, who had discovered that her step-father knew almost as much about birds and squirrels as Miss Brent did about flowers, was not to be appeased till Amherst had scrambled into the pony-cart, wedging his long legs between a fern-box and a lunch-basket, and balancing a Scotch terrier's telescopic body across his knees.

The season was so mild that only one or two light windless frosts had singed the foliage of oaks and beeches, and gilded the roadsides with a smooth carpeting of maple leaves. The morning haze rose like smoke from burnt-out pyres of sumach and sugar-maple; a silver bloom lay on the furrows of the ploughed fields; and now and then, as they drove on, the wooded road showed at its end a tarnished disk of light, where sea and sky were merged.

At length they left the road for a winding track through scrub-oaks and glossy thickets of mountain-laurel; the track died out at the foot of a wooded knoll, and clambering along its base they came upon the swamp. There it lay in charmed solitude, shut in by a tawny growth of larch and swamp-maple, its edges burnt out to smouldering shades of russet, ember-red and ash-en-grey, while the quaking centre still preserved a jewel-like green, where hidden lanes of moisture wound between islets tufted with swamp-cranberry and with the charred browns of fern and wild-rose and bay. Sodden earth and decaying branches gave forth a strange sweet odour, as of the aromatic essences embalming a dead summer; and the air charged with this scent was so still that the snapping of witch-hazel pods, the drop of a nut, the leap of a startled frog, pricked the silence with separate points of sound.

The pony made fast, the terrier released, and fern-box and lunch-basket slung over Amherst's shoulder, the three explorers set forth on their journey. Amherst, as became his sex, led the way; but after a few absent-minded plunges into the sedgy depths between the islets, he was ordered to relinquish his command and fall to the rear, where he might perform the humbler service of occasionally lifting Cicely over unspannable gulfs of moisture.

Justine, leading the way, guided them across the treacherous surface as fearlessly as a king-fisher, lighting instinctively on every grass-tussock and submerged tree-stump of the uncertain path. Now and then she paused, her feet drawn close on their narrow perch, and her slender body swaying over as she reached down for some rare growth detected among the withered reeds and grasses; then she would right herself again by a backward movement as natural as the upward spring of a branch—so free and flexible in all her motions that she seemed akin to the swaying reeds and curving brambles which caught at her as she passed.

At length the explorers reached the mossy corner where the orchids lurked, and Cicely, securely balanced on a fallen tree-trunk, was allowed to dig the coveted roots. When they had been packed away, it was felt that this culminating moment must be celebrated with immediate libations of jam and milk; and having climbed to a dry slope among the fragrant pepper-bushes, the party fell on the contents of the lunch-basket. It was just the hour when Bessy's maid was carrying her breakfast-tray, with its delicate service of old silver and porcelain, into the darkened bed-room at Lynbrook; but early rising and hard scrambling had whetted the appetites of the naturalists, and the plain nursery fare which Cicely spread before them seemed a sumptuous reward for their toil.

"I do like this kind of picnic much better than the ones where mother takes all the footmen, and the mayonnaise has to be scraped off things before I can eat them," Cicely declared, lifting her foaming mouth from a beaker of milk.

Amherst, lighting his pipe, stretched himself contentedly among the pepper-bushes, steeped in that unreflecting peace which is shed into some hearts by communion with

trees and sky. He too was glad to get away from the footmen and the mayonnaise, and he imagined that his stepdaughter's exclamation summed up all the reasons for his happiness. The boyish wood-craft which he had cultivated in order to encourage the same taste in his factory lads came to life in this sudden return to nature, and he redeemed his clumsiness in crossing the swamp by spying a marsh-wren's nest that had escaped Justine, and detecting in a swiftly-flitting olive-brown bird a belated tanager in autumn incognito.

Cicely sat rapt while he pictured the bird's winter pilgrimage, with glimpses of the seas and islands that fled beneath him till his long southern flight ended in the dim glades of the equatorial forests.

"Oh, what a good life—how I should like to be a wander-bird, and look down people's chimneys twice a year!" Justine laughed, tilting her head back to catch a last glimpse of the tanager.

The sun beamed full on their ledge from a sky of misty blue, and she had thrown aside her hat, uncovering her thick waves of hair, blue-black in the hollows, with warm rusty edges where they took the light. Cicely dragged down a plummy spray of traveller's joy and wound it above her friend's forehead; and thus wreathed, with her bright pallour relieved against the dusky autumn tints, Justine looked like a wood-spirit who had absorbed into herself the last golden juices of the year.

She leaned back laughing against a tree-trunk, pelting Cicely with witch-hazel pods, making the terrier waltz for scraps of gingerbread, and breaking off now and then to imitate, with her clear full notes, the call of some hidden marsh-bird, or the scolding chatter of a squirrel in the scrub-oaks.

"Is that what you'd like most about the journey—looking down the chimneys?" Amherst asked with a smile.

"Oh, I don't know—I should love it all! Think of the joy of skimming over half the earth—seeing it born again out of darkness every morning! Sometimes, when I've been up all night with a patient, and have seen the world *come back to me* like that, I've been almost mad with its beauty; and then the thought that I've never seen more than a little corner of it makes me feel as if I were chained. But I think if I had wings I should choose to be a house-swallow; and then,

after I'd had my fill of wonders, I should come back to my familiar corner, and my house full of busy humdrum people, and fly low to warn them of rain, and wheel up high to show them it was good haying weather, and know what was going on in every room in the house, and every house in the village; and all the while I should be hugging my wonderful big secret—the secret of snow-plains and burning deserts, and coral islands and buried cities—and should put it all into my chatter under the eaves, that the people in the house were always too busy to stop and listen to—and when winter came I'm sure I should hate to leave them, even to go back to my great Brazilian forests full of orchids and monkeys!"

"But, Justine, in winter you could take care of the monkeys," the practical Cicely suggested.

"Yes—and that would remind me of home!" Justine cried, swinging about to pinch the little girl's chin.

She was in one of the buoyant moods when the spirit of life caught her in its grip, and shook and tossed her on its mighty waves as a sea-bird is tossed through the spray of flying rollers. At such moments all the light and music of the world seemed distilled into her veins, and forced up in bubbles of laughter to her lips and eyes. Amherst had never seen her thus, and he watched her with the sense of relaxation which the contact of limpid gaiety brings to a mind obscured by failure and self-distrust. The world was not so dark a place after all, if such springs of merriment could well up in a heart as sensitive as hers to the burden and toil of existence.

"Isn't it strange," she went on with a sudden drop to gravity, "that the bird whose wings carry him farthest and show him the most wonderful things, is the one who always comes back to the eaves, and is happiest in the thick of everyday life?"

Her eyes met Amherst's. "It seems to me," he said, "that you're like that yourself—loving long flights, yet happiest in the thick of life."

She raised her dark brows laughingly. "So I imagine—but then you see I've never had the long flight!"

Amherst smiled. "Ah, there it is—one never knows—one never says, *This is the moment!* because, however good it is, it always seems the door to a better one beyond.

Faust never said it till the end, when he'd nothing left of all he began by thinking worth while; and then, with what a difference it was said!"

She pondered. "Yes—but it *was* the best, after all—the moment in which he had nothing left. . . ."

"Oh," Cicely broke in suddenly, "do look at the squirrel up there! See, father—he's off! Let's follow him!"

As she crouched there, with head thrown back, and sparkling lips and eyes, her fair hair—of her mother's very hue—making a shining haze about her face, Amherst recalled with a pang the winter evening at Hopwood, when he and Bessy had tracked the grey squirrel under the snowy beeches. Scarcely three years ago—and how bitter memory had turned! A chilly cloud spread over his spirit, reducing everything once more to the leaden hue of reality. . . .

"It's too late for any more adventures—we must be going home," he said.

XX

AMHERST'S morning excursions with his step-daughter and Miss Brent renewed themselves more than once. He welcomed any pretext for escaping from the unprofitable round of his thoughts, and these woodland explorations, with their breathless rivalry of search for some rare plant or elusive bird, and the contact with the child's happy wonder, and with the morning brightness of Justine's mood, gave him his only moments of self-forgetfulness.

But the first time that Cicely's chatter carried home an echo of their adventures, Amherst saw a cloud on his wife's face. Her passing resentment of Justine's influence over the child had long since subsided, and in the temporary absence of the governess she was glad to have Cicely amused; but she was never quite satisfied that those about her should have pursuits and diversions in which she did not share. Her jealousy did not concentrate itself upon her husband and Miss Brent: Amherst had never shown any inclination for the society of other women, and if the possibility had been suggested to her, she would probably have said that Justine was not "in his style"—so unconscious is a pretty woman apt to be of the versatility of masculine tastes. But Amherst saw that she felt herself excluded from amuse-

ments in which she had no desire to join, and of which she consequently failed to see the purpose; and he gave up accompanying his step-daughter.

Bessy, as if in acknowledgment of his renunciation, rose earlier in order to prolong their rides together. Dr. Wyant had counselled her against the fatigue of following the hounds, and she instinctively turned their horses away from the course the hunt was likely to take; but now and then the cry of the pack, or the flash of red on a distant slope, sent the blood to her face and made her press her mare to a gallop. When they escaped such encounters she showed no great zest in the exercise, and their rides resolved themselves into a spiritless middle-aged jog along the autumn lanes. In the early days of their marriage the joy of a canter side by side had merged them in a community of sensation beyond need of speech; but now that the physical spell had passed they felt the burden of a silence that neither knew how to break.

Once only, a moment's friction galvanized these lifeless rides. It was one morning when Bessy's wild mare Impulse, under-exercised and over-fed, suddenly broke from her control, and would have unseated her but for Amherst's grasp on the bridle.

"The horse is not fit for you to ride," he exclaimed, as the hot creature, with shudders of defiance rippling her flanks, lapsed into sullen subjection to his hand.

"It's only because I don't ride her enough," Bessy panted. "That new groom is ruining her mouth."

"You must not ride her alone, then."

"I shall not let that man ride her."

"I say you must not ride her alone."

"It's ridiculous to have a groom at one's heels!"

"Nevertheless you must, if you ride Impulse."

Their eyes met, and she quivered and yielded like the horse. "Oh, if you say so——" She always hugged his brief flashes of authority.

"I do say so. You promise me?"

"If you like——"

Amherst had made an attempt to occupy himself with the condition of Lynbrook, one of those slovenly villages, without individual character or the tradition of self-respect, which spring up in America on the skirts of

the rich summer colonies. But Bessy had never given Lynbrook a thought, and he realized the futility of hoping to interest her in its mongrel population of day-labourers and publicans so soon after his glaring failure at Westmore. The sight of the village irritated him whenever he passed through the Lynbrook gates, but having perforce accepted the situation of prince consort, without voice in the government, he tried to put himself out of relation with all the questions which had hitherto engrossed him, and to see life simply as a spectator. He could even conceive that, under certain conditions, there might be compensations in the passive attitude; but unfortunately these conditions were not such as the life at Lynbrook presented.

The temporary cessation of Bessy's weekend parties had naturally not closed her doors to occasional visitors, and glimpses of the autumnal animation of Long Island passed now and then across the Amhersts' horizon. Blanche Carbury had installed herself at Mapleside, a fashionable autumn colony half-way between Lynbrook and Clifton, and even Amherst, unused as he was to noting the seemingly inconsecutive movements of idle people, could not but remark that her visits to his wife almost invariably coincided with Ned Bowfort's cantering over unannounced from the Hunt Club where he had taken up his autumn quarters.

There was something very likeable about Bowfort, to whom Amherst was attracted by the fact that he was one of the few men of Bessy's circle who knew what was going on in the outer world. Throughout an existence which one divined to have been both dependent and desultory, he had preserved a sense of wider relations and acquired a smattering of information to which he applied his only independent faculty, that of clear thought. He could talk intelligently and not too inaccurately of the larger questions which Lynbrook ignored, and a gay indifference to the importance of money seemed the crowning grace of his nature, till Amherst suddenly learned that this attitude of detachment was generally ascribed to the liberality of Mrs. Fenton Carbury. "Everybody knows she married Fenton to provide for Ned," some one let fall in the course of one of the smoking-room dissertations upon which the host of Lynbrook had such diffi-

culty in fixing his attention; and the speaker's matter-of-course tone, and the careless acquiescence of his hearers, were more offensive to Amherst than the fact itself. In the first flush of his disgust he classed the story as one of the lies bred in the malarious air of after-dinner gossip; but gradually he saw that, whether true or not, it had sufficient circulation to cast a shade of ambiguity on the persons concerned. Bessy alone seemed deaf to the rumours about her friend. There was something captivating to her in Mrs. Carbury's slang and noise, in her defiance of decorum and contempt of criticism. "I like Blanche because she doesn't pretend," was Bessy's vague justification of the lady; but in reality she was under the mysterious spell which such natures cast over the less venturesome imaginations of their own sex.

Amherst at first tried to deaden himself to the situation, as part of the larger coil of miseries in which he found himself; but all his traditions were against such tolerance, and they were roused to revolt by the receipt of a newspaper clipping, sent by an anonymous hand and enlarging allusively on the fact that the clandestine meetings of a fashionable couple were being facilitated by the connivance of a Long Island *châtelaine*. Amherst, hot from the perusal of this paragraph, sprang into the first train, and laid the clipping before his father-in-law, who chanced to be passing through town on his way from the Hudson to the Hot Springs.

Mr. Langhope, ensconced in the cushioned privacy of the reading-room at the Amsterdam Club, where he had invited his son-in-law to meet him, perused the article with the cool eye of the collector to whom a new curiosity is offered.

"I suppose," he mused, "that in the time of the Pharaohs the Morning Papyrus used to serve up this kind of thing—" and then, as the nervous tension of his hearer expressed itself in a sudden movement, he added, handing back the clipping with a smile: "What do you propose to do? Kill the editor, and forbid Blanche and Bowfort the house?"

"I mean to do something," Amherst began, suddenly chilled by the realization that his wrath had not yet shaped itself into a definite plan of action.

"Well, it must be that or nothing," said Mr. Langhope, drawing his stick medita-

tively across his knee. "And, of course, if it's *that*, you'll land Bessy in a devil of a mess."

Without giving his son-in-law time to protest, he touched rapidly but vividly on the inutility and embarrassment of libel suits, and on the devices whereby the legal means of vindication from such attacks may be turned against those who have recourse to them; and Amherst listened to him with a sickened sense of the incompatibility between abstract standards of honour and their practical application.

"What should you do, then?" he murmured, as Mr. Langhope ended with his light shrug and a "See Tredegar, if you don't believe me"—; and his father-in-law replied, with a gesture of evasion: "Why, leave the responsibility where it belongs!"

"Where it belongs?"

"To Fenton Carbury, of course. Luckily it's nobody's business but his, and if he doesn't mind what is said about his wife I don't see how you can take up the cudgels for her without casting another shade on her somewhat chequered reputation."

Amherst stared. "His wife? What do I care what's said of her? I'm thinking of mine!"

"Well, if Carbury has no objection to his wife's meeting Bowfort, I don't see how you can object to her meeting him at your house. In such matters, as you know, it has mercifully been decided that the husband's attitude shall determine other people's; otherwise we should be deprived of the legitimate pleasure of slandering our neighbours." Mr. Langhope was always careful to temper his explanations with an "as you know": he would have thought it ill-bred to omit this parenthesis in elucidating the social code to his son-in-law.

"Then you mean that I can do nothing?"

Amherst exclaimed, frowning.

Mr. Langhope smiled. "What applies to Carbury applies to you—by doing nothing you establish the fact that there's nothing to do; just as you create the difficulty by recognizing it." And he added, as Amherst sat silent: "Take Bessy away, and they'll have to see each other elsewhere."

Amherst returned to Lynbrook with the echoes of this casuistry in his brain. It seemed to him but a part of the ingenious system of evasion whereby a society bent on the undisturbed pursuit of amusement had

contrived to protect itself from the intrusion of the disagreeable: a policy summed up in Mr. Langhope's concluding advice that Amherst should take his wife away. Yes—that was wealth's contemptuous answer to every challenge of responsibility: duty, sorrow and disgrace were equally to be evaded by a change of residence, and nothing in life need be faced and fought out while one could pay for a passage to Europe!

In a calmer mood Amherst's sense of humour would have preserved him from such a view of his father-in-law's advice; but just then it fell like a spark on his smouldering prejudices. He was clear-sighted enough to recognize the obstacles to legal retaliation; but this only made him the more resolved to assert his will in his own house. He no longer paused to consider the possible effect of such a course on his already strained relations with his wife: the man's will rose in him and spoke.

The scene between Bessy and himself was short and sharp; and it ended in a way that left him more than ever perplexed at the ways of her sex. Impatient of preamble, he had opened the attack with his ultimatum: the suspected couple were to be denied the house. Bessy flamed into immediate defence of her friend; but to Amherst's surprise she no longer sounded the note of her own rights. Both were animated by emotions deeper-seated and more instinctive than had ever before confronted them; yet while Amherst's resistance was gathering strength from the conflict, his wife's suddenly and unexpectedly collapsed in tears and submission. She would do as he wished, of course—give up seeing Blanche, dismiss Bowfort, wash her hands, in short, of the imprudent pair—in such matters a woman needed a man's guidance, a wife must of necessity see with her husband's eyes; and she looked up into his through a mist of penitence and admiration. . . .

XXI

IN the first reaction from her brief delusion about Stephen Wyant, Justine accepted with a good grace the necessity of staying on at Lynbrook. Though she was now well enough to return to her regular work, her talk with Amherst had made her feel that, for the present, she could be of more use by remaining with Bessy; and she was not sorry

to have a farther period of delay and reflection before taking the next step in her life. These at least were the reasons she gave herself for deciding not to leave; and if any less ostensible lurked beneath, they were not as yet visible even to her searching self-scrutiny.

At first she was embarrassed by the obligation of meeting Dr. Wyant, on whom her definite refusal had produced an effect for which she could not hold herself free from blame. She had not kept her promise of seeing him on the day after their encounter at the post-office, but had written, instead, in terms which obviously made such a meeting unnecessary. But all her efforts to soften the abruptness of her answer could not conceal, from either herself or her suitor, that it was not the one she had led him to expect; and she foresaw that if she remained at Lynbrook she could not escape a scene of recrimination.

When the scene took place, Wyant's part in it went far toward justifying her decision; yet his vehement reproaches contained a sufficient core of truth to humble her pride. It was lucky for her somewhat exaggerated sense of fairness that he overshot the mark by charging her with a coquetry of which she knew herself innocent, and laying upon her the responsibility for any follies to which her rejection might drive him. Such threats, as a rule, no longer move the feminine imagination; yet Justine's pity for all forms of weakness made her recognize, in the very heat of her contempt for Wyant, that his reproaches were not the mere cry of wounded vanity but the appeal of a nature conscious of its lack of recuperative power. It seemed to her as though she had done him an irreparable harm, and the feeling might have betrayed her into too great a show of compassion had she not been restrained by a salutary fear of the result.

The state of Bessy's nerves necessitated frequent visits from her physician, but Justine, on these occasions, could usually shelter herself behind the professional reserve which kept even Wyant from any open expression of feeling. One day, however, they chanced to find themselves alone before Bessy's return from her ride. The servant had ushered Wyant into the library where Justine was writing, and when she had replied to his enquiries about his patient they found themselves face to face with an

awkward period of waiting. Justine was too proud to cut it short by leaving the room; but Wyant answered her commonplaces at random, stirring uneasily to and fro between window and fireside, and at length halting behind the table at which she sat.

"May I ask how much longer you mean to stay here?" he said in a low voice, his eyes darkening under the sullen jut of the brows.

As she glanced up in surprise she noticed for the first time an odd contraction of his pupils, and the discovery, familiar enough in her professional experience, made her disregard the abruptness of his question and softened the tone in which she answered. "I hardly know—I suppose as long as I am needed."

Wyant laughed. "Needed by whom? By John Amherst?"

A moment passed before Justine took in the full significance of the retort; then the blood rushed to her face. "Yes—I believe both Mr. and Mrs. Amherst need me," she answered, keeping her eyes on his; and Wyant laughed again.

"You didn't think so till Amherst came back from Hanaford. His return seems to have changed your plans in several respects."

She looked away from him, for even now the expression of his eyes moved her to pity and self-reproach. "Dr. Wyant, you are not well; why do you wait to see Mrs. Amherst?" she said.

He stared at her and then his glance fell. "I'm much obliged—I'm as well as usual," he muttered, pushing the hair from his forehead with a shaking hand; and at that moment the sound of Bessy's voice gave Justine a pretext for escape.

In her own room she sank for a moment under a rush of self-disgust and misery; but it soon receded before the saner forces of her nature, leaving only a residue of pity for the poor creature whose secret she had surprised. She had never before suspected Wyant of taking a drug, nor did she now suppose that he did so habitually; but to see him even momentarily under such an influence explained her instinctive sense of his weakness. She felt now that what would have been an insult on other lips was only a cry of distress from his; and once more she blamed herself and forgave him.

But if she had been inclined to any morbidness of self-reproach she would have

been saved from it by other cares. For the moment she was more concerned with Bessy's fate than with her own—her poor friend seemed to have so much more at stake, and so much less strength to bring to the defence of her happiness. Justine was always saved from any excess of self-compassion by the sense, within herself, of abounding forces of growth and self-renewal, as though from every lopped aspiration a fresh shoot of energy must spring; but she felt that Bessy had no such sources of renovation, and that every disappointment left an arid spot in her soul.

Even without the aid of her friend's confidences, Justine would have had no difficulty in following the successive stages of the Amhersts' inner history. She knew that Amherst had virtually resigned his rule at Westmore, and that his wife, in return for the sacrifice, was trying to conform to the way of life she thought he preferred; and the futility of both attempts was more visible to Justine than to either of the two concerned. She saw that the failure of the Amhersts' marriage lay not in any accident of outward circumstances but in the lack of all natural points of contact. As she put it to herself, they met neither underfoot nor overhead: practical necessities united them no more than imaginative joys.

There were moments when Justine thought that Amherst was hard to Bessy, as she suspected that he had once been hard to his mother—as the leader of men must perhaps always be hard to the hampering sex. Yet she did justice to his efforts to accept the irretrievable, and to develop in his wife some capacity for sharing in his minor interests, since she had none of her own with which to fill their days.

Amherst had always been a reader; not, like Justine herself, a flame-like devourer of the page, but a slow and silent absorber of its essence; and in the early days of his marriage he had fancied it would be easy to make Bessy share this taste. Though his mother was not a bookish woman, he had breathed at her side an air rich in allusion and filled with the bright presences of romance; and he had grown to regard this commerce of the imagination as one of the normal conditions of life. The discovery that there were no books at Lynbrook save a few morocco "sets" imprisoned behind the brass trellisings of the library had been

one of the many surprises of his new state. But in his first months with Bessy there was no room for books, and if he thought of the matter it was only in a glancing vision of future evenings, when he and she, in the calm afterglow of happiness, should lean together over some cherished page. Her lack of response to any reference outside the small circle of daily facts had long since dispelled that vision; but now that his own mind felt the need of inner sustenance he began to ask himself whether he might not have done more to waken her imagination. During the long evenings over the library fire he tried to lead the talk to books, with a parenthesis, now and again, from the page beneath his eye; and Bessy met the experiment with conciliatory eagerness. She showed, in especial, a hopeful but misleading preference for poetry, leaning back with dreaming lids and lovely parted lips while he rolled out the immortal measures; but her outward signs of attention never ripened into any expression of opinion, or any after-allusion to what she had heard, and before long he discovered that Justine Brent was his only listener. It was to her that the words he read began to be unconsciously addressed; her comments directed him in his choice of subjects, and the ensuing discussions restored him to some semblance of mental activity.

Bessy, true to her new rôle of acquiescence, shone silently on this interplay of ideas; Amherst even detected in her a vague admiration for his power of conversing on subjects which she regarded as abstruse; and this childlike approval, combined with her submission to his will, deluded him with a sense of recovered power over her. He could not but note that the new phase in their relations had coincided with his first decided assertion of mastery; and he rashly concluded that, with the removal of the influences tending to separate them, his wife might gradually be won back to her earlier sympathy with his views.

To accept this theory was to apply it; for nothing could long divert Amherst from his main purpose, and all the thwarted strength of his will was only gathering to itself fresh stores of energy. He had never been a skillful lover, for no woman had as yet stirred in him those sympathies which call the finer perceptions into play; and there was no instinct to tell him that Bessy's sudden con-

formity to his wishes was as unreasoning as her surrender to his first kiss. He fancied that he and she were at length reaching some semblance of that moral harmony which should grow out of the physical accord, and that, poor and incomplete as the understanding was, it must lift and strengthen their relation.

He waited till the early winter had brought solitude to Lynbrook, dispersing the hunting colony to various points of the compass, and sending Mr. Langhope to Egypt and the Riviera, while Mrs. Ansell, as usual, took up her annual tour of a social circuit whose extreme points were marked by Boston and Baltimore—and then he made his final appeal to his wife.

His pretext for speaking was a letter from Duplain, definitely announcing his resolve not to remain at Westmore. A year earlier Amherst, deeply moved by the letter, would have given it to his wife in the hope of its producing the same effect upon her. He knew better now—he had learned her instinct for detecting “business” under every serious call on her attention. His only hope, as always, was to reach her through the personal appeal; and he put before her the fact of Duplain’s withdrawal as the open victory of his antagonists. But he saw at once that even this expedient could not infuse new life into the question.

“If I go back he will stay—I can hold him, can gain time till things take a turn,” he urged.

“Another? I thought they were definitely settled,” she objected languidly.

“No—they’re not; they can’t be, on such a basis,” Amherst broke out with sudden emphasis. He walked across the room, and came back to her side with a determined face. “It’s a delusion, a deception,” he exclaimed, “to think that I can stand by any longer and see things going to ruin at Westmore! If I’ve made you think so, I’ve unconsciously deceived us both. As long as you’re my wife we’ve only one honour between us, and that honour is mine to take care of.”

“Honour? What an odd expression!” she said with a forced laugh, and a little tinge of pink in her cheek. “You speak as if I had—had made myself talked about—when you know I’ve never even looked at another man!”

“Another man?” Amherst looked at her

in wonder. “Good God! Can’t you conceive of any vow to be kept between husband and wife but the primitive one of bodily fidelity? Heaven knows I’ve never looked at another woman—but, by my reading of our compact, I shouldn’t be keeping faith with you if I didn’t help you to keep faith with better things. And you owe me the same help—the same chance to rise through you, and not sink by you—else we’ve betrayed each other more deeply than any adultery could make us!”

She had drawn back, turning pale again, and shrinking a little at the sound of words which, except when heard in church, she vaguely associated with oaths, slammed doors, and other evidences of ill-breeding; but Amherst had been swept too far on the flood of his indignation to be checked by such minor signs of disapproval.

“You’ll say that what I’m asking you is to give me back the free use of your money. Well! Why not? Is it so much for a wife to give? I know you all think that a man who marries a rich woman forfeits his self-respect if he spends a penny without her approval. But that’s because money is so sacred to you all! It seems to me the least important thing that a woman entrusts to her husband. What of her dreams and her hopes, her belief in justice and goodness and decency? If he takes those and destroys them, he’d better have had a millstone about his neck. But nobody has a word to say till he touches her dividends—then he’s a calculating brute who has married her because he wanted her money!”

He had come close again, facing her with outstretched hands, half-commanding, half in appeal. “Don’t you see that I can’t go on in this way—that I’ve *no right* to let you keep me from Westmore?”

Bessy was looking at him coldly, under the half-dropped lids of indifference. “I hardly know what you mean—you use such peculiar words; but I don’t see why you should expect me to give up all the ideas I was brought up in. Our standards *are* different—but why should yours always be right?”

“You believed they were right when you married me—have they changed since then?”

“No; but——” Her face seemed to harden and contract into a small expressionless mask, in which he could no longer read anything but blank opposition to his will.

"You trusted my judgment not long ago," he went on, "when I asked you to give up seeing Mrs. Carbury——"

She flushed, but with anger, not compunction. "It seems to me that should be a reason for your not asking me to make other sacrifices! When I gave up Blanche I thought you would see that I wanted to please you—and that you would do something for me in return. . . ."

Amherst interrupted her with a laugh. "Thank you for telling me your real reasons. I was fool enough to think you acted from conviction—not that you were simply striking a bargain——"

He broke off, and they looked at each other with a kind of fear, each hearing between them the echo of irreparable words. Amherst's only clear feeling was that he must not speak again till he had beaten down the horrible sensation in his breast—the rage of hate which had caught him in its grip, and which made him almost afraid, while it lasted, to let his eyes rest on the fair weak creature confronting him. Bessy, too, was in the clutch of a mute anger which slowly poured its benumbing current around her heart. Strong waves of passion did not quicken her vitality: she grew inert and cold under their shock. Only one little pulse of self-pity continued to beat in her, trembling out at last on the cry: "Ah, I know it's not because you care so much for Westmore—it's only because you want to get away from me!"

Amherst stared at her as if her words had flashed a light into the darkest windings of his misery. "Yes—I want to get away. . . ." he said; and he turned and walked out of the room.

He went down to the smoking-room, and ringing for a servant, ordered his horse to be saddled. The footman who answered his summons brought the afternoon's mail, and Amherst, throwing himself down on the sofa, began to tear open his letters mechanically while he waited.

He ran through the first few without knowing what he read; but suddenly his attention was arrested by the hand-writing of a man whom he had known well in college, and who had lately come into possession of a large cotton-mill in the south. He wrote now to ask if Amherst could recommend a good superintendent—"not one of your old routine men, but a young fellow with the

new ideas. Things have been in pretty bad shape down here," the writer added, "and now that I'm in possession I want to see what can be done to civilize the place"; and he went on to urge that Amherst should come down himself to inspect the mills, and propose such improvements as his experience suggested. "We've all heard of the great things you're doing at Westmore," the letter ended; and Amherst cast it from him with a groan. . . .

It was Duplain's chance, of course . . . that was his first thought. He caught up the letter and read it over. He knew the man who wrote—no sentimentalist seeking emotional variety from vague philanthropic experiments, but a serious student of social conditions, now unexpectedly provided with the opportunity to apply his ideas. Yes, it was Duplain's chance—if indeed it might not be his own! . . . Amherst sat upright, dazzled by the thought. Why Duplain—why not himself? Bessy had spoken the illuminating word—what he wanted was to get away—to get away at any cost! Escape had become his dominating thought: escape from the bondage of Lynbrook, from the bitter memory of his failure at Westmore; and here was the chance to escape back into life—into independence, activity and usefulness! Every atrophied faculty in him suddenly started from its torpor, and his brain throbbed with the pain of the awakening. . . . The servant came to tell him that his horse waited, and he sprang up, took his riding-whip from the rack, stared a moment, absently, after the man's retreating back, and then dropped down again upon the sofa. . . .

What was there to keep him from accepting? His wife's affection was dead—if her sentimental fancy for him had ever deserved the name! And his momentary mastery over her was gone too—he smiled to remember that, hardly two hours earlier, he had been fatuous enough to think he could still regain it! Now he said to himself that she would sooner desert a friend to please him than sacrifice a fraction of her income; and the discovery cast a stain of sordidness on their whole relation. He could still imagine struggling to win her back from another man, or even to save her from some folly into which mistaken judgment or perverted enthusiasm might have hurried her; but to go on battling against the dull unimaginative

subservience to personal luxury—the slavery to houses and servants and clothes—ah, no, while he had any fight left in him it was worth spending in a better cause than that!

Through the open window he could hear, in the mild December stillness, his horse's feet coming and going on the gravel. *Her* horse, led up and down by *her* servant, at the door of *her* house! . . . The sound symbolized his whole future . . . the situation his marriage had made for him, and to which he must henceforth bend, unless he broke with it then and there. . . . He tried to look ahead, to follow up, one by one, the consequences of such a break. That it would be final he had no doubt. There are natures which seem to be drawn closer by dissension, to depend, for the renewal of understanding, on the spark of generosity and compunction that anger strikes out of both; but Amherst knew that between himself and his wife no such clearing of the moral atmosphere was possible. The indignation which left him with tingling nerves and a burning need of some immediate escape into action, crystallized in Bessy into a hard kernel of obstinacy, into which, after each fresh collision, he felt that a little more of herself had been absorbed. . . . No, the break between them would be final—if he went now he would not come back. And it flashed across him that this solution might have been foreseen by his wife—might even have been deliberately planned and led up to by those about her. His father-in-law had never liked him—the disturbing waves of his activity had rippled even the sheltered surface of Mr. Langhorne's existence. He must have been horribly in their way! Well—it was not too late to take himself out of it. In Bessy's circle the severing of such ties was regarded as an expensive but unhazardous piece of surgery—nobody bled to death of the wound. . . . The footman came back to remind him that his horse was waiting, and Amherst started to his feet.

"Send him back to the stable," he said with a glance at his watch, "and order a trap to take me to the next train for town."

XXII

WHEN Amherst woke, the next morning, in the hotel to which he had gone up from Lynbrook, he was oppressed by the sense

that the most difficult step he had to take still lay before him. It had been almost easy to decide that the moment of separation had come, for circumstances seemed to have closed every other issue from his unhappy situation; but how tell his wife of his determination? Amherst, to whom decisive action was the first necessity of being, became a weak procrastinator when he was confronted by the need of writing instead of speaking.

To account for his abrupt departure from Lynbrook he had left word that he was called to town on business; but, since he did not mean to return, some farther explanation was now necessary, and he was paralyzed by the difficulty of writing. He had already telegraphed to his friend that he would be at the mills the next day; but the southern express did not leave till the afternoon, and he still had several hours in which to consider what he should say to his wife. To postpone the dreaded task, he invented the pretext of some business to be despatched, and taking the Subway to Wall Street consumed the morning in futile activities. But since the renunciation of his work at Westmore he had no active concern with the financial world, and by twelve o'clock he had exhausted his imaginary affairs and was journeying uptown again. He left the train at Union Square, and walked along Fourth Avenue, now definitely resolved to go back to the hotel and write his letter before lunching.

At Twenty-fourth Street he had struck into Madison Avenue, and was striding onward with the fixed eye and aimless haste of the man who has interminable hours to consume, when a hansom drew up ahead of him and Justine Brent sprang out. She was trimly dressed, as if for travel, with a small bag in her hand; but at sight of him she paused with an exclamation of pleasure.

"Oh, Mr. Amherst, I'm so glad! I was afraid I might not see you for goodbye."

"For goodbye?" Amherst paused, embarrassed. How had she guessed that he did not mean to return to Lynbrook?

"You know," she reminded him with a smile, "I'm going to some friends near Philadelphia for ten days—" and he remembered confusedly that a long time ago—probably yesterday morning—he had heard her speak of her projected departure.

"I had no idea," she continued, "that you were coming up to town yesterday, or

I should have tried to see you before you left. I wanted to ask you to send me a line if Bessy needs me—I'll come back at once if she does." Amherst continued to listen to her blankly, as if making a painful effort to regain some consciousness of what was being said to him; and she went on: "She seemed so nervous and poorly yesterday evening that I was sorry I had decided to go——"

The unusual intentness of her gaze reminded him that the emotions of the last twenty-four hours must still be visible in his face; and the thought of what she might detect helped to restore his self-possession. "You must not think of giving up your visit," he began hurriedly—he had meant to add "on account of Bessy," but he found himself suddenly unable to utter his wife's name.

Justine was still looking at him. "Oh, I'm sure everything will be all right," she rejoined, smiling. "You go back this afternoon, I suppose? I've left a little note for you, with my address, and I want you to promise——"

She broke off, for Amherst had made a motion as though to interrupt her. The old confused sense that there must always be truth between them was struggling in him with the strong restraints of habit and character; and suddenly, before he was conscious of having decided to speak, he heard himself say: "I ought to tell you that I am not going back."

"Not going back?" A flash of apprehension crossed her face. "Not till tomorrow, you mean?" she added, recovering her clear look.

Amherst hesitated, glancing vaguely up and down the street. At that noonday hour it was nearly deserted, and Justine's driver dozed on his perch above the hansom. They could speak almost as openly as if they had been in one of the wood-paths at Lynbrook.

"Nor tomorrow," Amherst said in a low voice. There was another pause before he added: "It may be some time before——" He broke off, and then continued with sudden decision: "The fact is, I am thinking of going back to my old work."

She caught him up with an exclamation of surprise and sympathy. "Your old work? You mean at——"

She was checked by the quick contraction of pain in his face. "Not that! I mean that I'm thinking of taking a new job—as

superintendent in a Georgia mill. . . . It's the only thing I know how to do, and I've got to do something——" He forced a laugh. "The habit of work is incurable!"

Justine's face had grown as grave as his. She hesitated a moment, looking down the street toward the angle of Madison Square which was visible from the corner where they stood.

"Will you walk back to the square with me? Then we can sit down a moment."

She began to move as she spoke, and he walked beside her in silence till they had gained the seat she pointed out. Her hansom trailed after them, drawing up at the corner of Twenty-sixth Street.

As Amherst sat down beside her, Justine turned to him with an air of quiet resolution. "Mr. Amherst—will you let me ask you something? Is this a sudden decision?"

He met her eyes steadily. "Yes. I decided yesterday."

"And Bessy——?"

His glance dropped for the first time, but Justine pressed her point. "Bessy approves?"

"She—she will, I think—when she knows——"

"When she knows?" Her emotion sprang into her face, bathing it with a brightness which was more like light than colour. "When she knows? Then she does not—yet?"

"No. The offer came suddenly. I must go at once."

"Without seeing her?" She cut him short with a quick commanding gesture. "Mr. Amherst, you can't do this—you won't do it! You will not go away without seeing Bessy!" she said.

Her eyes sought his and drew them upward, constraining them to meet the full beam of her rebuking gaze.

"I must do what seems best under the circumstances," he answered hesitatingly. "She will hear from me, of course; I shall write today—and later——"

"Not later! *Now*—you will go back now to Lynbrook! Such things can't be told in writing—if they must be said at all, they must be spoken. Don't tell me that I don't understand—or that I'm meddling in what doesn't concern me. I don't care a fig for that! I've always meddled in what didn't concern me—I always shall, I suppose, until I die! And I understand enough to know

that Bessy is very unhappy—and that you're the wiser and stronger of the two. I know what it's been to you to give up your work—to feel yourself useless," she interrupted herself, with softening eyes, "and I know how you've tried. . . . I've watched you . . . but Bessy has tried too; and even if you've both failed—if you've come to the end of your resources—it's for you to face the fact, and help her face it—not to run away from it like this!"

Amherst sat silent under the sudden assault of her eloquence. He was conscious of no instinctive movement of resentment, no sense that she was, as she confessed, meddling in matters which did not concern her. His ebbing spirit was revived by the shock of an ardour like his own. She had not shrunk from calling him a coward—and it did him good to hear her call him so! Her words put life back into its true perspective, restored their meaning to obsolete qualities: to truth and manliness and courage. He had lived so long among equivocations that he had forgotten how to look a fact in the face; but here was a woman who judged life by his own standards—and by those standards she had found him wanting!

Still, he could not forget the bitter experience of the last hours, or change his opinion as to the futility of attempting to remain at Lynbrook. He felt as strongly as ever the need of moral and mental liberation—the right to begin life again on his own terms. But Justine Brent had made him see that his first step toward self-assertion had been the inconsistent one of trying to evade its results.

"You are right—I will go back," he said.

She thanked him with her eyes, as she had thanked him on the terrace at Lynbrook, on the autumn evening which had witnessed their first strange, broken exchange of confidences; and he was struck once more with the change that strong feeling produced in her face. Emotions flashed across her like the sweep of sun-rent clouds over a quiet landscape, bringing out the gleam of hidden waters, the fervour of smouldering colours, all the subtle delicacies of modelling that are lost under the flat light of an open sky. And it was extraordinary how she could infuse into a principle the warmth and colour of a passion! If conduct, to most people, seemed a cold matter of social prudence or inherited habit, to

her it was always the newly-discovered question of her own relation to life—as most women see the great issues only through their own wants and prejudices, so she seemed always to see her personal desires in the light of the larger claims.

"But I don't think," Amherst went on, "that anything can be said to convince me that I ought to alter my decision. These months of idleness have shown me that I'm one of the members of society who are a danger to the community if their noses are not kept to the grindstone——"

Justine lowered her eyes musingly, and he saw she was undergoing the reaction of constraint which always followed on her bursts of unpremeditated frankness.

"That is not for me to judge," she answered after a moment. "But if you decide to—to go away for a time—surely it ought to be in such a way that your going does not seem to cast any reflection on Bessy, or subject her to any unkind criticism."

Amherst, reddening slightly, glanced at her in surprise. "I don't think you need fear that—I shall be the only one criticized," he said drily.

"Are you sure—if you take such a position as you spoke of? So few people understand the love of hard work for its own sake. They will say that your quarrel with your wife has driven you to support yourself—and that will be cruel to Bessy."

Amherst shrugged his shoulders. "They will be more likely to say that I tried to play the gentleman and failed, and wasn't happy till I got back to my own place in life—which is true enough," he added with a touch of irony.

"They may say that too; but they will make Bessy suffer first—and it will be your fault if she is humiliated in that way. If you decide to take up your factory work for a time, can't you do so without—without accepting a salary? Oh, you see I stick at nothing," she broke in upon herself with a laugh, "and Bessy has said things which make me see that she would suffer horribly if—if you put such a slight upon her." He remained silent, and she went on urgently: "From Bessy's standpoint it would mean a decisive break—the repudiating of your whole past. And it is a question on which you can afford to be generous because I know . . . I think . . . it's less important in your eyes than hers. . . ."

Amherst glanced at her quickly. "That particular form of indebtedness, you mean?"

She smiled. "Yes: the easiest to cancel, and therefore the least galling; isn't that the way you regard it?"

"I used to—yes; but—" He was about to add: "No one at Lynbrook does," but the flash of intelligence in her eyes restrained him, while at the same time it seemed to answer: "There's my point! To see their limitation is to allow for it, since every enlightenment brings a corresponding obligation."

She made no attempt to put into words the argument her look conveyed, but rose from her seat with a rapid glance at the clock-tower above them.

"And now I must go, or I shall miss my train," she said, signalling to her drowsy cabman; and as she held out her hand, and Amherst's met it, he said in a low tone, as if in reply to her unspoken appeal: "I shall remember all you have said."

It was a new experience for Amherst to be acting under the pressure of another will; but during his return journey to Lynbrook that afternoon it was pure relief to surrender himself to this pressure, and the surrender brought not a sense of weakness but of recovered energy. It was not in his nature to analyze his motives, or spend his strength in weighing closely balanced alternatives of conduct; and though, during the last purposeless months, he had grown to brood over every spring of action in himself and others, this scrutinizing tendency disappeared at once in contact with the deed to be done. It was as though a tributary stream, gathering its crystal speed among the hills, had been suddenly poured into the stagnant waters of his will; and he saw now how thick and turbid those waters had become—how full of the slime-bred life that chokes the springs of courage.

His whole desire now was to be generous to his wife: to bear the full brunt of whatever pain their parting brought. Justine had said that Bessy seemed nervous and unhappy: it was clear, therefore, that she also had suffered from the wounds they had dealt each other, though she kept her unmoved front to the last. Poor child! Perhaps that insensible exterior was the only way she knew of expressing courage! It seemed to Amherst

that all means of manifesting the finer impulses must slowly wither in the Lynbrook air. As he approached his destination, his thoughts of her were all pitiful: nothing remained of the personal resentment which had debased their parting. He had telephoned from town to announce the hour of his return, and when he emerged from the station he half-expected to find her seated in the brougham whose lamps signalled him through the early dusk. It would be like her to undergo such a reaction of feeling, and to express it, not in words, but by taking up their relation as if there had been no break in it. He had once condemned this facility of renewal as a sign of lightness, a result of that continual evasion of serious issues which made the life of Bessy's world a thin crust of custom above a void of thought. But now he saw that, if she was the product of her environment, that constituted but another claim on his charity, and made the more precious any impulses of natural feeling that had survived the unifying pressure of her life. As he approached the brougham, he murmured mentally: "What if I were to try once more?"

Bessy had not come to the station to meet him; but he said to himself that he should find her alone at the house, and that he would make his confession at once. As the carriage passed between the lights on the tall stone gate-posts, and rolled through the bare shrubberies of the winding avenue, he felt a momentary tightening of the heart—a sense of stepping back into the trap from which he had just wrenched himself free—a premonition of the way in which the smooth systematized organization of his wife's existence might draw him back into its revolutions as he had once seen a careless factory hand seized and dragged into a flying belt. . . .

But it was only for a moment; then his thoughts reverted to Bessy. It was she who was to be considered—this time he must be strong enough for both. . . .

The butler met him on the threshold, flanked by the usual array of footmen; and as he saw his portmanteau ceremoniously passed from hand to hand, Amherst once more felt the cold steel of the springe on his neck.

"Is Mrs. Amherst in the drawing-room, Knowles?" he asked, advancing into the hall.

"No, sir," said Knowles, who had too high a sense of fitness to volunteer any information beyond the immediate fact required of him.

"She has gone up to her sitting-room, then?" Amherst continued, turning toward the broad sweep of the oak stairway.

"No, sir," said the butler slowly; "Mrs. Amherst has gone away."

"Gone away?" Amherst stopped short, staring blankly at the man's smooth official mask.

"This afternoon, sir; by motor—to Mapleside."

"To Mapleside?"

"Yes, sir—to stay with Mrs. Carbury."

There was a moment's silence. It had all happened so quickly that Amherst, with the dual vision which comes at such moments, noticed that the third footman—or was it the fourth?—was just passing his portmantau on to a shirt-sleeved arm behind the door which led to the servant's wing. . . .

He roused himself to look at the tall clock facing the door. It was six o'clock. He had telephoned from town at two.

"At what time did Mrs. Amherst leave?" he asked.

The butler meditated. "Sharp at four, sir. The maid took the three-forty with the luggage."

With the luggage! So it was not a mere one-night visit. The blood rose slowly to Amherst's face. The footmen had disappeared, but presently the door at the back of the hall reopened, and one of them came out, carrying an elaborately-appointed teatray toward the smoking-room. The routine of the house was going on as if nothing had happened. . . . The butler looked at Amherst with respectful—too respectful—interrogation, and he was suddenly conscious that he was standing motionless in the middle of the hall, with one last intolerable question on his lips.

Well—it had to be spoken! "Did Mrs. Amherst receive my telephone message?"

"Yes, sir. I gave it to her myself."

It occurred confusedly to Amherst that a well-bred man—as Lynbrook understood the phrase—would, at this point, have made some tardy feint of being in his wife's confidence, of having, on second thoughts, no reason to be surprised at her departure. It was humiliating, he supposed, to be thus laying bare his discomfiture to his depend-

ents—he could see that even Knowles was affected by the manifest impropriety of the situation—but no pretext presented itself to his mind, and after another interval of silence he turned slowly toward the door of the smoking-room.

"My letters are here, I suppose?" he paused on the threshold to enquire; and on the butler's answering in the affirmative, he said to himself, with a last effort to suspend his judgment: "She has left a line—there will be some explanation——"

But there was nothing—neither word nor message; nothing but the reverberating retort of her departure in the face of his return—her flight to Blanche Carbury as the final answer to his final appeal.

XXIII

JUSTINE was coming back to Lynbrook.

She had been, after all, unable to stay out the ten days of her visit: the undefinable sense of being needed, so often the determining motive of her actions, drew her back to Long Island at the end of the week. She had received no word from Amherst or Bessy; only Cicely had told her, in a big round hand, that mother had been away three days, and that it had been very lonely, and that the housekeeper's cat had kittens, and she was to have one; and were kittens christened, or how did they get their names?—because she wanted to call hers Justine; and she had found in her book a bird like the one father had shown them in the swamp; and they were not alone now, because the Telfers were there, and they had all been out sleighing; but it would be much nicer when Justine came back. . . .

It was as difficult to extract any sequence of facts from Cicely's letter as from an early chronicle. She made no reference to Amherst's return, which was odd, since she was fond of her step-father, yet not significant, since the fact of his arrival might have been crowded out by the birth of the kittens, or some incident equally prominent in her perspectiveless grouping of events; nor did she name the date of her mother's departure, so that Justine could not guess whether it had been contingent on Amherst's return, or wholly unconnected with it. What puzzled her most was Bessy's own silence—yet that too, in a sense, was reas-

of you know he has a ridiculous prejudice against Blanche—and so the next morning he rushed off to his cotton mill."

There was a pause, while the diamonds continued to flow in threads of fire through Mrs. Amherst's fingers.

At length Justine said: "Did Mr. Amherst know that you knew he was coming back before you left for Mrs. Carbury's?"

Bessy feigned to meditate the question for a moment. "Did he know that I knew that he knew?" she mocked. "Yes—I suppose so—he must have known." She stifled a slight yawn as she drew herself languidly to her feet.

"Then he took that as your answer?"

"My answer——?"

"To his coming back——"

"So it appears. I told you he had shown all tact." Bessy stretched her softly gleaming arms above her head and then drew them along her sides with another "But it's almost morning—it's time for me to have kept you so late, and must be up to look after all those

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She pleaded this necessity as an excuse for her intrusion, and the playful haste of her manner showed a nervous shrinking from any renewal of confidence; but as she leaned in the doorway, fingering the diamond chain about her neck, while one satin-tipped foot emerged restlessly from the edge of her lace gown, her face lost the bloom of animation which lights and laughter always produced in it, and she looked so pale and weary that Justine needed no better pretext for drawing her into the room.

It was not in Bessy to resist a soothing touch in her moments of nervous reaction. She sank into the chair by the fire and let her head rest wearily against the cushion which Justine slipped behind it.

Justine dropped into the low seat beside her, and laid a hand on hers. "You don't look as well as when I went away, Bessy. Are you sure you've done wisely in beginning your house-parties so soon?"

It always alarmed Bessy to be told that she was not looking her best, and she sat upright at once, a wave of pink rising under her sensitive skin.

"I am quite well, on the contrary; but I was dying of inanition in this big empty house, and I suppose I haven't got the boredom out of my system yet!"

Justine recognized the echo of Mrs. Carbury's manner.

"Even if you *were* bored," she rejoined, "the inanition was probably good for you. What does Dr. Wyant say to your breaking away from his régime?" She named Wyant purposely, knowing that Bessy had that respect for the medical verdict which is the last trace of reverence for authority in the mind of the modern woman. But Mrs. Amherst surprised her by a gently malicious laugh.

"Oh, I haven't seen Dr. Wyant since you went away. His interest in me died out the day you left."

It was beyond Justine's self-control to conceal the annoyance which this allusion caused her. She had not yet recovered from the shrinking disgust of her last scene with Wyant.

"Don't be foolish, Bessy. If he hasn't come, it must be because you've told him not to—because you're afraid of letting him see that you're disobeying him."

Bessy laughed again. "My dear, I'm afraid of nothing—nothing! Not even of

your big eyes when they glare at me like coals. I suppose you must have looked at poor Wyant like that to frighten him away! And yet the last time we talked of him you seemed to like him—you even hinted that it was because of him that Westy had no chance."

Justine uttered an impatient exclamation. "If neither of them existed it wouldn't affect the other's chances in the least! Their only merit is that they both enhance the charms of celibacy!"

Bessy's smile dropped, and she turned a grave glance on her friend. "Ah, most men do that—you're so clever to have found it out!"

It was Justine's turn to smile. "Oh, but I haven't—as a generalization. I mean to marry as soon as I get the chance!"

"The chance——?"

"To meet the right man. I'm gambler enough to believe in my luck yet!"

Mrs. Amherst sighed compassionately. "There is no right man! As Blanche says, matrimony's as uncomfortable as a ready-made shoe. How can one and the same institution fit every individual case? And why should we all have to go lame because marriage was once invented to suit an imaginary case?"

Justine gave a slight shrug. "You talk of walking lame—how else do we all walk? It seems to me that life's the tight boot, and marriage the crutch that may help one to hobble along!" She drew Bessy's hand into hers with a caressing pressure. "When you philosophize I always know you're tired. No one who feels well stops to generalize about symptoms. If you won't let your doctor prescribe for you, your nurse is going to carry out his orders. What you want is quiet. Be reasonable and send away everybody before Mr. Amherst comes back!"

She dropped the last phrase carelessly, glancing away from Bessy as she spoke; but the stiffening of the fingers in her clasp sent a little tremor through her hand.

"Thanks for your advice. It would be excellent but for one thing—my husband is not coming back!"

The mockery in Bessy's voice seemed to pass into her features, hardening and contracting them as frost shrivels a flower. Justine's face, on the contrary, was suddenly illuminated by compassion, as though a light

had struck up into it from the cold glitter of her friend's unhappiness.

"Bessy! What do you mean by not coming back?"

"I mean that he's had the tact to see that we shall be more comfortable apart—without putting me to the unpleasant necessity of telling him so."

Again the piteous echo of Blanche Carbury's phrases! The laboured mimicry of her ideas!

Justine looked anxiously at her friend. It seemed horribly false not to mention her own talk with Amherst, yet she felt it was wiser to feign ignorance, since Bessy could never be trusted to interpret rightly any departure from the conventional.

"Please tell me what has happened," she said at length.

Bessy, with a smile, released her hand from Justine's. "John has gone back to the life he prefers—which I take to be a hint to me to do the same."

Justine hesitated again; then the pressure of truth overcame every barrier of expediency. "Bessy—I ought to tell you that I saw Mr. Amherst in town the day I went to Philadelphia. He spoke of going away for a time . . . he seemed unhappy . . . but he told me he was coming back to see you first—" She broke off, her clear eyes on her friend's; and she saw at once that Bessy was too self-engrossed to feel any surprise at her avowal. "Surely he came back?" she went on.

"Oh, yes—he came back for a night." Bessy sank into the cushions, watching the firelight play on her diamond chain as she repeated the restless gesture of lifting it up and letting it slip through her fingers.

"Well—and then?" Justine persisted.

"Then—nothing! I was not here when he came."

"You were not here? What had happened?"

"I had gone over to Blanche Carbury's for a day or two. I was just leaving when I heard he was coming back, and I couldn't throw her over at the last moment."

Justine tried to catch the glance that fluttered evasively under Bessy's lashes. "You knew he was coming back—and you chose that time to go to Mrs. Carbury's?"

"I didn't choose, my dear—it just happened! And it really happened for the best. I suppose he was annoyed at my going—

you know he has a ridiculous prejudice against Blanche—and so the next morning he rushed off to his cotton mill."

There was a pause, while the diamonds continued to flow in threads of fire through Mrs. Amherst's fingers.

At length Justine said: "Did Mr. Amherst know that you knew he was coming back before you left for Mrs. Carbury's?"

Bessy feigned to meditate the question for a moment. "Did he know that I knew that he knew?" she mocked. "Yes—I suppose so—he must have known." She stifled a slight yawn as she drew herself languidly to her feet.

"Then he took that as your answer?"

"My answer——?"

"To his coming back——"

"So it appears. I told you he had shown unusual tact." Bessy stretched her softly tapering arms above her head and then dropped them along her sides with another yawn. "But it's almost morning—it's wicked of me to have kept you so late, when you must be up to look after all those people!"

She flung her arms with a light gesture about Justine's shoulders, and laid a dry kiss on her cheek.

"Don't look at me with those big eyes—they've eaten up the whole of your face! And you needn't think I'm sorry for what I've done," she declared. "I'm *not*—the—least—little—atom—of a bit!"

XXIV

JUSTINE was pacing the long library at Lynbrook, between the caged sets of standard authors.

She felt as much caged as they: as much a part of a conventional stage-setting totally unrelated to the action going on before it. Two weeks had passed since her return from Philadelphia; and during that time she had learned that her usefulness at Lynbrook was over. Though not unwelcome, she might almost call herself unwanted; life swept by, leaving her tethered to the stake of inaction; a bitter lot for one who chose to measure existence by deeds instead of days. She had found Bessy ostensibly preoccupied with a succession of guests; no one in the house needed her but Cicely, and even Cicely, at times, was caught up into

the whirl of her mother's agitated life, swept off on sleighing parties and motor-trips, or carried to town for a dancing-class or an opera matinée.

Mrs. Fenton Carbury was not among the visitors who left Lynbrook on the Monday after Justine's return.

Mr. Carbury, with the other bread-winners of the party, had hastened back to his treadmill in Wall Street after a Sunday spent in silently studying the files of the Financial Record; but his wife stayed on, somewhat aggressively in possession, criticizing and rearranging the furniture, ringing for the servants, making sudden demands on the stable, telegraphing, telephoning, ordering fires lighted or windows opened, and leaving everywhere in her wake a trail of cigarette ashes and empty cocktail glasses.

Ned Bowfort had not been included in the house-party; but on the day of its dispersal he rode over unannounced for luncheon, put up his horse in the stable, threaded his way familiarly among the dozing dogs in the hall, greeted Mrs. Ansell and Justine with just the right shade of quiet deference, produced from his pocket a new puzzle-game for Cicely, and sat down beside her mother with the quiet urbanity of the family friend who knows his privileges but is too discreet to abuse them.

After that he came every day, sometimes riding home late to the Hunt Club, sometimes accompanying Bessy and Mrs. Carbury to town for dinner and the theatre; but always with his deprecating air of having dropped in by accident, and modestly hoping that his intrusion was not unwelcome.

The following Sunday brought another influx of visitors, and Bessy seemed to fling herself with renewed enthusiasm into the cares of hospitality. She had avoided Justine since their midnight talk, contriving to see her in Cicely's presence, or pleading haste when they found themselves alone. The winter was unusually open, and she spent long hours in the saddle when her time was not taken up with her visitors. For a while she took Cicely on her daily rides; but she soon wearied of adapting her hunter's stride to the pace of the little girl's pony, and Cicely was once more given over to the coachman's care.

Then there came snow and a long frost, and Bessy grew restless at her imprisonment, and grumbled that there was no way

of keeping well in a winter climate which made regular exercise impossible.

"Why not build a squash-court?" Blanche Carbury proposed; and the two fell instantly to making plans under the guidance of Ned Bowfort and Westy Gaines. As the scheme developed, various advisers suggested that it was a pity not to add a bowling-alley, a swimming tank and a gymnasium; a fashionable architect was summoned from town, measurements were taken, sites discussed, sketches compared, and engineers consulted as to the cost of artesian wells and the best system for heating the tank.

Bessy seemed filled with a feverish desire to carry out the plan as quickly as possible, and on as large a scale as even the architect's invention soared to; but it was finally decided that, before signing the contracts, she should run over to New Jersey to see a building of the same kind on which a sporting friend of Mrs. Carbury's had recently lavished a fortune.

It was on this errand that the two ladies, in company with Westy Gaines and Bowfort, had departed on the day which found Justine restlessly measuring the length of the library. She and Mrs. Ansell had the house to themselves; and it was hardly a surprise to her when, in the course of the afternoon, Mrs. Ansell, after a discreet pause on the threshold, advanced toward her down the long room.

Since the night of her return Justine had felt sure that Mrs. Ansell would speak; but the elder lady was given to hawk-like circlings about her subject, to hanging over it and contemplating it before her wings dropped for the descent.

Now, however, it was plain that she had resolved to strike; and Justine had a sense of relief at the thought. She had been too long isolated in her anxiety, her powerlessness to help; and she had a vague hope that Mrs. Ansell's worldly wisdom might accomplish what her inexperience had failed to achieve.

"Shall we sit by the fire? I am glad to find you alone," Mrs. Ansell began, with the pleasant abruptness that was one of the subtlest instruments of her indirection; and as Justine acquiesced, she added, yielding her slight lines to the luxurious depths of an arm-chair: "I have been rather suddenly asked by an invalid cousin to go to Europe

with her next week, and I can't go contentedly without being at peace about our friends."

She paused, but Justine made no answer. In spite of her growing sympathy for Mrs. Ansell she could not overcome an inherent distrust, not of her methods, but of her ultimate object. What, for instance, was her conception of being at peace about the Amhersts? Justine's own conviction was that, as far as their final welfare was concerned, any terms were better between them than the external harmony which had prevailed during Amherst's stay at Lynbrook.

The subtle emanation of her distrust may have been felt by Mrs. Ansell; for the latter presently continued, with a certain nobleness: "I am the more concerned because I believe I must hold myself, in a small degree, responsible for Bessy's marriage—" and as Justine looked at her in surprise, she added: "I thought she could never be happy unless her affections were satisfied—and even now I believe so."

"I believe so too," Justine said, surprised into assent by the simplicity of Mrs. Ansell's declaration.

"Well, then—since we are agreed in our diagnosis," the older woman went on, smiling, "what remedy do you suggest? Or rather, how can we administer it?"

"What remedy?" Justine hesitated.

"Oh, I believe we are agreed on that too. Mr. Amherst must be brought back—but how to bring him?" She paused, and then added, with a singular effect of appealing frankness: "I ask you, because I believe you to be the only one of Bessy's friends who is in the least in her husband's confidence."

Justine's embarrassment increased. Would it not be disloyal both to Bessy and Amherst to acknowledge to a third person a fact of which Bessy herself was unaware? Yet to betray any embarrassment under Mrs. Ansell's eyes was to risk giving it a dangerous significance.

"Bessy has spoken to me once or twice—but I know very little of Mr. Amherst's point of view; except," Justine added, after another moment's weighing of alternatives, "that I believe he suffers most from being cut off from his work at Westmore."

"Yes—so I think; but that is a difficulty that time and expediency must adjust. All we can do—their friends, I mean—is to get them together again before the breach is too wide."

Justine pondered. She was perhaps more ignorant of the situation than Mrs. Ansell imagined, for since her return Bessy had alluded only once, and in general terms, to Amherst's absence, and she could only conjecture that he had carried out his plan of taking a position in the southern mill he had spoken of. What she most desired to know was whether he had listened to her entreaty, and taken the position temporarily, without binding himself by the acceptance of a salary; or whether, stung by the outrage of Bessy's flight to Blanche Carbury, he had freed himself from financial dependence on her by engaging himself definitely as Superintendent.

"I really know very little of the present situation," she said, looking at Mrs. Ansell. "Bessy merely told me that Mr. Amherst had taken up his old work in a cotton mill in the south."

As her eyes met Mrs. Ansell's it flashed across her that the latter did not believe what she said, and the perception made her instantly shrink back into herself.

But there was nothing in Mrs. Ansell's tone to confirm the doubt which her eyes betrayed.

"Ah—I hoped you knew more," she said simply; "for, like you, I have only heard from Bessy that her husband went away suddenly to help a friend who is reorganizing some mills in Georgia. Of course, under the circumstances, such a temporary break is natural enough—perhaps inevitable—only he must not stay away too long."

Justine was silent. Mrs. Ansell's momentary self-betrayal had checked all farther possibility of frank communion, and the discerning lady had seen her error too late to remedy it.

But her hearer's heart gave a leap of joy. It was evident from what Mrs. Ansell said that Amherst had not bound himself definitely, since he would not have done so without making the fact clear to his wife. And with a secret thrill of happiness Justine recalled his last word to her: "I will remember all you have said."

He had kept that word and acted on it; in spite of Bessy's last assault on his pride, he had borne with her, and deferred the day of final rupture; and the sense that she had had a part in his decision filled Justine with a glow of hope. The uneasy consciousness of Mrs. Ansell's suspicions

faded to insignificance—Mrs. Ansell and her kind might think what they chose, since all that mattered now was that she herself should act bravely and circumspectly in her last attempt to save her friends.

"I am not sure," Mrs. Ansell continued, gently scrutinizing her companion, "that I think it unwise of him to have gone; but if he stays too long Bessy may listen to bad advice—advice disastrous to her happiness." She paused, and turned her eyes meditatively toward the fire. "As far as I know," she said, with the same air of serious candour, "you are the only person who can tell him this."

"I?" exclaimed Justine, with a leap of colour to her pale cheeks.

Mrs. Ansell's eyes continued to avoid her. "My dear Miss Brent, Bessy has told me something of the wise counsels you have given her. Mr. Amherst is also your friend. As I said just now, you are the only person who might act as a link between them—surely you will not refuse the rôle."

Justine controlled herself. "My only rôle, as you call it, has been to urge Bessy to—try to allow for her husband's views——"

"And have you not given the same advice to Mr. Amherst?"

The eyes of the two women met. "Yes," said Justine, after a moment.

"Then why refuse your help now? The moment is crucial."

Justine's thoughts had flown beyond the stage of resenting Mrs. Ansell's gentle pertinacity. All her faculties were really absorbed in the question as to how she could most effectually use whatever influence she possessed.

"I put it to you as one old friend to another—will you write to Mr. Amherst to come back?" Mrs. Ansell urged her.

Justine was past considering even the strangeness of this request, and its oblique reflection upon the kind of power ascribed to her. Through the confused beatings of her heart she merely struggled for a clearer sense of guidance.

"No," she said slowly. "I cannot."

"You cannot? With a friend's happiness in extremity?" Mrs. Ansell paused a moment before she added: "Unless you believe that Bessy would be happier divorced?"

"Divorced—? Oh, no," Justine shuddered.

"That is what it will come to."

"No, no! In time——"

"Time is what I am most afraid of, when Blanche Carbury disposes of it."

Justine drew a deep, shrinking sigh.

"You'll write?" Mrs. Ansell murmured, laying a soft touch on her hand.

"I have not the influence you think——"

"Can you do any harm by trying?"

"I might——" Justine faltered, losing her exact sense of the words she used.

"Ah," the other flashed back, "then you *have* influence! Why will you not use it?"

Justine waited a moment; then her resolve gathered itself into words. "If I have any influence, I am not sure it would be well to use it as you suggest."

"Not to urge Mr. Amherst's return?"

"No—not now."

She caught the same veiled gleam of incredulity under Mrs. Ansell's lids—caught and disregarded it.

"It must be now or never," Mrs. Ansell insisted.

"I can't think so," Justine held out.

"Nevertheless—will you try?"

"No—no! It might be fatal."

"To whom?"

"To both." She considered. "If he came back now I know he would not stay."

Mrs. Ansell was upon her abruptly. "You *know*? Then you speak with authority?"

"No—what authority? I speak as I feel," Justine faltered.

The older woman drew herself slowly to her feet. "Ah—then you shoulder a great responsibility!" She moved nearer to Justine, and once more laid a fugitive touch upon her. "You won't write to him?"

"No—no," the girl flung back; and the voices of the returning party in the hall made Mrs. Ansell, with an almost imperceptible gesture of warning, turn musingly away toward the fire.

Bessy came back brimming with the wonders she had seen. A glazed "sun-room," mosaic pavements, a marble fountain to feed the marble tank—and outside, a water-garden, descending in successive terraces, to take up and utilize—one could see how practically!—the overflow from the tank. If one did the thing at all, why not do it decently? She had given up her new motor, had let her town house, had pinched

and stinted herself in a hundred ways—if ever woman was entitled to a little compensating pleasure, surely she was that woman!

The days were crowded with consultations. Architect, contractors, engineers, a landscape gardener, and a dozen minor craftsmen, came and went, unrolled plans, moistened pencils, sketched, figured, argued, persuaded, and filled Bessy with the dread of appearing, under Blanche Carbury's eyes, subject to any restraining influences of economy. What! She was a young woman, with an independent fortune, and she was always wavering, considering, secretly referring back to the mute criticism of an invisible judge—of the husband who had been first to shake himself free of any mutual subjection? The accomplished Blanche did not have to say this—she conveyed it by the raising of painted brows, by a smile of mocking interrogation, a judiciously placed silence or a resigned glance at the architect. So the estimates poured in, were studied, resisted—then yielded to and signed; then the hour of advance payments struck, and an imperious appeal was despatched to Mr. Tredegar, to whom the management of Bessy's affairs had been transferred.

Mr. Tredegar, to his client's surprise, answered the appeal in person. He had not been lately to Lynbrook, dreading the cold and damp of the country in winter; and his sudden *déplacement* had therefore an ominous significance.

He came for an evening in mid-week, when even Blanche Carbury was absent, and Bessy and Justine had the house to themselves. Mrs. Ansell had sailed the week before with her invalid cousin. No farther words had passed between herself and Justine—but the latter was conscious that their talk had increased instead of lessening the distance between them. Justine herself meant to leave soon. Her hope of regaining Bessy's confidence had been deceived, and seeing herself definitely superseded, she chafed anew at her purposeless inactivity. She had already written to one or two doctors in New York, and to the matron of Saint Elizabeth's. She had made herself a name in surgical cases, and it could not be long before a summons came. . . .

Meanwhile Mr. Tredegar arrived, and the three dined together, the two women bending meekly to his discourse, which was

never more oracular and authoritative than when delivered to the gentler sex alone. Amherst's absence, in particular, seemed to loose the thin current of Mr. Tredegar's eloquence. He was never quite at ease in the presence of an independent mind, and Justine often reflected that, even had the two men known nothing of each other's views, there would have been between them an instinctive and irreducible hostility—they would have disliked each other if they had merely jostled elbows in the street.

Yet even freed from Amherst's disturbing presence Mr. Tredegar showed a darkling brow, and as Justine slipped away after dinner she felt that she left Bessy to something more serious than the usual business conference.

How serious, she was to learn that very night, when, in the small hours, her friend burst in upon her tearfully. Bessy was ruined—ruined—that was what Mr. Tredegar had come to tell her! She might have known he would not have travelled to Lynbrook for a trifle. . . . She had expected to find herself cramped, restricted—to be warned that she must "manage," hateful word! . . . But this! This was incredible! Unendurable! There was no money to build the gymnasium—none at all! And all because it had been swallowed up at Westmore—because the ridiculous changes there, the changes that nobody wanted, nobody approved of—that Truscomb and all the other experts had opposed and derided from the first—that these changes, even modified and arrested, had already involved so much of her income, that it might be years—yes, he said *years!*—before she should feel herself free again—free of her own fortune, of Cicely's fortune . . . of the money poor Dick Westmore had meant his wife and daughter to enjoy!

Justine listened anxiously to this confused outpouring of resentments. Bessy's born incapacity for figures made it indeed possible that the facts came on her as a surprise—that she had quite forgotten the temporary reduction of her income, and had begun to imagine that what she had saved in one direction was hers to spend in another. All this was conceivable. But why had Mr. Tredegar drawn so dark a picture of the future? Or was it only that, thwarted of her immediate desire, Bessy's disappointment blackened the farthest

verge of her horizon? Justine, though aware of her friend's lack of perspective, suspected that a conniving hand had helped to throw the prospect out of drawing. . .

Could it be possible, then, that Mr. Tredegar was among those who desired a divorce? That the influences at which Mrs. Ansell had hinted proceeded not only from Blanche Carbury and her group? Helpless amid this rush of forebodings, Justine could do no more than soothe and restrain—to reason would have been idle. She had never till now realized how completely she had lost ground with Bessy.

"The humiliation—before my friends! Oh, I was warned . . . my father, every one . . . for Cicely's sake, I was warned . . . but I wouldn't listen—and *now*! From the first it was all he cared for—in Europe, even, he was always dragging me to factories. *Me?*—I was only the owner of Westmore! He wanted power—power, that's all—when he lost it he left me . . . oh, I'm glad now my baby is dead! Glad there's nothing between us—nothing, nothing in the world to tie us together any longer!"

The disproportion between this violent grief and its trivial cause would have struck Justine as simply grotesque, had she not understood that the incident of the gymnasium, which followed with cumulative pressure upon a series of similiar episodes, seemed to Bessy like the reaching out of a retaliatory hand—a mocking reminder that she was still imprisoned in the consequences of her unhappy marriage.

Such folly seemed past weeping for—it froze Justine's compassion into disdain, till she remembered that the sources of our sorrow are sometimes nobler than their means of expression, and that a baffled, unappeased love was perhaps the real cause of Bessy's childish anger against her husband.

At any rate, the moment was a critical one, and Justine remembered with a pang that Mrs. Ansell had foreseen such a contingency, and implored her to take measures against it. She had refused, from a sincere dread of precipitating a definite estrangement—but had she been right in judging the situation so logically? With a

creature of Bessy's emotional uncertainties the result of contending influences was really incalculable—it might still be that, at this juncture, Amherst's return would bring about a reaction of better feelings. . .

Justine sat and mused on these things in her room, after leaving her friend exhausted upon a tearful pillow. She felt that she had perhaps taken too large a survey of the situation—that the question whether there could ever be ultimate happiness between this tormented pair was not one to concern those who struggled for their welfare. Most marriages are a patch-work of jarring tastes and ill-assorted ambitions—if here and there, for a moment, two colours blend, two textures are the same, so much the better for the pattern! Justine, certainly, could foresee in reunion no positive happiness for either of her friends; but she saw positive disaster for Bessy in separation from her husband. . .

Suddenly she rose from her chair by the falling fire, and crossed over to the writing-table. She would write to Amherst herself—she would tell him to come. The decision once reached, hope flowed back to her heart—the joy of action so often deceived her into immediate faith in its results!

"Dear Mr. Amherst," she wrote, "the last time I saw you, you told me you would remember what I said. I ask you to do so now—to remember that I urged you not to be away too long. I believe you ought to come back now, though I know Bessy will not ask you to. I am writing without her knowledge, but with the conviction that she needs you, though perhaps without knowing it herself. . ."

She paused, and laid down her pen. Why did it make her so happy to write to him? Was it merely the sense of recovered helpfulness, or something warmer, more personal, that made it a joy to trace his name, and to remind him of their last intimate exchange of words? Well—perhaps it was that too. There were moments when she was so mortally lonely that any sympathetic contact with another life sent a glow into her veins—that she was thankful to warm herself at any fire.

(To be continued.)



Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

Her face lost the bloom of animation, and she looked pale and weary.—Page 106.

VOL. XLII.—12

FOR A SMALL BOY

By Samuel McCoy

O PRAIRIE, Mother of my West,
Take this small waif to your broad breast:

Let his feet love your changeless ways,
To teach him firmness all his days;

Let your fields, stretching to the sky,
That sets no boundary to the eye,

Give him their own deep breadth of view,
The largeness of the cloudless blue;

Give him to drink your freshening breath
That will not brook a thought of death;

So he may go eternal young
Along your marshes, that have flung

Their yellowing willows' draperies
To the keen sweetness of the breeze;

And, prodigal of April hours,
Take benediction of her showers;

And when across the prairies come
The yellowhammer's life and drum,

Then let him wander as he will,
From hill to ever-rising hill,

From your spring mornings, warm and bright,
Surcharged with quivering, living light,

Until the hazy sun at last
Withdraws and leaves the pallid, vast

Immensity of sky and moor
And gray dusk closing swift and sure.

In quiet let him bow his face
Before the Presence in that space,

When ghostly white the primrose stands,
The spirit of your twilight lands;

See the pale jewel of the evening skies
And hear the meadow's drowsy cries,

And, last sweet challenge through the dark—
The clear, thin whistle of the lark.

So, prairie that I loved and blessed,
The boy may know *your* way is best.

GALAHAD'S DAUGHTER

By Katharine Holland Brown

ILLUSTRATION BY F. WALTER TAYLOR



AND the young girl in white, with silver and roses? Miss——”

“Asbury,” supplied young Wharton promptly. “Judith Anne; Judy Ann, most of us call her. Isn’t she lovely? Her father——”

“Judith Anne!”

Anne Burgess looked up at him with a quick, startled breath. A shadowy rose warmed her soft withered cheek.

“Yes. It’s a quaint little name, isn’t it? But it suits her. Judith was her grandmother’s name; the Anne was for a young girl her father used to know, they say. An old sweetheart, I fancy. She’s a bit spoiled, of course; but with her beauty and her talent, it’s no wonder. Have you read any of her little things? ‘The Chisel’? Or ‘Blood - Money’? They’re bewilderingly clever for a slip of a girl like that.”

“Yes. They are certainly — clever.” Miss Burgess fumbled tremulously with her dinner-card. Her face took on a curious smitten look — the pallor which betrays some poignant thrust of the spirit. Her lips tightened; her delicate old hands opened and shut.

“She’s a type to herself, don’t you think so?” Wharton went on cheerfully. “She isn’t really like a girl; she always makes me think of a splendid boy. They say she’s the image of her father, frankness and all. He was something of a celebrity in his day. Did you ever know anything of him?”

“Was his name Stephen? Stephen Sumner Asbury? Was he a naval officer?”

“Yes. It was rather a romantic story. He resigned out of the Service two years after he had graduated from Annapolis, and threw in his lot with Phillips and Parker and the Underground. That must have been along about 1857. I’ve heard my father tell about it, times without number. He adored Stephen Asbury; the young fellows of that day made a hero and a saint

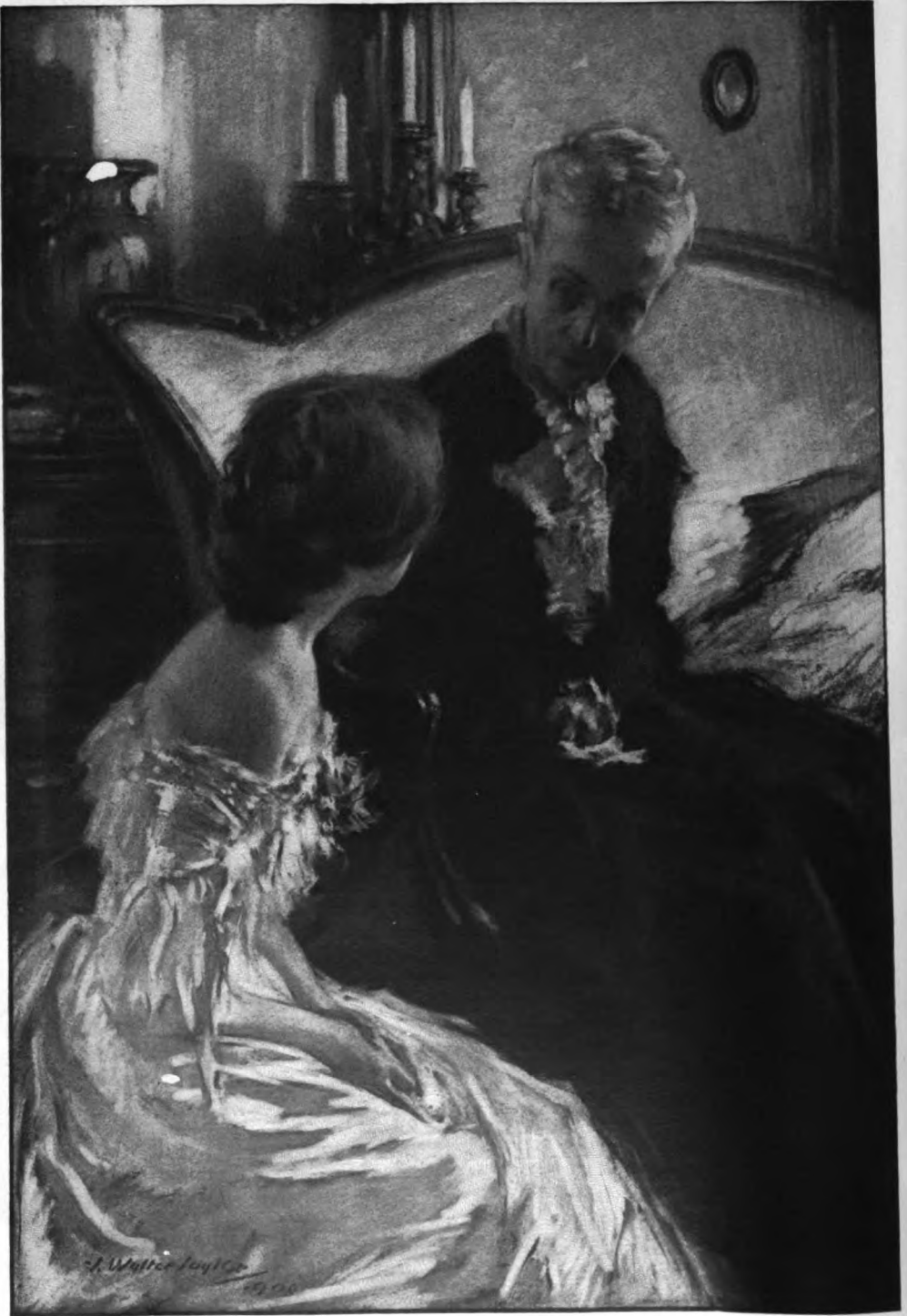
out of him. I fancy he deserved every whiff of incense that floated his way; his ordeal was grim enough, at the best. Feeling was running pretty high then, you know; and the Abolitionists made a great deal out of his throwing over his prospects and his profession and his family—for they all disowned him, every one of them—all for the Cause. That advertising his martyrdom was the worst of it all. He was a shy, modest fellow, and the notoriety of it cut pretty deep. He had put his hand to the plough, though, and he wouldn’t turn back; but he made his furrows mighty quietly. When the war broke out, he went back into the navy, and they gave him a commission. He stayed on in the Service always. He did not marry until very late in life, and he died when Judy here was just a baby. The mother had died when she was born.”

Miss Burgess listened, silent.

“I’ll never forget how queer and knocked out I felt when I heard that he was dead,” he went on, after a pause. “I’d never seen him, of course; but I’d heard father talk of him so much, and I was an imaginative youngster; and somehow I thought of him always as of something too glorious to die, or to grow old, even; a prince; a young god, maybe. And when I heard how he had been killed, trying to save a little street urchin from a runaway, it was as if the world had jolted, somehow. I know I went off by myself, out of doors, and told it to myself, over and over, about sixteen times: ‘Stephen Asbury is dead!’ It seemed ridiculous for the sun to keep on shining after that. Children have queer notions.”

Miss Burgess leaned back in her chair, with a faint, stealthy sigh. She peered into the rippling, merry young face across from her with solemn questioning eyes. It was as though she strove to trace another face, deep beyond the challenge of this fresh loveliness.

Young Wharton looked at her with quiet appreciation. He had dreaded the ordeal



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

She felt the girl's keen, precocious gaze sweep and comprehend her.—Page 118.

of taking her down to dinner; she was at once so gentle and so punctilious, so stately and so shy. He felt toward her the chivalrous deference which a man accords by instinct to the woman of his mother's generation; but he realized as well that she was a stranger in that strangest of all places, her own land, revisited now after half a lifetime, so he had taxed his wits to the uttermost in search of a topic which might interest her without reminding her of this long alienation.

And he had made preposterous choice. The Abolition period was dismally *mal-a-propos*, he said to himself, with a rueful smile. Yet she seemed to overlook the Rip van Winkle interval in the fascination of the story; so he might well hold his peace and be thankful.

Meanwhile, she was in herself most charming. He felt a whimsical impulse to put out his hand and touch the slim veined wrist, and so make sure that its frail waxen curves were flesh and blood. There was a wraith-like pictured quality in every line of her beautiful head, in every fold of the soft, dull-flowered silk, with its quaint, velvet-rimmed ruffles, its falls and frosts of lace, so ancient in fashion that it had circled the wheel, and gave now a dim reflection of the mode of to-day. Her parted silvery hair framed her face in high archaic coils; soft tarnished pearls and shallow cameos glinted about her throat. For all her gentle interest, she held herself and ruled her speech with a sweet, rigid precision; she was as aloof as a lily. He recalled the score of picturing phrases with which his friends had described her to him. They had sounded fanciful, overdrawn; but now they seemed at best scant praise. She was like a carving in ivory; she was a white rose, withered on its stalk, still perfect; she was a frost painting on the window-pane; she was an April sunset. He counted them over, smiling at the thought of her fluttered amazement if he should dare to say the words aloud. She was the refrain of an old, dear song; a woman of twilight mist; the scent of lilacs after rain. Yes, that last lyric, whimsical note rang as clear as words could tell it. She was not a woman; she was a fragrance.

"And who cared for her—the little Judith?" she said presently, in her low wistful voice.

"Her aunts, and a grandmother, I believe. Though she's so independent that it's hard to imagine anybody presuming to take care of her. She has travelled a lot, and she goes in for all kinds of things, beside her writing: athletics, and Settlement work, and old brasses—really, I think there must be at least thirty-six hours to her day. She knocks about too much, perhaps. More, at any rate, than the girls do in your country—in France, I mean. But it doesn't seem to hurt her."

Miss Burgess turned to the girl again without replying. No, it could not have hurt her. Stephen Asbury's daughter was above contamination. Yet she looked on her white shoulders, her free ways, her ready laughter, with a sick reproach. Could this be his child? Stephen's child?

Throughout these last weeks she had mused upon the thought of meeting the girl as one dreams of the fulfilling of a dream. It could never come true. In this great, hurrying city, they were both straws on the current. It was inconceivable that they could ever meet. Yet here, by most mysterious chance, they two faced each other; and upon Anne Burgess lay the anguish of a dream come true.

Surely she was her father's child. Only the eyes of one who had known and loved him might see the cruel little differences. For all her flowing feminine graces, she was moulded like a splendid boy—the boy that he had been. Her gray eyes, sparkling beneath long lashes, shone with the eager joy of life which had been as his breath; but their radiance could not hold the deeps of his graver mood. Her clear-cut mouth curved in his half-wistful smile; her flickering dimples mocked it. She locked her fingers together when she spoke gravely; that had been Stephen's trick, a habit which he had striven in vain to break. Then she flung her hands outward with a shrug, a toss of her brown head, which taunted the moment's earnestness. Truly, she was Stephen's child. Oh, the pity of it!

Months before, she had read her little stories, those fugitive snatches, clever, assuredly. Little jewels of narrative they were, hard and cold and bright. She had seized upon them, eager to praise; she had put them away, harshly disquieted. These were not the stories that Stephen Asbury's daughter ought to write. There was no

bloom upon them. They mirrored no gleam of his knightly faith, his honor, his high, pure spirit. They were smirched with the cheap cynicism of the day. A hurt, bewildered anger welled in her breast. How poor a reverence must his child's work grant to him!

She had loved Stephen Asbury with all her shy heart; a love exalted above mere girlish fancy by her adoration of his high aims, her worship of his sacrifice. Between them there had existed one of the graceful friendships of their time and place. They had been comrades in study, fellow-enthusiasts in the succession of reforms that absorbed New England through the mid-century. Comrades, and nothing more. The mighty convictions that had swept him from the pathway of his fathers rolled in widening seas between him and his old life, his childhood friends. From the day of his resignation, she had never even seen him. She had gone abroad to study—to remain for two years, perhaps. But there were no ties to draw her back to her own land, and her work was dearer than the country of her blood. She came back now, after forty years, to find herself a stranger in a strange land.

They had brought their meed of happiness, those tranquil working years. Her slow, conscientious study had won a quiet yet a satisfying success. She had lived on in the same narrow, rigid groove; she had never known Bohemia; the world of fads and whims and fancies in art had passed her by. Nor were the mountain heights for such as she; but her spirit knew the high quiet uplands. And the talisman of her silent love had kept her heart warm.

Once only had her brave soul faltered, stricken—the hour when she had learned of the birth of this girl, his child. Then long-hushed pulses stirred within her; she wakened sobbing, those first nights after. He had never cared, she told herself patiently, striving to dull the smart by yet a deeper wound. She must not let herself remember; she must not trammel her life with vain regrets. Yet he reigned still in her hushed innocent shrine, a boyish heroic memory, high above the altar of her dreams.

"Mr. Wharton tells me that you used to know my people—my father, that is." Judith Asbury crossed the drawing-room to

her side. "Do you remember him well? Were you in school together?"

She dropped down on a low gilded stool, her lace and silver draperies flaunting in shimmering waves. Her gray eyes were darkly earnest; her fleeting dimples derided.

"I knew him when I lived in Concord. We used to read Dante together. There were a number of us, fellow-students. . . ." Anne groped for her words; her gentle poise quivered beneath the wave of inarticulate anger which surged within her. How could she speak of him thus lightly before all these others, these cool, indifferent strangers? How could she breathe his name, except with reverence?

"He was awfully fond of Dante, I know. I have the little worn-out books with his notes in them, tucked away somewhere. He wrote a good deal of music, too. I've often wished that I could have heard him sing. Did you, ever?"

"Yes. He had a wonderful voice." Anne stopped, with a gasp; but the girl's eyes were upon her, persistent, compelling. "He was a wonderful man," she went on steadily, slow painful flushes beating in her cheeks. "You lost much in losing him from your life. He was the purest soul I ever knew."

She felt the girl's keen, precocious gaze sweep and comprehend her. She knew bitterly that her eyes caught and appraised each line and hue, each tone and gesture; she felt herself weighed and set aside, amusedly, a charming, antiquated trinket, by this pitiless childish judgment. Yet she spoke on:

"And you are—you will be like him, I hope. You resemble him much already."

"So they all tell me," said Judith indifferently. "I look as he did; I know that from his old daguerreotypes. But there's not so much resemblance in other ways, I fancy. Papa was such a rank idealist!" She finished with a laugh which was echoed by every man in the room, so sweet it rang, so rippling full of merciless youth.

Anne shrank back, paling. She did not try to speak with her again.

She had ordered her carriage for an early hour; but by some mishap, it did not arrive. She waited, nervous and dismayed, until the other guests were about to leave; then she called a servant, and sent him for a cab.

Judith Asbury, radiant in her snowy furs, crossed the hallway as she stood giving the order.

"Your carriage didn't come? That's too bad. But mine is here, and my aunt, Mrs. Cope, and I will be delighted if you will drive over with us. We're on the West Side too, you know, out on Jackson Boulevard. It's only a mile from where we're stopping, and a mile doesn't count in Chicago. Oh, please don't! It will be just a pleasure to us. Come on, Aunt Emily!"

Anne followed in her imperious wake, bewildered yet relieved. She had dreaded the long, lonely night drive; the city was a drowsing Inferno to her eyes. It terrified her with a terror which was not of the flesh alone. She had lived too long apart from her place and time. This was no longer her country, nor were these her people. This great, restless, splendid evil city typified to her the bitter changes from her own day—a day whose memory still held for her the mystery and the glory of the dawn. This new order irked and daunted her: the arrogant prosperity; the haste; the incredible swing of the wheel which had cast her idols in the dust, and lifted strange new gods to the highest shrine. She shrank with a child's distrust from the brusque, extravagant honors which the men and women of this hurtling world strove to lavish upon her. Like the vast toppling, gorgeous fabric which they had reared, they grieved and bewildered her. She looked on them and all their ways as upon tormenting puzzles, which her dazzled eyes might not trace, her fingers were too weak to disentangle. And of all these fretting mysteries, none stung and baffled her as did the sight of this girl, her name-child—she knew by unwavering instinct: serene, cold-blooded, lovely; the hard awakening from her life-long dream.

The drive stretched out interminably. They had left the smooth-paved residence streets behind; they were jolting now through the dusky tunnels which stretch from the lake front to the river. From corner to corner gleamed feeble lights; through the block itself they blundered as through clefts of darkness.

"It makes me fidgety, driving through these canyons at this time of night," said Judith, looking out at the glimmer of red and green which marked the mouth of the

bridge. "But there's very little more of it. We have a mile or so of slums to cross, then — What in the world is the matter?"

The carriage stopped with a lurch. There rose a clamor of startled, questioning voices. The horses started, then stopped again, held back by a strong hand. The coachman bellowed an angry protest; above his shout there rang a woman's frightened, beseeching wail.

"Thompson was an idiot to bring us around this way," said Judith Asbury impatiently. She wrung the door open in the face of Mrs. Cope's remonstrances, and stepped lightly out. The crowd of shabby night-birds hung back as her straight white young apparition stood before them.

"What's the trouble here, officer? Why can't we be allowed to go on?"

The policeman began a noisy explanation. The coachman and the by-standers joined in.

"Well, they was a-crossin' the street together, not payin' no attention to where they went—" "An' he had both his lamps lit, leddy; ye kin see that fer yersilf." "—And yer carriage knocked 'em both over, flat." "Sure, now, ye needn't look so scairt. No great loss if they was kilt, to my mind. Both of thim that drunk they couldn't be findin' the way home, the hussies!"

Anne Burgess peered out, then leaned back, sick and faint. A girl in a huge white hat, toppling with plumes, stood leaning against the policeman's shoulder. Her long light cloak was spattered with mire; her bare, glittering hands wove and fluttered in pitiful, horrible gestures above the limp bundle in flaring scarlet which the men were lifting to the curb. The street flashed and darkened before her eyes; yet she missed no word nor motion from Judith, stooping, white and calm, above the red heap.

"Her heart is going all right, officer. I can't find any broken bones, either. She's only stunned."

"Thru fer ye, miss. The carriage on'y rubbed by thim, that's all, an' they tipped over straight. Here'll be the ambylance the minute!"

"Judith, *please!*" entreated Mrs. Cope.

"Shut the carriage door, Aunt Emily. Then you won't feel the chill. I'm sorry to keep you, but it can't be helped. Here, let me lift her head. You're sure she's not

hurt, doctor, apart from the shock? Take her to the Anastasia Home, and give Doctor McLain my card. She'll understand. Please hand me my purse, Aunt Emily. Easy, men!" She steadied the stretcher with both firm, small hands. "Now," as the ambulance rolled away, "I'll take care of—of her. You can go on, officer. We're much obliged."

She took the girl lightly by the arm. "Come."

"Judith, how can you!" "Miss, that won't do, never. Work'us is the place for her, an' all her kind." "Don't be dirtyin' yer leddy hands wid the smut of the likes of her, miss!"

"Pull the rugs up over you and Miss Burgess," commanded Judith, through the window. "It's only eight blocks to the Settlement Lodging House, and I won't trust anybody but myself to take her there. Come, child."

"This won't do at all, young lady." The policeman strove to flaunt a little brief authority. "Jail's the place for her, an' all her kind. You're wastin' yer time on her. That sort don't count."

"That sort don't count!"

Anne Burgess caught at the door. The stern thrill in the girl's low voice swept her heart like a call from a dear lost world.

Her father's voice!

She faced the policeman, white, defiant. Her face, set rigid beneath the airy frippery of lace and spangles, held a strange radiance; her gray eyes flared and darkened. She drew the girl to her and braced the wavering body against her arm.

"Put her into the carriage. Carefully, now. Go on, officer; I tell you I've taken the responsibility. It's my place to look after her now." She turned to the full light; Anne met her look. It was as though she looked into Stephen's eyes once more, ablaze with a holy anger, dark with unfathomable love, with pity all but divine. "I'm ready, Thompson. Go on."

Anne stumbled through the soft darkness of her room, and sat down by the low open fire. She lay back in her chair, her frail hands falling loosely in her lap; her bosom fell with the deep, yielding breath which speaks relief of body, and calm unspeakable of soul. There was a lovely light in her tired eyes; the joy of one whose beloved hope, racked, tortured, tried as by fire, returns unscathed; the peace of a faith restored.

"It was not lost. It could not be lost," she whispered through the night. "It has no stain. It can never be wasted nor betrayed. She will always hold it, honor it. She has her father's soul."

THE MEADOW WIND

By Arthur Davison Ficke

DAYS full of labor—days wherein the mind
Is tense with keen pursuit of some goal set—
Come crowding, and would woo me to forget
All that beyond them lies. But as a wind
Sometimes a-sudden, in the summer's heat,
Blows in on city dwellers parched and worn,
Bringing the breath of country fields of corn
Afar from all the clamor of the street;
And those outwearied toilers start, and seem
For that brief space transported elsewhere,
And breathe the sweetness of the country air,
And see the hills, and hear the hillside stream;
So comes one thought to lead my soul afar—
Surely it must be summer, where you are.

• THE POINT OF VIEW •

"My room looks out into a little court; there is a plot of grass, and to the right of it an old stone-built wall, close against which stands a row of aged lime-trees. Straight opposite, at right angles to the wall, is the east side of the Hall, with its big plain traceried windows enlivened with a few heraldic shields of stained glass. While I was looking out to-day there came a flying burst of sun, and the little corner became a sudden feast of delicate colour; the rich green of the grass, the foliage of the lime-trees, their brown wrinkled stems, the pale moss on the walls, the bright points of colour in the emblazonries of the window, made a sudden delicate harmony of tints. I had seen the place a hundred times before without ever guessing what a perfect picture it made.

"And thus I went slowly back to College in that gathering gloom that seldom fails to bring a certain peace to the mind. The porter sat, with his feet on the fender, in his comfortable den, reading a paper. The lights were beginning to appear in the court, and the firelight flickering briskly upon walls hung with all the pleasant signs of youthful life, the groups, the family photographs, the suspended oar, the cap of glory. So when I entered my book-lined rooms, and heard the kettle sing its comfortable song on the hearth, and reflected that I had a few letters to write, an interesting book to turn over, a pleasant Hall dinner to look forward to, and that, after a space of talk, an undergraduate or two were coming to talk over a leisurely piece of work, an essay or a paper, I was more than ever inclined to acquiesce in my disabilities, to purr like an elderly cat, and to feel that while I had the priceless boon of leisure, set in a framework of small duties, there was much to be said for life, and that I was a poor creature if I could not be soberly content."

—A. C. Benson, *"From a College Window."*

THE outlook from my room should in all charity be spared the disclosure of publicity. In arranging my study at home, my first precaution was to curtain the lower halves of the windows, so that if I chanced to look up and out I should see only a fair patch of sky and the tops of some struggling lindens. If unveiled, the windows would reveal a grimy wall, at the moment emblazoned by an advertiser's legend informing me what tobacco gentlemen of taste chew and whose ready-to-wear clothing I must purchase to masquerade as a prosperous man of fashion. From my "office" at the university, the outlook is more pleasing, yet equally lacks inspiration. The grass is green enough when not wholly worn shabby by students seeking a short cut to learning; the American elms rival the English lime-trees; the sun is brighter, the sky bluer than across the waters. But there is no den, and no porter! If I wish anything done, I am reminded that the most reliable servitor is one's self; so I clean my boots at home and my type-writer at the

office. The roller-top desk, the type-writer stand, the filing-cabinet, greet me with a business-like air. The solace of tea or nicotine, university tradition frowns down upon as lures to idleness. Moreover, the undergraduates who call upon me in irregular procession, are as apt to appear in "shirt-waists" as in "sweaters"—academic costume is undemocratic. They appeal to me as to the oracle of the railway information bureau; and I suggest the various roads and junctions—the changes of trains and fittings of schedules, the management of their impedimenta—that will bring them most safely and economically to their cherished destinations. They rarely inquire about interesting scenery on the way; stop-over privileges are not in demand. Up-to-date equipments and personally conducted tours—and with some, easy berths in Pullman cars—are popular. A batch of official envelopes reminds me that I am also a uniformed conductor for my charges and have reports to prepare for headquarters. Moreover, my laboratory imposes insistent and heterogeneous housekeeping cares; these involve the expenditure of money, and thus acquire a peculiarly American halo of sanctity. A mere professor cannot be entrusted with matters so exalted; and when the item has run the gauntlet of officialdom, the delayed benefit seems sadly out of proportion to the entanglements of the pursuit. In compensation I have become a genius at makeshifts; and when the academic life palls, I may be qualified to serve as manager of some small corner (say the notion counter) of a "department store." Two portentous envelopes remain: the one bids me share the joys of a committee meeting—one of a series of soirées—and assist in framing devices to divert a larger share of the scholastic fry to our weir, and away from the waters tributary to a fraternal institution farther down-stream. (These are not the words of the chairman; but he is skilful in phrase and shrewd in academic diplomacy—qualities quite beyond

From an
American
College Window

my simple insight.) The other commands my attendance at a faculty meeting: the "space of talk" to be given to determining the minimum admission fee to intercollegiate contests compatible with the advertising value of football as an academic pursuit; the decorous mode of launching a scholastic innovation which the authorities have established without troubling the faculty with the question of its desirability; and the regulation of extravagance in social affairs among students, to which a rural editor with political ambitions has called sensational attention. By this time my "framework of small duties" looms ominously large in the daily horizon. I fear that some of the eight lectures of the week may suggest a hasty warming over from an older and more inspired preparation. The routine of my laboratory rounds becomes stale, and my research unprofitable. Yet the stroll homeward in the gathering gloom somehow fails to bring a "certain peace to the mind." The campus through which I walk, generously favored by nature, has suffered severely at the hands of man. Architecturally there is a measure of pleasing simplicity reminiscent of modest beginnings, but more of motley venture, having only in common a general unkemptness and the absence of any academic propriety.

Informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.

Nondescript in style, disregarding quality; huge in proportion, emphasizing bigness; and destitute of all that reflects and makes appeal to the inner vision, of the well-groomed and unified repose that elicits personal devotion.

IS my mood too critical to-day, or have the leisurely pages of the Cambridge don revived too keenly the Old World charms? For as a guest I have dined with the dons at the high table, chatted in the common-room, and glimpsed the even tenor of their honored way. In my hallway a group of Oxford escutcheons are assembled about a sketch of the mellow buildings among which for a time I sought my daily occupation. My book-lined study, with the modest gleanings of travel in pleasant places disposed on wall and shelf, seems indeed a pleasant retreat as I enter with weary step. No kettle sings "its comfortable song on the

Professorial
Reflections

hearth"; but a pipe and an easy-chair at the fire invite repose and contemplation. Verily, I do not feel at all inclined to acquiesce in my disabilities; and the sound expressing my natural impulse would resemble nothing less than "the purr of an elderly cat"; it might even approach the menacing growl of an aggrieved but well-behaved collie, eager to bite, or at least to show his teeth. And yet I am not quite ready—until a pensionless old age is imminent—to exchange my college window for the alluring outlook of the Cambridge don. I am desirous that my window shall look out upon the world, and that frequently I shall step into the busy out-of-doors of an active life set in a framework of "large" duties; and believing thus, I am unwilling that so much energy shall be drained off in unprofitable dribbles. Moreover, my tastes and interests lead me to broader streams where life may be felt in endless currents, and my small service added to the general flow.

The fire burns brightly; I have lighted the lamp, and the room is aglow with a cheery light. Best of all, I am no longer alone. A presence is near me bringing from outdoors the lighter contact of pleasurable intercourse, and from within the sustaining sympathy of a ready insight. The English don may make light of his prescriptive disabilities:

But no, the Pope no wife may choose,
And so I would not wear his shoes.

There is no constraint to talk. A deft needle weaves a patient trail of delicate tracery; my own reflections, thus supported, continue undisturbed.

My academic disabilities weigh heavily upon me, and increasingly so, even in my most optimistic and most lucid intervals. Although my score of years in academic service have brought patient tolerance of immaturity and lack of comprehension, they have not removed my constant solicitude and occasional depression. Though I am decently resigned to find the academic habitation a vale of tears, I protest against the added injury of a bad climate, and especially against those needlessly unfavorable elements in the academic atmosphere that are measurably under control: under control, that is, provided that our efforts are properly inspired and wisely directed, not imprudently compromised for lesser, lowlier, if more imme-

diate gains. What most I envy the English don is wholly attainable, and in restricted measure is enjoyed by some of my more fortunately situated colleagues: I mean the sense of corporate affiliation and control—in law, in fact, and in spirit—of the institution in which they find a living. Naturally the form of the bond will be shaped by divergent traditions and circumstance. The term, “a living,” has a peculiarly Anglican flavor; and its essential emphasis—not its more intimate associations—appeals to me. I deem it fortunate that academically as well as socially we have followed so largely the spirit of English institutions, and equally so that the following has not been a formal one; that the assimilation has been practically tempered to our distinctive needs and has been compatible with a like hospitality to Teutonic thoroughness and directness of purpose, alike receptivity to Gallic *esprit*. There is, too, in the coveted relation something intrinsically democratic—not in the vociferous Bœotian, campaigning sense, but as a discerning, Athenian devotion to principle. America is known as the land of contrasts; and the form of academic government that has found strongest foothold here would be insupportably offensive to an Old World people acquiescent to monarchical institutions. It would likewise be recognized in those more experienced civilizations as inefficient and dangerous: inefficient, because the expert insight necessary to the wise conduct of intellectual interests can be found only within the elect whose temper and attainments have fitted them for the delicate and responsible task; dangerous, because the settlement of control elsewhere means compromise of ideals, the introduction of irrelevant standards and of all the short-sighted shrewdness that makes the worse seem the better cause.

The
Administration

THERE is set up within the university an “administration” to which I am held closely accountable. They steer the vessel, and I am one of the crew. I am not allowed on the bridge except when summoned; and the councils in which I participate uniformly begin at the point at which policy is already determined. I am not part of the “administration,” but am used by the “administration” in virtue of qualities that I may possess apart from my academic proficiencies. In authority, in dignity, in salary, the “administration” are

over me, and I am under them. They sit at the high table, on a raised dais—each in turn elevated on a properly proportioned pedestal—while I in goodly (and, I confess, more congenial) company eat my humble fare at the homely board. My compensation I am supposed to find at the commencement season, when with “baccalaureate” solemnity the sentiment is intoned that the luminaries of the university are those devoted torch-bearers, the wise and gifted professors, though the light thus generated by a curious optical perversity ever shines upon the head of the procession. With the professor at one end of a log and the right kind of a student at the other you have a university. What avail governing boards, and presidents and deans, buildings and equipment, unless the uplifting spirit of liberalizing education animates the whole through an enthusiastic and exceptional faculty! “Deeply impressed with these noble truths, the authorities have devoted the generously increased resources to the erection of a sumptuous administration building [applause], to the enlargement of the swimming tank and the athletic grounds [great applause], and to so embellishing the summer session that no one can afford to go elsewhere. [The local allusion to a near rival elicits laughter and applause.] The authorities regret that the funds will not permit the increase of salaries of the underpaid professors or the appointment of the sorely needed assistants. For these they trust to the providential guidance of the future.” It is disheartening—even after a summer’s vacation enjoyed on borrowed funds—to recall how proudly we were pointed to in the metaphorical radiance of those June days: “These are my jewels!” and to realize in the sombre light of October that we are but paste, after all.

I do not advocate the summary decapitation or even the virtual deposition of the university president; yet I confess that I should like to reform him out of all semblance to his present nature and function. I object to him not for what he is, but for the system which he represents, or of which, possibly, he is but the conspicuous and innocent victim. I dislike the system with its concentration of power in a glorified “head” and a lay board—often inappropriately composed—not because I lack appreciation of what American education owes to endeavors thus furthered, but because we are paying too

dearly for such benefit. The price is nothing less than the discredit of the academic career; for no profession can maintain itself in honor and dignity, and continue to attract the elect to its fold, that imposes such hampering relations, such subordinating dependence upon its votaries: Judgment by one's peers and by them alone and authoritatively is an indispensable privilege of every learned profession. Constant accountability to an imposed control hampers where above all liberty is vital; it restrains and sets up rituals where free initiative is the breath of life and no man can serve other master than himself.

IT is the consoling advantage of a soliloquy that one readily carries his audience with him. Not having to stop for orders, the train of thought has undisputed right of way. I seem, however, to have addressed my conclusions to my silently supporting listener; and I was promptly reminded that I had been going too fast and too far. Had I not unobservantly passed by a little way-station at which I might profitably have been reminded of such material considerations as fuel and water? Should I not be substantially aided in securing the "priceless boon of leisure" if—in the *argot* of the day —I could secure the price; if I

Practical
Disabilities

had not to embrace every slightest opportunity to bring more nearly together the two gaping ends that with all ingenious economy still fail to meet? Unquestionably so, my Socratic mentor.

"And, furthermore, look upon Professor A—and it's just as true of B and C and D—and note how much more human he is, and how almost presentable is Mrs. A, and how the little A's have taken on some of the outer marks of civilization since they have come into a small but accessible income. And do you think that Professor and Mrs. E (and parenthetically F and G and H) are so well and cheerful and take a prominent part in affairs for any other reason than that Mrs. E has a bank account? And you know how seriously Professors N and O and P have been criticised for giving so much of their time to suburban lots and small speculations. Why, they are not more than half professors; and N has come to look just like

a bank cashier. And then consider Professor X and the tail end of the alphabet: how they toil and spin and save the basting threads, and are arrayed neither as Solomon nor any American citizen should be! I would rather have you a book-agent than be so narrow and mean as the X Y Z's. They don't live; they just pinch and camp out; they haven't a spark of generosity in them. I don't want money to talk in college circles unless it can be taught to speak a more civil and less vulgar tongue than it does outside. But you can't be decently independent and face the expenses of life sanely unless you can hold up your head and draw a proper salary, not stand in line with the janitors and sign the pay-roll."

Most decidedly and sadly true—all of it. I am as ready as anyone to prescribe temperately for the scholar in the republic the recipe of plain living and high thinking; but without further approach to high living, it is timely for the scholar and the public to indulge in some plain thinking. The simple life is a very worthy ideal, which it required no genius to enunciate. But I know of nothing that simplifies life so effectively as the possession of a little ready money. I know of nothing that so complicates matters as the everlasting balancing of accounts that will not balance and the insistent intrusion of petty dimes and cents. All this distracts and devalizes, and in very truth interferes with the rational ordering of one's life by accepted standards. The unanimity with which it is conceded that the professor is woefully underpaid is almost alarming, as the failure of the magnanimous admission to lead to any practical measures for relief is pathetic. If I am to maintain both my household and my self-respect, I have indeed, a hard row to hoe; and while gardening as an avocation may be a very beneficial exercise, I cannot be a laborer in the fields and a professor at the same time. This is the very plain tale from the academic hills; and this is why the sun does not shine upon them more brightly, and why those who dwell long in the atmosphere succumb to its vicissitudes after the manner of their several very human weaknesses—among them that of indulging in envious comparison of views from others' windows.

· THE FIELD OF ART ·



From a painting by George Inness.

Autumn Oaks.

Now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART THE AMERICAN SCHOOL—SOME EARLY PAINTERS

IN reviewing the permanent collection of paintings at the Metropolitan Museum of Art it will be the purpose of these papers to mention some of the more important acquisitions and to note where examples are particularly fine and where perhaps they may be advantageously augmented.

It seems very desirable to begin these comments with the American section and remark in what way, if in any, our present art is derivative. But we would differ greatly from other nations if it should be discovered that our art was of native origin. England for long years imported her painters, and it is not until the seventeenth century that one finds in that country a native painter of respectable performance.

When we reflect that in the eighteenth century America possessed Benjamin West, Copley, and Gilbert Stuart, we do not appear

much younger in the art of painting than the mother country. We differ from her, however, in this respect; that the few painters of foreign origin, and they were mainly English, that painted here previous to the time of Copley and Stuart were not of the quality of the distinguished rôle of foreign artists that flourished in England before the advent of Hogarth, Gainsborough, Reynolds, and Romney. When we think of Holbein, Sir Anthony More, Vandyke, Janssens, Sir Peter Lely, and Sir Godfrey Kneller leaving numberless examples of their work there before the native eighteenth-century masters appeared, we can readily understand that the ground was well prepared to receive the seed of good art much earlier than with us.

Aside from the æsthetic value or interest in any early expression of the mind of man through the medium of art, is the hint it gives of the manners and usages of a bygone age. It is often in this spirit that one must approach the beginnings of art in any land; and

it is in something of this attitude of mind that we become interested in the early practice of portraiture in this country. Those who worked here, although incompetent from the point of view of cultured painting, have still left in some canvases this interest to be found in the past. These represent the formal proprieties of the colonial home where family groups are distributed in filial attitudes, and they remain rather a testimony to the civilizing influence of family life than to any high proficiency on the part of the painter.

A number of painters, then, far from first rate, preceded the men from whom we date our actual history in matters of art.

Before West, Copley, Trumbull, and Stuart, many of indifferent skill—Watson, Smybert, Feke, Blackburn, and others—came from England and painted portraits here. These names are so unlike those of the splendid race of painters who formed the advance-guard in Great Britain that it is not a little surprising to find ourselves in the late eighteenth century possessed of a number of portrait painters of considerable importance.

There is in the museum a picture by Matthew Pratt, a friend and pupil of Benjamin West, though four years his senior, entitled "The American School." It is a rather stiff composition, treated with little feeling for picturesque presentation or *chiar-oscuro*, representing West's studio in London where he instructed pupils, Americans, who had followed him there. Carefully and rather laboriously painted, it is of interest as the work of so early an American.

By West himself there are two canvases. The "Hagar and Ishmael" is a biblical subject in which Italian influences are manifest. Although much more freely painted than the picture by Pratt, it is not really largely "seen." The angel is of a corporeal and terrestrial aspect that betrays a lack of fine imagination, while the color is not remarkable.

We regret that, up to the present, the museum has not an example of Copley, that painter of real ability who has perpetuated for us much of aristocratic New England.

While the Gilbert Stuarts here are not perhaps of the finest, it is probable that the list will be enlarged in time. We will first speak of the two latest examples of this painter that have been acquired by the museum, they having been placed there as recently as April in the present year. They represent the Span-

ish minister to the United States, Don Josef de Jaudenes y Nebot and Doña Matilde Stoughton de Jaudenes, his American wife, and were painted in New York in 1794.

On the retirement of the minister these portraits were taken to Spain, where they have remained until recently purchased, brought here, and since become the property of the museum. These portraits were done by Stuart two years after his return from England, and display all the dexterity of a constantly practised hand. They have not the breadth or sobriety of much of his later work, but are most skilfully and solidly painted. The portrait of Washington belongs to that series of replicas which flowed from his brush in periods of indigence and which he was fond of calling his "hundred dollar bills." Overflorid and overmodelled, it is not to be ranked as a fine example of this, at his best, large and virile painter. His portrait of David Sears is, however, a really good one, with a beautiful unity of aspect through unforced and simple modelling on a high key. It is a little too much to the right and too low in the canvas, as Stuart often placed a head; but this in no way detracts from the admirable painting of the subject. It may be that he had planned for accessories which would have balanced this, and which for lack of time or through indolence he failed to carry out.

A new purchase by the Rogers Fund is the portrait of Andrew Jackson by S. Waldo. This is an unfinished work, in parts little more than a knowing preparation, begun on rich brown canvas. By the aid of this the epaulettes and the gold on the collar of the uniform are admirably suggested, while the head, more solidly painted, is marked by a good sense of large forms.

Thomas Sully is seen here in two portraits, one of a man and one of Mrs. Katherine Matthews. The male portrait is competently drawn and painted and excellent in color; the portrait of Mrs. Matthews is evidently an early work, which, while interesting in character, is in painting far from that suave and supple method which he later acquired; in fact, neither of these canvases show Sully at his best and maturest period. Would it not be desirable to secure for the museum a really representative example of this accomplished painter?

Waldo and Jewett—Samuel L. Waldo and William S. Jewett—both born in Connecticut, worked so harmoniously together for

many years that it is difficult to disentangle their respective work in the portraits they produced in collaboration. A sort of Erckmann and Chatrian in pigment, they produced a long series of canvases—strange to say, portraits, in conjunction. Two are to be seen here painted under those conditions. They are catalogued, Portrait of Mr. Edward Kellogg and Portrait of Mrs. Edward Kellogg, and show good, substantial qualities of workmanship, united with a certain convincing element of characterization; in all probability these artists were regarded as safe hands in which to entrust a commission.

A striking portrait by Henry Inman is that of the actor Macready as Coriolanus—it is well drawn and well placed on the canvas, besides possessing a direct and broad method of painting. The expression is dramatic, the head being relieved against a stormy effect of sky.

Charles Loring Elliott was for many years a popular painter of portraits, in which field he was particularly successful in the portrayal of men. Elliott's vogue must have arisen from his skill in securing likenesses, for when it becomes a question of high artistic qualities this painter seems to be devoid of them. His taste in composition appears little above that of the photographer, while the attention he bestows on the superficies of the human countenances suggests what the photographer would be pleased to find in a well-exposed negative. His "Portrait of a Gentleman" is of this type of canvas—overmodelled, heavy in color, with the conventional red chair; but the head undoubtedly possesses character and this, for the period of our art in which it was painted, is about all that was likely to be looked for. Elliott lacks distinction.

A capably painted little landscape entitled "On the Hudson," by Thomas Doughty, shows the work of a sturdy progenitor of the Hudson River School, stronger in touch and observation than much that followed under

that name. The painter of this must have fallen under the spell of Constable's work and Gainsborough's landscapes, so fresh and silvery and definite is the observation, and the stroke, even, with which the pigment is laid on.

By Thomas Cole there is a romantic composition, "The Valley of Vacluse," in the



From a painting by Thomas Sully.

Portrait of Mr. William Glynn.
Now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

traditional browns and yellows with which nature was frequently interpreted by painters of that period. Doughty was, although earlier, a more sincere observer of natural effects out of doors.

"The Judgment of Og," by A. B. Durand, is somewhat of the Cole class of landscape. Large, dramatic, and dark, the scene is of the stage rather than of nature; but it is not without a certain pictorial power. It is a subject indicative of the taste of our imaginative Bible-reading progenitors, who, if they possessed a graphic talent, were sometimes captivated by stories to be found in the Scriptures of a former race and its vicissitudes. This, however fair a field it may be for the art of the

illustrator, is a questionable one to approach through the medium of pigment, essaying to portray the forces of nature at play under conditions too transient to be intelligently or lovingly studied from the point of view of character or color.

"The *Ægean Sea*," Frederick E. Church, is of this school of illustrative and pictorial art. In this painter's hands we find good composition, although somewhat conventional, intelligent drawing and construction of his theme. What we do miss, however, is a sensitiveness on the part of the artist to the brilliancy and light of out of doors. This subject should, if truly observed, fairly vibrate with the iridescence of colored air. Instead of this, the painter, to secure some sort of prismatic effect for rainbow and distance, has plunged his foreground in a heavy gloom utterly at variance with the natural result of conditions of atmosphere he is endeavoring to portray.

Of George Inness, a more emotional painter than the accomplished Church, and one perhaps more alive to the sensations of open air, we find too little—at least of his latest and best work. Representative of this is his "*Autumn Oaks*," vital with the moving of clouds and the accidental falling of sun and shadow on clumps of trees. The color is fresh, quickly mixed and laid, and one is not conscious of studied deliberation in composition or execution. It is all the more vivid for this, and doubtless all the more impressive; for it stirs the feelings as out of doors does, and the painter through this canvas has contributed to the world something real. It would be desirable to increase the number of this painter's works here.

Edwin White was a historical and *genre* painter whose qualities, it seems to me, have been too little exploited. It is perhaps in *genre* that he excelled; but when we consider the good taste he infused into subjects of this character, the richness and beauty of his color, the grays of his interior scenes, as fine as those of Édouard Frère, White is seen to be, at his best, a sensitive and refined observer of nature.

"The Antiquary," by him, possesses fine color, the wall and bit of drapery relieving the figure are of a quite precious quality, and the pose of interested scrutiny of the figure logical and good. What this painter may have lacked in force he made up in sincerity.

Without adequate training, but with a real impelling talent for art, George Fuller left

behind him canvases that are instinct with a sense of the poetry of nature and the haunting mystery of early New England legends, be they of witchcraft or romance. Hawthorne, in another medium, has not captivated the imagination more potently than has Fuller. His methods are those of feeling rather than of craft, as we have said; but he always strikes the right key of color, and by some wizardry of touch places the significant hue where it belongs and where it communicates itself to the feelings.

"And She was a Witch" exemplifies these remarks on the work of this artistic spirit, who, owing to circumstances, has left too little for the pleasure and refreshment of his countrymen.

Quite another temperament in art was that of William S. Mount, whose traditions were also rural, but through whom the bucolic took another channel. Mount loved his neighbors; their daily interests, duties, and pleasures, the gossip of the post-office, the amateur musician, the diversions and games of boyhood appealed to him.

The picture here by him represents "*Raffling for the Goose*," probably a Long Island incident of no infrequent occurrence. This is a work of real quality and merit; a well-contrived composition, painted with a solidity of pigment suggesting the Dutch school, strong and wholesome in color, and with a careful attention to detail made intelligently subservient. We cannot find that Mount had ever the advantage of foreign study, but he is a representative of the American school of which it may be justly proud.

The limits of these comments on examples of early American painting are too restricted to permit the mention of other works; but we are conscious that there are many more of interest and worthy of analysis. Such a task, if continued, would be an agreeable and instructive one, and one which might in turn serve as a kind of hand-book to the contents of the museum. For whatever will contribute to the educational value of this splendid repository of art may be welcomed.

The temper of mind and social environment of these pioneers of art are more or less discovered through these beginnings—in the main, sound beginnings—of the painters of this earlier day.

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AUGUST, 1907

NO. 2

SOME REMARKS ON GULLS

WITH A FOOT-NOTE ON A FISH

By Henry van Dyke

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. E. SCHOONOVER AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERBERT K. JOB

I

CITY GULLS



THE current estimate of the sea-gull as an intellectual force is compressed into the word "gullibility"—a verbal monument of contempt. But when we think how many things the gull does that we cannot do—how he has mastered the arts of flying and floating, so that he is equally at home in the air and on the water; how cleverly he adapts himself to his environment, keeping warm among the ice-floes in winter and cool when all the rest of the folks at the summer watering-places are sweltering in the heat; how well he holds his own against the encroachments of that grasping animal, man, who has driven so many other wild creatures against the wall, and over it into extinction; how prudently he accepts and utilizes all the devices of civilization which suit him, (such as steamship lanes across the Atlantic, and dumping-scows in city harbors, and fish-oil factories on the seashore), without becoming in the least civilized himself—in short, when we consider how he succeeds in doing what every wise person is trying to do, living his own proper life amid various and changing circumstances, it seems as if we might well reform the spelling of that supercilious word, and write it "gullability."

But probably the gull would show no more relish for the compliment than he has

hitherto shown distaste for the innuendo; both of them being inedible, and he of a happy disposition, indifferent to purely academic opinions of his rank and station in the universe. Imagine a gull being disquieted because some naturalist solemnly averred that a hawk or a swallow was a better master of the art of flight; or a mocking-bird falling into a mood of fierce resentment or nervous depression because some professor of music declared that the hermit thrush had a more spontaneous and inspired song! The gull goes a-flying in his own way and the mocking-bird sits a-singing his roundelay, original or imitated, just as it comes to him; and neither of them is angry or depressed when a critic makes odious comparisons, because they are both doing the best that they know with "a whole and happy heart." Not so with poets, orators, and other human professors of the high-flying and cantatory arts. They are often perturbed and acerbated, and sometimes diverted from their proper course by the winds of adverse comments.

When Cicero Tomlinson began his career as a public speaker he showed a very pretty vein of humor, which served to open his hearers' minds with honest laughter to receive his plain and forcible arguments. But someone remarked that his speaking lacked dignity and weight; so he loaded himself with the works of Edmund Burke; and now he discusses the smallest subject with a depressing ponderosity. The charm of Alfred Tennyson Starling's early lyrics was unmis-

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takable. But in an evil day a newspaper announced that his poetry smelled of the lamp and was deficient in virility. Alfred took it painfully to heart, and fell into a violent state of Whitmania. Have you seen his patient imitations of the long-lined, tumultuous one?

After all, the surest way to be artificial is to try to be natural according to some other man's recipe.

One reason why the wild children of nature attract our eyes, and give us an inward, subtle satisfaction in watching them, is because they seem so confident that their own way of doing things is, for them at least, the best way. They let themselves go, on the air, in the water, over the hills, among the trees, and do not ask for admiration or correction from people who are differently built. The sea-gulls flying over a busy port of commerce, or floating at ease on the discolored, choppy, churned-up waves of some great river,

Bordered by cities, and hoarse
With a thousand cries,

are unconscious symbols of nature's self-reliance and content with her ancient methods. Not a whit have they changed their manner of flight, their comfortable, rocking-chair seat upon the water, their creaking, eager voice of hunger and excitement, since the days when the port was a haven of solitude, and the river was crossed only by the red man's canoe passing from forest to forest. They are untroubled by the fluctuations of trade, the calms and tempests which afflict the stock market, the hot waves and cold waves of politics. They do not fash themselves about the fashions—except, perhaps, that silly and barbarous one of adorning the headgear of women with the remains of dead gulls. They do not ask whether life is worth living, but launch themselves boldly upon the supposition that it is, and seem to find it interesting, various, and highly enjoyable, even among wharves, steamboats, and factory chimneys.

My first acquaintance with these untamed visitors of the metropolis was

When that I was a littel tinc boy,

and lived on the Heights of Brooklyn. A nurse, whose hateful official relation was mitigated by many amiable personal qualities—she was a rosy Irish girl—had the

happy idea of going, now and then, for a "day off" and a breath of fresh air, on one of the ferry-boats that ply the waters of Manhattan. Sometimes she took one of the ordinary ferries that went straight over to New York and back again; but more often she chose a boat that proposed a longer and more adventurous voyage—to Hoboken, or Hunter's Point, or Staten Island. We would make the trip to and fro several times, but Biddy never paid, so far as my memory goes, more than one fare. By what arrangement or influence she made the deck-hands considerably blind to this repetition of the journey, without money and without price, I neither knew nor cared, being altogether engaged with playing about the deck and admiring the wonders of the vasty deep.

The other boats were wonderful, especially the big sailing-ships, which were far more numerous then than they are now. The steam tugs, with their bluff, pushing, hasty manners, were very attractive, and I wondered why all of them had a gilt eagle on top of the wheel-house. A little row-boat, tossing along the edge of the wharves, or pushing out bravely for Governor's Island, seemed to be full of perilous adventure. But most wonderful of all were the sea-gulls, flying and floating all over the East River and the North River and the bay.

Where did they come from? It was easy to see where they got their living; they were "snappers-up of unconsidered trifles" from every passing vessel whose cabin-boy threw the rubbish overboard. If you could succeed in getting off the peel of an orange in two or three big pieces, or if you could persuade yourself to leave a reasonably large core of an apple, or, best of all, if you had the limp skin of a yellow banana, you cast the forbidden fruit into the water, and saw how quickly one of the gulls would pick it up, and how beautifully the others would fight him for it. Evidently gulls have a wider range of diet than little boys; also they have never been told that it is wrong to fight.

'How greedy they are! What makes some of them white and some of them gray? They must be different kinds; or else the gray ones are the father and mother gulls. But if that is so, it is funny that the white ones are the best fliers and seem able to take things away from the gray ones. How would you like to fly like that? They swoop around and go just where they want to.

Perhaps that is the way the angels fly; only of course the angels are much larger, and very much more particular about what they eat. Isn't it queer that all the gulls have eyes just alike—black and shiny and round, just like little shoe-buttons? How funnily they swim! They sit right down on the water as if it wasn't wet. Don't you wish you could do that? Look how they tuck up their pinky feet under them when they fly, and how they turn their heads from side to side, looking for something good to eat. See, there's a great big flock all together in the water, over yonder, must be a thousand hundred. Now they all fly up at once, like when you tear a newspaper into little scraps and throw a handful out of the window. Where do you suppose they go at night? Perhaps they sleep on the water. That must be fun! Do they have gulls in Ireland, Biddy, and are all their eyes black and shiny?"

"Sure!" says Biddy. "An' they do be a hundred toimes bigger an' foiner than these wans. The feathers o' thim shoines in the sun loike silver and gowld, an' their eyes is loike jools, an' they do be floying faster than the ships can sail. If ye was only seein' some o' thim rale Oirish gulls, ye'd think no more o' these little wans!"

This increases your determination to go to the marvellous green island some day; but it does not in the least diminish your admiration for the gulls of Manhattan. In the summer, when you go to the seaside and watch the

Gray spirits of the sea and of the shore

sailing over the white beach or floating on the blue waves of the unsullied ocean, you wonder whether these country gulls are happier than the city gulls. That they are different you are sure, and also that they must have less variety in their diet, hardly any banana-skins and orange-peel at all. But then they have more fish, and probably more fun in catching them.

These are memories of old times—the ancient days before the Great Invasion of the English Sparrows—the good old days when orioles and robins still built their nests in Brooklyn trees, and Brooklyn streets still resounded to the musical cries of the hucksters: "Radishees! *new* radishees!" or "Ole clo' an' bottles! any *ole* clo' to sell!" or "Shad O! *fre-e-sh* shad!" In that golden age we played football around the old farm-

house on Montague Terrace, coasted down the hill to Fulton Ferry, and made an occasional expedition to Manhattan to observe the strange wigwams and wild goats of the tribe of squatters who inhabited the rocky country south of the newly discovered Central Park. *Eheu jugaces!*

There was a long interval of years after that when the sea-gulls of the harbor did not especially interest me. But now again, of late, I have begun to find delight in them. Conscience, awakened by responsibility, no longer permits those surreptitiously repeated voyages without a repeated fare. But I go through the gate at the end of each voyage, and consider twelve cents a reasonable price for the pleasure of travelling up and down the North River for an hour and watching the city gulls in their winter holiday.

I know a little more about them now. They are almost all herring gulls, although occasionally a stray bird of another species may be seen. The dark-gray ones are the young. They grow lighter and more innocent-looking as they grow older, until they are pure white, except the back and the top of the wings, which are of the softest pearl gray. The head and neck, in winter, are delicately pencilled with dusky lines. The bill is bright yellow and rather long, with the upper part curved and slightly hooked, for a good hold on slippery little fish. The foot has three long toes in front and a foolish little short one behind. The web between the front toes goes down to the tips; but it makes only a small paddle, after all, and when it comes to swimming, the loon and the duck and several other birds can easily distance the gull. It is as a floater that he excels in water sports; he rides the waves more lightly and gracefully than any other creature.

The gull, high floating like a sloop unladen
Lets the loose water waft him as it will;
The duck, round-breasted as a rustic maiden,
Paddles and plunges, busy, busy, still.

But it is when the gull rises into the air, where, indeed, he seems to spend most of his time, that you perceive the perfection of his design as a master of motion. The spread of his wings is more than twice the length of his body, and every feather of those long, silvery-pearly, crescent fans seems instinct with the passion and the skill of flight. He rises and falls without an effort; he swings

and turns from side to side with balancing motions like a skater; he hangs suspended in the air immovable as if he were held there by some secret force of levitation; he dives suddenly head foremost and skims along the water, feet dangling and wings flapping, to snatch a bit of food from the surface with his crooked golden bill. If the morsel is too large for him to swallow, look how quickly three or four other gulls will follow him, trying to take it away. How he turns and twists and dodges, and how cleverly they head him off and hang on his airy trail, like winged hounds, giving tongue with thin and querulous voices, half laughing and half crying and altogether hungry. He cannot say a word, for his mouth is full. He gulps hastily at his booty, trying to get it down before the others catch him. But it is too big for his gullet, and he drops it in the very act and article of happy deglutition. The largest and whitest of his pursuers scoops up the morsel almost before it touches the waves, and flaps away to enjoy his piratical success in some quiet retreat.

What a variety of cooking the gulls enjoy from the steamships and sailing-vessels of various nationalities which visit Manhattan! French cooks, Italian, German, Spanish, English, Swedish—cooks of all races minister to their appetites. Whenever a panful of scraps is thrown out from the galley, a flock of gulls may be seen fluttering over their fluent *table d'hôte*. Their shrill, quavering cries of joy and expectancy sound as if the machinery of their emotions were worked by rusty pulleys; their sharp eyes glisten, and their great wings flap and whirl together in a confusion of white and gray. It is said that they do useful service as scavengers of the harbor. No doubt; but to me they commend themselves chiefly as visible embodiments and revelations of the mystery, wonder, and gladness of flight.

What do we know about it, after all? We call this long-winged fellow *Larus argentatus smithsonianus*. We find that his normal temperature is about two degrees higher than ours, and that he breathes faster, and that his bones are lighter, and that his body is full of air-sacs, fitting him to fly. But how does he do it? How does he poise himself on an invisible ledge of air,

Motionless as a cloud . . .
That heareth not the loud winds when they call,
And moveth altogether if it move at all?

How does he sail after a ship, with wings outspread, against the wind, never seeming to move a feather? You understand how a kite mounts upon the breeze: the string holds it from going back, so it must go up. But where is the string that holds the gull?

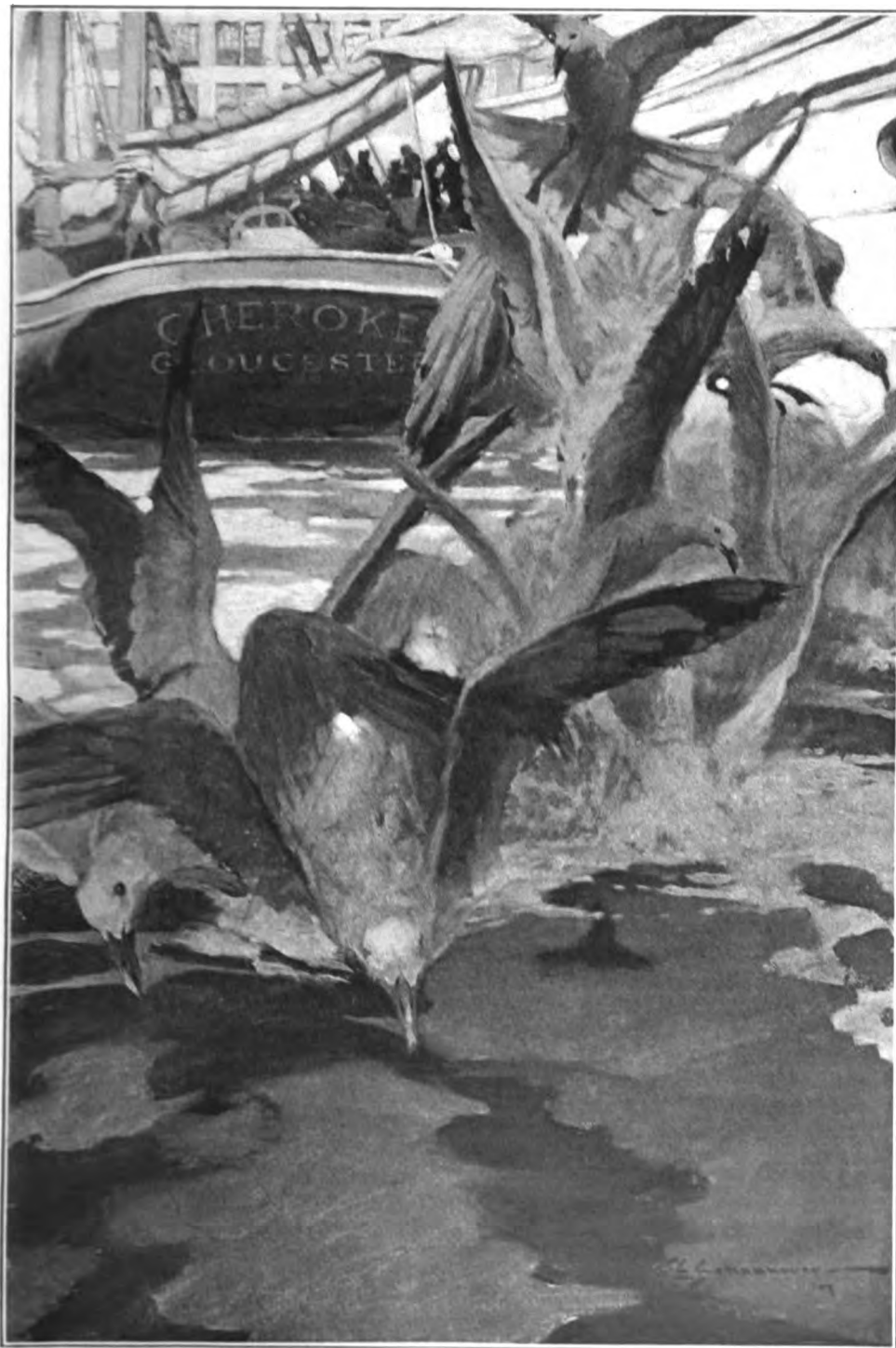
I like these city gulls because they come to us in winter, when the gypsy part of our nature is most in need of comforting reminders that the world is not yet entirely dead or civilized. A man that I know once wrote a poem about them, and sent it to a magazine. It was so evidently an out-of-door poem that the editor put it in the midsummer number, when you might cross the ferry a hundred times without seeing a single gull. They do not begin to come to town until October; and it is well on into November before their social season begins. In March and April they begin to flit again, and by May they are all away northward, to the inland lakes among the mountains, or to the rocky islands of the Maine coast. Let us follow them.

II

A GULL PARADISE

IN the waters south of Cape Cod, where blue-fish and other gamy surface swimmers are found, the gulls are often useful guides to the fisherman. When he sees a great flock of them fluttering over the water, he suspects that the objects of his pursuit are there, feeding from below on the squid, the shiners, or the skip-jack, on which the gulls are feeding from above. So the fisherman sails as fast as possible in that direction, wishing to drag his trolls through the school of fish while they are still hungry. But in the colder waters around the island of Mount Desert, where the blue-fish have not come and the mackerel have gone away, the sign of the fluttering gulls does not indicate fish to be caught, but fish which have already been caught, and which some other fisherman is preparing for the market as he hurries home. The gulls follow his boat and clean up the waves behind it. They are commentators now, not prophets.

In these blue and frigid deeps the real sport of angling is unknown. There is instead a rather childish, but amusing game of salt-water grab-bag. You let down a heavy lump of lead and two big hooks baited



Drawn by F. E. Schooner.

What a variety of cooking the gulls enjoy!—Page 132.

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with clams into thirty, forty, or sixty feet of water. Then you wait until something nudges the line, or until you suspect that the hooks are bare. Then you give the line a quick jerk, and pull in, hand over hand, with more or less resistance, and see what you have drawn from the grab-bag. It may be a silly, but nutritious cod, gaping in surprise at this curious termination of his involuntary rise in the world; or a silvery haddock, staring at you with round, reproachful eyes; or a pollock, handsome but worthless; or a shiny, writhing dog-fish, whose villainy is written in every line of his degenerate, chinless face. It may be that spiny gargoyle of the sea, a sculpin; or a soft and stupid hake from the mud-flats. It may be any one of the grotesque products of Neptune's vegetable garden, a sea-cucumber, a sea-carrot, or a sea-cabbage. Or it may be nothing at all. When you have made your grab, and deposited the result, if it be edible, in the barrel which stands in the middle of the boat, you try another grab, and that's the whole story.

It is astonishing how much amusement apparently sane men can get out of such a simple game as this. The interest lies, first, in the united effort to fill the barrel, and second, in the rivalry among the fishermen as to which of them shall take in the largest cod or the greatest number of haddock, these being regarded as prize packages. The sculpin and the sea vegetables may be compared to comic valentines, which expose the recipient to ridicule. The dog-fish are like tax notices and assessments; the man who gets one of them gets less than nothing, for they count against the catcher. It is quite as much a game of chance as politics or poker. You do not know on which side of the boat the good fish are hidden. You cannot tell the difference between the nibble of a cod and the bite of a dog-fish. You have no idea what is coming to you, until you have hauled in almost all of your line and caught sight of your allotment wriggling and whirling in the blue water. Sometimes you get twins.

The barrel is nearly full. Let us stop fishing and drifting. Hoist the jib, and trim in the main-sheet. The boat ceases to rock lazily on the tide. The life of the wind enters into her, and she begins to step over the waves and to cut through them, sending bright showers of spray from her bow, and

leaving a swirling, bubbling, foaming wake astern. Were there ever waters so blue, or woods so green, or rocky shores so boldly and variously cut, or mountains so clear in outline and so jewel-like in shifting colors, as these of Mount Desert? Was there ever an air which held a stronger, sweeter cordial, fragrant with blended odors of the forest and the sea, soothing, exhilarating, and life-renewing?

Here is the place to see it all, and to drain the full cup of delight; not a standpoint, but a sailing-line, just beyond Baker's Island: a voyager's field of vision, shifting, changing, unfolding, as new bays and islands come into view, and new peaks arise, and new valleys open in the line of emerald and amethyst and carnelian and tourmaline hills. You can count all the summits: Newport, and Green, and Pemetic, and Sargent, and Brown, and Dog, and Western. The lesser hills, the Bubbles, Bald Mountain, Flying Mountain, and the rest, detach themselves one after another and stand out from their background of green and gray. How rosy the cliffs of Otter and Seal Harbor glow in the sunlight! How magically the great white flower of foam expands and closes on the sapphire water as the long waves, one by one, pass over the top of the big rock between us and Islesford! This is a bird's-eye view: not a high-flying bird, circling away up in the sky, or perched upon some lofty crag, as Tennyson describes the eagle:

Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world he stands;
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls,
He watches from his mountain-walls;

but a to-and-fro-travelling bird, keeping close to sea and shore. It is a gull's-eye view — just as the flocks of herring gulls see it every day, passing back and forth from their seaward nesting-place to their favorite feeding-ground at Bar Harbor. There they go now, flapping southward with the breeze. We will go with them to their island home, and eat our dinner while they are digesting theirs.

Great and Little Duck Islands lie about ten miles off shore from Seal Harbor. Their name suggests that they were once the haunt of various kinds of sea-fowl. But the ducks have been almost, if not quite, exterminated; and the herring gulls would probably have gone the same way, but for the exertions of



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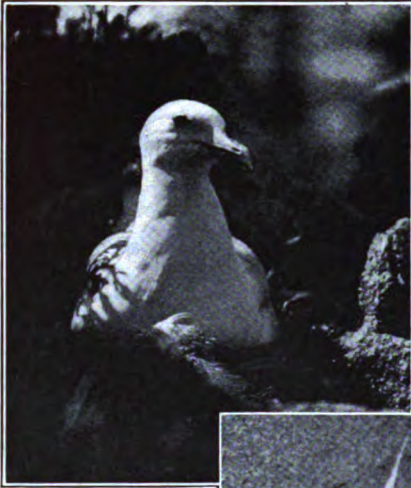
The gull goes a-flying in his own way.—Page 129.

the Audubon Society, which have resulted in the reservation of the islands as a breeding-ground under governmental protection. It has taken a long time to awaken the American people to the fact that the wild and beautiful creatures of earth and air and sea are a precious part of the common inheritance, and that their needless and heedless destruction, by pot-hunters or plume-hunters or silly shooters who are not happy unless they are destroying something, is a crime against the commonwealth which must be punished or prevented. The people are not yet wide awake, but they are beginning to get their eyes open; and the State of Maine, which was once the Butchers' Happy Hunting Ground, is now a leader in the enactment and enforcement of good game laws.

There is only one place on the shore of Great Duck where you can land comfort-

ably when the wind has any northing in it, and that is a little cove among the rocks, below a fisherman's shanty, on the lower end of the island. Here there are a few cleared acres; some low stone walls dividing abandoned fields; the cellar of a vanished house, and a ruined fireplace and chimney; a little enclosure, overgrown with bushes and weeds, marking a lonely, forgotten burial-ground.

There are few gulls to be seen at this end of the island; it is a tranquil, forsaken place where we can sit beside our fire of driftwood and eat our broiled fish and bread, and smoke an after-dinner pipe of peace. A grassy foot-path leads down the fields, and across a salt-meadow, and along a high seawall of rocks and pebbles cast up by the storms, and so by a rude wood-road through a forest of spruce-trees to the higher part of the island. It rises perhaps a hundred feet



The gulls' nests are hidden away among this gray *débris*, or in crevices among the rocks.

or more above the sea, with a steep shore built of huge sloping ledges of flat rock. On the seaward point is the light-house, with the three dwelling-houses of the keepers, all precisely alike, immaculately neat and trim, surrounded by a long picket fence, and presenting a front of indomitable human order and discipline to the tumultuous and unruly ocean, which heaves away untamed and unbroken to the shores of Spain and Brittany.

The chief keeper of the light, Captain Stanley, who has been with it since it was first kindled twenty years ago, is also the warden of the sea-gulls. All around us, in the air, on the green slopes of the island, on the broad gray granite ledges, on the dancing blue

waves, his feathered flocks are scattered, and their innumerable laughter and shrill screaming confuse the ear. The spruce-trees on the top of the island and the eastward slopes are almost all dead; their fallen trunks and branches and upturned roots cover the little hillocks and hollows in all directions. The gulls' nests are hidden away among this gray *débris*, or in crevices among the rocks, sheltered as much as possible from the wind and the rain.

They are not very wonderful from an architectural point of view, being nothing more than rough little circles of dried twigs

and grass matted together, with perhaps a bit of seaweed or moss for padding in the case of a parent with luxurious tastes. Three eggs in a nest is the rule, and all that the average mother-gull wants is a place where she can hold them together and keep them warm until they are hatched. The young birds are precocious; they emerge from the shell with a full suit of downy feathers, and are able to walk after a fash-



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The young birds emerge from the shell with a full suit of downy feathers.

ion, and to swim pretty well, almost from the day of their second and completed birth.

The young of altricial birds, like orioles, and bluebirds, and thrushes, being born naked and helpless, have a reason for loving their nest-homes, so carefully and delicately built to shelter their nude infancy. But the young gull cares not for "a local habitation and a name." All that he wants of home is a father and mother, nimble and assiduous in bringing food to him while he flops around, practising his legs and his wings.

It is August now, and the eggs are gone, shells and all. Almost all of the young gulls are accomplished swimmers and fair fliers

the sea when there is a surf running, for if you alarm them they will plunge into the water and be bruised and wounded, perhaps killed, by the breakers throwing them against the rocks.

Wild animals, like polecats and minks, who would be likely to prey upon the young birds, are not allowed to reside on the island; and it is too far to swim from the mainland. But I wonder why large hawks and other birds of prey do not resort to this place as a marine restaurant. Perhaps a young gull is too big, or too tough, or too high-flavored a dish for them. Possibly the old gulls



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How magically the great white flower of foam expands.—Page 134.

by this time, and I suppose the majority of the brood can go with their parents to the nearer harbors and along the island shores to forage for themselves. But there are a few backward or lazy children—perhaps a hundred—still hanging around the places where they chipped the egg, hiding among the roots of the trees or crouching beside the rocks. What quaint, ungainly creatures they are! Big-headed, awkward, dusky, like gnomes or goblins, they hop and scuffle away as you come near them, stumbling over the tangled dead branches and the tussocks of grass, with outspread wings and clumsy motions. Follow one a little while and he will take refuge in a hole under a fallen tree, or between two big stones, squatting there without much apparent fright while you pat his back or gently scratch his head. But you must be careful not to follow the youngsters who are near the edge of

know how to fight for their offspring. I suppose that enough of the adult birds are always on hand for defence, although during a good part of the day the majority of the flock are away at the feeding grounds.

I opened the gate of the light-house enclosure and went in. Three little children who were playing in the garden came shyly up to me, each silently offering a flower. The keeper of the light, who is a most intelligent man and an ardent Audubonite, asked me into his sitting-room and told me a lot about his gulls.

In the spring, the first of them come back in March, sometimes arriving in a snow-storm. They keep to the shore most of the time, but fuss around a little, pulling old nests to pieces or making new ones. About the first of May, they move up to the centre of the island. There are three or four thousand of them, and not quite half as many

nests. By the middle of May the first egg may be expected, and in the second week of June the first gray chick puts out his big head. A week later the brood is all hatched and the parental troubles begin.

"The old birds," says Mr. Stanley, "do not fail to provide food for their young, although as the birds get large the old ones have to go sometimes many miles to do it, but, as a general thing, there is plenty for

swallow it again. Woe betide the young bird that belongs to a neighbor, who tries to fill up at the wrong place! I have seen a young bird killed by one blow from the old bird's bill, his head torn in two. As the young birds grow, the old birds bring them larger fish to swallow. We have a few old birds who know the time we feed the hens, and when that time draws near they are on hand to dine with the hens."

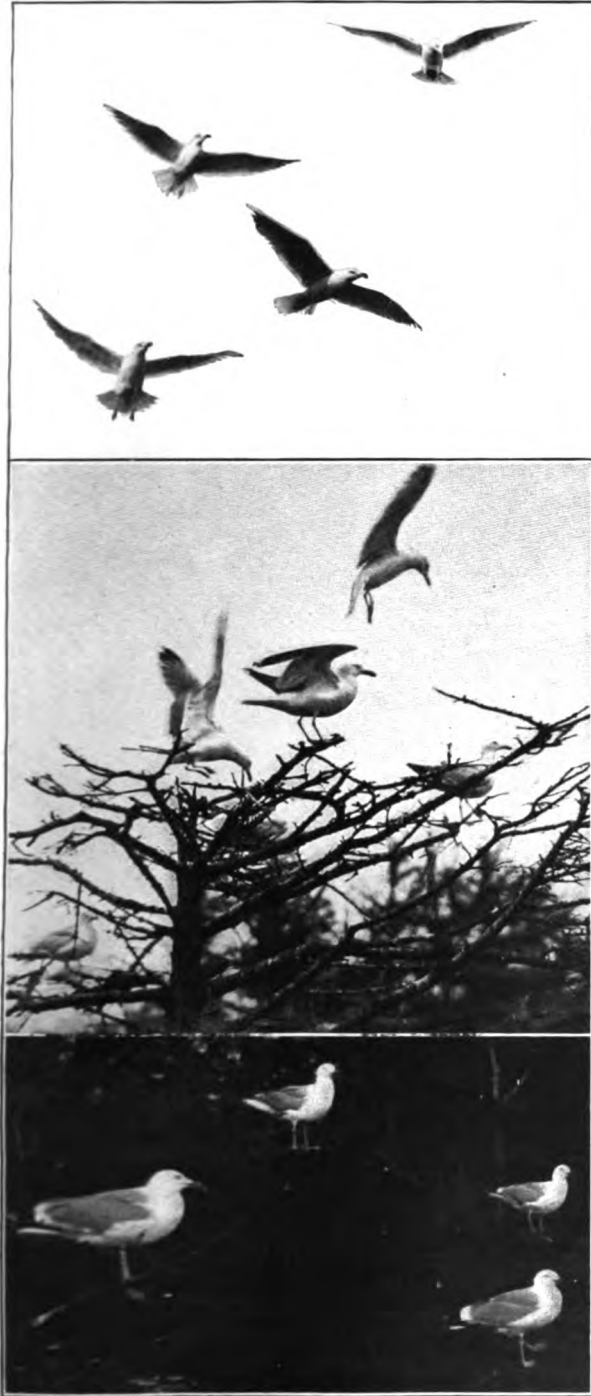


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"Gray spirits of the sea and of the shore."—Page 131.

them. I have watched them coming back at night, appearing very tired, flying very low, one behind the other. They would light near where the young should be and call, and the chicks would rush up to the old bird and pick its bill; after the proper time the old bird will stretch out its neck, and up will come a mess of almost everything, from bread to sea-cucumbers, livers, fish (all the small kind). If there is anything left after the feast the old bird will

By the latter part of August, having done their duties, the old birds, the white ones, begin to leave the island. The dingy youngsters are slower to forsake their Eden of innocence, lingering on beside the unsullied waters and beneath the crystalline skies until the frosts of late September warn them that winter is at hand. Then the last of the colony take flight, winging their way southward leisurely and comfortably, putting in at many a port where fish are cleaned



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"It is when a gull rises into the air that you perceive the perfection of his design as a master of motion."—Page 131.

and scraps are thrown overboard, until they arrive at their chosen harbor by some populous and smoke-clouded city, and learn to dodge the steamboats and swim in troubled waters.

So the Gull Paradise is deserted by all but its guardians. The school district of Duck Island—the smallest in the United States—resumes its activities; the school-house is open, the teacher raps on the desk, and the fourteen children of the keepers apply themselves to the knowledge that is dried in books.

III

IN THE GULLS' BATH-TUB

OVER our cottage we saw them flying inland every morning about ten or eleven o'clock; in groups of three or four; in companies of twelve or twenty; sometimes a solitary bird, hurrying a little as if he were belated. Over our cottage we saw them flying seaward every afternoon, one or two at a time, and then, at last, a larger company all together. The trail through the woods, up along the lovely mountain-brook, led us in the same direction as the gulls' path through the air. A couple of miles of walking underneath green boughs brought us to the shore of Jordan Pond, lying in a deep gorge between the mountains of rock with the rounded, forest-clad Bubbles at its head, and the birches, and maples, and poplars, and hemlocks fringing its clean, stony shores. Then we understood what brought the gulls up from the sea every day. They came for a fresh-water bath and a little fun in the woods.

Look at them, gathered like a flotilla, in the centre of the

pond. They are not feeding; they are not attending to any business of importance; they are not even worrying about their young; they are not doing anything at all but "bath-ing" themselves, as my little lad used to say, in this clear, cool, unsalted water, and having the best time in the world. See how they swim lazily this way or that way, as the fancy strikes them. See how they duck their heads, and stretch their long wings in the air, and splash the water over one another; how they preen their feathers and rise on the surface, shaking themselves. Here comes a trio of late starters, flying up from the sea. They hover overhead a moment, crying out to the crowd below, which answers them with a general shout and

a flutter of excitement. Didn't you hear what they said?

"Hello, fellows! How's the water?"

"Bully! Just right—come in quick's you can!" So the new arrivals swoop down, spreading out their tails like fans, and dangling their feet underneath, and settling in the centre of the crowd amid general hilarity.

How long the gulls stay at their bath I do not know. Probably some of the busy and conscientious ones just hurry in for a dip and hurry back again. Others, of a more pleasure-loving temperament, make the trip more than once, like a boy I knew, whose proud boast it was that he had gone in swimming seven times in one afternoon. The very idle and self-indulgent ones, I reckon, spend nearly the whole day in their spacious and well-fitted bath-tub.

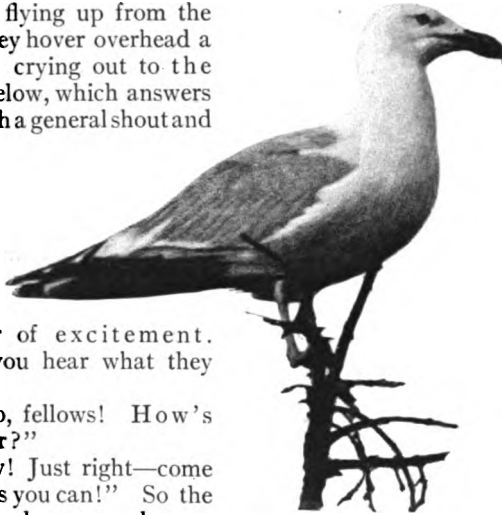
The mountain lake has been turned into a reservoir for the neighboring village of Seal Harbor. But the gulls do not know that, I am sure; nor would anyone else who judged by outward appearances suspect that such a transformation had taken place. For the dam at the outlet is made of rough stones,

very low, almost unnoticeable; and the water has not been raised enough to kill any of the trees or spoil the shore. Jordan Pond, which was named for a commonplace lumberman who used to cut timber on its banks, and which has, so far as I know, no tradition or legend of any kind connected with it, is still as wild, as lovely, as perfect in its lonely charm as if it were consecrated and set apart to the memory of a score of old romances.

At the lower end, in an open space of slightly rising ground, there is an ancient farmhouse which has been extended and piazzaed and made into a rustic place of entertainment. Here the fashionable summer-folk of the various harbors come to drink afternoon tea and to eat famous dinners of broiled chicken, baked potatoes, and pop-overs. The proprietor has learned from the modern author and advertiser the secret of success; avoid versatility and stick to the line in which the public know you. Having won a reputation on pop-overs and chickens, he continues to turn them out with diligence and fidelity, like short-stories of a standard pattern.

I asked him if there was any fishing in the lake. He said that there was plenty of fishing; but he said it in a tone which made me doubtful about his meaning. 'What kind of fish were there?' 'Trout by nature, and landlocked salmon by artificial planting.' 'Could we fish for them?' 'Sure; but as for catching anything big enough to keep—well, he did not want to encourage us. It was two or three years since any good fish had been caught in the lake, though there had been plenty of fishing. But in old times men used to come over from Hull's Cove, fishing through the ice, and they caught'—then followed the usual piscatorial legends of antiquity.

But the Gypsy girl and I were not to be disheartened by historical comparisons. We insisted on putting our living luck to the proof, and finding out for ourselves what kind of fish were left in Jordan Pond. We had a couple of four-ounce rods, one of which I fitted up with a troll, while she took



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A typical gull.



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

The gulls' bath-tub.—Page 139.

the oars in a round-bottomed, snub-nosed white boat, and rowed me slowly around the shore. The water was very clear; at a depth of twenty feet we could see every stone and stick on the bottom—and no fish! We tried a little farther out, where the water was deeper. My guide was a merry rower and the voyage was delightful, but we caught nothing.

Let us set up the other rod, while we are trolling, and try a few casts with the fly as we move along. I will put the trolling-rod behind me, leaning over the back-board; if a fish should strike, he would hook himself and I could pick up the rod and land him. Now we will straighten out a leader and choose some flies—a silver doctor and a queen of the water—how would those do? Or perhaps a royal coachman would be—Chr-r-r-p! goes the reel. I turn hastily around, just in time to see the trolling-rod vanish over the stern of the boat. Stop, stop! Back water—hard as you can! Too late! There goes my best-beloved little rod, with a reel and fifty yards of line, settling down in the deep water, almost out of sight, and slowly following the flight of that invisible fish, who has hooked himself and my property at the same time.

This is a piece of bad luck. Shall we let the day end with this? “Never,” says the Gypsy. “Adventures ought to be continued till they end with good luck. We will put a longline on the other rod, and try that beautiful little phantom minnow, the silver silk one that came from Scotland. There must be some good fish in the pond, since they are big enough to run away with your tackle.”

Round and round the shore she rows, past the points of broken rocks, underneath the rugged bluffs, skirting all the shelving bays. Faintly falls the evening breeze, and behind the western ridge of Jordan Mountain suddenly the sun drops down. Look, the gulls have all gone home. Creeping up the rosy side of Pemetic, see old Jordan’s silhouette sketched in shadow by the sun. Hark, was that a coaching horn, sounding up from Wildwood Road? There’s the whistle of the boat coming round the point at Seal. How it sinks into the silence, fading gradually away. Twilight settles slowly down, all around the wooded shore, and across the opal lake—

Chr-r-r-r! sings the reel. The line tightens. The little rod, firmly gripped in my hand, bends into a bow of beauty, and a

hundred feet behind us a splendid silver salmon leaps into the air. “What is it?” cries the Gypsy, “a fish?” It is a fish, indeed, a noble ouananiche, and well hooked. Now if the gulls were here, who grab little fish suddenly and never give them a chance; and if the mealy-mouthed sentimentalists were here, who like their fish slowly strangled to death in nets, they should see a fairer method of angling.

The weight of the fish is twenty times that of the rod against which he matches himself. The tiny hook is caught painlessly in the gristle of his jaw. The line is long and light. He has the whole lake to play in, and he uses almost all of it, running, leaping, sounding the deep water, turning suddenly to get a slack line. The Gypsy, tremendously excited, manages the boat with perfect skill, rowing this way and that way, advancing or backing water to meet the tactics of the fish, and doing the most important part of the work.

After half an hour the ouananiche begins to grow tired and can be reeled in near to the boat. We can see him distinctly as he gleams in the dark water. It is time to think of landing him. Then we remember, with a flash of despair, that we have no landing-net! To lift him from the water by the line would break it in an instant. There is not a foot of the rocky shore smooth enough to beach him on. Our caps are far too small to use as a net for such a fish. What to do? We must row around with him gently and quietly for another ten minutes until he is quite weary and tame. Now let me draw him softly in toward the boat, slip my fingers under his gills to get a firm hold, and lift him quickly over the gunwale before he can gasp or kick. A tap on the head with the empty rod-case—there he is—the prettiest landlocked salmon that I ever saw, plump, round, perfectly shaped and colored, and just six and a half pounds in weight, the record fish of Jordan Pond!

Do you think that the Gypsy and I wept over our lost rod, or were ashamed of our flannel shirts and tweeds, as we sat down to our broiled chickens and pop-overs that evening, on the piazza of the tea-house, among the white frocks and Tuxedo jackets of the diners-out? No, for there was our prize lying in state on the floor beside our table. “And we caught him,” said she, “in the gulls’ bath-tub!”

A DAY AT THE COUNTRY CLUB

A SERIES OF DRAWINGS BY

HARRISON
FISHER







By-Play.





Wanted—An Answer.





Fisherman's Luck.



Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

Our passenger thought the devil and all was runnin' amuck over the ocean.—Page 155.

THE COMMANDEERING OF THE LUCY FOSTER

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATION BY W. J. AYLWARD



THE word had been passed that Wesley Marrs was in from another slashing trip from Fortune Bay; and sure enough there was the matchless *Lucy* tied to her dock, but no sign, at the moment, of her redoubtable master. However, a hint from the crew and a search disclosed him—but of all places!

In Perry's, the picture-framer's, was Wesley, leaning over the low counter; and a sheet of brine-stained paper was in one hand, and his face was smiling as a sunlit sea. "And do a good job on it," he was saying to the clerk; "oak, or cherry, or ebony, or whatever 'tis is the swell thing in frames. And—— Hah? who?" At another word from the clerk he looked toward the door. "Hullo-o-oh, boy! Come in, come in. What? Something doin' when I got that, did y' say? Was there! Ho—ho—ho—was there?"

"We was in Fortune Bay," began Wesley, "layin' to old John Rose's wharf in Folly Cove. And John had thirteen or fourteen hundred barrels of frozen herrin' spread out on the scaffolds and along the beach near by, and 'twas a sight you'd sail a hundred mile to see—them fine, fat, frozen fish layin' out there under the winter sky. And John and me'd pretty nigh come to one way of thinkin' about a price for them same herrin', when along comes the gover'ment cutter. And they hails me, and asks me if I didn't think I'd better be gettin' under weigh and headin' for home, or anywhere else—it didn't matter much where, so long's 'twas away from the Newf'undland coast.

"Nacherally I said I didn't see why I should, and mildly enough, too, I said it—mildly enough, that is, considering. There was differences of opinion, to be sure, on the herrin' rights of American and Newf'undland fishermen, but one man's opinion was as good as another's till it was settled.

"But no man's opinion ain't nigh as good as the gover'ment's," says the cutter's commander, and damn abrupt, too, he was.

"I dunno," I says. 'It depends on whose gover'ment's——'

"Well, my gover'ment's gen'rally," he butts in again; 'but this time *your* gover'ment's.'

"When I see it I'll believe it," I says.

"Well," and he whisks a paper out of his pocket and slaps it under my nose. An American newspaper, too, it was, which you think'd have a good word for Gloucester. You know the paper, and I know it, which's never yet hesitated to slam Gloucester's interests. Now it had the opinion of this chap in Washington, and we all know *him*. You know how long he'd hesitate to sacrifice Gloucester and all New England—yes, and the whole country, if need be, for a foreign policy of his that three-quarters of the people of this country don't want. This interview with him said that the contentions of the American fishermen as to their herring rights could probably not be upheld before an international court of—m—m—adjudication, that's it. And on another page, the one where this was put—no pictures or despatches—editorial page, yes—Curtin pointed out more to the same effect; that no doubt Gloucester would come to her senses now and that maybe the legislators, the Congressmen and the powerful Senator, who had hitherto succeeded in blocking the wheels of international something or other, would halt—and so on.

"What do you think now?" says Curtin; 'your great American statesman.'

"Great slush!" I says. 'And him an American? Why, he's no more American than you are, Captain Curtin. He only happened to be born in America. Why, he's got as much use for most American people as for gorillas in the jungle. He probably thinks men like me and the gorillas pretty near the same class. Gover'ment by him?' I goes on. 'Why, his notion of a good gover'ment is to have the

laws so that the puffy-eyed, heavy-jowled chaps from the mahogany offices can sleep easy nights. Anything that interferes with the comfort of that kind of people is bad gover'ment; but for you and me and men like us—the men that have to sail the sea, and them that dig in the mines, that cut the timber in the winter woods, or that plough the prairie, or do any of those hundred things whereby a man brings something into his country that wasn't there before—to hell with us! You blasted lick-spittle! d'y' imagine I'm intendin' to be bound by your notion of what law is?' I says and punches the picture of his whiskered face in the paper. I only wished I had himself instead.

"Oh, I was good and mad, and the thought of them herrin' that old John Rose had spread out there, it didn't make me feel any better. It turns to Curtin. 'Do you really mean that I got to get out this bay?

"I do just that, Captain Marrs,' he says. 'And to make sure that you do go—for I can't stay hangin' around here forever to watch you—here's a gentleman will see that you do. I've instructions from St. John to put this gentleman aboard you, and his orders are to stay aboard till you're well out the bay.'

"Well, I was fit to be triced to the main riggin'. But he had me, his steam-cutter and his guns; my vessel locked into a little harbor and not so much as a duck gun aboard. So, though I hove some lovin' glances back at old John Rose and them fourteen hundred barrels of fine, fat, frozen herrin', I swings the *Lucy* out, with the gentleman from St. John's wavin' pleasantly from the *Lucy's* quarter to the commander of the cutter on his bridge.

"This chap the cutter had put aboard to watch me was a new appointee of the Crown, he told me. He meant well enough; but why is it so many of those chaps think there's something about themselves that's so much ahead of anything that can ever come out of you and me? A large man, he was—not big, but large—you know that kind—pleasant-lookin' enough, only his eyes had about as much color and fire as a boiled hake's—you've seen the washy eyes of a boiled fresh hake—yes? Hah? Goes better if it's well salted? It cert'nly do.

"And so, I cal'late, would this chap, who began to tell me all about himself right away—had been up and down the coast of

his own country in some little steamer on some Crown commission or other, and never seasick in his life. No, sir, never. And maybe so, though to offer that as proof that you're cut out for a seaman is about as sensible as to say that if the smell of fresh paint don't make you sick to your stomach then the Lord intended you for a painter. Ain't that about so? Sure it is. But what this chap didn't know of the sea! He told me of his coming across the Atlantic. One day, though, it did blow! My word, yes. Near as I could make out, she took some water over her bow one day and wet down some fat old unsuspectin' ladies that was baskin' on the sunny side of the main deck. A great storm—yes, it must 've been.

"Just outside the bay the *Lucy* ran into a nice breeze o' wind, and I took the stays'l off her, for you see she'd started her top-m'st on the run down, and I misdoubted the stick 'd stand the stays'l and that gaff tops'l both pulling on it to once. If it warn't the stick was weak and I expected to use it later, I'd no more taken that stays'l off that day than I'd taken off my undershirt 'cause of the heat—and it the fourteenth of December. But seeing it come off, this chap says, 'Hah, the storm too strong for her, captain?'

"Storm?' I says. 'W'nat storm? And too strong for the *Lucy*? For the *Lucy*!' I says, and as I'm standin' here 'twas no more than the pleasantest, cheerfulest, agreeablest weather imaginable—a proper sailin' breeze, just what a doctor who'd ordered a sea voyage for an invalid would 've had, with no more sea than to barely save the gang from washin' down decks next mornin'.

"Thinkin' his remarks over during that night while we were rolling about outside the bay put ideas into me. And thinkin' again of them fourteen hundred barrels of fine, fat, frozen herrin' back to old John Rose's made me say to myself: 'Wesley, but you'll sure go down in Gloucester's history as cert'nly a damn fool if you don't manage to get them herrin', statesman, cutter, and Crown commissioner, notwithstandin'.'

"And the breeze makin', d'y' see, I turns to the Crown job chap. 'By the way'—and I was deferential as hell, don't you think I warn't—'by the way, sir, where was I to take you to?'

"'Why, out of Fortune Bay.'

"Yes, but then where? We're out the bay now."

"Why, I'm sure I don't know."

"Well, I thought that was about as intelligent as he looked. Didn't know! Get's aboard a vessel and don't know where she's bound. But it was good business for me, and I gave him time to think it over. His was a brain that needed a lot of time before it got to workin' so you could notice it."

"Why, where *are* you goin' to?" he asks after a while.

"Well, my home port's Gloucester."

"Gloucester? That's in the States, isn't it?"

"What!" I says.

"Yes, yes, I think I've heard of it, captain. Oh, dear me, yes—a fishin' village, but I don't remember seein' it on any map."

"Well, I could have hove him over where he stood—a fishin' village! Village! There, thinks I, is another of them that imagines that in Gloucester the fishermen live in little huts on the beach and every evenin' after putting out the cat, we takes a lantern and looks our little boats over, and, maybe with the wife and children to help, hauls 'em a foot or two higher on the beach so the flood tide won't float 'em off durin' the night. Village! And not on the map! 'Why, you pink-haired tea-drinker,' I came near sayin' 'Gloucester's all over the map.' But I didn't. I did say, though, 'Gloucester's the greatest fishin' port in the world,' a bit warm maybe."

"Oh!" he says.

"Oh!" I ohs after him. 'And I don't know but what I'll run for there,' but at the same time, mind you, havin' no more notion of goin' home without a load of herrin' than of dumping our grub over the side."

"Well, the air 'round there freshened up, till it got to be what you might call a tidy little breeze o' wind, and the *Lucy*, bein' light, was hopping something scandalous. We'd taken out, d'y' see, most of her ballast before leavin' home, but so she mightn't blow over altogether on the run down to Newf'undland, we'd stowed away about thirty tons of small rocks in her. But in anticipation of gettin' them herrin', all that loose rock that was intended to keep her from capsizin' had been hove out alongside old John Rose's wharf in Folly Cove, and now she was up on top of every wave like one of them empty air-balls that you

sometimes see dancin' on top of a column of water out on the front lawns of swell houses."

"Now, mind you, this warn't no bad gale o' wind all this time, but 'twas plain enough our passenger thought the devil and all was runnin' amuck over the ocean. Maybe the *Lucy's* behavior helped out the notion. There's nothing logy about the *Lucy*, you know, even when she's got all her hundred ton of pig iron cemented next her keelson. But now she was leapin' like a gamb'lin' goat on a green mossy hillside, only there warn't no moss growin' anyway 'round *her*. But 'twas cert'nly amusin' to watch her—that is, if you were acquainted with her ways and knew she meant no harm."

"But this chap knew nothing of the *Lucy's* qualifications. And he knew damn less of the sea, and pretty soon he was grip-pin' the weather riggin' and, by the expression of his face, wonderin' how much longer, I guess, before she was goin' to the bottom. I'd no notion startin' off that his features could hold so much emotion. And the crew were lookin' properly scared, too, for I'd tipped 'em off early that they mustn't be too gay when on deck. 'A tempest of this magnitude,' I says to them 'is a terrible thing. So behave according.' And they did."

"After a time I told the Crown chap I thought he ought to go below and have a mug of coffee, and 'twas ticklin' to see him pull himself together for that dash to the hatch. He cert'nly must 've thought he was takin' his life in his hands when he let go that riggin'. What I wanted to get him below for was so he'd have a look at what loose water was on the floor of the forec's'le, for, of course, you know it's nothing again' the *Lucy* if, after her years of hard drivin' and sail-carryin', her for'ard planks is a bit loose. Cert'nly not. Only nacheral—sure—that's what I say—three-inch plankin' bein' only three-inch plankin', after all. In the forec's'le the men were swashin' around with the water to their knees. It's a sight I've noticed that always impresses a shore-goin' man. It cert'nly impressed the Crown appointee this time. He gets one good look—'My God!' he says, 'she's sinking!' and rushes up on deck and takes a fresh turn of himself around the riggin'."

"Then, to help things along, I pulls Tony, the cook, into it. 'Didn't I see you

with a pair of rosary beads the other day when you was overhaulin' your diddy-box?' I asks Tony. And he says yes, he had a pair his wife gave him, and I asks him wouldn't he get 'em out and do a little prayin' where he could be seen. 'Why for? why for?' demands Tony, quite indignant, mind you. I had to explain it to him. 'Now, Tony,' I says, 'it's this way. Half the sea stories that's ever been written has always some kind of a dago, when 'tisn't a Frenchman, droppin' to his knees and mumblin' his prayers when maybe he ought to be cuttin' away the spars or mannin' the pumps. And what I want you to do now, Tony, is to go up on deck and live up to your reputation.'

"Well, Tony'd be damned if he would, and said there was never a Portugee yet didn't have more courage, even if they didn't write books about it, more than any damn Englishman that ever lived. England? Huh! Where was they when Alfonse Hairikay, where was they when Bartly Diaz, where was they when Vasco da Gamar or some such chap, and he mentioned a dozen other names that I'd never heard of before, and I doubt if anybody else ever did. Even Jim Riley, who's something of a schoolmaster, said they were past him.

"Now, Tony, I know all that,' I says. 'I've had your kind for twenty-six years, and in that many winters and summers in small vessels on the North Atlantic a man does see some blue times. I've never seen one of you quit yet; but that ain't it, Tony. 'Tisn't your national pride now, Tony. Consider, Tony,' I says, 'them fourteen hundred barrels of fine, fat herrin' up to Fortune Bay, and the wad of bills you'll be handin' over to the wife, and the children, Tony—consider them black-eyed, curly-haired rascals rollin' their little blue wheelbarrows or haulin' their little red sleds all over the hill this winter, if ever the *Lucy* sees them herrin' in her hold, for if ever she does, Tony, all the cutter commanders and Crown commissioners and statesmen from here to hell won't get 'em out the *Lucy* till the gang hoists 'em out to her dock in Gloucester.

"And Tony warmed up and said he would, only he wouldn't use no rosary. He took a pocketful of yellow-eyed beans out of the stores instead, and goin' up on deck he flops down by the for'ard hatch, as near

under the lee of the dories as he could get, one eye out for what comfort there was, and starts in. And not such a bad job, either. He lowers his head to the deck and says something. And he looks aloft and says something, I don't know what. But I know that with every bend he takes a yellow-eyed bean out of his pocket and heaves it overboard; and up and down, heaven' the yellow-eyed boys over, he goes on. And Jim Riley—he never passes the Crown commissioner without makin' an act of contrition. 'Oh, oh, oh, the sinner I've been!' moans Jim, by way of completin' the picture.

"All this time the vessel 'd been workin' back toward the bay and Fortune Head warn't far away, and all at once a ledge of rock shows up under our lee. We waited till the passenger saw it, which he did pretty quick, for you c'n be sure he warn't overlookin' any of the nacheral dangers. 'Rocks!' he yells. 'Where—away?' says I and springs to the riggin', with my hand shadin' my eyes. And half the gang on deck springs to the riggin', and every blessed one of 'em shades his eyes with his hands and says, 'Where away, sir?'

"Off to stawboard,' says he.

"Sure enough,' I says, and 'Sure enough,' repeats the gang, and, 'Cripes, but what an eye that gentleman's got!' adds Riley.

"We must work her off,' I says.

"Will you be able to?' inquires our friend.

"I dunno,' I answers, 'whether we will or no, but I hope so, 'cause it's a bad place—and the harbor of Saint Peer is around the corner,' I added, which it warn't, knowin', too, that all he cared to know was was it solid land. The Pewee Islands would 've suited him just then—anything, I cal'late, that warn't floating around loose in the ocean.

"Yes, I'll try to make it,' I goes on, and I gathered the crew together and tells 'em we were in a tight place and to die like men, and read 'em a lecture on our priceless heritage and the immortal courage of our ancestors. Did y' ever try to make up such a speech as you imagine a man like our passenger 'd like, and have listenin' to you a couple of Rileys and Sullivans, and a Frenchman from the Miquelons, and a few others whose grand-people had been privateersmen in 1812? No? Well, you don't ever want to—it's disturbin'. I winds up

mine by suddenly, much to his surprise, yanking Tony off the hatch. 'You cowardly dago, be a man!' I says to Tony, and he didn't like it. A little more and I think he'd mutinized on me.

"And we were makin' out fine," only just when the passenger was almost brightenin' with joy came more danger. The *Lucy* got caught aback—myself to the wheel, yes—and down for the rocks she was borne. Well, there were the jagged devils all but under our stern, and that man sweated blood from his very heart, I'll bet, before she took the wind again and was safe away.

"Man, but how the gang standin' round deck puffed their cheeks at each other! Everybody but Tony, who'd gone below disgusted. Some of 'em was even more thankful than the passenger, you'd think, and he was shrinkin' up again' the lanyards, that he hadn't let go for a second in the past four hours. 'My God!' he gasps, 'what a narrer escape!'

"'Narrer? Well you might say it!' I says. 'The narrest I've had in twenty-six years of fishin'. And after that, you c'n see, sir, it wouldn't do to try and get by those rocks to make Saint Peer.'

"'No, no, no,' he says; 'but can't you run her in some safe place?'

"'There's one place I could safely make for with the wind the way it is,' I says. 'There is just one place in the world where I could go,' I says, 'but I'm not allowed to.'

"'Where's that?' he says.

"'Fortune Bay.'

"'Why not, captain? Why not? In case of life or death—'

"'Not even for life or death, sir, could I without the embargo was lifted off the vessel. If I was to put into Fortune Bay now and the cutter find me there, my vessel would be confiscated by the gover'ment.'

"Them light-colored pop-eyes of his almost took on a shine. 'But wouldn't my orders release you?'

"'H-m,' I says. 'H-m—I hadn't thought of that. Do *you* think it would, sir?'

"'Why, of course it would. If the Crown's agent can order you to do a thing, then the Crown's agent can release you. The home gover'ment takes precedence over any colonial or local gover'ment. Can't you see that?'

"'Well,' I says, slow and ruminatin'-like. 'H-m—I dunno—m-m—'

"'Look here,' he breaks in, and you'd 'a' died if you could seen him clingin' to the lanyards, taking a fresh hold every once in a while when a hogshhead or two of spray would break over him. And whoever was to the wheel always took care he got 'em reg'larly—you'd 'a' luffed, though Lord knows nothin' but death itself could 'a' unhooked the grip he had to begin with. Well, to hear him there tryin' to overcome my objections to goin' into Fortune Bay—Jim Riley, passin' by, had to say, 'And are people really taxed to give jobs to the likes o' him?'

"'That'll do you!' I says to Jim.

"'What was it he said?' asks the home gover'ment chap.

"'Only his weak heart,' I answers him, 'sayin' if we don't do something soon we'll be lost—vessel and all hands.'

"He broke into fresh argument then, but I didn't give in till we both happened to overhear Dal Hawkins saying to Riley: 'It's fine to have respect, same's the skipper has, for the Crown; but I do hope he'll change his mind soon, for cert'nly it's beginnin' to look blue for us around here.' Dal's speech made a great impression. You know Dal—a hard, gray-faced, serious man, the iron-nerved man of the old story books, y' know—yes.

"'Well,' I says, 'when Dal Hawkins talks of death and danger, maybe it's time to do something, and I'll go, provided, sir'—and I looked judicial as hell saying it—'provided you'll make it a command and put it in writin'.' And we went below and got out pen and ink, and when he thawed out some he wrote it out. And never a suspicion entered the soul of that Crown appointee while he was writing it out why the vessel lay so easy. Hove to, y' see, so he could write, she was layin' like a duck in a pond. Up to that time we'd been puttin' her any old which way to make her hop.

"He was done at last. 'There it is, all properly worded,' he says, and read it out. And there it was—and here it is now again."

Wesley reached across the counter and took the paper from the clerk. "Here it is; listen—dated December the fifteenth.

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

"It is by my command that Wesley Marrs, master of the American schooner *Lucy Foster*, returns with me to within the limits of Fortune

Bay, there to land me at some port to be later designated; and it is also by my command that the said Wesley Marrs be allowed to remain with his vessel, the said *Lucy Foster*, at some safe anchorage within the limits of the said Fortune Bay until the violence of the present storm shall have abated."

Wesley paused. His auditor, looking over his shoulder, interjected, "But there's more to it."

"Sure there is, a tail to it—postscript, yes. I'm coming to that—that's separate. 'Twas me made him add that on after he thought 'twas all complete. When you're on a job there's nothin' like doin' it up right. Cert'nly, is there? Sure there isn't. Well, listen," and Wesley read further:

"P. S.—The said Wesley Marrs wishes it understood that he does this much against his will.

"Warn't that a good one—hah? Much against his will! And violence of the storm! Ain't that good—hah, what? And when we dumped him off at a little port, Charlemagne, just inside the bay, he was that grateful he gave me a cigarette-holder, a beautiful little yellow thing with gold edges—here 'tis, see—about as useful to me as one of those Japanese kimonos that's marked three forty-eight in the store windows these days. But when I get up to the house I'll make a whistle of it for the baby.

"Well, after we'd put him ashore I sent word by a jack over to old John Rose's place, and was intendin' to wait for dark to slip out after it; but one of the gang who'd rowed our passenger ashore—and nacherally stopped to have a drink while he was there—came back with the word that that fool Crown man 'd been tellin' the natives what a narrer escape the vessel had off the harbor o' Saint Peer, and they got askin' him all about it, and one of 'em, gettin' more curious, says, 'What time was it you left here?' And he tells him. 'H-m,' sniffs the doubtin' one, looking at the clock, 'she's a big sailor, the *Lucy Foster*, but she no more than any other vessel ever built can come forty-five mile in an hour an' a half.'

"And so we decided, without waitin' for the further judgment of the Crown, that the violence of the storm had abated, and put over to old John Rose's place. And we anchored to a spring cable in Folly Cove that night, and cert'nly them herrin' looked beautiful as so many solid silver fish in the moonlight.

"'He, he,' cackles old John. 'I knowed ee'd be back. How much, Wesley, be un goin' to give for them herrin'?'"

"'A dollar and a half, John—say twenty-one hundred dollars and not stop to count 'em. That is, John, I would only for the Crown law, John.'

"'Perish the Crown!' says loyal John. 'Twenty-one hundred dollars—take 'em away.'

"We loaded by night and we loaded by day, and when all was below I drove for open water, for I was afeared the word 'd been passed to the cutter. And sure enough it had, but not till we were abreast of Cannaigre did we get a sight of her. We warn't so far off but I knew Curtin could see the *Lucy* was drawing a whole lot more water than she lawfully should—his law. But what he really thought about it we never learned. We didn't let him get near enough to tell us, but to help enlighten him I had Riley in his schoolmaster's hand make a fair clean copy of that Crown document. And I marked it '*attest*' and '*a true copy, Wesley Marrs*,' and further put on the gill of a herrin' by way of a red seal, and rememberin' that in my coat pocket was a length of ribbon I pulled from off my little girl's head before leavin' home, I got that, and biting off about four inches of it, pinned that on by way of a blue seal, and I said, 'There, my royal commander, there's a proper Crown document for you,' and stuffed it in an empty quart bottle of the three-black-letters brand which Dal Hawkins 'd been usin' for linseed oil, he said—but no smell of oil in it—and corked it tight and made it fast to an old keg and hove the whole thing overboard.

"And by and by we could see them hauling it over the side, after which I didn't linger around, but takes out the chart and draws one straight line from Cannaigre Rock to Cape Sable, and another from Cape Sable to Eastern Point, and down them two lanes, with fourteen hundred barrels of fine, fat, frozen herrin' in her hold, the *Lucy* came a-snortin'."

Wesley turned to the clerk. "And be sure you do a good job on it, Joe. Don't spare no expense, mind—the best of oak, or cherry, or ebony, or whatever's the latest thing in frames. And when it's done I'm goin' to tack it over the little oil painting of the *Lucy* on the east wall of what my wife

calls the drawin'-room. And"—Wesley turned toward the door—"what's that? A little touch? Well-I-I, seein' it's so brisk a mornin', and the fifty-odd cold hours we was on the passage, I don't know but what I owe a little somethin' warmin' to my system."

In the saloon opposite Perry's, with the hollow of one foot resting on the under-rail, an elbow resting on the bar, Wesley poured out his drink and raised it up, but presently set it down again to gently roar: "Hah! hah! 'by my orders, and much against his will does Captain Marrs do this'! Hol ho! And yet," reflectively, "that wants a finishin' touch. By rights I ought to be there when Curtin met that Crown chap—and be sure he did—and pointin' that out to him, asks him, 'But did you *really* write that?' Hah, hah! ho, ho! Well"—Wesley raised his glass—"hopin' that every cargo of herrin' out o' Newf'undland will come as easy, and that we'll never

meet any worse Crown chaps than that one—here's a shoot!"

"And now"—Wesley hauled his cloth cap down over his brow—"to see about them herrin'. I was offered three twenty-five coming into the dock, but I think I c'n do a shade better than that, for you bet there won't be any herrin' come out of Fortune Bay in a hurry again. And if I get three-fifty, say, it won't be too bad, will it—hah—for a poor ignorant fisherman that don't know international law from a Japanese proclamation of war? Oh, we poor slobs o' fishermen! Ha, hah! 'Much against his will, and by my orders'! Ho, ho! wouldn't that melt any loose ice you might have 'round your deck—hah, what? But don't mind me any more. Come on down and lay your eyes on the *Lucy* again. She c'n most talk, that vessel. Come and have a peek at her."

And out the door and down the street swung Wesley, whistling blithely.

THE GHOST AT POINT OF ROCKS

By Frank H. Spearman

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. BENDA



AS for the country—there is really no end of country around Point of Rocks. When Hughie Morrison asked about the station after he had been assigned to it, he was told that on the north his territory would extend to the pole. He was assured that he would find very little of the country in any direction competitive, and, in matter of fact, he never did find any, though Martin Duffy at one time advised him to circularize the Esquimaux with a view of securing any portion of their cold-storage business that might be getting away from Jim Hill.

On the south, while there was no competition in sight, there was even less of business. The southern country for three thousand miles stood on end—at least so Hughie concluded after he had climbed the peak of Point of Rocks to look the field over and

make a preliminary traffic survey. After he had climbed down he wrote to his mother that if arrangements could be made to ship all the scenery out of his territory and ship all the unassigned rainbows in, it would make a great farming country. Answering her affectionate inquiries from the East, he wrote that he was making money fast; that he feared, at the moment, to ship it in large sums out of the country, but that she need feel no anxiety; he really had the rocks and would show them to her when she came out.

Point of Rocks has been called everything that is bad because of its reputation for loneliness. The point, a mere speck on a spreading map, set far and singly out on the high seas of the railroad desert, was the dread of all operators on the mountain division, and Hughie Morrison was the first night man sent there after the panic. When there were but two passenger trains a day on the division, and the Government

receivers were objecting to these, Hughie, with the rattlesnakes and a worn-out key, was holding down Point of Rocks. Before he and the day man were sent, the Point had long been abandoned. One building, the section house, stood half a mile east of the station, and in this the section men hived. Other than these no human beings lived within miles of Hughie. To the north stretched the forgotten land, on the west rose the point monstrous, and to the south, generally speaking, hell prevailed.

To this spot President Bucks had sent his nephew, Hugh Morrison, to learn the railroad business. Hughie was a Princeton man when he asked his uncle to come through with some sort of job; and his uncle, at that time reorganizing the system, and having troubles of his own, was not disposed to take on any family difficulties. He merely passed the word to Martin Duffy, chief despatcher at Medicine Bend, to put Hughie through. Accordingly the Princeton man, who had turned twenty, could count to a hundred, and knew that the Rocky Mountains were surrounded by land, was brought to the Mountain Division. Martin soon saw that he could not get rid of Hughie merely by putting him through. Hughie learned the key with facility, ate what was set before him, and looked pleasant when the railroad men set up jobs. Worst of all, Martin Duffy found that he was beginning to like the green one. But orders were orders. Bucks had said Hughie was to be put through, and there was nothing more merciful to Martin's mind for the boy than a quick railroad death. Martin considered that in such a case strong medicine is best, and well knew that to assign a man to a night job at Point of Rocks was equivalent to the knock-out drops.

Hughie never blanched when the orders came. Why should he? He did not know Point of Rocks from Colorado Springs, and made his preparations and departed promptly for the new post. When he asked Duffy where he should board, Martin, a taciturn man, said he might board in Texas if he liked, provided he could make the hours for the job.

Hughie took hold, and the fun began. The trainmen bullied him, called him Hughie and "Nephew," stole his cigars, and made him glad to be left alone with the night, the desert, the coyotes, and the stars. Hughie got used to looking for the constella-

tions of his youth, and to know for a certainty that Orion, calm and immensely dignified, would never fail him and that between freight trains about three o'clock in the morning the red heart of the Scorpion in the south-west could always be counted on, was a mild sort of consolation. Poling at Princeton, they had made, at three in the morning, no impression on him; at Point of Rocks there were absolutely no other associations to suggest God's country.

Besides these there was, in matter of fact, nothing and nobody within measurable distance of the night man. Hughie was a good bit of a philosopher; but even among those of the railroad men who had never been east of the Missouri River a shift from Princeton to Point of Rocks was commonly conceded to be a fright.

When Hugh was told that at one time a colony had existed at Point of Rocks he was unbelieving. Yet an Englishman, fascinated in an earlier day by the mountains, had chosen the wildest spot between Medicine Bend and Bear Dance for a cattle-ranch, and his shipping yards were put in at Point of Rocks. He built for himself in the hills east of the station a great brick house. Deserted and in the slow decay of loneliness, it had stood long after the downfall of his hopes, to serve while a vagrant army of prospectors moved across the country as a quarry for the hammer and chisel of their camp-fires. After they had left it naked in its ruin to the elements it had been struck by lightning and burned. Yet after all of this the house stood. Built in stanch English fashion, its walls remained, and scarred and roofless its height and strength still defied the sun and the sand and the wind.

At one time the Englishman had a hundred men working on his ranches. He founded a colony, planned an abattoir, rode like a fiend, and drank like an engine. The beginning had been ten years before Hughie's day, the end perhaps five. A sheep-herder knew the story. Sitting on the ground one night beside the passing track, a full-moon night with the white streaming through the sightless windows of the ruin on the hill, he had told Hughie about the Swintons—Richard and the bachelor brother John—Hughie, silent, in his belted trousers and bare arms, standing while the wind blew softly, with his back and one foot against the station building, listening.

Once in a month, out of the dreadful south, the sheep-herder, a lost man with sand-burned eyes and sun-split lips, came to hear a human voice. He was the sole caller on the college man at Point of Rocks.

The sheep-herder was pointing in the moonlight to the east. "Dick Swinton built yards from the switch away over to the creek, and from there down to the curve."

"Yards?" echoed Hughie incredulously.

"Cattle yards. He had a barn five hundred feet long the other side of the draw for his Holsteins; another big barn over there to the right for a string of thoroughbreds. He run his horses in Denver and Colorado Springs. The whole family used to go down there summers—had a house down at the Springs nigh as big as this one. Mrs. Swinton, she was the thoroughbred, and the governess and the boy and the little girl—she had her own maid—used to go down regular with the China-boy cook and all hands, private car. I seen twenty-two trunks to one time piled up right there where you stand—oh, they were blooded, all right. Champagne right along from New York, twelve cases at a lick, piled up here for the wagons, when their cousins come out from the old country. All gone to hell. Was you ever in England?"

Hughie used to think about the story. He never tired of hearing about the Swintons. They were people, and had done things on a scale, and being the only interest, living or dead, about Point of Rocks, they were naturally matter for reflection. What if they had sunk their money? They had sunk it royally. The east-bound passenger train was not due to pass Point of Rocks until midnight, and from then until four thirty o'clock in the morning, when the west-bound train was due, the operator had abundance of time to think. Even from sunset until midnight all alone under the lamp in the station, reading, perhaps, or writing, was a good bit of a stretch. But after Hughie got acquainted with the weather-warped sheep-herder he found something to look forward to in the night at Point of Rocks—he was waiting for a storm.

"Wait till you get a good thunder-storm some night," the sheep-herder had muttered. "Then watch them windows over on the hill—you'll see dancing over there yet; I seen it since the house was burned, right along." When he spoke, he was telling of

the big dances he remembered in the brick house at times that the New Yorkers and the English cousins came out in the car. The sheep-herder believed that when it stormed in the mountains they still danced through the floorless halls. Hughie wanted to ask a lot more questions when he heard of this; it was a story different from the others. But the passenger train in the west was whistling, and when it had come and gone the sheep-herder had disappeared. He blew in from the south like the wind, and died as silently away.

Night after night Hughie waited for him to come back; night after night, at sunset, he scanned the vanishing point of the track, looking in vain for the stunted figure and the sidewise, twisted shamle. The silence of the place with the long hours of twilight and dark outside his window began to grow on Hughie, and one evening he walked across the creek for a change and up the hill to the ruin.

He had not realized before how large the house had been. Standing under the brick entrance arch where double doors had enclosed a deep vestibule, he saw how heavily every part of the house was built. The timbers that had crashed through the floors when the roof fell were like bridge stringers. The floors themselves had been framed like decks, and their charred *débris* lay in a forbidding tangle just as the storm drowning the conflagration had left it. The blackened walls gaped; the parting light streamed through vacant casements, and above the arches of the tower—which had suffered least from the fire—stars twinkled. The desolation was complete.

He climbed into the tower. A stairway still remained, and, climbing higher, he found intact a half-story, once a child's playroom. Prints pasted on the walls hung in tatters. A little scrap-heap of rusty tin cars lay under the window opening. The sheep-herder had said the little girl was wild about engines and often used to ride with the enginemen on the passenger trains when the family were travelling. In a corner Hughie saw a Japanese doll, weather-beaten, but still lying where it had been left to its last sleep, with a battered locomotive for pillow. The frock was faded, and the pink cheeks and almond brows of the doll were blanched. He stooped to lift it from its long nap and something fell from its bosom. Hughie picked the something up. It was a broken

ivory miniature, but the colors cunningly laid in still preserved the features of a little girl. Nearly half of the oval had been broken away, but the child's face remained. Under his lamp that night, Hughie examined it. Brown hair fell over the temples and the high cheeks, were touched with pink. The eyes deep-set and the nose straight and determined, looked boyish, but below it the face narrowed to a mere dimple of a girl's mouth; the chin was gone.

That night the east-bound train was an hour late. The operator, idle in his solitude, studied the miniature. He wanted to know more about the children that had played in the tower and ridden the desert on their ponies—he had heard something about it—and wished continually for the sheep-herder to come back. The old fellow had been gone this time for weeks. While Hughie was reflecting, the train whistled, and he was still in a study when the engineman, Oliver Sollers, walked into the office for orders.

"I struck a man to-night, Hughie," said Oliver, sitting down as he drew off his heavy gloves.

"Where?"

"Somewhere the other side of Castle Creek. He's back in the baggage-car. I didn't see him. It's bad luck, too, to strike a man that you don't see; leastwise, it never happened to me before. He must have been walking ahead of us, I guess, and the pilot picked him up. When we stopped at Castle Creek for water I got down to oil around and found him on the front end. He was an old man, too," added the engineman moodily. "We will have to leave him here with you, Hughie, for Number One to take back to Sleepy Cat. Well, it can't be helped. Got any orders, boy?"

The trainmen brought in the body. They laid it on the waiting-room floor and Hughie, busy with his orders, did not look at the man. After the train pulled out and the dull red of the tail-lights had disappeared in the east he sat down under his lamp at the window table, the telegraph key in front of him clicking vagrant messages, to wait a few minutes before stepping out of the office to close the waiting-room door. The door was left open at night, but to-night it must not be, because the coyotes had long noses for blood. When Hughie went at length to bolt the outside door he took the lamp in his hand and, coming back, stooped

to lift the newspaper from the dead man's face. It was the sheep-herder.

The operator let the newspaper drop. He went slowly back into the office. He remembered now that he had never asked the man his name. If he knew it he could perhaps notify relatives somewhere—at the very least supply a name to go on the coffin.

Dismiss the shock as he would, he realized that he was unnerved. He sat down with his head in his hands, thinking over it, when he heard thunder in the mountains; the sky had been overcast when the train pulled in. Soon rain began to fall in great drops on the roof above his head, and within a few moments in the land of no rain it was raining a flood. For a long time the storm hung above the peaks in the Mission range. Presently the wind shifted and shook the little station building with a yelp. Then, with the shock of an earthquake, the lightning claps of a cloudburst, and the pent-up fury of a long, dry summer, down came the storm from the high mountains.

The wind whipped the water in sheets against the window-panes, and little gusts, exploding in the downpour, rattled the sash viciously. If the wind abated the rain plunged on the roof, and when it blew, water poured in at every joint and crevice of the dried-out building. Hughie turned down the lamp, cut in the lightning arrester, and sat down with his hands in his pockets.

He knew now what the sheep-herder had meant when he talked of a storm. The lightning ceased to crash very soon and the thunder that shook the earth for a few moments abated, but great electric waves played almost silently and in a terrifying way through the deluge of falling rain. The desert rippled and swam in the dance of waters, the far mountains were strangely lighted, and above them distant thunder moaned unceasingly.

Hughie unaffectedly wished himself away from Point of Rocks. He swore mentally but savagely at everything about the place except his dead companion, and when he could sit still no longer he began to walk around with his hands in his pockets. As he passed the waiting-room door he saw that the rain was driving in at the open window above the head of the sheep-herder. He resisted an inclination to turn away, for the window ought to be closed. Above the roar of the rain he heard now through the open

sash the roar of the water foaming down Dry Bitter Creek. Hughie walked out into the dark waiting-room to close the window. As he stepped toward it he saw the play of the storm in the ruin on the hill.

From the heavens to the horizon the naked basin of the desert trembled in the shock of the storm. Through the deluge great curtains of light, shot from horizon to horizon, threw the landscape up in fanciful, quivering pictures. Water leaped on arid slopes, hills floated in falling rivers, rain fell in never-ending sheets, and above all played the incessant blaze of the maddened sky and the long roll of the far and sullen thunder.

He looked at the old house. Like a lamp set within a skull, lightning burned and played about it. Through the casements he saw the staring walls lighted again. The words of the dead sheep-herder came back and he waited for graceful figures to weave past the burning windows to the trembling rhythm of the storm. He stood only for a moment. Then he lowered the sash, stepped away from the dead man and going back into the office, sat down at his table with his head between his hands.

II

THE chief despatcher, Martin Duffy—this is the same man who is digging the Panama Canal—called Hughie up on the wire and began talking with him as soon as he received his letter of resignation. "You don't know your own mind," declared Martin Duffy, sending his annoyance fast, because the furtive liking he had for the boy made him the more solicitous. "Take off your head and pound it, Hughie. Your uncle won't like this. You are in line for a better thing. Just as soon as we can get a man to take Point of Rocks you are to come in and take an East-end trick under me. I've been keeping it as a surprise. Just hold your horses thirty days, and see what will happen."

"It may well be," returned Hughie over the wire in dry reply, "but that is just the point: I don't want anything to happen—leastwise, not anything at Point of Rocks."

"Hold your horses thirty days, will you?" retorted Martin Duffy, who when incensed always said "horses" with a hiss.

"I can hold my horses for thirty days," returned Hughie, always impudent and already clever at a key, "but who will hold

them for thirty nights? Forty-second Street and slavery for life for mine, Mr. Duffy, if I can't get away from this job."

However, Hughie held on as he had been told to and nothing whatever happened either at Point of Rocks or elsewhere. But he realized uncomfortably that Point of Rocks was getting on his nerves, and when the desert really does get on a man's nerves, it is time to get out. He was already conscious that he was overstaying his leave, and but for Duffy he never could have been persuaded to hang on. The nights grew lonelier and lonelier. But just as they had become unbearable he got the long-awaited reprieve—orders to report at Medicine Bend on the 1st of September for the despatcher's trick. It was then the 30th of August.

Since the storm the desert nights had seemed never so peaceful. Hughie felt ashamed of himself almost as soon as he knew he was going to leave. For nearly a month there had not been a cloud in the evening sky—just the clear lilies or roses of the sunset streaming into a high salmon field; then, purple; gray patches of dusk, and over all a lighting of stars.

At dawn it was the very same: one morning prettier than the other. Hughie began to realize he should lose something in leaving the desert. That night, the last but one, he was sneakingly sorry to go. The whole evening went to getting up his reports, and when he looked at the clock the east-bound passenger was due. Hughie had no orders for it, but the engineman stopped that night to tighten a nut, and the conductor came in to congratulate the boy on his promotion; also to give him a cigar instead of stealing one, and to beg Hughie to remember him when he came into the seats of the mighty—not to leave him lying out long hours at Point of Rocks on cold nights waiting for orders. Hughie had already promised everybody the best of every thing, and after the conductor signalled and the long string of Pullmans drew past the station into the eastern night, he watched the lights vanish upon the distant tangent feeling content with himself and the world.

III

THE lamp had burned bad all evening. After the train was gone Hughie stopped poking at the wick. His reports were up and

signed, and he had finished a long letter home when he remembered that in his report to the express company he had forgotten, under the head of "Unusual Incidents," to note the death of the sheep-herder and the fact of the body's being brought into the station and left all night in the waiting-room. By keeping a record of such events the company sometimes developed clues to thefts, robberies, and other unpleasant happenings. While Hughie felt certain that there could be no after-clap to this affair, since the dead man had been taken away and duly buried, it was a part of the routine work to make up the record, and he began a brief account of the matter.

As he wrote, the night of the death came back. The storm presented itself, and so vividly that he hesitated at times for words. His thoughts crowded fast one on another. It was what there was in his recollections to leave out that bothered him; things indefinable but things creepy to think about. He stopped his writing for a moment and took the chimney from the lamp to poke the willow with his pen. Through the open doors the south wind, fanning the uncertain flame, caused it to flare suddenly, and as he put back the chimney he heard the office door behind him close. The wind often closed or opened the door and the south wind was a kindly companion, blowing for hours together with the same gentle swiftness over the desert wastes. Hughie wrote the last words of his report. Just as he pressed the blotter down upon the signature he became aware of an odd sensation; an impression that he was no longer alone in the room.

He passed his fingers mechanically across the blotter-pad waiting for the impression to pass. Instead, an almost imperceptible shiver ran up his back. He rubbed the blotter more firmly, almost officiously, but with the growing conviction that someone else was in the room, and soon the difficulty was to stop the rubbing. When he did lay the pad aside a faint moisture suffused his forehead. He wanted then to open the door that he had heard close, but to do it he should be compelled to turn around. This required an effort, and he tried to summon the resolve. He looked at the lamp—it burned brightly. The moisture cooled on his forehead; the signature he had just blotted lay under his eyes. He recognized it perfectly and felt sure he was awake. He was even conscious that his hands were

growing cold, and he put them up to his head; what it cost mentally to do even this surprised him. He could not look around. He attempted to whistle softly and had almost shamed himself out of a fear he felt to be ridiculous when he was stunned by a voice at his very side: "Should you like to have your grave dug out here under the stars?"

The words were distinct. Hughie froze to his chair. If the tones were soft they were perfectly clear, and the words were already stamped on his consciousness. What did it mean? Could it be the voice of a living creature? Of a woman? No woman lived within twenty miles of Point of Rocks—no living creature with a voice such as that within a hundred miles. He heard it again:

"Your grave will be under the stars."

Hughie's fingers moved, but beyond that he sat paralyzed, and his tongue clove dry to the roof of his mouth. He knew now that an unreal presence had come upon him. He knew, too, that in the mountains men went mad of mere loneliness, and faint with horror, he clutched his temples, waiting every instant for reason to leave.

"The stars are singing for us to-night." With these words, spoken softly and almost in his ear, something touched his shoulder. The touch went through him like needles, and he sprang like a madman from his chair.

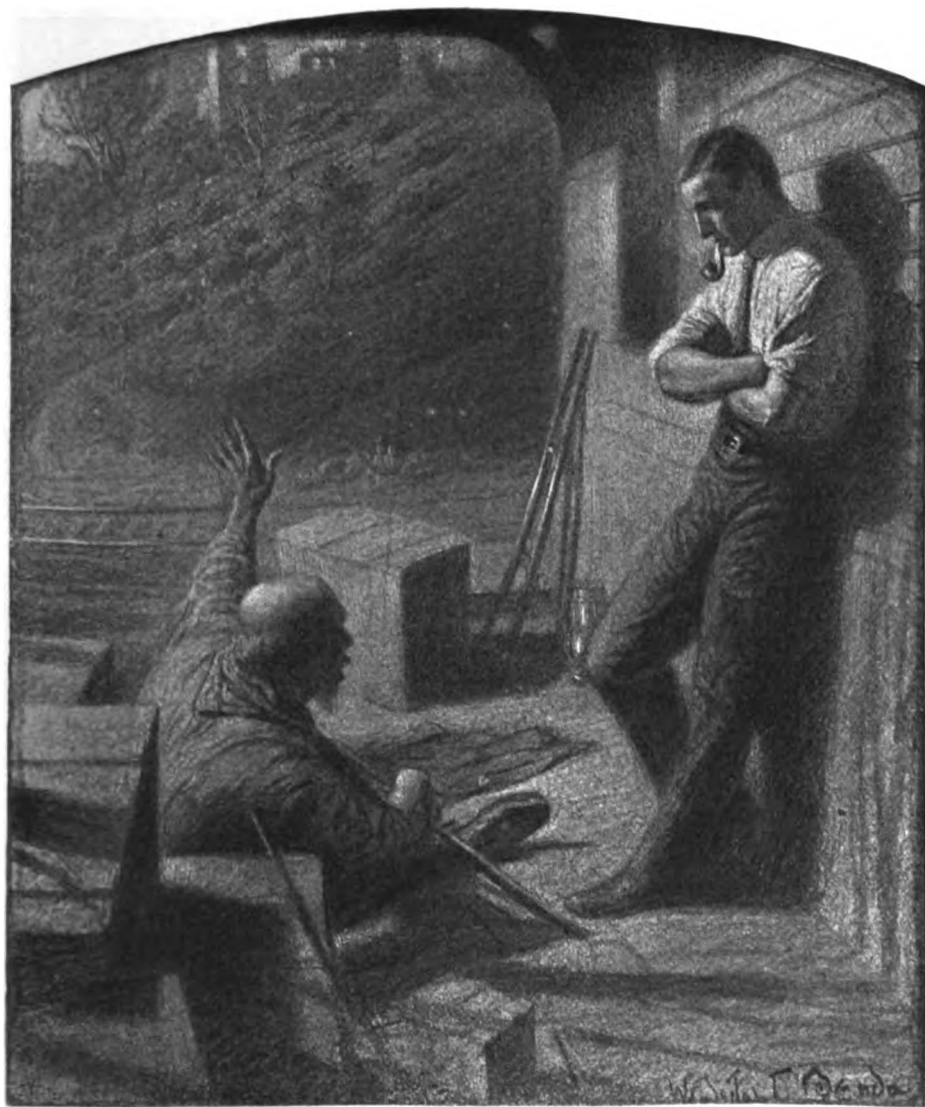
He whirled and cried out in a cracked voice. A figure shrank quickly away—a woman's figure, seemingly, with a shadowy face and loosened hair. When he could realize that he really saw something the head was averted and he could remember only a glimpse of startled eyes. The apparition, with hands outstretched, was moving toward the door. He heard a suppressed utterance, "I cannot find my grave."

The voice was too human. "Who are you?" cried the operator in desperation. "Why are you here?"

"I cannot find my grave."

"I—I haven't got it," stammered Hughie, with hair on end.

The figure shrank farther away. In the dim light he could see outlines of loosened draperies and falling hair. It already seemed as if the ghost were more frightened, if possible, than he, and his scattered faculties began to act. The figure moved toward the door and laid a white hand on the



"Watch them windows over on the hill."—Page 161.

knob, but could not turn it. Hughie saw that the spring lock would hold the door and the helplessness of his unreal visitor inspired courage. If it was a woman she was trying painfully to open the door. Hughie took a cautious step. There was no longer any thought of a vision in his mind; the clock was ticking loudly, the sounder clicked at intervals on the table and his heart beat fast and heavily. He was awake, and whether living or dead, a woman was stand-

ing before him. If she had not dropped from the stars, how could she have come? There had not been the slightest warning of an approach save the closing of the door—no wagon rattle from some far-off ranch, no sound of horses' hoofs, and as for walking, there was no place to walk from. Even believing her to be a living creature, there was something unnatural in her manner. She inspired fear. When she put her hands to her face a shiver passed over him. When

she moved, her feet gave forth no sound. Hesitating between the fear of what the wildest surmise could not explain and the conviction that this must be a reality, Hughie heard a sob and pity moved him.

"I will let you out," he exclaimed unsteadily. Watching his visitor narrowly as he stepped forward, he released the spring-bolt. In doing so he saw her face.

Failing to see that he held the knob in his hand, she put forward her own to reach it. Her fingers touched his, and he knew that he faced a creature of flesh and blood. He released the lock. "Shall I let you out?"

She looked helplessly before her and her voice trembled. "It is cold."

He closed the door. "It is cold," he echoed. "How did you come here?"



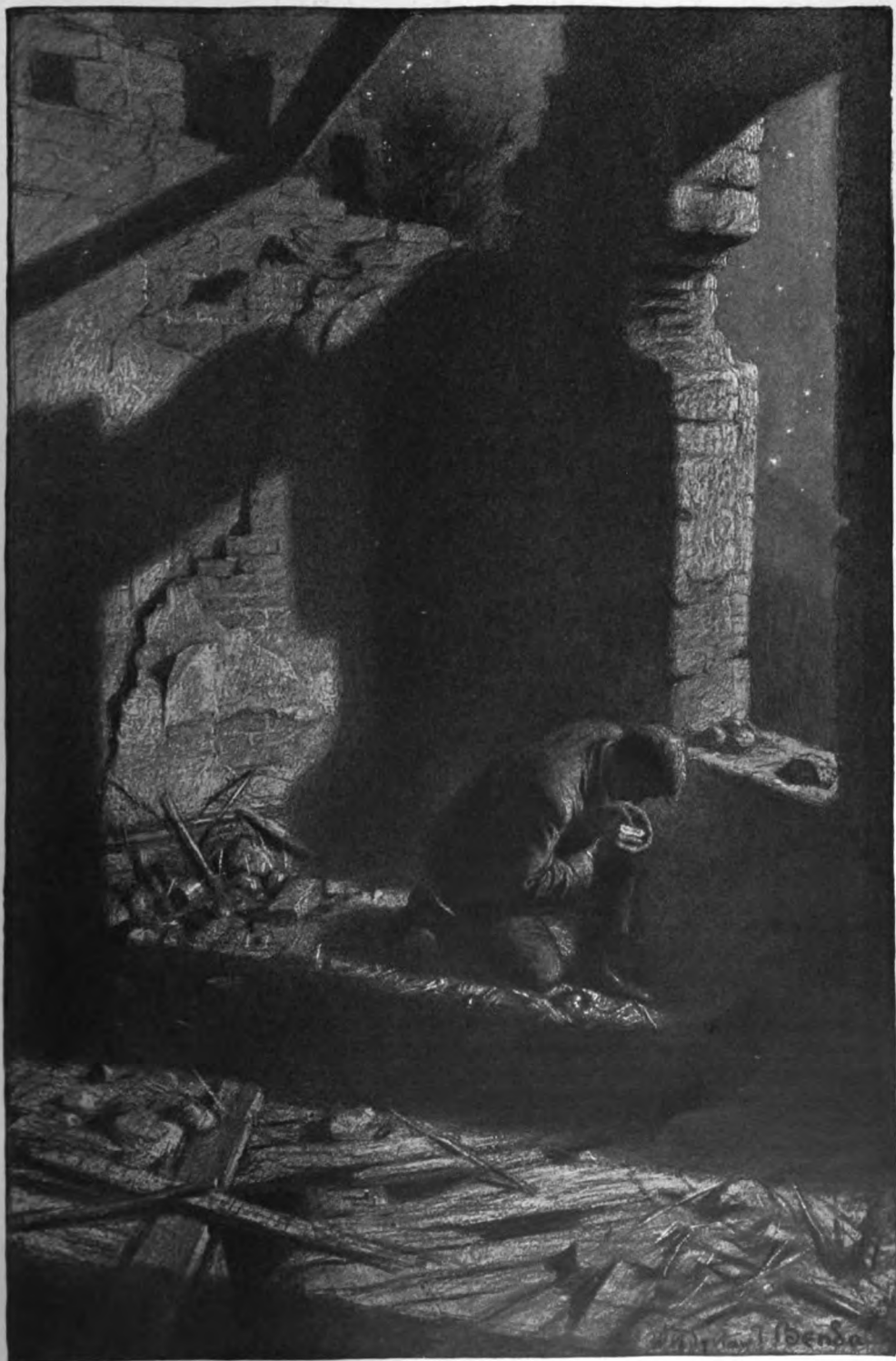
Down came the storm from the high mountains.—Page 162.

A shock checked him and a new fear overcame him. What mystery could this be? It was the face of the broken miniature. The head, as he now saw it, was bent and the eyes were drooping, but the high cheeks, the lines of the hair falling over the temples, the straight nose, and the curving side mouth. With the certainty of an acute memory the operator knew it all. He collected himself and spoke again. "Shall I let you out?"

She drew timidly back. "What is your name?" he persisted.

"It is so cold."

To none of his questions could she give an answer. She spoke like one in a trance; at times trying pathetically to put back her loosened hair, pleading at times to be let go and shrinking in fear from her companion, who found himself now the protector of his unaccountable apparition. He continued



Drawn by W. T. Benda.

Hughie picked the something up. It was a broken ivory miniature.—Page 161.

to speak and with growing excitement, to all of which the strange visitor appeared insensible. He saw very soon that he was unnecessarily frightening his ghost, and he presently stood silent with his hands on the back of a surprised chair, waiting for his visitor to make the next move herself.

She had, so far as he could ever remember afterward, but two coherent movements; either her eyes sought in hope the light of his lamp or turned from it in despair. This much, at least, was intelligible, even if incomprehensible. Not until he saw her falter, put her hands blindly out and sink to the floor did he realize that she was ill and in distress. Too excited to breathe as he took her in his arms, he lifted her up and placed her inert upon a chair. She opened her eyes in a moment. A chill passed over her. Hughie threw open the drafts of the stove and chafed her hands. Something of gratitude seemed to move her, for as she shrank into the chair she looked at him with less of fear. He sat down then himself, and facing her, tried with his hands on his knees to inspire confidence. She would not talk. Instead, as the fire in the stove blazed up and the heat diffused itself she showed unmistakable drowsiness and added the last straw to Hughie's embarrassment by asking him why he did not go to bed. He tried to explain that he went to bed in the daytime. His apparition was too far overcome by the warmth to comprehend, but an inspiration seized him. He asked if she would rest for a while on the long table at the back of the room. She opposed nothing that he suggested, and he took the cushion of his chair for a pillow and helped her as well as he could to lie down on the table. When he had done this he went back to his end of the room and watched the dim corner beyond the stove. His charge, for he now made her such, lay perfectly quiet, and when she breathed regularly he took his overcoat from the nail behind the door, tiptoed over to the corner, and laid it across her shoulders. It had been a swagger coat at school, but was short for a coverlet. Still, it served, and as he walked back better satisfied to his chair he heard a rapid clicking from the sounder. The train despatcher at Medicine Bend was sending the 19—the imperative call from headquarters to clear the line for the despatcher's office—and every night operator on the division was getting out of his

way. As soon as the wire was free a station call came, and to Hughie's surprise it was for Point of Rocks. He answered instantly, and the message came so fast he could hardly write it.

"Passenger missing from Chicago sleeper on Train Number Two—a young English-woman. Is believed to be somewhere between Castle Creek and Point of Rocks. Get your section men out quick with lights and hand-cars and with orders to stay out till they find her. Name, Grace Swinton. Answer quick."

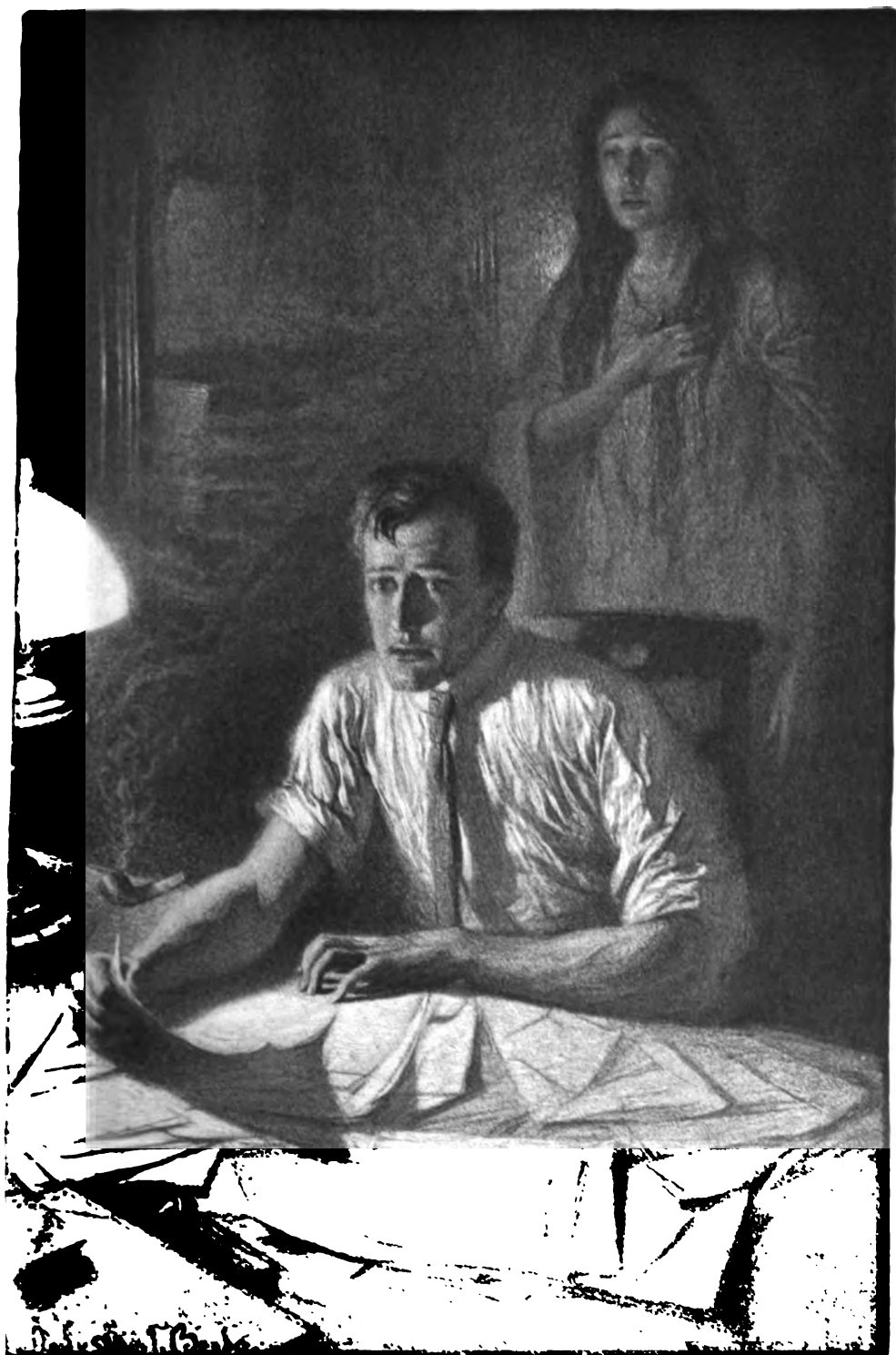
The chief despatcher's initials were appended. Hughie Morrison sent his answer straightway.

"Unnecessary to call out the men. I have the missing passenger. She is asleep here in the office. Instruct."

"Good boy, Hughie," returned the pleased despatcher. "Hold her for special car and engine from here running as second Number One. Make her as comfortable in every way as possible. Get whole story. If injured in any way notify office of Whispering Smith."

Hughie Morrison, turning from the key, drew a breath. It was his last night at Point of Rocks. He looked with curious feelings into the dim corner where the missing passenger lay. He turned in his chair again and again, but she did not move. He adjusted and readjusted the drafts of the stove, noisily and at times officiously, but her soft, regular breathing never varied and day broke on a face upon the table as delicate as ivory and the operator in despair for a sign of awakening.

First Number Two, the regular train, came and went, with every man of the train and engine crews peering furtively into the shaded corner at Hughie Morrison's ghost, but Hughie waved them away and knew that the Special to bear her away would follow all too soon. When it drew in, bringing the superintendent's car, he was ready to rebel against his orders and disposed to hold the ghost against all comers. But with careful tread they brought in heavy blankets, and as Grace Swinton lay wrapped in them and carried her, sleeping heavily, to the car, regardless of Hughie's protests that they ought at least to wait till he had got her story from her own lips. They asked for orders, got them almost at once, and puffed noisily away for



Drawn by W. T. Benda.

"Your grave will be under the stars"—Page 104.

Medicine Bend. When they were gone Hughie folded his papers; he was all ready to say good-by to Point of Rocks.

VI

THE promotion had come. After all, it was not exciting. Indeed, nothing excited Hughie any more. Martin Duffy was the most crestfallen man, save one, on the division over having picked Hughie for a despatcher, that one being the new despatcher himself. The change that had come over the president's nephew was the common talk of the trainmen. His alertness, the light play of his humor, the grasp that met the little desert emergencies at Point of Rocks with the ease of a veteran—where were they? As to the night with the ghost, nobody gave that any consideration, because where things happen all the time, and where everything that happens is unusual, an incident holds the stage only for its fleeting instant. Hughie himself felt the situation keenly. He even asked to be relieved, but Martin Duffy was above all things not a quitter. "Don't commit suicide," he growled. "You're in a funk, that is all. I pulled a woman once from in front of a locomotive. What do you think she did? Sent me a cross-stitched waistcoat and a copy of 'The Simple Life.' Wouldn't that kill you? And I've wanted a meerschaum pipe for twenty years."

The advice was good, and Hughie swallowed it, as a fool should, with disgust and humility. But Martin Duffy usually caused things to happen, and this time proved no exception. When the new despatcher walked into the office just before twelve o'clock that night for his trick, the mail from Number One was being distributed and a letter, small but plump-looking, bearing a foreign postmark and addressed in a clear, firm hand to Hughie Morrison, was laid before him. He cut open the envelope with feverish haste and began to read. Line after line and page after page slipped past the lightning of his eyes, and one would have said that the play of his mental fire had quite come back. This was the letter that it should be. This was the story, her own story with its frank account of the long illness that had first shown itself during an overland railroad journey in America; here were the prettily chosen expressions of gratitude—all that the greediest

Princeton man could ask for, and Hughie was greedy—thanking him for the delicate kindnesses she said he had shown to her during her night of trance and terror on the desert. Hughie, unable to read and breathe at the same time, sat down. The desert came back; the stillness of the wind and the glory of the stars, the stealing fear, the shock, and now the grip of the eagerly waited letter.

"I had come from the coast," she wrote, "and was bringing home from California my invalid brother. He was then, and is still very ill. The worry of providing for his journey and the fear that I might not be able to bring him home alive had worn upon me until I was in but little better condition, I fear, than he.

"How I ever came to leave my berth in my sleep and to walk asleep straight out of our sleeping-car when the train stopped that night at Point of Rocks I cannot, of course, explain. But the doctor has since told me that in crossing the Rocky Mountains the altitude is often accountable for strange things that people do. When I reached home after the ocean voyage I was already ill of brain fever—less, I suppose, could hardly have been looked for—and my recovery has been very slow. But for your delicate consideration in that night of delirium I should probably never have recovered at all. Wandering as I did over the open country around the station in the cold of those dreadful hours of unconsciousness, I seem faintly to remember seeing the light in your window—the only light, I was afterward told, within many, many miles. And I want now to apologize with all humility for breaking in upon your solitude at so unearthly an hour and in so forlorn a condition. If at any time hereafter, you should ever be in England, I hope you will surely come to Ormonde Road, Richmond. You will find us at The Knolls, and it will give me a chance to tell you in person how grateful I am for all you did for me. It will surprise you very much, I know, to learn that I myself once really lived at Point of Rocks, but it was years ago, during my childhood. An uncle of mine had cattle ranches in that country, and built a large house near the Point, which afterward burned. As a little girl I lived with my aunt, and I often played with my dolls among the very rocks near the railroad station.

The letter bore the signature of Grace Swinton. Hughie Morrison brought his

hand down on the table and a new light shone in his face. His resolve was taken. Saint George and Merry England was the watchword, whether it forever blasted hopes of promotion or not. He began his eight-

own train, as he called Number Two, to The Knolls, in Ormonde Road, Richmond, explaining how he had happened to be sent to Point of Rocks—with incidental mention that he had long known of her having lived



The figure moved toward the door and laid a white hand on the knob.—Page 164.

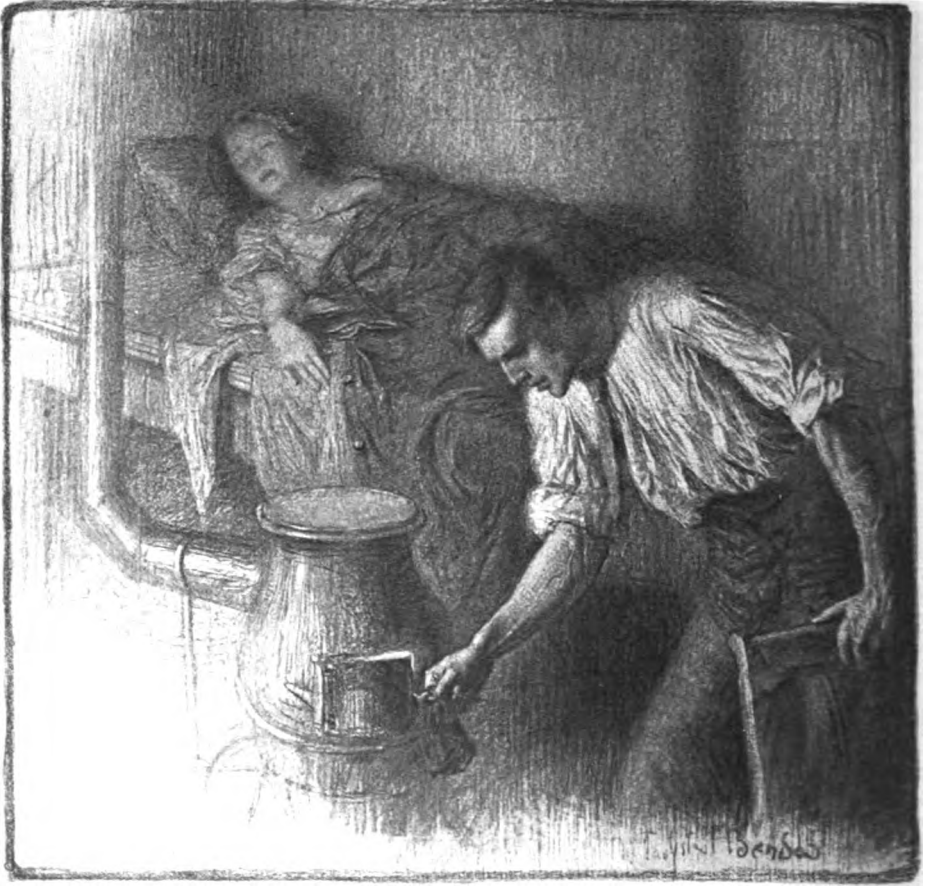
hour trick on the instant that night and did the best work with the trains he had done since his promotion. Moreover, he found time to write a letter and start it at six o'clock that morning on Grace Swinton's

there. And mention, too, of a broken miniature and of one surviving doll that she might, he hoped, still be interested in.

Inquiries mutually began could not, of course, be satisfied at so long distance with

a single exchange of letters. When Bucks heard the story he seemed more pleased than he ever had been with a relative in his life, and to Hughie's surprise, gave the six months' leave asked for the trip to England and The Knolls without a word of reproach.

their singing; the journey made by President Bucks to inspect the English railways and to be present at The Knolls at his nephew, Hughie Morrison's, wedding—all this would make a chapter told too often in the traditions of the Mountain



He adjusted and readjusted the drafts of the stove.—Page 168.

But an account of that trip with its surprises, with the international complications that followed, with Hughie's questions as to whether the stars really had sung on the desert that night and Grace Swinton's denials as to ever having said anything about

Division. What is of importance is that Hughie, being now general manager of the coast lines, is stationed where his English bride—having lived in the Rocky Mountains as a little girl—professes to feel entirely at home.

LASCAR

By Hugh Johnson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH



THIS is a matter of Fort Perdidoroutine; drillcallsounds from headquarters and a leathery, gray-haired soldier, chiefly noticeable for his gaunt, unlovely mount and his ferocious wiretangle of mustache, trots up the line, leading a prancing thoroughbred; he halts at a set of captain's quarters, there is a great sound of dragging spurs, the clank and bang of an absurdly long sabre against lintel, veranda, and sidewalk, and with the air of a swash-buckling buccaneer, Capt. Wendel Benner, veteran of six campaigns and some thirty battles, skirmishes, and engagements, and the embodied spirit of the Nth United States Horse, swaggers into view. Tall, rangy, and gray he is, and you may look from him to Danvers and be convinced that long association affects mutual resemblance, for, from the top of their closely cropped heads to the toes of their military boots, they appear as a service-worn man and his reflection in a discriminating mirror.

"Sir," reports the one on such occasion, "the captain's horse is saddled and his orderly awaits instructions," and quickly steps forward to take the polished stirrup. This action is always vehemently rebuked.

"Out of that, my man; out of that. I do not require any such flunkeying service, and when I do I shall not attend formations."

This is not a conversation; it is a formula for morning drill, and officers of the Nth declare that it was devised by Danvers to gratify the sentiment that it imputes to his aging captain, for they both mount with pathetic stiffness and trot to "L" Troop's parade.

What the third member of the Nth's devoted trio thinks of this morning mummary he does not deign to express; he stretches out his attenuated neck and follows rheumatically in the dusty wake of the thoroughbred, for Lascar, too, has seen his day, and his escapes from Mescalero roasting fires are as nothing compared to his present ones from condemnation.

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The Nth is full of traditions; it claims the wholly unauthorized privilege of yellow neck-scarfs and leather re-enforced riding-breeches, but these are so incidental to Benner, Danvers, and Lascar as to be completely forgotten when the regiment is mentioned. They have been an integral part of it for time out of mind and its record would be a dry recital of yearly routine if stripped of the incidents in which they have participated.

All this explains the interest that was displayed at evening stables in the fag-end of an exciting pay-day. Grooming was demoralized and the men were rubbing vigorously small sections of glossy hide that they had rubbed so for minutes, their eyes were fixed on the end of the line, where Danvers was caressing Lascar with picturesque terms of endearment. As usual, on pay-days, he was unobtrusively, good-naturedly drunk.

"You ol' cabbage-nipper," he was saying, "I'd polish you off till a fly couldn't light on you 'thout slippin' an breakin' his neck, but the army is goin' to the dogs an' I'd be in the mill an' you wouldn't care a parsnip, you hide-boun' waggon-puller——"

The man next him gouged him in the ribs with his elbow.

"Cheese it—lootenant's comin'," he warned.

But Danvers had privileges and knew them. He raised his voice.

"Yes, the army's goin' to the dogs, an' they's lettin' pasty-faced little recrootin' picters go a-orderin' the likes o' us about an' you don't seem to give a snort whether you're superyer orficered by a spavined burro 'r not, you ewe-necked ol' darlin', you."

The spick-and-span creased bundle of a first lieutenant blushed as red as a love-apple and turned his face away like the generous young gentleman that he was. But the captain called Danvers to the orderly room and lectured him for the better part of an hour with all the pomposity that was his right by immemorial prescription. After the last pretentious sentence Danvers saluted with exaggerated flourish and pre-

pared to about-face when the gray man who sat before him had returned it, as had been his custom on such too-frequent occasions. But the gray man was looking at him quizzically and, with more emotion than he had shown in some twenty years of service, poorly disguised by a testy growl from behind his own wire tangle that he was now pulling furiously, asked:

"My man, how long is it now that I have coddled you along like a swaddled baby?" And before Danvers could speak he had supplied his own answer: "Gad—it's twenty years—dem swaddled baby, sir—swaddled baby." He had a way of repeating words that struck him as being apt, and just now he was in need of expletives and talk-filling, for he and the regiment and Danvers knew of certain other coddling—respectful, distant, disguised coddling, but coddling none the less. "Twenty years that you've been saddling my horse and making my bed"—and with an access of fierceness—"and making a disgraceful exhibition of yourself for two days every month. What have you to say for yourself? Out with it, sir." During an interspersed of snorting monosyllables Danvers said nothing for himself, which was what was expected of him.

The captain seized half the wire tangle between his square teeth and nearly obliterated it in his supreme effort.

"Danvers, I'm going away from the regiment—I'm going on a four-year paymaster detail—Stop wriggling your fingers!" (Danvers fingers had been motionless.) "What I want to know is—who in the infernal is going to keep your dem worthless hide out of the Leavenworth prison?"

It was the first time he had bandied personalities since Recruit Danvers led his brand-new lieutenant's horse up the line at old Fort Davis for his initial drill with "L" Troop, and with the sudden slight paling of his leathery face Danvers looked shocked.

"Sir, I—sir, the captain—" he began, but

"Speak when you're spoken to, sir!" with characteristic inconsistency interrupted him and placed them both on familiar ground.

This was their complete felicitation on the new life of each and their final farewell. Danvers spoke of it once, and then it was mumbled into a slender, pointed ear through a curtain of coarse, thick mane, for in mat-

ters pertaining to his captain he had one confidant. This one comforted him as he might and sniffed down the seam in the back of his khaki coat and thrust a soft muzzle into his pocket.

"No, you ol' hay-mattress, I didn' bring you no goodies, 'ceptin' the bread a sorrow an' the waters a marrow, 'cause it's you to the bone-yard an' me to the jim-jams an' the army to the eternal bow-wows—ol' cart-horse." Lascar rubbed his forehead on Danvers's breast buttons and nipped him gently with worn teeth in token of approval. "You're an unfeelin' ol' caribou, an' you ain't no more innards a compassion 'n a saw-horse," he continued, and Lascar understood completely and nuzzled close in sympathy.

The captain's fears and Danvers' predictions were not without foundation. The new lieutenant had a brown Filipino *muchacho*, who knew the intricacies of English polo-saddles and fly-books, and who understood the art of drawing baths and preparing white uniforms and laying out clean linen in just the right place. He was not above kneeling and unstrapping pigskin puttees from tired legs and replacing them with grateful *cinelas* and Japanese kimonos, and before all this Danvers's formal dignified care of an old-mannered troop commander was neither required nor desired. On the morning after his captain left he began his first day's full duty for many a year. This included the abnegation of many privileges that he had long considered rights, and he grumbled and grew sullen.

Moreover, the spick-and-span lieutenant could never quite forget about the spavined burro and he was young and ambitious and believed that if the army lay in danger of immediate dissolution it would be found in the direction of favoritism—he had written a short pamphlet on this very subject, in fact—and he was determined in all things to be firm and uncompromising. In a little red note-book that he carried about in his breast pocket was an entry for the next I. & I. report that read: "Lascar—L. N. —42, Dark chestnut;—ring-bone spavin, malnutrition, old," etc., etc., until the entry looked like a veterinarian's list of equine ills, for on each occasion that Danvers's obsessions brought him to the orderly room a new disability of Lascar's seemed to present itself to the lieutenant's mind.

When at length, the inspector did come to Perdido, he made short shrift of one ancient troop horse. He was a broad-jawed man with a high, narrow forehead and a porcine eye. He glanced from the I. & I report to the stiff-kneed mount.

"H'm—ah—h'm," he commented. "What'd you keep him so long for, Mr. Wunbar?" he asked suspiciously.

"I didn't, sir; this is Captain Benner's troop."

"H'm—ah—h'm," he said, as a good inspector should, and he made a furious lead-pencilled note and looked mysterious.

At the ensuing auction of outlaws and worn-out quartermaster mules Lascar was tied to a fence and almost forgotten. There is an element of pathos in the heartless sales of service-worn animals, and a general once, who believed and wrote and practised that war is anything but pleasant, signed the most remarkable order in the files of the Department, to his everlasting credit, be it said, for it saved to comfortable senility a mule of many battles. But there was no reprieve for Lascar. The horse-traders from San Antonio and the parasites of Fort Perdido glanced once along his corrugated sides and squatted cross-legged on the ground while the auctioneer cried the bid of a disreputable Mexican wood-chopper against that of a Jew peddler to the amount of seven dollars and thirty-five cents, when the peddler shrugged his shoulders and backed off through the laughing circle of onlookers.

Sprightly young "L" Troop horses had the grace to follow him along the corral fence as far as they could when the Mexican was leading him toward the bridge and out in the tall blue-stem that fringed the creek edge, a very drunk old soldier lay, face downward, on the earth and dug his fingers knuckle-deep into the damp sand as the "plunk—plunk—plunk" of iron-rimmed hoofs hollowed from the bridge and echoed between the stream-banks.

If Danvers had been stripped of a certain distinction when he retrograded from the position of captain's man to the status of plain Private Danvers, whose kit was numbered 42, who got drunk on pay—and other—days, and who rode the equine hero of the troop, he dropped to the colorless insignificance of a troop scapegrace when Lascar was sold.

Certain boy-face corporals who were

proud of nice flat backs and nice soldierly set-ups and who answered with flippancy the questions in the frippy little non-com's school, took occasion now to correct deficiencies in Danvers's conduct as a cavalry trooper. It is quite true that these same corporals were puling in their mothers' arms when young Danvers was riding over the White Mountains of Arizona while "L" Troop went out on heart-breaking marches in the wake of fantastically painted Apaches, and it is also true that Danvers turned on them quite suddenly, to the uproarious delight of the entire troop.

"Why—you pimply-face, little tin image," he roared, "you herring-backed, horse-bluffed recruit, you—you—you *bot-fly*, I've wore more skin off a me on my saddle 'n ud make a regiment a boneless mounted marines like you, an' if you ever talk to me ag'in about bein' a cavalry sodger, I'll—I'll wipe out my carbine-bore 'uth you—that's what I'll do 'uth you."

The outraged non-com. took his grievance to his already outraged officer, and Danvers faced long and verbose charges.

"Why, colonel," he said in answer to questions, "I jus' couldn' help it. I'm old enough to be the mother a this yere shrimp, an' I c'n stan' mos' anything but bein' tol' how to sodger by them children."

The colonel was a new colonel who knew not Danvers, and he looked at him severely over his spectacles and sent him to the guard-house, where he worked on a shift with a colored infantry prisoner and a discharged degenerate. Danvers was completely broken, and not the least of his sorrows was the lack of a thin, glossy neck for the feel of his arms and a soft, sensitive muzzle to nose in his pockets and to caress his shoulder and a ready ear in which to pour his woes, for he had never told them to any person else.

When his short sentence was fulfilled he came back to the squad-room, beat a tattoo on his locker-lid with a clubbed marching shoe, and dared any man in the troop to speak to him or encroach on his little allotment of floor space. This was because Danvers was drunk—not good-naturedly and more or less wittily drunk as always before, but surlily, nastily, drunk. He had sold the Apache war-bonnet that had hung above his bunk for years and was really a thing of value, and had received in return

numbers of flat flasks of poisonous white *mescal*, that he kept beneath his mattress cover and visited at alarming intervals. His gait was steady and his face pale, but the stuff harried up his fancies and gave him the brain of a sullen madman. He spoke little and ate nothing and his debauch had endured a week when the paymaster made his monthly visit to Perdido.

It is always a season of rejoicing in the parasitic little Texas town, this visit—Perdido's monthly harvest, they call it—and bad men and worse women from miles around come in to gather the gleanings. There was wild revelry for two days at this one. The thirteen "saloons and dance-halls" glared with lights. Dishonest little balls that clattered around alluringly numbered circles, bowls that spun out the results of perennial races between crudely painted horses on an oil-cloth table-top, faro, and monte were the instruments, and barefaced chicanery was the spirit by which Fort Perdido soldiery was stripped of its month's wage. Now, in the days of the decent canteen— But, no matter.

Into the town came Danvers, unusually drunk and more than unusually taciturn. The boy-faced corporal had mistaken surly silence for wordless penitence, but Danvers was not troubled by remorse. He played monte without method or reason and he cashed in a pile of chips whose size caused the cashier to gasp with amazement. Creditulous recruits opened wide eyes and handed over their pathetic dollars so eagerly that the monte dealer had difficulty in receiving all of them, but managed it with an effort. There was one little *contretemps* while Danvers played. The man who stood next him had seen his hairy hand shoot across the table and grasp the wrist of the brazen youth who dealt.

"Don't you try that on *me*, you haoun," he hoarsed, and beneath his grip an unaccounted card fluttered to the table. Information as to this occurrence relieved the mind of the perplexed cashier, but conveyed no ideas to the recruits.

When morning came Danvers was gone and the boy-faced corporal spoke feelingly to the lieutenant. Danvers's most serviceable clothes were not in his locker. The Morning Report said "absent without leave," but "L" Troop confidentially whispered "desertion" and the spick-and-span

lieutenant could not fight completely off a feeling strangely like remorse.

Capt. Wendel Benner is famous in the army as an officer of cavalry, but even he will admit that he is emphatically not a paymaster. His accounts for the first month cost him more than six of his own vouchers represented, and though the General and the entire Department Staff revelled in late office-hours, at six each morning his eyes popped open very much as they had done for the preceding twenty years, and no amount of tossing about on his bed would induce them to pop shut again. If he rose he was lonesome, and if he continued to toss he was miserable. He could plainly hear the service trumpet calls in the cavalry post across the wall, and they kept him in a state of nervous expectancy for something that never, by any chance, happened. What was truly the reason for all this, and what he would not have admitted for great monies was that he missed the sound of horses' feet at his front door and the rusty voice and stilted actions of a certain old trooper very delicately, very formally, and yet withal, most lovingly assuring him that he was still young and active and that, after all, the new and annoying vagaries of an ambitious young army he was still *the* Wendel Benner of the Nth, United States Horse.

He fumed through the first month and blustered through the second; before the end of the third he wrote a jerky, imperative letter and demanded to be relieved. It went ricocheting up the usual bone-dry channels and the chief of each successive office grew angry as he read the bombastic, heavily written sentences searched furiously for the signature of one who had so presumed, found it, sighed gently and smiled, as he wrote what each chief before him had written. On a certain December morning when the air was crisp with winter and goodwill, an erstwhile paymaster of the Department of the Shoshone said his good-bys to grinning young aides and patronizing department chiefs and caught the earliest train he knew for Perdido and the grumbling, happy life he loved.

Early trains are sometimes disappointing. Benner's was side-tracked at a little station on the Rio Grande and the conductor *dared* tell him that it would be there for *hours*. He was singularly resigned; on the south-



The Captain and Danvers.—Page 173.

ern trip from California an officer of the old army is apt not to grudge the loss of hours promised by the too-sanguine schedule. From his car window he can see Fort Bliss and the ragged jumble of peaked blue hills toward Huachuca. There is the Langtry of Roy Bean and the streaked water-tank that stood like a harbinger of hope in the dreariness of the early Apache wars. If there were nothing else, there is the great parched waste itself, where he and the men who were dearer to him than brothers suffered and were glad together, and he is prone to people it with phantom guidons and dusty troops that trot strangely by the train-side and look in at him and smile. Benner had sat long at the car-windows with tilted cap and far-away eyes, and now he looked across at the barren sky-line of Mexico and saw that it had changed not at all in so many years. He remembered intimate little things that had transpired at this very station, and was content.

There was a flaring poster on an unpainted wall that told in glowing terms of a *fiesta* in the Mexican town across the river, and in the boldest type of all stood out the magic name of "Chico," *espada grande* of Mexico and darling of admiring hearts from

Yucatan to the river. It was to be a marvellous fight, four-bulls-four, and the poster spoke volumes for Yankee influence. Benner grinned at it; he knew all about these border bull fights, but—well, the time must be passed somehow, and—oh, yes—he wondered if Antoine, Mexican-Frenchman of other days, still ruled the straggling, dirty town from his greasy bar in the market. That knowledge alone was worth while, and he crossed the bridge.

Antoine was there. The day was sweltering, even for Mexican December, but in his seal-skin cap, his flowered waistcoat, and wine-flecked expanse of shirt-front, he was the same Antoine; he prevaricated graciously and remembered Benner, *parjailment*. The bull-fight—oh, we old ones, we know. But certainly, if the Señor Captain wished it, he would go with *mucho gusto*.

The rickety, wooden amphitheatre was packed to overflowing with brown-skinned enthusiasts, who kept silent only while the asthmatic band of the Such-and-Such Regiment blew jumbled notes from their highly tarnished instruments and drowned human opposition. The weakened, bemedalled chief musician bowed extravagantly at each momentary breathing space, whether the

crowd cheered or not, and the assemblage was thoroughly and odoriferously Mexican. The ring was small, and even here were signs of Americanization: on the wooden shields that announced to frenzied bull or fleeting toreador that Jose Pradillo, beyond shadow of doubt, held for sale the *most* superlative stock of general merchandise in the entire *ciudad*, and that he and his entire family were at the disposition of *Ustedes*. Benner's seats were *umbra* and fifty *centavos* more convenient than the *sol* ones at his feet.

The long, preliminary wait served a purpose that is neither necessary nor desirable in the States, but that is admirably fitted to such gatherings as this, for it is designed and executed to make the crowd savage and blood-thirsty and thus indirectly add to their enjoyment of the spectacle. The cries of "*El toro*" had almost drowned the band and Benner was completely disgusted when a betasselled bandsman arose under the admiring gaze of the shouting rabble and blew a rusty note on a trumpet as long as a coach-horn. An answering trumpet blared, the entrance doors flew wide, and into the sand-covered arena, bowing carelessly to the unrestrained and garlic-scented applause of the standing populace, stepped the redoubtable and unscathed Chico. Behind him trooped the *bandalleros*, in blue and white and gold, and last of all, on the pitiful horses of the *combate del toro*, rode the gaudy *picadors*.

Around and around the ring they trooped, and round after round of applause rivalled those that had gone before until the *espada* and his *picadors* trooped out and at intervals in the ring, nodding graciously to proud acquaintances in the stadium, stood the white-stockinged *bandelleros*.

The trumpet sounded again, again the gates flew wide, the crowd screamed with delight and anticipation, and dazed, perplexed, and thoroughly frightened, the first of the vaunted four-bulls-four carromed into the ring. He followed the high fence around, looking wildly for an opening, as he would have done in his native corral. He sniffed suspiciously at the wooden shields and made his way back to the gate, where he stood looking through the bars expectantly, with switching tail and wide eyes, waiting for them to open.

"Coward!" shrieked the crowd, and hisses and groans made up the general uproar.

"Poltroon!" they yelled, and fantastic ingenuity devised anathemas of all degrees for the shaming of a brute.

A cautious *bandallero* crept up beside him, quietly unfurling his purple cloak. Suddenly, with swift legs, he rushed on and past the bull, flaunted the cloth in his face and blinded him. The great head flew up and caught the folds upon polished horns, and for the first time the bull evidenced spirit. He pawed the annoyance into the loose sand, and when his eyes were clear of their obstruction he stood facing a more ambitious youth who held his gaudy *bandalleros* above his head, stamped his foot in *jota* style, and made alluring motions with his arms. Him the beast charged madly, but the promise of placed darts was not fulfilled, and with wide margin of safety, the youth fled to a shield that splintered before the impact of fine black horns.

Before the bull could turn another of his tormentors dashed past, and as he ran thrust with both hands two festooned darts deep into the already heaving shoulders of the excited beast. A grunt of astonishment and pain gave evidence of success, and the crowd cheered nastily. The bull was active now—fresh and angry, and the toreadors played the sportless game with skill, for at great distances they flaunted him, tempted him to rush madly on hopeless chases, always taking refuge behind the many shields, and never for one instant risking danger. As the beast grew tired under these constant efforts and seemed to become aware of their futility, the *bandalleros* grew bolder. They even faced him as he stood with lowered head and bloodshot eyes, swaying from side to side in rhythmic anger; they allowed him to charge them heavily while they swept swiftly aside, leaving needlessly cruel darts deep in his ensanguined shoulders.

Here is the one period of besmirched magnificence in the entire brutal atavism, and here only is adduced from Saxon spirit any other sensation than that of helpless—stiflingly helpless—loathing anger. The great gory head, the unflinching red-rimmed eye, the heaving shoulders of power, and the sight of the dauntless, lumbering brute himself, fighting heavily, but without one single flaw of cowardice, absolutely against hope—all this is admirable, but beyond this single period the studied degradation of it is beyond belief, and this



It was mumbled into a slender, pointed ear.—Page 174.

view is singularly incongruous to the true spirit of the *combate del toro*. For from this, through the disgusting minutes when the bull is forced to the ghastly mutilation of helpless horses, to the final instant of supreme cowardice, when the blood-mad crowd loses all control and screams with abandoned cruelty, "*Al muerte! Al muerte!*" while the dauntless *espada* thrusts his fine, sharp blade into the quivering lungs of the

thoroughly exhausted and quite helpless invincible, the alien to the blood revel, if numbed by horror in his seat, can only clench his helpless hands and hope that a blazing earth might open and engulf the revellers.

The weazened little bandsman kept his cruel, expert eyes on the strained faces about him, and he knew the exact moment to put an end to this, which is really but a preparatory stage for the spectacle to follow. He

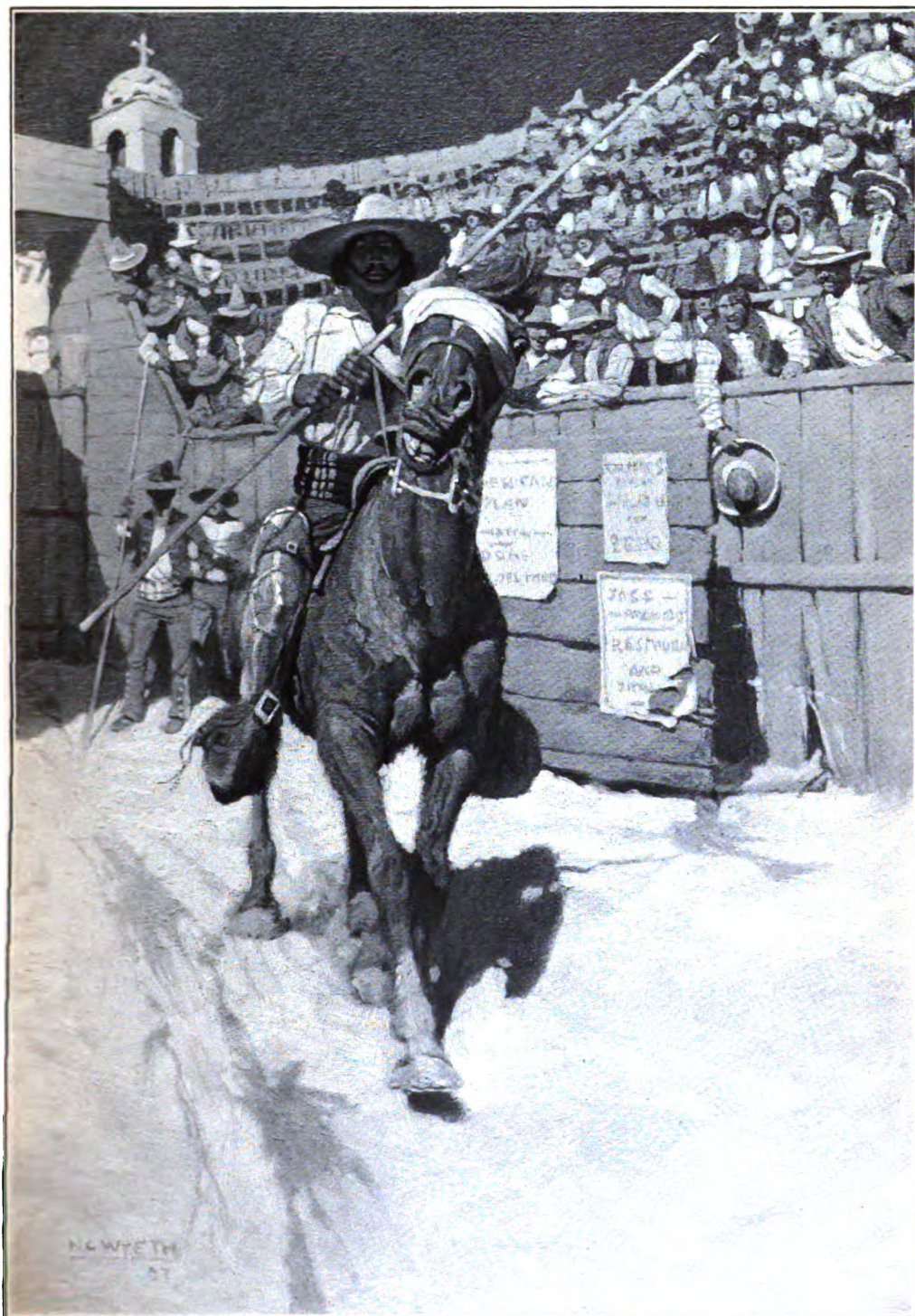
trumpeted once more, and once more the gates were thrown wide. The commotion in the entrance lasted but a second, then, spurred furiously by the iron-encased legs of their thoroughly protected riders, the pitiful victims of brutality hobbled into the arena and were guided to posts on opposite sides of the ring.

Benner had not seen such horses or dreamed that such existed. Necks so thin and devoid of muscle that the vertebrae showed plainly in relief, hip and stifle bones so close to the surface of the crackling skin that the protuberances were capped by fearful abrasions; simply skeletons, they seemed—skeletons with a shrivelled covering of parchment. They staggered and swayed beneath the weight of their armored riders, and the painful hobble that the long, sharp spurs adduced was a final effort. The bull gazed from one to the other in apparent amazement and made no move toward them, but the *bandalleros* were clever. By well-judged runs from the lumbering charges of the exhausted brute they left him non-plussed within reach of the shining spear of one of the *picadors*, and the spear licked out and stung the quivering and abraded shoulder. What happened on the instant Benner did not see; he was strangely fascinated by the mount of the other *picador*. This horse had shown a modicum of spirit; with a grotesque movement of his head, rebelling at the eye-bandage and speaking of former mettle, he had displaced the annoyance and was actually fretting with the bit. This alone was remarkable, but the gait, the carriage, the flattening of the ears, all fascinated him, and his accustomed eye read a similarity in conformation to some horse he had seen, or ridden, or lost money on, and it was with difficulty that he looked away even when the strangely human, shivering cry from the other side of the ring startled him into horror. He looked across, and with every countryman in the stadium gripped the boards beneath him to save himself from wild indiscretion and his teeth bit blood from his trembling lip. Strangely still under the breathless silence of the place, though speaking of fearful potentiality in every vibrant line, the great straining bull and the anguished horse formed a quivering group like a horror in sculptured stone. The massive head of the bull seemed fixed beneath the body of the dying brute and the

heaving effort of the great neck muscles was apparent. What held the crowd in strained anticipation ended in incongruous bathos, but the momentary picture, the dying brutes, with the scared white face of the thoroughly frightened *picador* above, will remain with Benner long. Suddenly the strained muscles relaxed, the great head came away almost gently, sullen drops of sluggish blood coursed down the sleek black horns into the bull's eyes, and as the crowd broke forth in cheers, attendants rushed forth to stanch the ghastly wound and prop the suffering beast up to receive one more attack. Their efforts were in vain. Very quietly the stiff knees crumpled, the withered muzzle lurched forward to the sand, and with scarcely a sound, the suffering horse fell dead. A red-haired farmer-boy who sat next Benner and who was one of a San Antonio excursion, reached out and gripped his knee all unconsciously. His face was half turned toward Benner, and it was innocent as a cherub's, but black curses came from the fresh lips in a dreary monotone, like the voice of a man under an anæsthetic, and Benner winced under the spasmodic grip and realized why he held *himself* in his seat. The crowd was crying for the other horse, and the bull needed no urging. The bandage had been quite displaced and, to the screaming delight of the audience, the horse leaped stiffly aside and escaped the first awkward charge. But it was not a fight; there was no single chance for the starved brute, and the *picador* fought his pitiful effort with bit and spur. He succeeded in turning the stubborn head away, and as the bull came on he deliberately forced a flank to the attack and raised his own leg from the way of harm. It was a glancing blow and scarcely ripped the hide, but just here the rash impulse in every horrified breast was incarnated, and even life in the ring was stilled by a wild scream that rose in the shrill treble of rage from the topmost tier of seats, shrilled out a frenzied jargon, and died away in inadequacy.

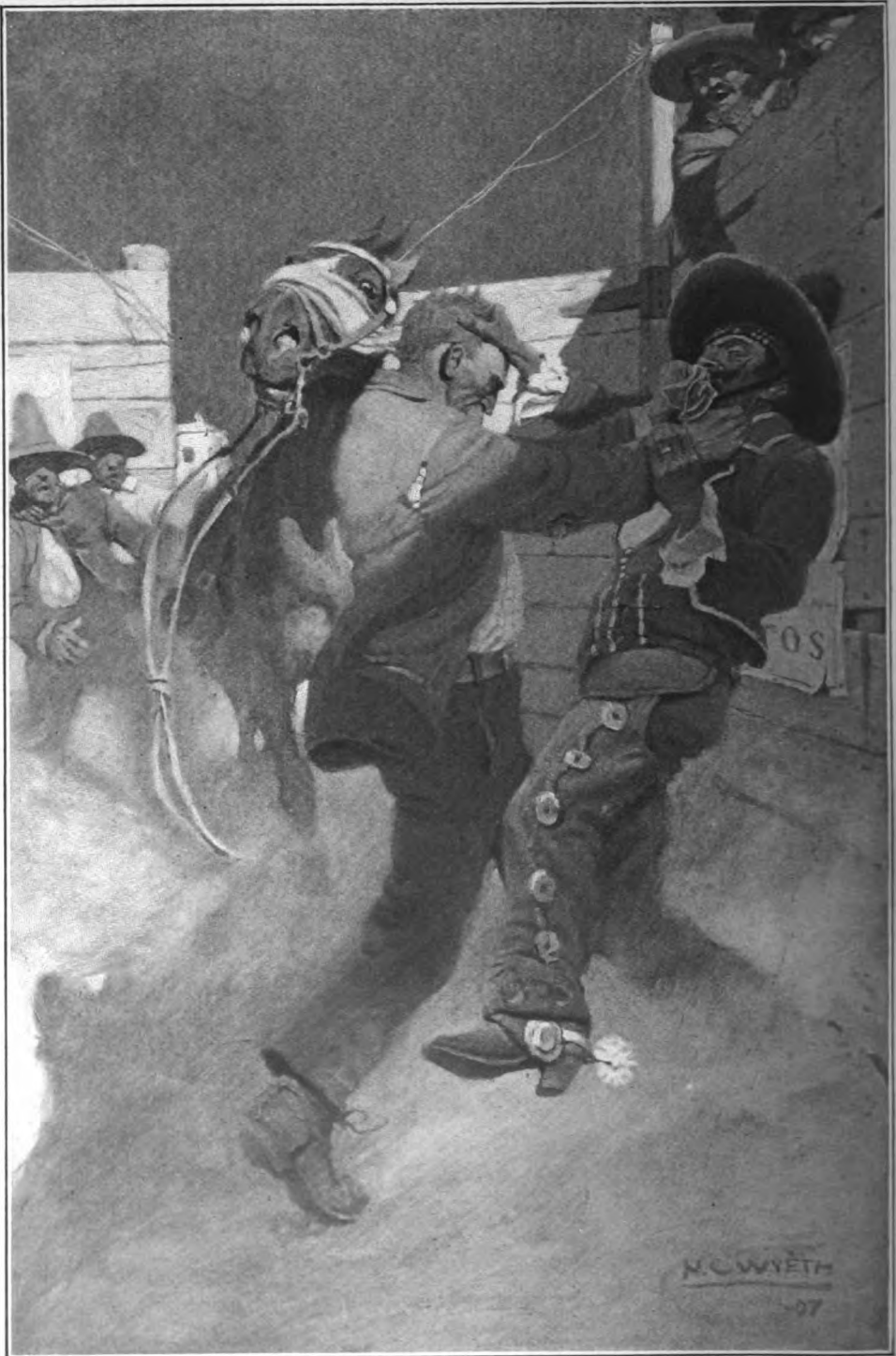
"Las!" it screamed. "O Las—my God—Lascar!"

A raging madman in ill-fitting civilian clothes was coming like an avalanche down the steps of people, striking, fighting, and kicking. He forced an open way before him and was in the ring before the swarthy police could raise a hand. He rushed to the bleeding shoulder and his hand shot up and



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

He was actually fretting with the bit.—Page 180.



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

He thrust a dirty, crumpled wad of bills into the gasping mouth.—Page 183.

picked the startled rider from his seat; as though he had been an unclean insect, he was fairly hurled to the ground. The arms of the man were about the horse's neck and he was murmuring unspeakable curses, jumbled with the tenderest endearments of an imaginative lover. He kicked the gates apart, and at sight of the wildly gesticulating master of ceremonies his uncontrolled madness flared up again. He seized the man beneath his drooping jaws with fingers that fairly bit the flesh and he thrust a dirty, crumpled wad of bills into the gasping mouth with his bare fist.

"You'll take fifty dollars for this horse," he jibbered in unintelligible English and he hurtled the writhing body against the plank wall with crushing force.

In the street, of course, they seized him,

fighting tigerishly. Had it been in the ring they would have torn him to shreds, but some hundreds of Texan excursionists had trooped out of the stadium, and they stood about the police in a silently ugly group. They are tall, gaunt men, these West-Texans, and their faces are hard and not at all good to look at. Danvers went to jail with little grace.

Antoine makes *alcaldes* and various city *jefes* and unmakes them, and in the early morning hours the hinges of the *carcel* doors creaked and out on the long bridge the customs officers stopped a strange procession of a very erect gray man in very neat civilian clothes, a very erect gray man not in very neat civilian clothes, and a limping travesty of a raw-boned horse, whose future stretches out in a vista of happy, happy days.

MORTIMER'S FAILURE

By Jesse Lynch Williams

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

THE extraordinary plot against Mortimer Billings's wife was planned and executed by Billings himself; but Sharpe was responsible for it, Sharpe, the famous neurologist, upon whom the husband, in desperation, had called late one afternoon, following a hard day, by no means unsuccessful, in Wall Street.

ACT I

"THE whole secret of your wife's trouble," said the physician glibly, a dapper little man, with an engaging smile and mild blue eyes—but they saw everything—"lies in the simple fact that she has everything and does nothing." He paused to see what the husband thought of that.

"Humph," said Billings. He did not think much of it.

"And such a departure from the natural state," the famous physician continued imperturbably, "namely, that of having nothing and doing everything, is entirely too

wide for any product of nature to stand, even the most civilized. It is abnormal. It is wrong. Hence it brings its victims to an abnormal condition of mind and body, illustrating one of the phases of what I call, borrowing the nomenclature of another science, 'the point of diminishing returns' of civilization."

"But what I left my office early to-day to find out," interrupted the husband, "is what is the matter with my wife." Billings was a busy man, a practical man, a man of large affairs; he did not seem to hang upon the utterances of physicians, even famous specialists, with the awed respect manifested by the latter's female callers.

"And I am telling you," returned Sharpe blandly, for he in turn was not particularly impressed by the presence of a famous capitalist; he dealt largely in men of affairs, quite as many of his patients being men who did too much as women who did too little. "There is, I assure you, Mr. Billings, nothing in the world seriously the matter with your wife—*except* the most serious thing imaginable in a world made by and



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Mrs. Billings's husband had not enjoyed hauling dirt.—Page 191.

for work. Effort, struggle, absorption in something outside of oneself; it is the law of this whirling universe." He paused impressively. "Mr. Billings, your wife is breaking that law every moment of her idle existence." Then he smiled and added, with a good-fellow manner, which the other liked better: "Of course, I can turn on a shower of technical terms, if you prefer, about hypochondriacs, neurasthenia, and all that. But *you*, I thought, would like the simple truth."

"Cut out the technical terms," said Billings, also smiling a little. "Only the truth is, my wife hasn't a lazy bone in her body. There are plenty of things she wants to do—if *sæ* were only well enough."

"On the contrary," corrected the famous specialist, shaking his head authoritatively, "she would be well enough if she only had to do them—whether she wanted to or not."

With this he paused, and genially returned Billings's scrutiny, each taking the other's measure of personality, so to speak, each respecting the other a little more, perhaps.

The physician proceeded: "Now if your wife only had a half dozen children to worry about——"

"As there are no children," interrupted Billings, "suppose we leave them out of the question." He turned his gaze out of the window. It was a sore point; Billings was a fat, domestic man.

The mild blue eyes took in all this. Also the neurologist perceived that he had to do with a devoted husband; this always complicated a case unfortunately. "Your wife," resumed the physician more sympathetically, "has an active mind."

"She has a splendid mind," emphasized the husband.

"Precisely; but of the type which, when not drawn out upon something else, turns in upon itself, like millstones which have no grist to grind."

"And what I want to know," insisted the man of action, "is what I'm going to do about it. I've tried travel, baths, X-rays, massage, vibration, osteopathy—I've even tried Christian Science and mental healing. I have done everything for her!"

"Ah, Mr. Billings, that is just it," returned the physician; "you've done everything for her—what has she done for you?"

"For me?" repeated the husband, as if puzzled. "Didn't she marry me?"

It came out so naively, and the implication was so clearly, "Isn't that enough?" that the physician answered it. "No," he said, with his engaging smile; "permit me to express the opinion that it is *not* enough; and there is no place on earth where it is considered enough, except here in this big, boyish, overgrown, newly rich nation you and I are so proud of. Look at the large responsibilities of a French family; look at the exacting duties of an English lady—social exactions they may be, enjoyable they sometimes are, but she has to get up out of bed and meet them." The physician emphasized this with a slap on his desk.

"My wife," returned Billings, "has too much intelligence, too fine a spirit to be satisfied with a social career. She long since tired of the game."

"Precisely; and was not compelled by circumstances, hers or yours, to keep it up whether satisfied or not. In this country unfortunately, a woman's career has little or nothing to do with her husband's. Social life is merely a game to throw over at will if it doesn't amuse. Well," he added inquiringly, "she next took up fads, I presume."

"O Lord! all sorts of fads," smiled Billings. The two men were now getting along very well together.

"And abandoned each in turn when the novelty wore off?"

Billings hesitated. "She could not help laughing at the strenuousness of her fellow-faddists," was his way of putting it.

"I see," said the expert, "and there was no way of compelling her to follow up her fads, whether absurd or not?"

"Doctor," said Billings whimsically, "I could hardly compel her to lilt Irish poetry unless she felt like it."

"Quite so," said the physician, smiling; and then after a pause: "Mr. Billings, your wife, before her marriage—had she not been thrown on her own resources at one time?"

Billings explained that when she was about twenty years old her father had failed and died; she, like the plucky girl she was, had sprung into the breach with much of father's former spirit, and had supported, not only herself, but her broken-hearted mother. "I had known her father, and this was what first called my attention to her," said Billings, sighing at the recollec-

tion of the animated loveliness, the energetic grace, the efficient poise of the radiant girl he had wooed. "For a while she wanted to keep on with her work. That was my most serious rival." Billings laughed consciously. "But of course I wouldn't hear of it," he added.

"Why not?" Sharpe asked it in the most matter-of-fact manner.

Billings looked up to see whether he was really in earnest; he seemed to be. "Why, doctor," was the reply, "she's my wife."

The physician opened his mouth to answer, but closed it again and merely looked professionally inscrutable, a look which even the youngest members of his profession acquire early in their careers. He knew how powerless was science when pitted against sentiment. Was it worth while trying any longer to convince this generous, hard-working American husband that his conception of a spouse's duty toward his wife was as thoughtlessly cruel in practice as it was thoughtfully kind in intention? And yet this good man considered himself "practical," prided himself upon bringing his mate all the benefits of an enlightened civilization! In effect, the relations of this pair were neither practical nor civilized—so it seemed to this man of science, who kept an eye on other sciences than his own. The instinct of protection remained from a rougher age; but reciprocal responsibilities on the part of the woman had been smoothed away now that the age and their circumstances were no longer rough. Consequently, in the case of this wife, since nothing in the way of any other duty had been substituted, the resulting relation was more like that of a man and his mistress than a marriage of equals in a highly organized state of society, facing the world together as life partners, dividing the burdens and problems as well as sharing the luxuries of existence. The chief difference (from every point of view except religion and sociology) was that the so-called moral relation was a good deal worse—this woman was not impelled to exert herself to retain her luxuries; they were her legal rights, not merely his devoted favors. So it was no wonder that life together was becoming rather a wreck. Also it was no wonder that the scientist had closed his mouth abruptly, and now took another tack.

"Mr. Billings, during these last three

years," he inquired, for he found the Socratic method the best for handling practical men accustomed to doing their own thinking, "since your wife became an invalid has she never come out from her mist of self-absorption, her nervous inertia?"

"Frequently," Billings assured him; "but less frequently each year."

"Symptomatic," nodded the physician; "but I mean, more than for those brief periods. Has she ever given signs of coming all the way out? Of being her old, efficient self, able to make decisions without worrying, vigorous, buoyant, happily active."

"Yes, once." Billings hesitated. "When her mother died. Sounds strange, I suppose."

"To you, perhaps—not to me."

"But—I have never seen a more devoted daughter. She had supported her mother, you know; and that had brought them very close together. I thought it would kill her."

"And instead it made her live, for the time being?"

"Well, I thought she was merely showing her nerve and would collapse after the funeral; but no, that girl still insisted upon overseeing everything herself. She wouldn't even let me attend to the notes of acknowledgment; I can see her now, writing away with the tears rolling down her cheeks, leaning back so they wouldn't drop on the paper—she writes very individual notes. She even took a hand in designing the lettering on the vault—she has an artistic bent, you know—and through the whole thing she somehow seemed not only well and strong, but, in a certain sense, though broken-hearted, she seemed——"

"Happy?"

"Well, I wouldn't like to say happy exactly."

"No; of course you wouldn't; we are all such conventional cowards. We often think ourselves unnatural when we are only natural."

"Humph," said Billings sardonically; "if her mother's taking away could do all that, I suppose you will tell me next that her husband's death would affect a permanent cure."

"By no means, Mr. Billings. A serious illness on your part might go a long way toward it, but I fear a widow of yours would be left entirely too solvent to recover. On the contrary, she would relapse after a little

into a more permanent patient than ever; unless," added the expert, "her second husband married her for her money and developed into a scamp, an invalid, or—a father."

Billings remarked parenthetically that he had not expressed any immediate intention of dying for his wife. "Ah," pursued the physician, with the gleam of an idea in his eyes, "but you *would* be willing to make a few sacrifices—to give up a few luxuries?"

"What are 'luxuries' to me? Country places I can't use—too far from your office, sir; a yacht I dare not sail—she worries about me; horses I can't ride; cars I can't drive; and a home—well, doctor, if you cure my wife you can have my house for a hospital; it's practically one already."

"But I can't cure your wife," returned Sharpe suddenly.

"Then you give it up, after all?"

"But you can."

"I! how can I?"

"You won't do it, though. I've tried other husbands."

"You might try me," said Billings.

The doctor leaned forward. "Jump over to the wrong side of the market—smash your business—fail!"

The two men confronted each other a moment in silence. Presently Billings, convinced by the other's eye that he actually meant the thing he said, smiled indulgently. "Doctor," he remarked, "you don't realize what you are proposing."

"Mr. Billings," was the reply, "I realize that there is one thing even the most devoted husbands are more devoted to than their wives—their work."

"It's my life," said Billings.

"It's your wife's death," said the physician; "her living death."

The financier opened his mouth to speak, but closed it again somewhat after the manner of the man of science a few moments before—and, curiously enough, for a not dissimilar reason. He felt the futility of explaining to this well-meaning but narrow-minded specialist the consequences of the stupendous act of folly and wickedness he proposed. No matter what Billings might say, the physician would believe that the mere loss of money, of power, of prestige, caused the hesitancy. What could this impractical little man who dealt in death and disease know of the consequence to others of the failure of Mortimer Billings.—the

large interests involved, the half-finished undertakings, the great dreams and plans for opening up new sections of the country, the development of vast industries, and the wreck and ruin that would be caused by such a chimerical decision, such quixotic action? The physician considered himself a humanitarian, and doubtless there was much to his credit on that score, thought Billings; but he did all his work on individual organisms, and so did not consider the point of view of humanity at large. Every specialized vision of life, whether commercial, scientific, or artistic, has its Blind-spot.

"Doctor," said Billings, with a gesture of impatience, "what you propose is absurd. It's out of the question."

"Mr. Billings," said the other, quickly assuming the jocular note; "that is my only prescription. But it will cure."

"Doctor," said the caller, suavely responding to the jocular; "that may be true; but I'll be damned if I do it," and he arose to go.

"And, Mr. Billings," replied the physician accompanying him to the door, "you'll be damned if you don't. So there we are—where we started out! I perceive that I shall continue to have the pleasure of treating Mrs. Billings. I bid you good afternoon, sir," and they parted with unexpressed sentiments of mutual contempt, as the next caller was shown in.

ACT II

MRS. BILLINGS and her appendages occupied the floor above the beautiful but now useless Empire drawing-room. The carefully selected chintzes of her boudoir, like the wall coverings of the rest of her suite, had been removed, because she could not stand the irrevocable recurrence of designs. Dull-colored cartridge paper had been substituted for a while; but the regularity of the joints where the rolls slightly overlapped soon attracted attention to themselves and got on her nerves, so in turn the paper was scraped off and the bare walls were tinted a neutral gray, which served the purpose rather well, except for a speck or two, which she tried to endure with fortitude. All the pictures and "pretty things" which she had once cherished had made way for glass-topped tables and white enam-

eled affairs, like a hospital. Nearly all the furnishings were washable, and gave forth a faint odor of carbolic acid. The thought of germs was one of the things which got on the poor lady's nerves.

Noises, naturally, were another. There were double doors, somewhat like those of a telephone booth, and double-sashed windows, hermetically sealed to keep out the noise and germs of the street. Billings had installed, at great expense, the most modern fresh-air system of flues, the air being drawn down from the roof to the basement, screened through silk, warmed over one set of coils or cooled over another, according to the automatic thermostat, which worked without any audible click. When Billings, who was usually allowed to visit his wife once a day, sometimes twice, wanted to light his cigar he had to go downstairs to strike a match. This was not much of a hardship, because, as his wife pointed out, he could always light his first one before starting upon the expedition to her rooms, and his second from the first, the stump of number one being escorted from the apartment by a maid summoned by the nurse. The difficult problem was to get into the room without startling Mrs. Billings, who couldn't stand being startled. Entering the room silently without being announced was very bad; knocking on the door was, of course, worse. So Billings had installed a silent indicator upon which the nurse was accustomed to gaze at certain agreed-upon hours. Then she would say, in a very soft, unstartling voice, "Mr. Billings is now entering the elevator on the ground-floor, and will be standing outside of the door in a moment. Shall I let him in?"

This afternoon—it was a few minutes after his talk with the physician—Mrs. Billings let him in at once. Sometimes he was allowed to wait a while and look at the blank walls of the hall. This time he had kept the nurse waiting staring at the annunciator for nearly an hour, while his wife became nervous.

"Mortimer! how could you?" she began chidingly in the thin, spiritless drawl of the expert invalid, her eyelids drooping. "Why didn't you tell me you were going to be late? I was so upset I couldn't take my nap." One could see that she was very sorry for herself, and anyone but the man who loved her would have been exasper-

ated with her. She had a wan beauty in the delicate regularity of feature, and he was sorry for her, too. That had been one of the great troubles—he was too sympathetic and indulgent.

Mortimer had closed the door softly, and now crossed the room with the quiet step he had learned by experience to adopt. "I was unavoidably detained, Clara, dear."

"Not at the office?"

"Yes, at the office." He did not say whose office.

His wife looked more offended. "Miss Hudson telephoned twice; they said you had gone! I think it's outrageous! You must have that telephone girl discharged to-morrow."

"Very well, dear; very well," said Mortimer abstractedly, for he had something on his mind.

"I kept seeing them bear your dead body home on a stretcher. It was terrible. It has put me back three days." She was fond of her husband and leaned upon him.

"Oh, no, Mrs. Billings," put in Miss Hudson, the nurse, cheerily—perhaps because leaving the room for her hour's relaxation out of doors.

"You don't know anything about it, Miss Hudson," said the invalid, and added to her husband as the door, very softly, closed. "That woman is like a stone; she's not in the least sympathetic or interested in me."

"I'll speak to her," said Mortimer abstractedly.

"Oh, no, no, no; you would be sure to hurt her feelings. Promise me you won't."

"All right, then, I won't speak to her."

"Mortimer, you're keeping something from me," his wife resumed irritably; "you know how it puts me back to be teased."

"Clara, dear," he replied in a grave manner, "prepare yourself."

"Now, Mortimer! don't tell me any bad news—I can't stand anything more to-day," she declared positively.

"I'm afraid you'll have to, Clara."

"You're not going to take me South again? I won't go." She seemed almost in a panic about it.

"It's worse than that, Clara."

"Mortimer!" She was now feeling her pulse. "Your sister is coming to visit us again!"

"No, my dear," he replied with a slight

smile; "there's no danger of her wanting to come here again."

"Then what is it, Mortimer! Don't you see how you're upsetting me? Can't you think of me a little?"

"Clara, have you read the evening papers?"

"You know I never read the horrid papers."

He did know it; he was relying upon it. "I'm afraid you must this time." He brought forth the *Evening Post*.

"Don't," she shuddered; "don't let it rustle!"

"Look at this: P. and H. has dropped eight points. Do you know what that means to me?" As a matter of fact and financial history it meant that Billings and his associates had at last secured the long-desired outlet for their ore, but Mortimer was an experienced bluffer.

The expression on his face startled her out of her supine self-absorption. She suddenly sat up, rigidly erect. "Quick, what is it?" she cried.

"It means," he declared in low, measured tones, simulating despair, "that I am on the wrong side of the market—that my business is smashed! That I have failed, am ruined!"

He turned his face away as if to hide his grief, though really it was to avoid the look of horror in her wide-open eyes. He retreated across the room, flung himself upon a lounge, and buried his face in his hands, muttering in broken accents: "My dreams, my half-finished undertakings—gone, all gone! My life is wrecked!"

Bedridden patients who have not touched foot to the floor in months have been known in case of fire to rush to the rescue of their children; it was with this same primal instinct, the maternal instinct of protection, that Mortimer Billings's wife flew across the room to her prostrate spouse, gathered his poor, bowed head to her bosom, and thinking now only of him, cried in vibrant tones: "My poor, dear boy! My poor, dear boy!"

ACT III

THE first question to decide, now that they were penniless, was where they were to live; and Billings told his wife that she would have to decide it. Following the first galvanic rally a reaction threatened;

Mrs. Billings seemed inclined to slump into hopeless apathy. "I'll go wherever you say, Mortimer," she answered with a wan smile. "I don't care where we live." One cannot be cured overnight, even of imaginary ills and their effects.

"But you've got to care; you've got to say," declared Mortimer firmly. "Haven't I enough on my mind meeting my creditors?"

He seemed almost unkind, and this was so astonishingly unusual that she was on the verge of one of her old hysterical turns, until catching sight of his face working convulsively, and thinking of all he had been through, she straightway stopped thinking about herself. "Poor old Mortimer," she said, patting his arm; "of course, you have enough to do already. I'll attend to my share."

It nearly broke his heart at first to watch her, tired out and distressed, nerving herself to meet the situation with such sweet, pathetic attempts to look cheerful for his sake. He found it more difficult than he had anticipated to break the habit of years; to refrain from sympathizing with her woes, bearing her burdens as well as his own. Sometimes he feared he was overdoing it—she came near going to pieces. He knew how keenly she felt the lack of his solicitude. But he was afraid to be sympathetic; it would make her feel sorry for herself. So he compromised by being very demonstrative and affectionate. He showed her how much he appreciated her pluck and efficiency. Appreciation never hurt anyone. And the result was the difference between making her feel sorry for herself and making her feel pleased with herself. Moreover, it brought them closer together. Already they were lovers again.

The next day she reported that she had the refusal on a charming little flat for light housekeeping down in the quiet part of town known as Chelsea. "It will be so near our work," she said.

"Our work?" asked Mortimer.

She ran and kissed him gayly. "I have decided to be your stenographer, dearie!"

"What!" exclaimed Mortimer in sudden alarm; "the deuce you have!" He might fool his wife; he couldn't his stenographer.

"Don't you *want* me in the office with you? You don't look a bit pleased," she said, with something of the coquetry of former years.

"It would be charming," said Mortimer gallantly; "but I cannot think of letting you do it, my dear, brave girl. Remember, now, Clara."

"Such light housekeeping!" she returned. "I can do both; I used to." He should have remembered that. "Mortimer," she insisted sweetly, "I simply *must* do something."

"Do fancy work," said Mortimer, "at home."

"But, you see, I never learned fancy work. Besides, it wouldn't pay; but I did learn stenography, and it pays quite well. I was very good at it before I became a librarian."

"My dear," said Mortimer solemnly—this was to be a staggerer—"perhaps we cannot afford even one maid!"

It *was* rather staggering, but she arose smiling. "If we are so poor as all that," she returned cheerfully, "it's all the more reason why I should help you in your work, dear. I'll give up the refusal on the flat and we'll live in a boarding-house."

Billings groaned inwardly. "Clara," he said, becoming desperate, "I wanted to spare you this; but you force me to tell it. Now that I have settled with my creditors, I find I shall not be in a position to employ a stenographer, for I myself am only to be a clerk, a poor clerk, Clara, in the very firm which still bears my name."

"Poor old Mortimer," she returned sympathetically; "then I'm sure they'll give your wife a clerkship, too. I'll appeal to them myself."

Mortimer mopped his genuinely beaded brow. "Wait until to-morrow," he begged, playing for time. "And don't forget, we're to say nothing about the failure to anyone." He had explained to her, rather vaguely perhaps, that it was "one of those quiet failures" which the newspapers know nothing about. His partners were his chief creditors, and he had "quietly" assigned everything to them. "And the change in our scale of living—I'm telling everyone that it is merely another of your fads, my dear—the simple life."

But Mortimer was beginning to think it would not be very simple for him. A dual life never is.

That afternoon he was very late in getting home. "Well," he said, feeling better, "I have come to terms with my employers,"

and then broke the sad news that it was out of the question, with the salary they heartlessly offered, to live in the city even most simply. "So," he went on cheerfully, "I have secured a small house in a Connecticut village at the extreme edge of the commuters' zone. That will keep you out there—in the sunshine and the flowers."

"Poor old Mortimer!" she replied, beaming upon him; "I see how hard it is for you to tell me these things. It's so brave of you to pretend to like it! But you mustn't be discouraged. Whatever happens, we have each other. Together we can meet poverty bravely." She looked very sweet and courageous as she said it. Each added blow only seemed to make her stronger, like beating molten metal.

She did not like to worry him about it, but how was she to look after the housekeeping and go back and forth to the city every day? For she was now more than ever determined to get some kind of employment—in a shop, if necessary. And think of the late hours! "You ought to have consulted me first, Mortimer," she said, a little hurt.

"But this was such an exceptional bargain, and it wouldn't wait," he improvised easily, and showed her the real-estate broker's photographs of a charming little vine-clad cottage with plenty of ground around it.

"What is the rent?" she inquired with alarm.

"The rent? How do you mean—by the month or the year?"

"By whatever arrangement you made," she demanded, irritably practical.

Now, unfortunately, Billings had been in too much of a hurry to ask his secretary about this detail; so he said at a guess: "Thirty-five dollars a month; aren't we lucky?"

She shook her head grimly. "We can't afford it, my dear,"

"Oh, yes, we can, because you are going to help pay for it. There's a Carnegie library out there, and they're looking for an assistant librarian. A friend of mine has secured the job for *you*!" That is, Mortimer's secretary had arranged to send the present incumbent abroad with full salary and expenses paid. "What do you think of that?"

There was an interlude of rejoicing. "Am I really going to help you?" she ex-

claimed girlishly. "Oh, I haven't been so happy since I don't know when!"

"Since your mother died," thought Mortimer; but he didn't say so.

"What is the salary?" she inquired suddenly.

Confound this practicality. He might be able to keep her in the dark as to the real rent, whatever it proved to be, but as to her own salary—Mortimer had to confess that he had forgotten to ask about the salary. At which his wife gave him an anxious look. He had been through a great deal lately—perhaps he was breaking down; she thought of taking him around to see Dr. Sharpe. "You see this friend of mine," Mortimer was explaining glibly, "was in such a hurry I didn't like to bother him; he's a very important man" (and, indeed, Billings's secretary was a very important man); "beggars can't be choosers, you know. But the salary will be all right, and, as the doctor says, the quiet, regular work will be better for you——" Then he stopped abruptly, for the doctor had expressly forbidden him to remind her of her nerves.

But Billings needn't have worried about that. "Mortimer," she cried, approaching him solicitously, "what were you doing at the doctor's?" She gave him a searching look—which, by the way, would have delighted Sharpe, though it did not delight Mortimer at all, for he had to make answer to his wife, and yet obey Sharpe's injunctions. Little beads of sweat again burst out upon his brow—sometimes a sign of nervous exhaustion.

"I knew it! I knew it!" she exclaimed; "you *have* broken down."

"Nonsense," said Mortimer; "I merely dropped in to pay the bill."

"Ah! How much was it, dear?"

"See here, Clara," replied Mortimer, who did not know, "if you don't stop asking these vulgar questions——"

"That means that the bill is enormous!"

"On the contrary," answered her husband, smiling for a reason she did not understand, "I am becoming more and more convinced that Sharpe has undercharged me."

ACT IV

Mrs. MORTIMER BILLINGS, President of the Village Improvement Society, Secretary of the Present Era Club, member of the

Public School Board, *et cetera*, and Mrs. Billings's husband, a Wall Street clerk, were walking in the cool of the evening up and down the terrace of the diminutive but dainty formal garden which Mrs. Billings had designed, after library hours, and for which Mrs. Billings's husband had hauled dirt after coming home with the other commuters.

Mrs. Billings's husband had not enjoyed hauling dirt. He tried to get out of it by turning over to his wife the result of a lucky tip on the market kindly given him, she supposed, by one of his employers. But Mrs. Billings insisted that the exercise would do him good, now that he was a clerk on an office stool all day, and quietly kept the money to invest in something "safe"—without consulting her husband. He, poor dear, had ruined himself in speculative stocks, and therefore his opinion in such matters did not amount to much. Not that she loved him the less for it—not at all; he could not help it, poor fellow; it was his "temperament," she explained indulgently, and was the more kind and considerate toward him for his unfortunate weakness. Often she noted a far-away, worried look as he went about his "chores," shaking down the furnace or pumping the water for the tank; and this look meant that he had been losing his earnings in speculation again, and she smiled fondly to think how easy it was for her to see through him; for, like a naughty boy, he only told about his transactions when he happened to make a lucky turn and indulged in some untoward extravagance—such as an electric pump for filling that same bottomless tank, or buying her a new fur-lined coat last winter to walk to the library in. This last she could not forgive, though she loved him for it.

The past year of hardship and economy had drawn them closer together than ever. They were very loving, and life was undoubtedly sweet and all that; but just the same, it was an awful bore to Mortimer. He was sick of the simple life. There was nothing in it when you weren't obliged to lead it. He was tired of getting up at dawn and getting indigestion rushing for the 7.55. He was becoming nervous and unstrung from the strain of keeping up the elaborate deception. He had cured his wife, but sometimes believed he was going to take her place as a nervous wreck.

Yet he did not dare to tell her, for even if

she might forgive him, she would probably relapse. Sharpe said so; and then all this foolish year would have been endured in vain. He didn't know what to do, but he knew he would soon do something. His wife was having the time of her life, but he was getting desperate. It was no longer funny; no joke can last a year, especially such a practical one, which turns upon one's self like a boomerang. It no longer amused him to be known—in the village—as his own namesake and nephew and employee. "Humph! Nothing but a poor relation of Billings, the banker—no reason for being so stiff and formal," was the verdict at the bridge club.

"Yes; Fred says Mrs. Billings's husband wears his mustache that queer way just because his uncle does," contributed the local doctor's wife; "likes to be taken for his uncle." This was rather rubbing it in.

"Well, he *does* look like the Mortimer Billings—I've seen his pictures in the papers," said a prominent member of the Present Era Club.

"My dear," this bending nearer, "Charles says he's often seen him leaving the Grand Central in a *cab*! and that sweet wife of his working all day long to help support him! He ought to be ashamed." They all agreed on this—and for that matter, Mortimer was ashamed.

"And you know, my dear, if it hadn't been for his rich uncle she wouldn't have this position in the library. I guess old Billings wanted to get them out of town out of the way," etc., *ad libitum*. For the story of the ex-assistant librarian's free trip to Europe had, of course, come out, being hardly of the nature to stay in.

Fortunately, the local ladies were too tactful to let Mrs. Billings know that they were aware of the secret. She, as has been intimated, was as much beloved as she was respected, notwithstanding the fact that she was by way of running the whole town—as well as her husband. Her husband was as proud of her as ever, but he no longer enjoyed being known as Mrs. Billings's husband. "Ah, glad to meet Mrs. Billings's husband," the village pastor said, with a kind smile, when Mrs. Billings had insisted upon dragging him into "the life" of the place. "Your uncle has sent a check for the new organ; I'm sure it would gratify *him* to hear of your identifying yourself with our church

work." It was practically a command. Billings, to keep up the bluff, had to obey. So the check which he had hoped would let him out only pulled him in. The way of the liar is hard.

All this had made excellent stories to regale his intimates with at luncheon in town—for a while. But he no longer told them. When gibed with questions about the simple life he merely wore the far-away look which troubled his wife sometimes, making her the more solicitous and motherly.

It was the incident of the cigars which brought on the climax—a small thing in itself, but so was the straw which broke the camel's back. She had been worrying again about his extravagance, and Mortimer took her gentle reproof guiltily—for how else could he take it? So when a little later she asked him in a shy, embarrassed manner, "Mortimer, dear, would you mind telling me how much you pay for your cigars?" he was naturally frightened, for his special importation of cigars—famous among his friends—was about the only thing he had left of his former mode of life, the one comfort he could quietly keep up on the old scale, without being found out in this awful nightmare of simplicity. To him they were not a luxury, but now more than ever a necessity, which he would not abandon without a fight. Therefore, "Five cents, my dear," he said hastily, thus adding one more to the long list of lies which were becoming easier to tell and harder to remember every day. His wife made no comment, but one afternoon a week later, with the conscious manner of one sure to please, regardless of expense, she said, "Your birthday, dear," and presented him with a box of ten-cent cigars. "I remember how you used to enjoy a good smoke," she added fondly.

"Oh, you should not have done this," he said, kissing her while he groaned inwardly.

"Don't worry, dear boy," she said, reassuringly practical, "you see I made a little extra money last month writing an article for the *All Outdoors* magazine on 'How to Build an Italian Garden for \$46.45.' Enjoy your cigars with a free mind, dearest."

So as they paced slowly up and down the small terrace this afternoon Mortimer was pathetically puffing one of his wife's dusty cigars, and coming to an important decision.

"Clara," he said with the same manner as when he announced his failure a year ago, "I have something to tell you."

She turned and patted his arm with the same maternal instinct of protection as on that other occasion, but this time with poise, strength, and confidence. "Out with it, dearie. I've been expecting it for weeks. I have watched your poor troubled eyes. I knew it had to come sooner or later. But don't worry, dearest; I have an option on the old White farm. We'll go into flower raising. There, there, dearie, don't interrupt. I've always saved at least twenty-five per cent. of my housekeeping money and seventy-five per cent. of my salary—besides the sums I kept you from speculating with, you poor dear boy. I now know a lot about flowers, and you, dear," she concluded comfortingly, "you can be my foreman!"

Mortimer Billings, the great financier, turned and confronted his wife with a look she had never seen since he had become known as "Mrs. Billings's husband."

"Your foreman, eh?" he snapped out, hurling the bitter cigar stub among the flowers. "Well, I guess I *won't* be your foreman—not if I know myself. I've had enough of this; I can't stand any more. You're a success; you think I'm a failure—'Poor old Mortimer, poor old dub! Let's

be sorry for him.' Well, here's where you can stop being sorry for *me*! I can't help it, whether it hurts you or not—it's *killing* me! Besides, it's all very nice, your affection, your tenderness, your solicitude; but you admire success, and I want your admiration, not merely your love."

"Mortimer! why are you so excited? Do you mean you have *not* failed again?"

"Again? Again! I never did fail, and by heavens, I never will—no matter what the doctor says. I'm worth double what I was last year, and I'm glad of it. I suppose you'll have a relapse, but that's the truth. I played a trick on you—do what you please about it."

What she pleased, when at last she took it in, need not be recorded here. She did admire success, it seems.

"And we'll buy the White farm—without any mortgage!" she cried.

"Yes; and we'll buy back the town house, too."

"No, Mortimer, if you don't mind,"—there was more respect in her tone now—"not for me."

"But why not?"

"Will you promise not to tell?"

He promised. She looked down at the grass beneath their feet. "Because," she said, hiding her face in his coat, "the city is no place for children."

AGE

By William Winter

I

Snow and stars, the same as ever
In the days when I was young;
But their silver song, ah, never,
Never now is sung!

II

Cold the stars are, cold the earth is,
Everything is grim and cold!
Strange and drear the sound of mirth is—
Life and I are old!



Drawn by Arthur Rackham



ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR RACKHAM

"WHAT dost thou here where the shivering reeds
 Lean over the dark marsh streams,
 O piper a-piping thy haunting tunes
 That dwindle and die on the dim lagoons
 In the waning autumn's gleams?"
 And the piper said under his flying hair,
 "I set me my nets for dreams."

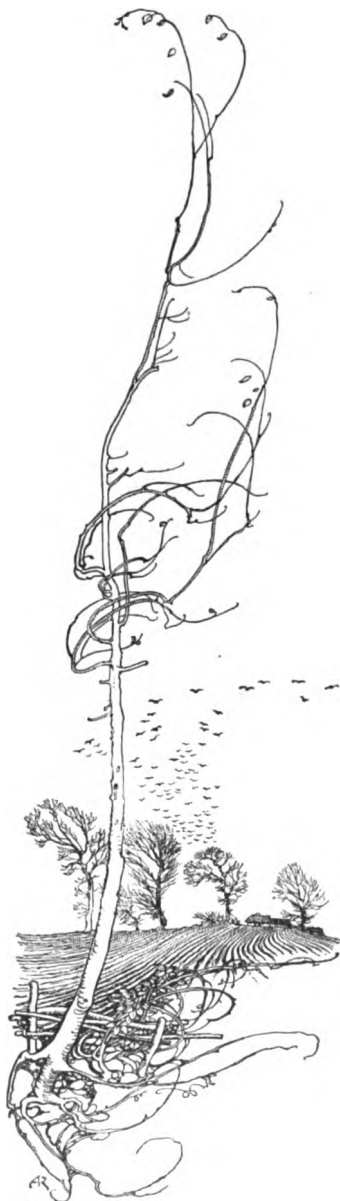
"But do the dreams fly on the open marsh
 By daylight? And these thy snares,
 Where are they?" He lifted his stately head
 And his lean brown fingers fluttering spread
 And played; and the by-gone airs
 Blew out of a summer of long ago
 And lands where a lost love fares,

Till June came back o'er the whispering reeds
 And pranked them in em'rald plumes—
 (Oh, the sky was blue and the day was long!)
 And the bubbling notes of the starling's song
 Rang over the elder-blooms,
 And the dark marsh waters in ripples ran
 Far down in the grassy glooms.

Then he softer blew, and the low winds woke
 That whimper about the sills
 And the doors, when the wintry day is done,
 And the warmth and joy are gone with the sun,
 Gone down behind lonely hills—
 When a hush falls over the children's glee
 At dusk in the desolate hills.

And never a lane nor a laughing brook
 By memory's meadows lay,
 But the cunning notes found a track to it,
 And my gladdening heart won back to it
 By the piper's path that day,
 For his are the keys of the world that is,
 And worlds that are worlds away.

And under the tune came a tingling joy
 That ran in my veins like wine—
 "O piper, thy nets are most strange," I cried,
 "And their meshes of golden memories tied,
 But the things you snare are mine."
 "My pipes are the heart of the world," said he,
 "And the dreams are mine and thine."





Drawn by Alonzo Kimball

Under the challenge of his tone Justine rose to her feet.—Page 212.

THE FRUIT OF THE TREE

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION BY ALONZO KIMBALL

BOOK II--(Continued)

XXV



SOME five days later, Bessy, languidly glancing through the midday mail, uttered a slight exclamation as she withdrew her finger-tip from the flap of an envelope which she had begun to open.

It was a black sleety day, with an east wind bowing the trees beyond the drenched window-panes, and the two friends, after luncheon, had withdrawn to the library, where Justine sat writing notes for Bessy, while the latter lay back in her arm-chair, in the state of dreamy listlessness into which she always sank when not under the stimulus of amusement or exercise.

"I beg your pardon! I thought it was for me," she said, holding out the letter to Justine.

The latter reddened as she glanced at the superscription. It had not occurred to her that Amherst would reply to her appeal: she had pictured him springing on the first north-bound train, perhaps not even pausing to announce his return to his wife. . . And to receive his letter under Bessy's eye was undeniably embarrassing, since Justine felt the necessity of jealously guarding the secret of her intervention.

But under Bessy's eye she certainly was—it rested on her curiously, speculatively, with an under-gleam of malicious significance.

"So stupid of me—I can't imagine why I should have expected my husband to write to me!" Bessy continued, leaning back in lazy contemplation of her other letters, but still obliquely including Justine in her angle of vision.

The latter, after a moment's pause, broke the seal and read.

"Millvale, Georgia.

"My dear Miss Brent,

"Your letter reached me yesterday and I have thought it over carefully. I appreci-

ate the impulse that prompted it—but I don't know that any friend, however kind and discerning, can give the final advice in such matters. You tell me you are sure my wife will not ask me to return—forgive me for saying that, under present conditions, that seems to me a sufficient reason for staying away.

"Meanwhile, I assure you that I have remembered all you said to me that day. I have made no binding arrangement here—nothing to involve my future action—and I have done this solely because you asked it. This will tell you better than words how much I value your advice, and what strong reasons I must have for not following it now.

"I suppose there are no more exploring parties in this weather. I wish I could show Cicely some of the birds down here.

"Yours faithfully,

"John Amherst.

"Please don't let my wife ride Impulse."

Latent under Justine's acute consciousness of what this letter meant, was the vivid sense of Bessy's inferences and conjectures. She could feel them actually piercing the page in her hand, like some hypersensitive visual organ to which matter offers no obstruction. Or rather, baffled in their endeavour, they were evoking out of the unseen, heaven knew what fantastic structure of intrigue—scrawling over the innocent page with burning evidences of perfidy and collusion.

One thing became instantly clear to her: she must show the letter to Bessy. She ran her eyes over it again, trying to disentangle the consequences. There was the allusion to their talk in town—well, she had told Bessy of that talk! But the careless reference to their woodland excursions—what might not Bessy, in her present mood, make of it? Justine's uppermost thought was of distress at the failure of her plan. Perhaps she might still have induced Amherst to return, had it not been for this betrayal of her attempt; but now that hope was destroyed.

She raised her eyes and met Bessy's. "Will you read it?" she said, holding out the letter.

Bessy received it with lifted brows, and a protesting murmur—but as she read, Justine saw the blood mount under her clear skin, invade the temples, the nape, even the little flower-like ears; then it receded as suddenly, ebbing at last from the very lips, so that the smile with which she looked up from her reading was as white as if she had been under the stress of physical pain.

"So you have written my husband to come back?"

"As you see."

Bessy looked her straight in the eyes. "I am very much obliged to you—extremely obliged!"

Justine met the look quietly. "Which means that you resent my interference——"

"Oh, I leave you to call it that!" Bessy mocked, tossing the letter down on the table at her side.

"Bessy! Don't take it in that way. If I made a mistake I did so with the hope of helping you. How can I stand by, after all these months together, and see you deliberately destroying your life without trying to stop you?"

The smile withered on Bessy's lips. "It is very dear and good of you—I know you're never happy unless you're helping people—but in this case I can only repeat what my husband says. He and I don't often look at things in the same light—but I quite agree with him that the management of such matters is best left to—to the persons concerned."

Justine hesitated. "I might answer that, if you take that view, it was inconsistent of you to talk with me so openly. You've certainly made me feel that you wanted help—you've turned to me for it. But perhaps that does not justify my writing to Mr. Amherst without your knowing it."

Bessy laughed. "Ah, my dear, you knew that if you asked me the letter would never be sent!"

"Perhaps I did," said Justine simply. "I was trying to help you against your will."

"Well, you see the result." Bessy laid a derisive touch on the letter. "Do you understand now whose fault it is if I am alone?"

Justine faced her steadily. "There is nothing in Mr. Amherst's letter to make me

change my opinion. I still think it lies with you to bring him back."

Bessy raised a glittering face to her—all hardness and laughter. "Such modesty, my dear! As if I had a chance of succeeding where you failed!"

She sprang up, brushing the curls from her temples with a petulant gesture. "Don't mind me if I'm cross—but I've had a dose of preaching from Maria Ansell, and I don't know why my friends should treat me like a puppet without any preferences of my own, and press me upon a man who has done his best to show that he doesn't want me. As a matter of fact, he and I are luckily agreed on that point too—and I'm afraid all the good advice in the world won't persuade us to change our opinion!"

Justine held her ground. "If I believed that of either of you, I shouldn't have written—I should not be pleading with you now— And Mr. Amherst doesn't believe it either," she added, after a pause, conscious of the risk she was taking, but thinking the words might act like a blow in the face of a person sinking under a deadly narcotic.

Bessy's smile deepened to a sneer. "I see you've talked me over thoroughly—and on *his* views I ought perhaps not to have risked an opinion——"

"We have not talked you over," Justine exclaimed. "Mr. Amherst could never talk of you . . . in the way you think. . . ." And under the light staccato of Bessy's laugh, she found resolution to add: "It is not in that way that I know what he feels."

"Ah?" I should be curious to hear, then——"

Justine turned to the letter, which still lay between them. "Will you read the last sentence again? The postscript, I mean."

Bessy, after a surprised glance at her, took the letter up with the deprecating murmur of one who acts under compulsion rather than dispute about a trifle.

"The postscript? Let me see. . . 'Don't let my wife ride Impulse'.— *Et puis?*" she murmured, dropping the page again.

"Well, does it tell you nothing? It's a cold letter—at first I thought so—the letter of a man who believes himself deeply hurt—oh, you see I'm not careful of my words!—so deeply that he will make no advance, no sign of relenting. That's what I thought when I first read it . . . but the postscript undoes it all."

Justine, as she spoke, had drawn near Bessy, laying a hand on her arm, and shedding on her the radiance of a face all charity and sweet compassion. It was her rare gift, at such moments, to forget her own relation to the person for whose fate she was concerned, to cast aside all consciousness of any criticism and distrust in the heart she strove to reach, as pitiful people forget their physical timidity in the attempt to help a wounded animal.

For a moment Bessy seemed to waver. The colour flickered faintly upon her cheek, her long lashes drooped—she had the tenderest lids!—and all her face seemed melting under the beams of Justine's ardour. But the letter was still in her hand—her eyes, in sinking, fell upon it, and she sounded beneath her breath the fatal phrase: "I have done this solely because you asked it."

"After such a tribute to your influence I don't wonder you feel competent to set everybody's affairs in order! But take my advice, my dear—*don't* ask me not to ride Impulse!"

The pity froze on Justine's lip: she shrank back cut to the quick. For a moment the silence between the two women rang with the flight of arrowy, wounding thoughts; then Bessy's anger flagged suddenly, she gave one of her embarrassed half-laughes, and turning back, laid a deprecating touch on her friend's arm.

"I didn't mean that, Justine . . . but let us not talk now—I can't!"

Justine did not move: the reaction could not come quite as quickly in her case. But she turned on Bessy two eyes full of pardon, full of speechless pity . . . and Bessy received the look silently before she moved toward the door and went out.

"Oh, poor thing—poor thing!" Justine gasped as the door closed.

She had already forgotten her own hurt—she was alone again with Bessy's sterile pain. She stood staring before her for a moment—then her eyes fell on Amherst's letter, which had fluttered to the floor between them. The fatal letter! If it had not come at that unlucky moment perhaps she might still have gained her end. . . . She picked it up and re-read it. Yes—there were phrases in it that a wounded suspicious heart might misconstrue. . . . Yet Bessy's last words had absolved her. . . . Why had she not answered them? Why had she

stood there dumb? The blow to her pride had been too deep, had been dealt too unexpectedly—for one miserable moment she had thought first of herself! Ah, that importunate, irrepressible self—the *moi haïssable* of the Christian—if only one could tear it out of one's breast! She had missed an opportunity—her last opportunity perhaps! By this time, even, a hundred hostile influences, cold whispers of vanity, of selfishness, of worldly pride, might have drawn their freezing ring about Bessy's heart. . . .

Justine started up to follow her . . . then paused, recalling her last words. "Let us not talk now—I can't!" She had no right to intrude on that bleeding privacy—if the chance had been hers she had lost it. She dropped back into her seat at the desk, hiding her face in her hands. . . .

Presently she heard the clock strike, and true to her tireless instinct of activity, she lifted her head, took up her pen, and went on mechanically with the correspondence she had dropped when Amherst's letter came. . . . It was hard at first to collect her thoughts, or even to summon to her pen the conventional phrases that sufficed for most of the notes. Groping for a word, she pushed aside her writing and stared for a moment at the fallow frozen landscape framed by the window at which she sat. The sleet had ceased, and hollows of sunless blue showed through the driving wind-clouds. A hard sky and a hard ground—frost-bound ringing earth under rigid ice-mailed trees.

As Justine looked out, shivering a little at the scene, she saw a woman's figure riding down the avenue toward the gate. The figure disappeared behind a clump of evergreens—showed again farther down, through the boughs of a skeleton beech—and revealed itself in the next open space as Bessy—Bessy in the saddle on a day of glaring frost, when no horse could keep his footing out of a walk!

Justine went to the window and strained her eyes for a confirming glimpse. Yes—it was Bessy! There was no mistaking that light flexible figure, every line swaying true to the beat of the horse's stride. But Justine remembered that Bessy had not meant to ride—had countermanded her horse because of the bad going. . . . Well, she was a perfect horsewoman and had no doubt chosen her surest-footed mount . . . probably the brown cob, Tony Lumpkin. . . .

But when did Tony's sides shine so bright through the leafless branches? And when did he sweep his rider on with such long free play of the hind-quarters? Horse and rider shot into sight again, rounding the curve of the avenue near the gates, and in a sudden break of sunlight Justine saw the glitter of chestnut flanks—and remembered that Impulse was the only chestnut in the stables. . . .

She went back to her seat and continued writing. Bessy had left a formidable heap of bills and letters; and when this was demolished, Justine had her own correspondence to despatch. She had heard that morning from the matron of Saint Elizabeth's: an interesting "case" was offered her, but she must come within two days. For the first few hours she had wavered, loath to leave Lynbrook without some definite light on her friend's future; but now Amherst's letter had shed that light—or rather, had deepened the obscurity—and she had no pretext for lingering on where her uselessness had been so amply demonstrated.

She wrote to the matron accepting the engagement; and the acceptance involved the writing of other letters, the general reorganizing of that minute polity, the life of Justine Brent. She smiled a little to think how easily she could be displaced and transplanted—how slender were her material impedimenta, how few her invisible bonds! She was as light and detachable as a dead leaf on the autumn breeze—and yet she was in the season of sap and flower, the season when there is life and song in the trees!

But she did not think long of herself, for an undefinable anxiety ran through her thoughts like a black thread. It found silent expression, now and then, in the long glances she threw through the window—in her rising to consult the clock and compare her watch with it—in a nervous snatch of humming as she paced the room once or twice before going back to her desk. . . .

Why was Bessy so late? Dusk was falling already—the early end of the cold slate-hued day. But Bessy always rode late—there was always a rational answer to Justine's irrational conjectures. . . . It was the sight of those chestnut flanks that tormented her—she knew of Bessy's previous struggles with the mare. But the indulging of idle apprehensions was not in her nature,

and when the tea-tray came, and with it Cicely, sparkling from a gusty walk, and coral-pink in her cloud of crinkled hair, Justine sprang up and cast off her cares.

It cost her a pang, again, to see the lamps lit and the curtains drawn—shutting in the warmth and brightness of the house from that wind-swept frozen twilight through which Bessy rode alone. But the icy touch of the thought slipped from Justine's mind as she bent above the tea-tray, gravely measuring Cicely's milk into a "grown-up" teacup, hearing the confidential details of the child's day, and capping them with banter and fantastic narrative.

She was not sorry to go—ah, no! The house had become a prison to her, with ghosts walking its dreary floors. But to lose Cicely would be bitter—she had not felt how bitter till the child pressed against her in the warm firelight, insisting raptly, with little sharp elbows stabbing her knee: "And *then* what happened, Justine?"

The door opened, and some one came in to look at the fire. Justine, through the mazes of her fairy-tale, was dimly conscious that it was Knowles, and not one of the footmen . . . the proud Knowles, who never mended the fires himself. . . . As he passed out again, hovering slowly down the long room, she rose, leaving Cicely on the hearth-rug, and followed him to the door.

"Has Mrs. Amherst not come in?" she asked, not knowing why she wished to ask it out of the child's hearing.

"No, Miss. I looked in myself to see—thinking she might have come by the side-door."

"She may have gone to her sitting-room."

"She's not upstairs."

They both paused. Then Justine said: "What horse was she riding?"

"Impulse, Miss." The butler looked at his large responsible watch. "It's not late—" he said, more to himself than to her.

"No. Has she been riding Impulse lately?"

"No, Miss. Not since that day the mare nearly had her off. I understood Mr. Amherst did not wish it."

Justine went back to Cicely and the fairy-tale.—As she took up the thread of the Princess's adventures, she asked herself why she had ever had any hope of helping Bessy. The seeds of disaster were in the poor creature's soul. . . . Even when she appeared

to be moved, lifted out of herself, her escaping impulses were always dragged back to the magnetic centre of hard distrust and resistance that sometimes forms the core of soft-fibred natures. As she had answered her husband's last appeal by her flight to the woman he disliked, so she answered this one by riding the horse he feared. . . . Justine's last illusions crumbled. The distance between two such natures was unspannable. Amherst had done well to remain away . . . and with a tidal rush her sympathies swept back to his side. . . .

The governess came to claim Cicely. One of the footmen came to put another log on the fire. Then the rite of removing the tea-table was majestically performed—the ceremonial that had so often jarred on Amherst's nerves. As she watched it, Justine had a vague sense of the immutability of the household routine—a queer awed feeling that, whatever happened, a machine so perfectly adjusted would work on inexorably, like a natural law. . . .

She rose to look out of the window, staring vainly into blackness between the parted curtains. As she turned back, passing the writing-table, she noticed that Cicely's irruption had made her forget to post her letters—an unusual oversight. A glance at the clock told her that she was not too late for the mail—reminding her, at the same time, that it was scarcely three hours since Bessy had started on her ride. . . . She realized the foolishness of her fears. Even in winter, Bessy often rode for more than three hours; and now that the days were growing longer—

Suddenly reassured, Justine went out into the hall, intending to carry her batch of letters to the red pillar-box by the door. As she did so, a cold blast struck her. Could it be that for once the faultless routine of the house had been relaxed, that one of the servants had left the outer door ajar? She walked over to the vestibule—yes, both doors were wide. The night rushed in on a vicious wind. As she pushed the vestibule door shut, she heard the dogs sniffing and whining on the threshold. She crossed the vestibule, and heard voices and the tramping of feet in the darkness—then saw a lantern gleam. Suddenly Knowles shot out of the night—the lantern struck up on his bleached face.

Justine, stepping back, pressed the electric button in the wall, and the wide doorstep was abruptly illuminated, with its huddled, pushing, heavily-breathing group. . . . black figures writhing out of darkness, strange faces distorted in the glare.

"Bessy!" she cried, and sprang forward; but suddenly Wyant was before her, his hand on her arm; and as the dreadful group struggled by into the hall, he froze her to him with a whisper: "The spine——"

XXVI

WITHIN Justine there was a moment's darkness; then, like terror-struck workers rallying to their tasks, every faculty was again at its post, receiving and transmitting signals, taking observations, anticipating orders, making her cleared brain ring with the hum of a controlled activity.

She had known the sensation before—the transmuting of terror and pity into this miraculous lucidity of thought and action; but never had it snatched her from such depths of pain. Oh, thank heaven for her knowledge now—for the trained mind that could take command of her senses and bend them firmly to its service!

Wyant seconded her well, after a moment's ague-fit of fear. She pitied and pardoned the moment, aware of its cause, and respecting him for the way in which he rose above it into the clear air of professional self-command. Through the first hours they worked shoulder to shoulder, conscious of each other only as of kindred will-powers, stretched to the utmost tension of discernment and activity, and hardly needing speech or look to further their swift co-operation. It was thus that she had known him in the hospital, in the heat of his youthful zeal: the doctor she liked best to work with, because no other so tempered ardour with judgment.

The great surgeon, arriving from town at midnight, confirmed his diagnosis: there was undoubted injury to the spine. Other consultants were summoned in haste, and in the winter dawn the verdict was pronounced—a fractured vertebra, and possible lesion of the cord. . . .

Justine got a moment alone when the surgeons returned to the sick-room. Other nurses were there now, capped, aproned,

quickly and silently unpacking their appliances. . . . She must call a halt, clear her brain again, decide rapidly what was to be done next. . . . Oh, if only the crawling hours could bring Amherst! It was strange that there was no telegram yet—no, not strange, after all, since it was barely six in the morning, and her message had not been despatched till seven the night before. It was not unlikely that, in that little southern settlement, the telegraph office closed at six.

She stood in Bessy's sitting-room, her forehead pressed to the window-pane, her eyes straining out into the thin February darkness, through which the morning star swam white. As soon as she had yielded her place to the other nurses her nervous tension relaxed, and she hung again above the deeps of anguish, terrified and weak. In a moment the necessity for action would snatch her back to a firm footing—her thoughts would clear, her will affirm itself, all the wheels of the complex machine resume their functions. But now she felt only the horror. . . .

She knew so well what was going on in the next room. Dr. Garford, the great surgeon, who had known her at Saint Elizabeth's, had evidently expected her to take command of the nurses he had brought from town; but there were enough without her, and there were other cares which, for the moment, she only could assume—the despatching of messages to the scattered family, the incessant telephoning and telegraphing to town, the general guidance of the household, swinging suddenly rudderless in the tide of disaster. Cicely, above all, must be watched over and guarded from alarm. The little governess, reduced to a twittering heap of fears, had been quarantined in a distant room till reason returned to her; and the child, meanwhile, slept quietly in the old nurse's care.

Cicely would wake presently, and Justine must go up to her with a bright face; other duties would press thick on the heels of this; their feet were already on the threshold. But meanwhile she could only follow in imagination what was going on in that other room. . . .

She had often thought with dread of such a contingency. She always sympathized too much with her patients—she knew it was the joint in her armour. Her quick-gushing pity lay too near that professional

exterior which she had managed to endure with such a bright glaze of insensibility that some sentimental patients—without much the matter—had been known to call her “a little hard.” How, then, should she steel herself if it fell to her lot to witness a cruel accident to some one she loved, and to have to perform a nurse's duties, steadily, expertly, unflinchingly, while every fibre was torn with inward anguish?

She knew the horror of it now—and she knew also that her self-enforced exile from the sick-room was a hundred times worse. To stand there, knowing, with each tick of the clock, what was being said and done within—how the great luxurious room, with its pale draperies and scented cushions, and the hundred pretty trifles strewing the lace toilet-table and the delicate old furniture, was being swept bare, cleared for action like a ship's deck, drearily garnished with rows of instruments, rolls of medicated cotton, oiled silk, bottles, bandages, water-pillows—all the grim paraphernalia of the awful rites of pain—to know this, and to be able to call up with torturing vividness that poor pale face on the pillows, vague-eyed, expressionless, perhaps, as she had last seen it, or—worse yet!—stirred already with the first creeping pangs of consciousness: to have these images slowly, deliberately burn themselves into her brain, and to be aware, at the same time, of that underlying moral disaster, of which the accident seemed the monstrous outward symbol—ah, this was worse than anything she had ever dreamed!

She knew, of course, that the final verdict could not be pronounced till the operation which was about to take place should reveal the extent of injury to the spine. Bessy, in falling, must have struck on the back of her head and shoulders, and it was but too probable that the fractured vertebra had caused a bruise if not a lesion of the spinal cord. In that case paralysis was certain—and a slow crawling death the almost inevitable outcome. There had been cases, of course—Justine's professional memory evoked them—cases of so-called “recovery,” where actual death was kept at bay, a semblance of life preserved for years in the poor petrified body. . . . But the mind shrank from such a fate for Bessy. And it might still be that the injury to the spine was not grave—though, here again, the fracturing of the fourth vertebra was ominous.

The door opened and some one came from the inner room—Wyant, in search of an instrument-case. Justine turned and they looked at each other.

"It will be now?"

"Yes. Dr. Garford asked if there was no one you could send for."

"No one but the Halford Gaineses. They'll be here this evening, I suppose."

They exchanged a discouraged glance, knowing how little difference the presence of the Halford Gaineses would make.

"He wanted to know if there was no telegram from Amherst."

"No."

"Then they mean to begin."

A nursemaid appeared in the doorway. "Miss Cicely—" she said; and Justine bounded upstairs.

The day's work had begun. From Cicely to the governess—from the governess to the house-keeper—from the telephone to the writing-table—Justine vibrated back and forth, quick, noiseless, self-possessed—sobering, guiding, controlling her confused and panic-stricken world. It seemed to her that half the day had elapsed before the telegraph office at Lynbrook opened—she was at the telephone at the stroke of the hour. No telegram? Only one—a message from Halford Gaines—"Arrive at eight tonight." Amherst was still silent! Was there a difference of time to be allowed for? She tried to remember, to calculate, but her brain was too crowded with other thoughts. . . . She turned away from the instrument discouraged.

Whenever she had time to think, she was overwhelmed by the weight of her solitude. Mr. Langhope was in Egypt, accessible only through a London banker—Mrs. Ansell presumably wandering on the continent. Her cables might not reach them for days. And among the throng of Lynbrook habitués, she knew not to whom to turn. To loose the Telfer tribe and Mrs. Carbury upon that stricken house—her thought revolted from it, and she was thankful to know that February had dispersed their migratory flock to southern shores. But if only Amherst would come!

Cicely and the tranquillized governess had been despatched on a walk with the dogs, and Justine was returning upstairs when she met one of the servants with a telegram. She tore it open with a great throb

of relief. It was her own message to Amherst—*address unknown*. . . .

Had she misdirected it, then? In that first blinding moment her mind might so easily have failed her. But no—there was the name of the town before her . . . Millfield, Georgia . . . the same name as in his letter. . . . She had made no mistake, but he was gone! Gone—and without leaving an address. . . . For a moment her tired mind refused to work; then she roused herself, ran down the stairs again, and rang up the telegraph-office. The thing to do, of course, was to telegraph to the owner of the mills—of whose very name she was ignorant!—enquiring where Amherst was, and asking him to forward the dreadful message. Precious hours must be lost meanwhile—but, after all, they were waiting for no one upstairs.

The verdict had been pronounced: dislocation and fracture of the fourth vertebra, with consequent injury to the spinal cord. Dr. Garford and Wyant came out alone to tell her. The surgeon ran over the technical details, her brain instantly at attention as he developed his diagnosis and issued his orders. She asked no questions as to the future—she knew it was impossible to tell. But there were no immediate signs of a fatal ending: the patient had rallied well, and the general conditions were not unfavourable.

"You have heard from Mr. Amherst?" Dr. Garford concluded.

"Not yet. . . . He may be travelling," Justine faltered, unwilling to say that her telegram had been returned. As she spoke there was a tap on the door, and a folded paper was handed in—a telegram telephoned from the village.

"Amherst gone South America to study possibilities cotton growing have cabled our correspondent at Buenos Ayres."

Concealment was no longer possible. Justine handed the message to the surgeon.

"Ah—and there would be no chance of finding his address among Mrs. Amherst's papers?"

"I think not—no."

"Well—we must keep her alive, Wyant."

"Yes, sir."

At dusk, Justine sat in the library, waiting for Cicely to be brought to her. A lull had sunk upon the house—a new order developed out of the morning's chaos. With

soundless steps, with lowered voices, the machinery of life was carried on. And Justine, caught in one of the pauses of inaction which she had fought off since morning, was reliving, for the hundredth time, her few moments at Bessy's bedside. . . .

She had been summoned in the course of the afternoon, and stealing into the darkened room, had bent over the bed while the nurses noiselessly withdrew. There lay the white face which had been burnt into her inward vision—the motionless body, and the head stirring ceaselessly, as though to release the agitation of the imprisoned limbs. Bessy's eyes turned to her, drawing her down.

"Am I going to die, Justine?"

"No."

"The pain is . . . so awful. . . ."

"It will pass . . . you will sleep. . . ."

"Cicely——"

"She has gone for a walk. You will see her presently."

The eyes faded, releasing Justine. She stole away, and the nurses came back.

Bessy had spoken of Cicely—but not a word of her husband! Perhaps her poor dazed mind groped for him, or perhaps it shrank from his name. . . . Justine was thankful for her silence. For the moment her heart was bitter against Amherst. Why, so soon after her appeal and his answer, had he been false to the spirit of their agreement? This unannounced, unexplained departure was nothing less than a breach of his tacit pledge—the pledge not to break definitely with Lynbrook. And why had he gone to South America? She drew her aching brows together, trying to retrace a vague memory of some allusion to the cotton-growing capabilities of the region. . . . Yes, he had spoken of it once in describing to her the world's area of cotton-production. But what impulse had sent him off on such an exploration? Mere unrest, perhaps—the intolerable burden of his useless life? The questions spun round and round in her head, weary, profitless, yet persistent. . . .

It was a relief when Cicely came—a relief to measure out the cambric tea, to make the terrier beg for ginger-bread, even to take up the thread of the interrupted fairy-tale—though through it all she was wrung by the thought that, just twenty-four hours earlier, she and the child had sat in the same place, listening for the trot of Bessy's horse on the frozen ground. . . .

So the day passed: the hands of the clocks moved, food was cooked and served, blinds were drawn up or down, lamps lit and fires renewed . . . all these tokens of the passage of time took place before her, while her real consciousness seemed to hang in some dim central void, where nothing happened, nothing would ever happen. . . .

And now Cicely was in bed, the last "long-distance" call was answered, the last orders to kitchen and stable had been despatched, Wyant had stolen down to her with his hourly report—"no change"—and she was waiting alone in the library for the Gaineses to come.

Carriage-wheels on the gravel: they were there at last. Justine started up and went into the hall to meet them. As she passed out of the library the outer door opened, and the gusty night swooped in—as, at the same hour the day before, it had swooped in ahead of the dreadful procession—preceding now the carriageful of Hanaford relations: Mr. Gaines, red-glazed, brief and interrogatory; Westy, small, nervous, ill at ease with his grief; and Mrs. Gaines, supreme in the possession of a consolatory yet funereal manner, and sinking on Justine's breast with the solemn whisper: "Have you sent for the clergyman?"

XXVII

THE house was empty again.

A week had passed since Bessy's accident, and friends and relations had dispersed. The household had fallen into its routine, the routine of sickness and silence, and once more the perfectly-adjusted machine was working on steadily, inexorably, like a natural law. . . .

So at least it seemed to Justine's nerves, intolerably stretched, at times, on the rack of solitude, of suspense, of forebodings. She had been thankful when the Gaineses left—doubly thankful when a telegram from Bermuda declared Mrs. Carbury to be "in despair" at her inability to fly to Bessy's side—thankful even that Mr. Tredegar's professional engagements made it impossible for him to do more than come down, every second or third day, for a few hours; yet, though in some ways it was a relief to be again in sole authority, there were moments when the weight of responsibility, and the

inability to cry out her fears, her doubts, her uncertainties, seemed almost more than she could bear.

Wyant was her chief reliance. He had risen so gallantly above his weakness, become again so completely the zealous and indefatigable young physician of former days, that she began to accuse herself of injustice in ascribing to physical causes the vague eye and tremulous hand which might merely have betokened a passing access of nervous sensibility. Now, at any rate, he had his nerves so well under control, and had shown such a grasp of the case, and such marked executive capacity, that on the third day after the accident Dr. Garford, withdrawing his own surgical assistant, had left him in command at Lynbrook.

At the same time, also, Justine had taken up her attendance in the sick-room, replacing one of the subordinate nurses who had been suddenly called away. She had done this the more willingly because Bessy, who was now conscious for the greater part of the time, had asked for her once or twice, and had seemed easier when she was in the room. But she still gave only occasional assistance, relieving the other nurses when they dined or rested, but keeping herself partly free in order to have an eye on the household, and to give a few hours daily to Cicely.

All this had become part of a system that already seemed as old as memory. She could hardly recall what life had been before the accident—the seven dreadful days seemed as long as the days of creation. Every morning she rose to the same report—"no change"—and every day passed without a word from Amherst. Minor news, of course, had come: poor Mr. Langhope, at length overtaken at Wady Halfa, was hastening back as fast as ship and rail could carry him; Mrs. Ansell, imprisoned at Algiers with her invalid, cabled distressful messages of inquiry; but still no word from Amherst. The correspondent at Buenos Ayres had simply cabled: "Not here. I will enquire"—and since then, silence. . . .

Justine had taken to sitting in a small room beyond Amherst's bedroom, near enough to Bessy to be within call, yet accessible to the rest of the household. The walls were hung with old prints, and with two or three photographs of early Italian pictures; and in a low bookcase Amherst had put the books he had brought from

Hanaford—the English poets, the Greek dramatists, some text-books of biology and kindred subjects, and a few stray well-worn volumes: Lecky's *European Morals*, Carlyle's translation of *Wilhelm Meister*, Seneca, Epictetus, a German grammar, a pocket Bacon.

It was unlike any other room at Lynbrook—even through her benumbing misery, Justine felt the relief of escaping there from the rest of the great soulless house. Sometimes she took up one of the books and read a page or two, letting the beat of the verse lull her throbbing brain, or the strong words of stoic wisdom sink into her heart. And even when there was no time for these brief flights from reality it soothed her to feel herself in the presence of great thoughts—to know that in this room, among these books, another restless baffled mind had sought escape from the "dusty answer" of life. Her hours there made her think less bitterly of Amherst—but also, alas, made her see more clearly the irreconcilable difference between the two natures she had striven to reunite. That which was the essence of life to one was a meaningless shadow to the other; and the gulf between them was too wide for the imagination of either to bridge.

As she sat there on the seventh afternoon, there was a knock on the door and Wyant entered. She had only time to notice that he was very pale—she had been struck, once or twice during the week, with his look of sudden exhaustion, which passed as quickly as it came—then she saw that he carried a telegram, and her mind flew back to its central anxiety. She grew pale herself as she read the message and handed it to Wyant.

"He has been found—at Corrientes. It will take him at least a month to get here."

"A month—good God!"

"And it may take Mr. Langhope longer." Their eyes met. "It's too long——?" She asked.

"I don't know—I don't know." He shivered slightly, turning away into the window.

Justine sat down to dash off messages to Mr. Tredegar and the Gaineses: Amherst's return must be made known at once. When she glanced up, Wyant was standing near her. His air of intense weariness had passed, and he looked calm and ready for action.

"Shall I take these down?"

"No. Ring, please. I want to ask you a few questions."

The servant who answered the bell brought in a tea-tray, and Justine, having despatched the telegrams, seated herself and began to pour out her tea. Food had revolted her during the first anguished unsettled days; but with the resumption of the nurse's systematic habits the nurse's punctual appetite returned. Every drop of nervous energy must be husbanded now, and only sleep and nourishment could fill the empty cisterns.

She held out a cup to Wyant, but he drew back with a gesture of aversion.

"Thanks; I'm not hungry."

"You ought to eat more."

"No, no. I'm very well."

She lifted her head, revived by the warm draught. The mechanical act of nourishment performed, her mind leapt back to the prospect of Amherst's return. A whole month before he reached Lynbrook! He had instructed her where news might find him on the way . . . but a whole month to wait!

She looked at Wyant, and they read each other's thoughts.

"It's a long time," he said.

"Yes."

"But Garford can do wonders—and she's very strong."

Justine shuddered. Just so a skilled agent of the Inquisition might have spoken, calculating how much longer the power of suffering might be artificially preserved in a body broken on the wheel. . . .

"How does she seem to you today?"

"The general conditions are about the same. The heart keeps up wonderfully, but there is a little more oppression of the diaphragm."

"Yes—her breathing is harder. Last night she suffered horribly at times."

"Oh—she'll suffer," Wyant murmured.

"Of course the hypodermics can be increased."

"Just what did Dr. Garford say this morning?"

"He is astonished at her strength."

"But there's no hope?—I don't know why I ask!"

"Hope?" Wyant looked at her. "You mean of what's called recovery—of deferring death indefinitely?"

She nodded.

"How can Garford tell—or any one? We all know there have been cases where such injury to the cord has not caused death. This may be one of those cases; but the biggest man couldn't tell now."

Justine hid her eyes. "What a fate!"

"Recovery? Yes. Keeping people alive in such cases is one of the refinements of cruelty that it was left for Christianity to invent."

"And yet——?"

"And yet—it's got to be! Science herself says so—not for the patient, of course; but for herself—for unborn generations, rather. Queer, isn't it? The two creeds are at one."

Justine murmured through her clasped hands: "I wish she were not so strong——"

"Yes; it's wonderful what those frail petted bodies can stand. The fight is going to be a hard one."

She rose with a shiver. "I must go to Cicely——"

The rector of Saint Anne's had called again. Justine, in obedience to Mrs. Gaines's suggestion, had summoned him from Clifton the day after the accident; but, supported by the surgeons and Wyant, she had resisted his admission to the sick-room. Bessy's religious practices had been purely mechanical: her faith had never been associated with the graver moments of her life, and the apparition of a clerical figure at her bedside would portend not consolation but calamity. Since it was all-important that her nervous strength should be sustained, and the gravity of the situation concealed from her, Mrs. Gaines yielded to the medical commands, consoled by the ready acquiescence of the rector. But before she left she extracted a promise that he would call frequently at Lynbrook, and wait his opportunity to say an uplifting word to Mrs. Amherst.

The Reverend Ernest Lynde, who was a young man, with more zeal than experience, deemed it his duty to obey this injunction to the letter; but hitherto he had had to content himself with a talk with the house-keeper, or a brief word on the doorstep from Wyant. Today, however, he had asked somewhat insistently for Miss Brent; and Justine, who was free at the moment, felt that she could not refuse to go down. She had seen him only in the pulpit, when, once

or twice, in Bessy's absence, she had accompanied Cicely to church: he struck her as a fair grave young man, with a fine voice but halting speech. His sermons were earnest but ineffective.

As he rose to meet her, she felt that she should like him better out of church. His glance was clear and honest, and there was sweetness in his hesitating smile.

"I am sorry to seem persistent—but I heard you had news of Mr. Langhope, and I was anxious to know the particulars," he explained.

Justine replied that her message had overtaken Mr. Langhope at Wady Halfa, and that he hoped to reach Alexandria in time to catch a steamer to Brindisi at the end of the week.

"Not till then? So it will be almost three weeks——?"

"As nearly as I can calculate, a month."

The rector hesitated. "And Mr. Amherst?"

"He is coming back too."

"Ah, you have heard? I'm glad of that. He will be here soon?"

"No. He is in South America—at Buenos Ayres. There will be no steamer for some days, and he may not get here till after Mr. Langhope."

Mr. Lynde looked at her kindly, with grave eyes that proffered help. "This is terrible for you, Miss Brent."

"Yes," Justine answered simply.

"And Mrs. Amherst's condition——?"

"It is about the same."

"The doctors are hopeful?"

"They have not lost hope."

"She seems to keep her strength wonderfully."

"Yes, wonderfully——"

Mr. Lynde paused, looking downward, and awkwardly turning his soft clerical hat in his large kind-looking hands. "One might almost see in it a dispensation—we should see one, Miss Brent."

"We?" She glanced up apologetically, not quite sure that her tired mind had followed his meaning.

"We, I mean, who believe . . . that not one sparrow falls to the ground. . . ." He flushed, and went on in a more mundane tone: "I am glad you have the hope of Mr. Langhope's arrival to keep you up. Modern science—thank heaven!—can do such wonders in sustaining and prolonging life

that, even if there is little chance of recovery, the faint spark may be nursed until. . . ."

He paused again, conscious that the dusky-browed young woman, slenderly erect in her dark blue linen and nurse's cap, was examining him with an intentness which contrasted curiously with the absent-minded glance she had dropped on him in entering.

"In such cases," she said in a low tone, "there is practically no chance of recovery."

"So I understand."

"Even if there were, it would probably be death-in-life; complete paralysis of the lower body."

He shuddered. "A dreadful fate! She was so gay and active——"

"Yes—and the struggle with death, for the next few weeks, must involve incessant suffering . . . frightful suffering . . . perhaps vainly. . . ."

"I feared so," he murmured, his kind face paling.

"Then why do you thank heaven that modern science has found such wonderful ways of prolonging life?"

He raised his head with a start and their eyes met. He saw that the nurse's face was pale and calm—almost judicial in its composure—and his self-possession returned to him.

"As a Christian," he answered, with his rare smile, "I can hardly do otherwise."

Justine continued to consider him thoughtfully. "The men of the older generation—clergymen, I mean," she went on, in a low controlled voice, "would of course take that view—must take it. But the conditions are so changed—so many undreamed-of means of prolonging life—prolonging suffering—have been discovered and applied in the last few years, that I wondered . . . in my profession one often wonders. . . ."

"I understand," he rejoined sympathetically, forgetting his youth and his inexperience in the simple desire to bring solace to a troubled mind. "I understand your feeling—but you need have no doubt. Human life is sacred, and the fact that, even in this materialistic age, science is continually struggling to preserve and prolong it, shows—very beautifully, I think—how all things work together to fulfill the divine will."

"Then you believe that the divine will delights in mere pain—mere meaningless animal suffering—for its own sake?"

"Surely not; but for the sake of the spiritual life that may be mysteriously wrung out of it."

Justine bent her puzzled brows on him. "I could understand that view of moral suffering—or even of physical pain moderate enough to leave the mind clear, and to call forth qualities of endurance and renunciation. But where the body has been crushed to a pulp, and the mind is no more than a machine for the registering of sense-impressions of physical anguish: of what use can such suffering be to its owner—or to the divine will?"

The young rector looked at her sadly, almost severely. "There, Miss Brent, we touch on inscrutable things, and human reason must leave the answer to faith."

Justine pondered. "So that—one may say—Christianity recognizes no exceptions—?"

"None—none," its authorized exponent pronounced emphatically.

"Then Christianity and science are agreed." She rose with a sigh, and the young rector, with visible reluctance, stood up also.

"That, again, is one of the most striking evidences——" he began; and then, as the necessity of taking leave was forced upon him, he added appealingly: "I understand your uncertainties, your questionings, and I wish I could have made my point clearer——"

"Thank you; but it is quite clear. The reasons, of course, are different; but the result is exactly the same."

She held out her hand, smiling sadly upon him, and with a sudden return of youth and self-consciousness, he murmured shyly: "I feel for you"—the man in him yearning over her loneliness, though the pastor dared not press his help. . . .

XXVIII

THAT evening, when Justine took her place at the bedside, and the other two nurses had stolen down to supper, Bessy turned her head slightly, resting her eyes on her friend.

The rose-shaded lamp cast a tint of life on her small wan face, and the dark circles of pain made her eyes look deeper and brighter. Justine was almost deceived by the delusive semblance of vitality, and a

hope that was half anguish stirred in her. She sat down by the bed, clasping the hand on the sheet.

"You feel better tonight?"

"I breathe . . . better . . ." The words came brokenly, between long pauses, but without the hard agonized gasps of the previous night.

"That's a good sign." Justine paused, and then, letting her fingers glide once or twice over the back of Bessy's hand—"You know, dear, Mr. Amherst is coming," she leaned down to say.

Bessy's eyes moved again, slowly, inscrutably. She had never asked for her husband.

"Soon?" she whispered.

"He had started on a long journey—to out-of-the-way places—to study something about cotton growing—my message has just overtaken him," Justine explained.

Bessy lay still, her breast straining painfully for breath. She remained so long without speaking that Justine began to think she was relapsing into the somnolent state that intervened between her moments of complete consciousness. But at length she lifted her lids again, and her lips stirred.

"He will be . . . long . . . coming?"

"Some days."

"How . . . many?"

"We can't tell yet," Justine faltered.

Silence again. Bessy's features seemed to shrink into a kind of waxen quietude—as though her face were seen under clear water, a long way down. And then, as she lay thus, without sound or movement, two tears forced themselves through her lashes and rolled down her cheeks.

Justine, bending close, wiped them away with a consoling murmur. "Bessy——"

The wet lashes were raised—ananguished look met her pitying gaze.

"I—I can't bear it . . ." Bessy breathed.

"What, dear?"

"The pain. . . . Sha'n't I die . . . sooner?"

"You may get well, Bessy."

Justine felt her hand quiver. "Walk again . . .?"

"Perhaps . . . not that."

"*This?* I can't bear it. . . ." Her head drooped sideways, turning away toward the wall.

Justine, that night, kept her vigil with an aching heart. The news of Amherst's re-

turn had produced no sign of happiness in his wife—the tears had been forced from her merely by the dread of being kept alive during the long days of pain that must intervene before he came. . . . The medical explanation might have been that repeated crises of intense physical anguish, and the deep lassitude succeeding them, had so overlaid all other feelings, or at least so benumbed their expression, that it was impossible to conjecture how Bessy's little half-smothered spark of soul had really been affected by the news. But Justine did not believe in this argument. Her experience among the sick had convinced her, on the contrary, that the shafts of grief or joy will find a crack in the heaviest armour of physical pain, that the tiniest gleam of hope will light up depths of mental inanition, and somehow send a faint ray to the surface. . . . It was true that Bessy had never known how to bear pain, and that her own sensations had always formed the centre of her universe—yet, for that very reason, if the thought of seeing Amherst had made her happier it would have lifted, at least momentarily, the weight of death from her limbs.

Justine, at first, had almost feared the contrary effect—feared that the moral depression might show itself in a lowering of physical resistance. But the body kept up its obstinate struggle against death, drawing strength from sources of vitality unsuspected in that frail envelope. The surgeon's report the next day was more favourable, and every day won from death pointed now to a faint hope of recovery.

Such at least was Wyant's view. Dr. Garford and the consulting surgeons had not yet declared themselves; but the young doctor, strung to the highest point of watchfulness, and constantly in attendance on the patient, was beginning to tend toward a hopeful prognosis. The growing conviction spurred him to fresh efforts; at Dr. Garford's request, he had temporarily handed over his Clifton practice to a young New York doctor in need of change, and having installed himself at Lynbrook he gave up his days and nights to the study of Mrs. Amherst's case.

"If any one can save her, Wyant will," Dr. Garford had declared to Justine, when, on the tenth day after the accident, the surgeons held their third consultation. Dr. Garford reserved his own judgment. He had

seen cases—they had all seen cases . . . but just at present the signs might point either way. . . . Meanwhile Wyant's confidence was an invaluable asset toward the patient's chances of recovery. Hopefulness in the physician was almost as necessary as in the patient—contact with such faith had been known to work miracles. . . .

Justine listened in silence, wishing that she too could hope. But whichever way the prognosis pointed, she felt only a dull despair. She believed no more than Dr. Garford in the chance of recovery—that conviction seemed to her a mirage of Wyant's imagination, of his boyish ambition to achieve the impossible—and every hopeful symptom pointed, in her mind, only to a longer period of useless suffering.

Her hours at Bessy's side deepened her revolt against the energy spent in the fight with death. Since Bessy had learned that her husband was returning she had never, by sign or word, reverted to the fact. Except for a gleam of tenderness, now and then, when Cicely was brought to her, she seemed to have sunk back into herself, as though her poor little flicker of consciousness were wholly centred in the contemplation of its pain. It was not that her mind was clouded—only that it was immersed, absorbed, in that dread mystery of disproportionate anguish which a capricious fate had laid on it. . . . And what if she recovered, as they called it? If the flood-tide of pain should ebb, leaving her stranded, a helpless wreck, high and dry on the desert shores of inactivity? What would life be to Bessy without movement? Thought would never set her blood flowing—motion, in her, could only take the form of the physical processes. Her love for Amherst was dead—even if it flickered into life again, it could only put the spark to smouldering discords and resentments; and would her one uncontaminated sentiment—her affection for Cicely—suffice to reconcile her to the desolate half-life which was the utmost that science could hold out to her?

Here again, Justine's experience answered no. She did not believe in Bessy's powers of moral recuperation—her body seemed less near death than her spirit. Life had been poured out to her in generous measure, and she had spilled the precious draught—the few drops remaining in the cup could no longer renew her strength.

Pity, not condemnation—profound, illimitable pity—flowed from this conclusion of Justine's. To a compassionate heart there could be no sadder instance of the waste-fulness of life than this struggle of the small half-formed soul with a destiny too heavy for its strength. If Bessy had had any moral hope to fight for, every pang of suffering would have been worth enduring; but it was intolerable to witness the spectacle of her useless pain.

Incessant, lonely commerce with such thoughts made Justine, as the days passed, crave any escape from solitude, any contact with other ideas. Even the reappearance of Westy Gaines, bringing a breath of common-place conventional grief into the haunted silence of the house, was a respite from her questionings. If it was hard to talk to him, to answer his enquiries, to assent to his platitudes, it was harder, a thousand times to go on talking to herself. . . .

Mr. Tredegar's coming was a distinct relief. His dryness was like cautery to her wound. Mr. Tredegar undoubtedly grieved for Bessy; but his grief struck inward, exuding only now and then, through the fissures of his hard manner, in a touch of extra solemnity, the more laboured rounding of a period. Yet, on the whole, it was to his feeling that Justine felt her own to be most akin. If his stoic acceptance of the inevitable proceeded from the resolve to spare himself pain, that at least was a form of strength, an indication of character. She had never cared for the fluencies of invertebrate sentiment.

Now, on the evening of the day after her talk with Bessy, it was more than ever a solace to escape from the torment of her thoughts into the rarefied air of Mr. Tredegar's presence. The day had been a bad one for the patient, and Justine's distress had been increased by the receipt of a cable from Mr. Langhope, announcing that, owing to delay in reaching Brindisi, he had missed the fast steamer from Cherbourg, and would not arrive till four or five days later than he had expected. Mr. Tredegar, in response to her report, had announced his intention of coming down by a late train, and now he and Justine and Dr. Wyant, after a brief dinner together, were seated before the fire in the smoking-room.

"I take it, then," Mr. Tredegar said, turning to Wyant, "that the chances of her living to see her father are very slight."

The young doctor raised his head eagerly. "Not in my opinion, sir. Unless unforeseen complications arise, I can almost promise to keep her alive for another month—I'm not afraid to call it six weeks,!"

"H'm—Garford doesn't say so."

"No; Dr. Garford argues from precedent."

"And you?" Mr. Tredegar's thin lips were visited by the ghost of a smile.

"Oh, I don't argue—I just feel my way," said Wyant imperturbably.

"And yet you don't hesitate to precede—"

"No, I don't, sir; because the case, as I see it, presents certain definite indications." He began to enumerate them, cleverly avoiding the use of technicalities and trying to make his point clear by the use of simple illustration and analogy. It sickened Justine to listen to his passionate exposition—she had heard it so often, she believed in it so little.

Mr. Tredegar turned a probing glance upon him as he ended. "Then, today even, you believe not only in the possibility of prolonging life, but of ultimate recovery?"

Wyant hesitated. "I won't call it recovery—today. Say—life indefinitely prolonged."

"And the paralysis?"

"It might disappear—after a few months—or a few years."

"Such an outcome would be unusual?"

"Exceptional. But then there *are* exceptions. And I'm straining every nerve to make this one!"

"And the suffering—such as today's, for instance—is unavoidable?"

"Unhappily."

"And bound to increase?"

"Well—as the anæsthetics lose their effect. . . ."

There was a tap on the door, and one of the nurses entered to report to Wyant. He went out with her, and Justine was left with Mr. Tredegar.

He turned to her thoughtfully. "That young fellow seems sure of himself. You believe in him?"

Justine hesitated. "Not in his expectation of recovery—no one does."

"But you think they can keep the poor child alive till Langhope and her husband get back?"

There was a moment's pause; then Jus-

tine murmured: "It can be done . . . I think. . . ."

"Yes—it's horrible," said Mr. Tredegear suddenly, as if in answer to her unspoken thought.

She looked up in surprise, and saw his eye resting on her with what seemed like a mist of sympathy on its vitreous surface. Her lips trembled, parting as if for speech—but she looked away without answering.

"These new devices for keeping people alive," Mr. Tredegear continued; "they increase the suffering besides prolonging it?"

"Yes—in some cases."

"In this case?"

"I am afraid so."

The lawyer drew out his fine cambric handkerchief, and furtively wiped a slight dampness from his forehead. "I wish to God she had been killed!" he said.

Justine lifted her head again, with an answering exclamation. "Oh, yes!"

"It's infernal—the time they can make it last," he went on.

"It's useless!" Justine broke out.

"Useless?" He turned his critical glance on her. "Well, that's beside the point—since it's inevitable."

She wavered a moment—but his words had loosened the bonds about her heart, and she could not check herself so suddenly. "Why inevitable?"

Mr. Tredegear looked at her in surprise, as though wondering at so unprofessional an utterance from one who, under ordinary circumstances, showed the absolute self-control and submission of the well-disciplined nurse.

"Human life is sacred," he said sententially.

"Ah, that must have been decreed by some one who had never suffered!" Justine exclaimed.

Mr. Tredegear smiled compassionately: he evidently knew how to make allowances for the fact that she was overwrought by the sight of her friend's suffering. "Society decreed it—not one person," he corrected.

"Society—science—religion!" she murmured, as if to herself.

"Precisely. It's the universal consensus—the result of the world's accumulated experience. Cruel in individual instances—necessary for the general welfare. Of course your training has taught you all this;

but I can understand that at such a time. . . ."

"Yes," she said, rising wearily as Wyant came in.

Her worst misery, now, was to have to discuss Bessy's condition with Wyant. To the young physician Bessy was no longer a suffering, agonizing creature: she was a case—a beautiful case. As the problem developed new intricacies, becoming more and more of a challenge to his faculties of observation and inference, Justine saw the abstract scientific passion supersede his personal emotions of pity. Though his professional skill made him exquisitely tender to the patient under his hands, he seemed hardly conscious that she was a woman who had befriended him, and whom he had so lately seen in the brightness of health and enjoyment. This view was normal enough—it was, as Justine knew, the ideal state of mind for the successful physician, in whom sympathy for the patient as an individual must often impede swift choice and unflinching action. But what she shrank from was his resolve to save Bessy's life—a resolve fortified to the point of exasperation by the scepticism of the consulting surgeons, who saw in it only the youngster's natural desire to distinguish himself by performing a feat which his elders deemed impossible.

As the days dragged on, and Bessy's sufferings increased, Justine longed in her anguish for a protesting word from Dr. Garford or one of his colleagues. In her hospital experience she had encountered cases where the useless agonies of death were mercifully shortened by the physician; why was not this a case for such treatment? The answer was simple enough—in the first place, it was the duty of the surgeons to keep their patient alive till her husband and her father could reach her; and secondly, there was that faint illusive hope of so-called recovery, in which none of them believed, yet which they could not ignore in their treatment. The evening after Mr. Tredegear's departure Wyant was setting this forth at great length to Justine. Bessy had had a bad morning: the bronchial symptoms which had developed a day or two before had greatly increased her distress, and there had been, at dawn, a moment of weakness when it seemed that some pitiful power was about to defeat the relent-

less efforts of science. But Wyant had fought off the peril. By the prompt and audacious use of stimulants—by a rapid marshalling of resources, a display of self-reliance and authority, which Justine could not but admire as she mechanically seconded his efforts—the spark of life had been revived, and Bessy won back for fresh suffering.

"Yes—I say it can be done: tonight I say it more than ever," Wyant exclaimed, pushing the disordered hair from his forehead, and leaning toward Justine across the table on which their brief evening meal had been served. "I say the way the heart has rallied proves that we've got more strength to draw on than any of them have been willing to admit. The breathing's better too. If we can fight off the degenerative processes—and, by George, I believe we can!" He looked up suddenly at Justine. "With you to work with, I believe I could do anything. How you do back a man up! You think with your hands—with every individual finger!"

Justine turned her eyes away: she felt a shudder of repulsion steal over her tired body. It was not that she detected any note of personal admiration in his praise—he had commended her as the surgeon might commend a fine instrument fashioned for his use. But that she should be the instrument to serve such a purpose—that her skill, her promptness, her gift of divining and interpreting the will she worked with, should be at the service of this implacable scientific passion! Ah, no—it was unendurable—she could be silent no longer. . . .

She looked up at Wyant, and their eyes met.

"Why do you do it?" she asked.

He stared, as if thinking that she referred to some special point in his treatment. "Do what?"

"It's all so useless . . . you all know she must die."

"I know nothing of the kind . . . and even the others are not so sure today." He began to go over it all again—repeating his arguments, developing new theories, trying to force into her reluctant mind his own faith in the possibility of success.

Justine sat resting her chin on her clasped hands, her eyes gazing straight before her under dark tormented brows. When he paused for a reply she remained silent.

"Well—don't you believe me?" he broke out with sudden asperity.

"I don't know. . . . I can't tell. . . ."

"But as long as there's a doubt, even—a doubt my way—and I'll show you there is, if you'll give me time——"

"How much time?" she murmured, without shifting her gaze.

"Ah—that depends on ourselves: on you and me chiefly. That's what Garford admits. *They* can't do much now—they've got to leave the game to us. It's a question of incessant vigilance . . . of utilizing every hour, every moment. . . . Time's all I ask, and *you* can give it to me, if any one can!"

Under the challenge of his tone Justine rose to her feet with a low murmur of fear.

"Ah, don't ask me!"

"Don't ask you——?"

"I can't—I can't!"

Wyant stood up also, turning on her an astonished glance.

"You can't—what?" he asked.

Their eyes met, and she thought she read in his a sudden discernment of her inmost thoughts. The discovery electrified her flagging strength, restoring her to immediate clearness of brain. She saw the gulf of self-betrayal over which she had hung, and the nearness of the peril nerved her to a last effort of dissimulation.

"I can't—talk of it . . . any longer," she faltered, letting her tears flow, and turning on him a face of pure womanly weakness.

Wyant looked at her for a moment without answering. Did he distrust even these plain physical evidences of exhaustion, or was he merely disappointed in her, as in one whom he had believed to be above the emotional failings of her sex?

"You're over-tired," he said coldly. "Take tonight to rest. Miss Mace can replace you for the next few hours—and I may need you more tomorrow."

XXIX

FOUR more days had passed. Bessy seldom spoke when Justine was with her. She was wrapped in a thickening cloud of opiates—morphia by day, bromides, sulphonal, chloral hydrate at night. When the cloud broke and consciousness emerged, it was centred in the one acute point of bodily anguish. Darting throes of neuralgia, ago-

nized oppression of the breath, the diffused misery of the whole helpless body—these were reducing their victim to a mere instrument on which pain played its incessant deadly variations. Once or twice she turned her dull eyes on Justine, breathing out: "I want to die," as some inevitable lifting or readjusting thrilled her body with fresh pangs; but there were no signs of contact with the outer world—she had ceased even to ask for Cicely. . . .

And yet, according to the doctors, the patient held her own. Certain alarming symptoms had diminished, and while others persisted, the strength to combat them persisted too. With such strength to call on, what fresh agonies were reserved for the poor body when narcotics had lost their power over it?

That was the question always before Justine. She never again betrayed her fears to Wyant—she carried out his orders with morbid precision, trembling lest any failure in efficiency should revive his suspicions. She hardly knew what she feared his suspecting—she only had a confused sense that they were enemies, and that she was the weaker of the two.

And then the anæsthetics began to fail. It was the sixteenth day since the accident, and the resources of alleviation were almost exhausted. It was not sure, even now, that Bessy was going to die—and she was certainly going to suffer a long time. Wyant seemed hardly conscious of the increase of pain—his whole mind was fixed on the prognosis. What matter if the patient suffered, as long as he proved his case? That, of course, was not his way of putting it. In reality he did all he could to allay the pain, surpassed himself in new devices and experiments. But death confronted him implacably, claiming his due: so many hours robbed from him, so much tribute to pay; and Wyant, setting his teeth, fought on—and Bessy paid.

Justine had begun to notice that it was hard for her to get a word alone with Dr. Garford. The other nurses were not in the way—it was Wyant who always contrived to be there. Perhaps she was unreasonable in seeing a special intention in his presence: it was natural enough that the two persons in charge of the case should confer together with their chief. But his persist-

ence annoyed her, and she was glad when, one afternoon, the surgeon asked him to telephone an important message to town.

As soon as the door had closed, Justine said to Dr. Garford: "She is beginning to suffer terribly."

He answered with the large impersonal gesture of the man to whom physical suffering has become a painful general fact of life, no longer divisible into individual cases. "We are doing all we can."

"Yes." She paused, and then raised her eyes to his dry kind face. "Is there any hope?"

Another gesture—the fatalistic sweep of the lifted palms. "The next ten days will tell—the fight is on, as Wyant says. And if any one can do it, that young fellow can. There's stuff in him—and infernal ambition."

"Yes: but do *you* believe she can live——?"

Dr. Garford smiled indulgently on such unprofessional insistence; but she was past wondering what they must all think of her.

"My dear Miss Brent," he said, "I have reached the age when one always leaves a door open to the unexpected."

As he spoke, a slight sound at her back made her turn. Wyant was behind her—he must have entered the room as she put her question. And he certainly could not have had time to descend the stairs, walk the length of the house, ring up New York, and deliver Dr. Garford's message. . . . The same thought seemed to strike the surgeon. "Hallo, Wyant?" he said.

"Line busy," said Wyant curtly.

About this time, Justine gave up her night vigils. She could no longer face the struggle of the dawn hour, when life ebbs lowest; and since her duties extended beyond the sick-room she could fairly plead that she was more needed about the house by day. But Wyant protested: he wanted her most at the difficult hour.

"You know you're taking a chance from her," he said, almost sternly.

"Oh, no——"

He looked at her searchingly. "You don't feel up to it?"

"No."

He turned away with a slight shrug; but she knew he resented her defection.

The day watches were miserable enough.

It was the nineteenth day now; and Justine lay on the sofa in Amherst's sitting-room, trying to nerve herself for the nurse's summons. A page torn out of a calendar lay before her—she had been calculating again how many days must elapse before Mr. Langhope could arrive. Ten days—ten days and ten nights! And the length of the nights was double. . . . As for Amherst, it was impossible to set a date for his coming, for his steamer from Buenos Ayres called at various ports on the way northward, and the length of her stay at each was dependent on the delivery of freight, and on the dilatoriness of the South American official.

She threw down the calendar and leaned back, pressing her hands to her aching temples. Oh, for a word with Amherst—he alone would have understood what she was undergoing! Mr. Langhope's coming would make no difference—or rather, it would only increase the difficulty of the situation. Instinctively Justine felt that, though his heart would be wrung by the sight of Bessy's pain, his cry would be the familiar one, the traditional one: *Keep her alive!* Under his surface originality, his verbal audacities and ironies, Mr. Langhope was the creature of accepted forms, inherited opinions: he had never really thought for himself on any of the pressing problems of life.

But Amherst was different. Close contact with many forms of wretchedness had freed him from the bondage of accepted opinion. He looked at life through no eyes but his own; and what he saw, he confessed to seeing. He never tried to evade the consequences of his discoveries.

Justine's remembrance flew back to their first meeting at Hanaford, when his confidence in his own powers was still unshaken, his trust in others unimpaired. And, gradually, she began to relive each detail of their talk at Dillon's bedside—her first impression of him, as he walked down the ward; the first sound of his voice; her surprised sense of his authority; her almost involuntary submission to his will. . . . Then her thoughts passed on to their walk home from the hospital—she recalled his sober yet unsparing summary of the situation at Westmore, and the note of insight with which he touched on the hardships of the workers. . . . Then, word by word, their talk about Dillon came back . . . his indignation and pity . . . his shudder of revolt at the man's doom. . . .

"In your work, don't you ever feel tempted to set a poor devil free?" And then, after her conventional murmur of protest: *"To save what, when all the good of life is gone?"*

To distract her thoughts she stretched her hand toward the book-case, taking out the first volume in reach—the little copy of Bacon. She leaned back, fluttering its pages aimlessly—so wrapped in her own misery that the meaning of the words could not reach her. It was useless to try to read: every perception of the outer world was lost in the hum of inner activity that made her mind like a forge throbbing with heat and noise. But suddenly her glance fell on some pencilled sentences on the fly-leaf. They were in Amherst's hand, and the sight arrested her thoughts as though she had heard him speak.

La vraie morale se moque de la morale. . . .

We perish because we follow other men's examples. . . . Socrates used to call the opinions of the many by the name of Lamiae—bugbears to frighten children. . . .

A rush of air seemed to have been let into her stifled mind. Were they his own thoughts? No—her memory recalled some confused association with great names. But at least they must represent his beliefs—must embody deeply-felt convictions—or he would scarcely have taken the trouble to record them.

She murmured over the last sentence once or twice: *The opinions of the many—bugbears to frighten children. . . .* Yes, she had often heard him speak of current judgments in that way . . . she had never known a mind so free from the spell of the Lamiae. . . .

Some one knocked, and she put aside the book and rose to her feet. It was a maid bringing a note from Wyant.

"There has been a motor accident beyond Clifton, and I have been sent for. I think I can safely be away for two or three hours, but ring me up at Clifton if you want me. Miss Mace has instructions, and Garford's assistant will be down at seven."

She looked at the clock: it was just three, the hour at which she was to relieve Miss Mace. She smoothed her hair from her forehead, straightened her cap, tied on the apron she had laid aside. . . .

As she entered Bessy's sitting-room the nurse came out, memoranda in hand. The

two moved to the window for a moment's conference, and as the wintry light fell on Miss Mace's face, Justine saw that it was livid with fatigue.

"You're ill!" she exclaimed.

The nurse shook her head. "No—but it's awful . . . this afternoon. . . ." Her glance turned to the door of the sick-room.

"Go and rest—I'll stay till bedtime," Justine said.

"Miss Safford's down with another headache."

"I know: it doesn't matter. I'm quite fresh."

"You *do* look rested!" the other exclaimed, her eyes lingering enviously on Justine's face.

She stole heavily away, and Justine entered the room. It was true that she felt fresh—a new spring of hope had welled up in her. She had her nerves in hand again, she had regained her steady vision of life. . . .

But in the room, as the nurse had whispered, it was awful. The time had come when the effect of the anæsthetics must be carefully husbanded, when long intervals of pain must purchase the diminishing moments of relief. Yet from Wyant's standpoint it was a good day—things were looking well, as he would have phrased it. And each day now was a fresh victory. . . .

Justine went through her task mechanically. The glow of strength and courage remained, steeling her to bear what had broken down Miss Mace's professional fortitude. But when she sat down by the bed, Bessy's moaning began to wear on her. It was no longer the utterance of human pain, but the monotonous whimper of an animal—the kind of sound that a compassionate hand would instinctively crush into silence. But her hand had other duties; she must keep watch on pulse and heart, must reinforce their action with the tremendous stimulants which Wyant was now using, and, having revived fresh sensibility to pain, must presently try to allay it by the cautious use of narcotics.

It was all simple enough—but suppose she should not do it? Suppose she left the stimulants untouched? . . . Wyant was absent, one nurse exhausted with fatigue, the other laid low by headache. Justine had the field to herself. For three hours at least no one was likely to cross the threshold of the sick-room. . . . Ah, if no more

time were needed! But there was too much life in Bessy—her youth was fighting too hard for her! She would not sink out of life in three hours . . . and Justine could not count on more than that.

She looked at the little travelling-clock on the dressing-table, and saw that its hands marked four. An hour had passed already. . . . She rose, and administered the prescribed restorative; then she took the pulse, and listened to the beat of the heart. Strong still—too strong!

As she lifted her head, the vague animal wailing ceased, and she heard her name: "Justine——"

She bent down eagerly. "Yes?"

No answer: the wailing had begun again. But the one word showed her that the mind still lived in its torture-house, that the poor powerless body before her was not yet a mere bundle of senseless reflexes, but her friend Bessy Amherst, dying, and feeling herself die. . . .

She resealed herself, and the vigil began again. The second hour ebbed slowly—ah, no, it was flying now! Her eyes were on the hands of the clock, and they seemed leagued against her to devour the precious minutes. And now she could see by certain spasmodic symptoms that another crisis of pain was approaching—one of the struggles that Wyant, at times, had almost seemed to court and exult in. . . .

Bessy's eyes turned on her again. "*Justine——*"

She knew what that meant: it was an appeal for the hypodermic needle. The little instrument lay at hand, beside a newly-filled bottle of morphia. But she must wait—must let the pain grow more severe. Yet she could not turn her gaze from Bessy, and Bessy's eyes entreated her again—*Justine!* There was really no word now—the whimpers were uninterrupted. But Justine heard an inner voice, and its pleading shook her heart. She rose and filled the syringe—and returning with it, bent above the bed. . . .

She lifted her head and looked at the clock. The second hour had passed. As she looked, she heard a step in the sitting-room. Who could it be? Not Dr. Garford's assistant—he was not due till seven. She listened again. . . . One of the nurses? No, it was not a woman's step——

The door opened, and Wyant came in. She stood by the bed without moving toward him. He paused also, as if surprised to see her there motionless. In the intense silence, she fancied for a moment that she heard Bessy's violent, agonized breathing. She tried to speak, to drown the sound of the breathing; but her lips trembled too much, and she remained silent.

Wyant seemed to hear nothing. He stood so still that she felt she must move forward. As she did so, she picked up from the table by the bed the memoranda that it was her duty to submit to him.

"Well?" he said, in the familiar sick-room whisper.

"She is dead."

He fell back a step, glaring at her, white and incredulous.

"Dead?— When——?"

"A few minutes ago. . . ."

"Dead—? It's not possible!"

He swept past her, shouldering her aside, pushing in an electric button as he sprang to the bed. She realized then that the room had been almost in darkness. She recovered command of herself, and followed him. He was going through the usual rapid examination—pulse, heart, breath—hanging over the bed like some angry animal balked

of its prey. Then he lifted the lids and bent close above the eyes.

"Take the shade off that lamp!" he commanded.

Justine obeyed him.

He stooped down again to examine the eyes. . . he remained stooping a long time. Suddenly he stood up and faced her.

"Had she been in great pain?"

"Yes."

"Worse than usual?"

"Yes."

"What had you done?"

"Nothing—there was no time."

"No time?" He broke off to sweep the room again with his excited glance. "Where are the others? Why were you here alone?" he demanded.

"It came suddenly. I was going to call——"

Their eyes met for a moment. Her face was perfectly calm—she could feel that her lips no longer trembled. She was not in the least afraid of Wyant's scrutiny.

As he continued to look at her, his expression slowly passed from incredulous wrath to something softer—more human—she could not tell what. . . .

"This has been too much for you—go and send one of the others. . . . It's all over," he said.

(To be continued.)



THE GRANDFATHERS OF THE EVOLUTION

By Nelson Lloyd

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

THE retirement of Jared Blake from the gay world in which he had been so long a conspicuous figure was, at the time, a subject of much comment and speculation.

That a man of his large means, of his position socially, and, moreover, a bachelor, should suddenly close his house, disappear from his clubs and from the smart circle in which he was a favorite, rent his opera box, sell his stable—in fact, give up all those pleasures for which men most strive, renounce them to begin the study of medicine and take to politics and philanthropy—was undoubtedly strange. Some of his friends even went so far as to hint that his mind was affected, that an hereditary taint of the Van Eycks, of which that ancient family was rather proud, had in him assumed a more pronounced form, and among his relatives there was not a little talk of legal steps to prevent him from dissipating his fortune in charity. It appeared, however, to the eminent counsel whom they consulted that it would be difficult to have a man adjudged insane because he was giving away nearly one million dollars annually, when in return he could show that while devoting his entire income to homes and hospitals he had been steadily increasing his capital by clever investment; or, further, to convince the courts that he was incompetent to control his own affairs because time formerly spent in dining and dancing was given to the study of human ills and their alleviation. That Blake was eccentric, if not mad, was the general verdict of his friends. For myself I love the new Blake. I liked the old—but liked only. I knew the epicure, the *raconteur*, the genial spendthrift. I know the student, the politician, the philanthropist. And what wrought the change is not a mystery to me. He told me everything that night when I came upon him standing in the *débris* of his strange midnight feast; standing, too, in the *débris* of his past, erect, his shoulders square, his face

grimly set in a new determination. At first I scoffed. Then came his resignation from the Colonial Lords, that most exclusive of all our societies given to ancestor worship. It had been his hobby for years and such a desertion brought forth my most forceful remonstrances. I even hinted my darkest suspicions. "Mad?" he cried. "Because I refuse to worship a crew like that—mad?" And he laughed so uproariously yet so sanely that I began to believe. He believes. He proves it every day, but when I see him I marvel more at the result than at the cause.

Jared Blake, then, had ancestors as well as money. He inherited them from his mother, a Van Eyck whose family tree spread its branches into ten of the original thirteen colonies. His fortune, his constitution, and, remembering that good woman, I should add his looks, came from his father's side. The Blake tree was a shorn trunk, all its branches having long since been blown away on the winds of adversity. But Jared could spare them. His mother had bequeathed him a large collection of portraits, and strolling around his library he could look into the solemn faces of many of his forefathers. In certain of these he had particular pleasure, for through them he had qualified for the Colonial Lords, and he never tired of extolling them and giving their history to his guests.

"Yonder, over the fireplace," he would say, "is my great-great-grandfather, Paul Van Eyck, who was twice speaker of the provincial assembly, a very well-known man of the time. The third to the right is Captain Peter Windom, of Massachusetts, commander of the famous privateer *Sparhawk*, a gallant sailor. Beside him is Harry Hurlingham, of the Virginia Hurlinghams, you know—served as aide to Mad Anthony Wayne; and the benign old Quaker is Thomas Williams, a Philadelphia merchant—fine face, has he not?"

These, then, were the four great-great-grandfathers of Jared Blake. True, he should have had eight, but four was all he

knew, and surely four were enough for any man. And if he ever had any longing for a complete set it could not have outlived that midnight supper, that strange time—— But there, I am getting ahead too fast again. Facts should be arranged in proper sequence, truth as well as fiction.

The supper was for the governors of the Colonial Lords. It was to be a quiet little affair at which we should discuss the coming dinner of the society, decide who should speak and who should not, and what we were to eat and drink. As president, Blake was our host. Indeed, because he had been our host for so many years we kept him in the chair, as his little midnight feasts were more enjoyable by far than the formal dinner, for we were rare cronies, and quickly passed from the discussion of speakers and guests to more interesting subjects, like terrapin and wine.

Jared Blake's terrapin! How my outer man smiles and my inner man frowns at the very thought of it! Never was its like. For this particular occasion he had composed a new sauce, a poem of wines and spices, which he warned us would be ready at twelve, and who delayed past the stroke of the hour did so at his own cost. He knew us. He knew that at eleven we should appear no matter how alluring the last bars of the opera or the bridge room at the club. So at eleven he descended the stairs, took a turn of the dining-room to see the final touches of the table, and settled himself in a deep chair in the library. Comfortable, by a blazing fire, gazing up into the expressionless face of Paul Van Eyck, he did not realize what was going on without. The wind in the chimney might have suggested it, but he gave it no heed, and the curtains were drawn so that he could not see the snow falling so heavily as to make the streets almost impassable. It was for Hopkins, the butler, to apprise him of the blizzard that raged. There had just been a call from the Gotham Club, a message from Mr. Ames, but before he could take it the wire had broken down. Blake went to the window, and after one glance at the storm gave orders to delay the terrapin, for it was now nearly midnight and not a guest had appeared. He became worried, pacing restlessly up and down the library, each minute adding to his impatience. At last, to calm his unsettled nerves, he turned to the din-

ing-room and had a glass of Scotch and soda. But mark this—he drank but one, and that a scant two fingers of the liquid that exhilarates but does not inebriate if taken in sufficiently small quantities. I mention this to show that his innocent diversion was in no way the cause of the events that followed. They followed fast. Hardly had he returned to the library when from the drawing-room solemnly, formally, rang the voice of Hopkins.

"Mr. Paul Van Eyck."

Blake started, halted, and stared. He started at the name; he halted, hearing the light footfalls approaching through the adjoining room; he stared when he saw his guest. Framed in the *portières* was his great-grandfather! Real? Nonsense! It was but some quaint conceit of Ames or Harding to masquerade this way. To the portrait above the mantel went his glance; then back to the man. That one was a copy of the other there could be no doubt. Each wore a coat of black velvet with wide-spreading tails and lace ruffles at the sleeves, black breeches, and stockings of white silk. Their long waistcoats were alike to the pattern of the embroidery, and so with the hair, curled and powdered, and caught behind in a cue. The copy was faithful to the very fall of the neckcloth and the silver knee-buckles. But in this there was nothing uncanny. It was the faces that made Blake shake himself as though he would break from enmeshing dreams. For the face of the man was the face of the portrait, even to the hook of the nose; it was the face of the portrait come to life; the ruddy red of health shot over the cheeks, as the mouth curled in a smile, and the eyes were alight with humor.

"Good evening, Jared," he said, coming forward. Drawing from his pocket a snuff-box, he snapped open the lid and proffered it politely, to meet a gesture of refusal. Undisturbed by the coldness of the greeting, he took a pinch himself; then inquired in a pleasant voice, "Have the others come?"

To him, anyway, there was nothing out of the ordinary occurring, and his easy self-assurance revived Blake's oozing courage. Blake was really a man of courage. Bracing himself, he gave the problem a quick turn in his mind. If he were dreaming he had nothing to fear. If he were awake, he was alone a match for this slender old gentleman, and did he need aid a dozen servants

were within call. A hand was outstretched to him, and he could hesitate no longer, and meeting it found it as solid flesh as his own. Had he any doubts that friendly grasp swept them away. He rapped his head with clenched fist; he beat his chest; he rubbed his eyes. He was awake—wide, wide awake! And this was Paul Van Eyck! Surely time had turned and tumbled him into a past century.

"Grandfather!" he faltered.

"Have the others come?" repeated the old gentleman.

"Who?" Blake asked, regaining somewhat of his composure.

"The Grandfathers of the Evolution," was the grave reply.

"I do not understand," returned Jared, this puzzling question driving from his mind for the moment the great mystery. "What do you mean by the Evolution, sir?"

"Why you, my dear boy," answered Mr. Van Eyck, kindly. "You are the Evolution. Surely you knew we were coming here to-night to have a little celebration in your honor. You seemed to expect me. My, but it is good to see you! And so prosperous!" He slapped his descendant heartily on the shoulder.

Blake gasped. "Do you mean to say——"

"I mean to say that we are proud of you, Jared." There was no trace of sarcasm either in face or voice. Mr. Van Eyck raised his hand and drew his descendant's gaze to the broad lapel of his coat. "You may be interested in our badge—the ribbon, blue—true blue, you know, emblematic—and the head you recognize, of course."

Leaning forward, Blake studied the medallion, and was astounded to see stamped there his own likeness. The top-hat and rather high collar looked strangely out of place in bronze, but more curious still was the motto beneath the head.

"He is a gentleman," he read aloud in a voice that quavered. A thoughtful silence followed. There was a smile on his face when he looked up at his ancestor. "Am I?" he asked quietly.

"Of course." Mr. Van Eyck seemed to believe there could be no doubt about it whatever. "Otherwise, we should hardly be foolish enough to have a society devoted to talking about you—dinners and speeches and all that kind of thing. But what can

be the matter with Windom and Hurlingham and—— Ah!"

The voice of Hopkins stopped him. Through the drawing-room it rang pompously, announcing "Mr. Thomas Williams."

A solemn figure appeared. Blake shuddered, not at the weirdness of his situation, but at the aspect of the new guest. Mr. Williams bore no resemblance to his portrait save in the sombre garb, all dark gray, even to the stockings. The cut of the coat, the broad-brimmed black hat, the straight hair chopped off at the shoulders, marked him a Quaker, but there was nothing of the benign in the beady eyes looking out from a face all circled with deep wrinkles. In the portrait he seemed severe, but pious and ready to murmur, "Peace" with sweet suavity. In the flesh he halted with soldierly precision, raised his hand, and in an acid tone cried: "Peace, my son; I wish thee all good."

Blake, though doubting his sincerity, returned the greeting with proper meekness: "Peace, grandfather, and welcome."

"My apologies for lateness," Mr. Williams went on. "Thee will understand—I sought to save a few shillings by walking instead of taking a public conveyance. A shilling saved is——" His portrait had caught his glance, and as he gazed at it in silence his face wrinkled deeper in an approving smile. "Thou flatterest me, Jared," he cried.

Now Blake was a man of some wit. As an accomplished after-dinner speaker he was much sought by the sons of various revolutions and had sharpened his tongue in many a tilt. Marvelling still at the strangeness of his company, he was meeting the situation with *aplomb*. In this he had been helped by the distinguished appearance and manners of Mr. Van Eyck. He was decidedly proud of him. But to counterbalance the first pleasant impression of his ancestors came this repelling figure to irritate him.

"I am sorry, grandfather," he returned in his blandest tone. "It was done from a silhouette and the artist had to imagine much. His imagination seems to have missed."

Mr. Van Eyck, in the act of taking snuff, gasped at this temerity on Jared's part and drew the powder into his throat. He began to choke violently and fell to beating his

chest with his hands. Dignity disappeared in the struggle between merriment and agony. Such levity added fuel to the fire in the face of Mr. Williams, and he turned from his descendant to glare at his contemporary.

"Impudence," he snapped. "I tell thee, Friend Paul——"

A sound of scuffling in the hall cut short this outbreak. There was a shuffle of feet in the drawing-room; a hoarse voice carolled a few bars of a ribald song; a crash of furniture was followed by a muffled oath and silence.

"Mr. Hurlingham," cried Hopkins. He had lifted the guest to his feet and pointed him toward the library. This done, he seemed to think his duty ended and stepped away, leaving the Virginian to come lurching on. He made a wide *détour* and brought up against a high-backed chair. Finding such solid support, he laid fast hold of it, and stood leering contentedly at the other three.

Sober and clean, Mr. Hurlingham would have been a handsome man. In a dark-blue coat and claret-colored waistcoat, with breeches and stockings of white silk, he should have made the gallant figure of the portrait on the wall. But his clothes were sadly faded and stained; linen and lace were soiled and torn; his neckcloth was twisted and his wig askew; even the century had not aired him out. Sober and clean, in his courtly garb, with a sword to tip up the broad tails of his coat and a cocked hat to swing gracefully as he moved, he would have been an ancestor to boast of. But Blake saw an unkempt toper. He wanted to laugh—to laugh long and loud at himself and all his family. So this was Harry Hurlingham, one of the fairest flowers on his family tree, Hurlingham, of Virginia, the dashing soldier, the hero of a dozen duels—this besotted creature! As he quietly eyed the latest guest his face grew hard. Disappointment was written there, and reading it, Paul Van Eyck laid a kindly hand on his shoulder.

"Cheer up, Jared," he said. "Harry is at heart a fine fellow. He died in his cups, to be sure, but many a good man has had the same end. Remember, too, that of us all he was the only gentleman born."

"Gentleman—disgusting," cried Mr. Williams, pointing a condemning finger at the rake. "Friend Harry, thy conduct is most unseemly, but I pray that the good

Lord will not deal more harshly with thee than is necessary."

The Virginian's retort was a drunken laugh. "Has the soshiety—I mean the shos—theshos——" He became lost in the mazes of the word, broke again into his maudlin song, and collapsed into the chair.

Mr. Van Eyck, starting to the toper's aid, halted and turned to the entrance.

"Ah! at last the Captain," he exclaimed.

A harsh voice of command rang through the drawing-room. "Get away, you mutinous lackey. I need no introduction to my own great-great-grandson."

The protests of Hopkins, though obsequious, were loud, but he was brought to silence by a feigned blow and an oath.

"The Captain is in fine feather to-night," said Mr. Van Eyck, addressing no one in particular, and looking up at the ceiling as though to hide the vague smile that flitted over his face.

"What—you here, you double-faced politician?" There was no doubting the sailor's mood. It was pugnacious. He did not trouble even to remove his hat, but stood between the *portières*, erect, arms folded, a picture of contempt, ill-mannered, yet a fine figure of a seaman.

The portrait showed him a dandy, with hair carefully dressed and powdered, and clad in a blue uniform slashed with red, which was a marvel of fit and neatness. The man was a fighter. His hair, unpowdered, was gathered behind in a loose knot; his face was purple from the salt winds and grog, and a great scar split his cheek from ear to chin. The pistols and sword slung from his loose sash, and the heavy sea-boots were in perfect accord with the ferocity of his countenance and address. He would never have said, "Gentlemen of the Guard, fire first."

Evidently the effect of his entrance pleased him. The smile fled the face of Paul Van Eyck and he began to rub his hands together apologetically. Mr. Williams was edging toward the distant end of the room. Blake alone seemed unperturbed, for he was now prepared for anything that the past might produce, and returned the sailor's gaze with one as contemptuous. This boldness softened the Captain a trifle, and when he spoke again his voice had a pleasanter note.

"Pardon me, Jared, but it is hard to



"Thou flatterest me, Jared," he cried.—Page 219.

leave a comfortable berth on such a night, and I am a plain-speaking man and care little for company like this. Harry Hurlingham as usual—always a weak-kneed man with a bottle. Ah! and yonder is old Friend Sourphiz. Don't trouble, Thomas, to place the table between us, for though you did your best to have me hanged I'll have no

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quarrel with you in the house of our honored descendant."

Mr. Williams made a poor show of courage. "Dost thou come as a pirate, Friend Windom, or as an officer in the navy of Congress?" he asked in a trembling voice.

"Peace unto thee," was the mocking answer. "That ship of yours that I took

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would have met a worse fate in other hands, and surely I treated the crew kindly. But it was no fault of yours that I escaped the gallows and lived to serve my country. Peace, old miser. And as for you, Jared,

to improve our manners with supper. Harry, suppose you and I lead."

The Virginian made no protest, and allowed the kindly Dutchman to lift him to his feet and support him to the dining-



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He was brought to silence by a feigned blow and an oath.—Page 220.

a little rum would warm my breast toward you most amazingly."

"Yes, peace—in heaven's name, peace," cried Paul Van Eyck. "Remember our descendant is a gentleman and not accustomed to our unseemly ways. We have made a bad beginning in his house. Now let us try

room. Blake followed with the Quaker on his arm, casting, as they went, many nervous glances over shoulder at the Captain, who swaggered behind.

The servants were standing woodenly behind their chairs. It might be thought that at the entrance of such a company they



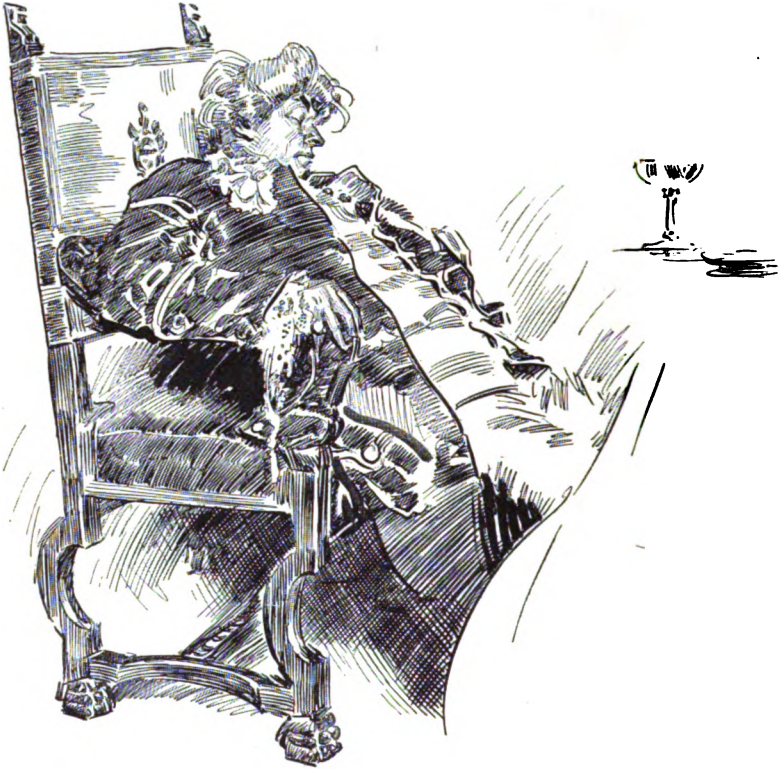
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

Stood leering contentedly at the other three.—Page 220.

had good right to be suspicious, if not absolutely frightened, but they remembered the master's fondness for masquerade, his famous costume ball of the year before, and his wardrobe crammed with the strange uniforms of many societies. That they mistook his ancestors for his friends was a reflection on our former conduct in his house that it is well to pass by lightly. Whatever was in their minds, they gave no evidence of

events crowd quickly on us we act on impulse. So with Blake. Every passing minute had brought a new figure from the past, and he could only accept them for what they were—dead men come to life—and as living men he had received them. Here was a miracle. But when a man, dead a hundred years, appears before you in the flesh, when he comes, as would any guest, properly announced by the butler, with his hand out-

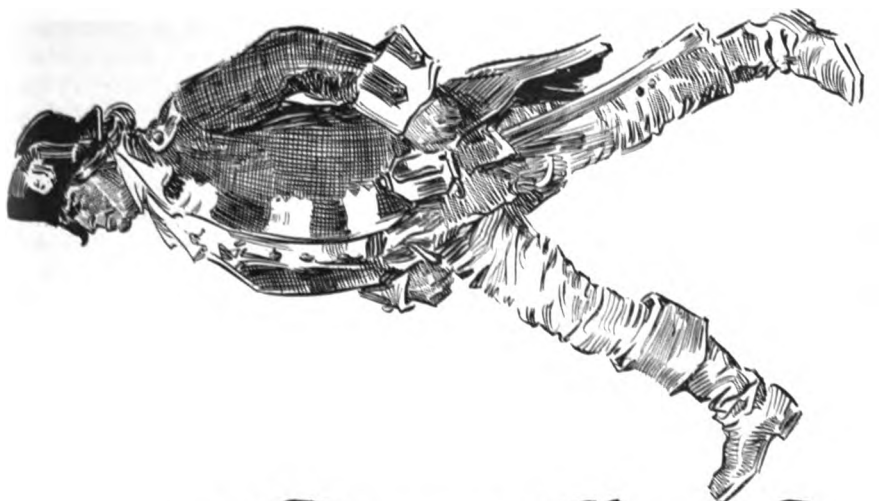


JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAHERTY

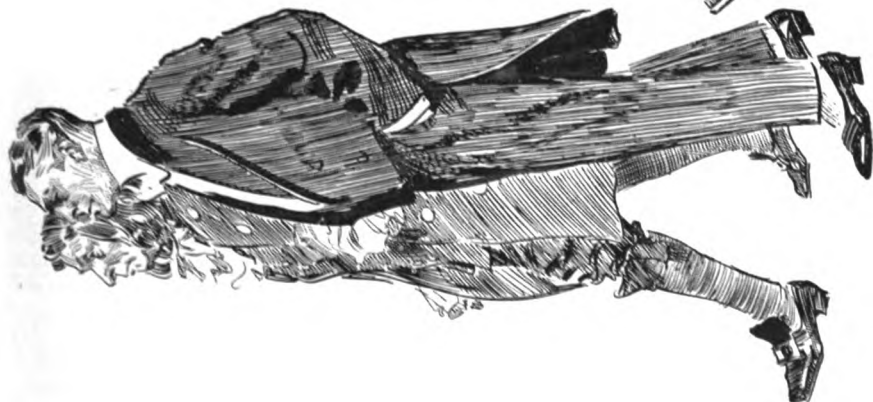
In this perilous position he remained suspended and forgotten.—Page 226.

it, no suggestion that to them anything unusual was occurring, and as became men trained by the admirable Mr. Hopkins, they fell to their task of serving. But what of the host to this strange company? In that preprandial hush, when the guests were getting the range of their plates and adjusting their sights, tucking their napkins under their chins and figuring the bacchanalian possibilities from their glasses, he had the first opportunity to ponder over the strangeness of his case. In those moments when

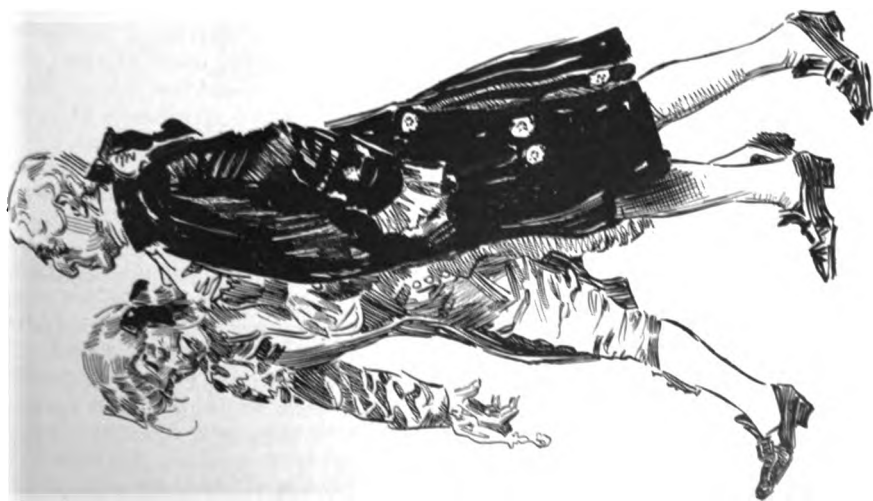
stretched, you will welcome him first and marvel next. Now Blake was marvelling. From the head of the table, bolt upright in his chair, he stared from guest to guest. Dead though these men had been, they were alive. Quickened they might be for this one night; and Paul Van Eyck could speak about the weather and Thomas Williams hem and haw in answer; Peter Windom could count his forks and glasses in greedy calculation, and Hurlingham groan humanly—real they might be, real and nat-



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"Harry, suppose you and I lead."—Page 222.



Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

ural, yet all was wrong! They had not come from their graves to harm him. Jared was sure of that. But his blood swung through him in icy currents. He must cry out in protest, in horror. This were easy to do, did he sit in a company of ghouls; at a

notice the curious conduct of his host. But Mr. Williams did, and cried out in alarm: "Friend, thou art ill."

Windom turned his glass from his own lips to Jared's. "Quick, boy," he exclaimed. "A swallow of wine."

"It is nothing," said Blake, refusing the proffered aid. "Pardon me if I was absent-minded. I was thinking." His blood ran warm again and he sat erect, bolt upright, with shoulders squared, speaking with steady voice. "Grandfathers, your coming was a surprise and I was not altogether prepared, but you are welcome. I hope the supper will be to your liking."

The supper was to their liking. Never had Blake's kitchen produced a better. The grapefruit dashed with old Madeira was new to the guests, and they were soon smacking their lips over it with rare and noisy relish. At the sight of the Lynnhaven oysters, fattened to the hour, a smile fastened itself on the face of Friend Williams. At the first taste of the terrapin the purple countenance of Captain Windom began to glow.

"Peace unto thee, dear Thomas," he said, raising his glass of champagne and beaming on his old foe. "Let us forget that little matter of brig and cargo and remember only that we are co-ancestors of Jared Blake."

Mr. Williams cackled joyously. "Thou shouldst have been hanged, Peter," he returned, "but I forgive thee for our descendant's sake. I shall even break my rule to touch not the cup that biteth like an adder, so kindly disposed do I feel toward thee." With that he turned up his face in ecstasy and drained his glass to the bottom.

Mr. Hurlingham began to cheer, but the effort unsettled him and he slipped down in his chair, only his elbows catching on the oak arms preventing him from coasting under the table. In this perilous position he remained suspended and forgotten, for Mr. Van Eyck had arisen to propose a toast.

The smart attire, the courtly manners, and the kindly disposition of this old New Yorker were as balm to the wounded pride of Jared Blake. Here, at least, said he to himself, was one great-great-grandfather whom he could present to any of his friends. So for the moment he forgot the others, the boorish pirate, the tattered rake, the grim-visaged Quaker, and turned a smiling face



"Gentlemen, pardon me."—Page 229.

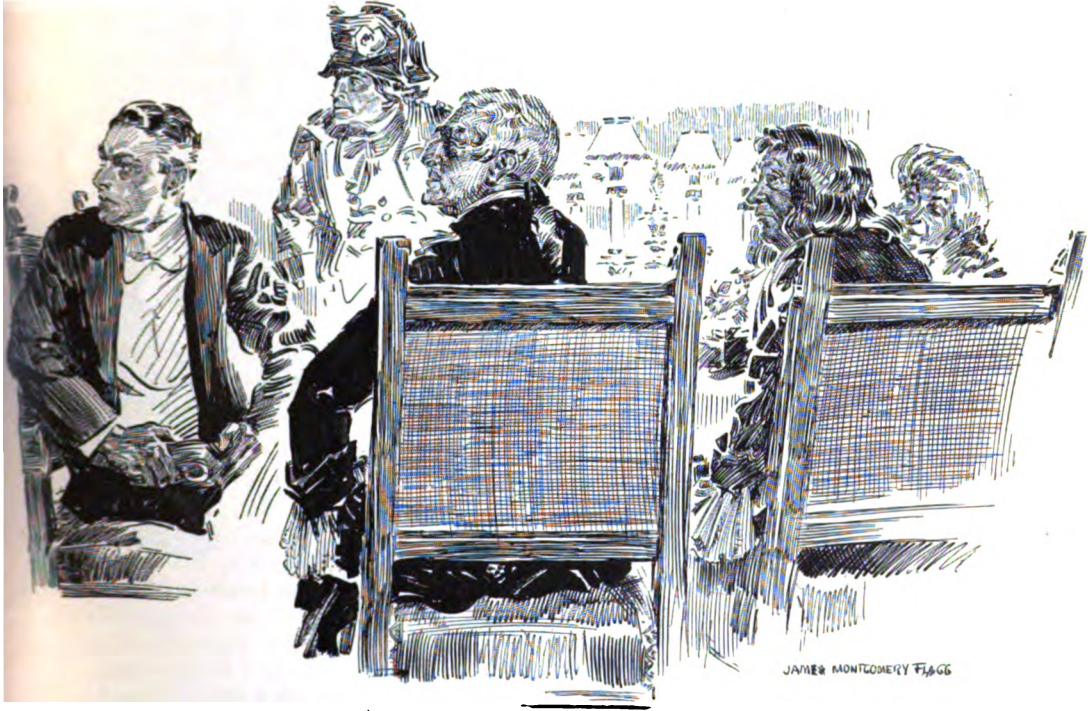
well-ordered table, with these men strangely garbed but strangely human, with his own servants filling their glasses, he could not. He could only lurch back in his chair and gape at the pirate on his left.

The Captain, sipping his sherry, did not

to the speaker. Mr. Van Eyck had the ease of one accustomed to postprandial oratory. He began with a gentle gesture of protest as though the task to which he was set were far from his liking.

"I find that I am on the programme to speak on our descendant. To talk on such a subject cannot but be a pleasure to one who is a self-made man. I am a self-made man." He drew himself up and gazed sternly at his hearers, as though to let that fact sink deeply into their hearts. And it did sink

highly respectable wig-maker of Whitehall Street. So, if after a century I confess that my life was not altogether what it should have been, you will understand and excuse, for remember I began with nothing. I had to make my own way in the world and took to politics, and in our time politics were not what they are now and—well, friends, you can appreciate what I mean—you, Windom, who have been a pirate, and you, my hypocritical old Quaker, with your quiet little trade in slaves."



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All turned.—Page 229.

deeply into that of Blake, for from this man had come his fine Dutch blood, the blood of Bogardus Van Eyck, the patroon. To know that Harry Hurlingham had been a toper was bad enough; that Peter Windom had been a pirate was worse; to hear Paul Van Eyck boasting in this fashion that he was self-made completed the wreck of his pride of family.

"Yes, I am a self-made man," repeated Mr. Van Eyck, "and I glory in it. My real parents are unknown, but I took the name of Matthew Van Eyck, my foster-father, a

This sally gave great amusement to its victims. They raised their glasses and drank to the speaker uproariously, vowing that they forgave his sharp tongue for the sake of his wit. Mr. Hurlingham added to the disorder by his maudlin cries of "More—more."

"Were it not that there are others more distinguished to address you I should give a few recollections of my political life," Mr. Van Eyck resumed. "But we are not here to praise ourselves. We are here to do honor to Jared Blake. With what pride we



Caught his assailant a stunning blow on the chin.—Page 230.

can look upon him—with what——” Blake tried to get to his feet and make a modest protest against such adulation, but Captain Windom dragged him down into his chair. The interruption simply caused the speaker to raise his voice to a more impassioned height. “With what satisfaction, then, my friends, can we look upon this finished product of genealogical evolution who has the wealth of a colony in his control, who lives in a house which the kings of our day would have envied. In all New York no man is better known. Our descendant, sirs, is a multi-millionaire, a vestryman in the church, a captain in the militia, a governor of the Gotham Club, and a director in three banks—in brief, sirs, he is a gentle-

man. His glory reflects into past centuries and we bask in its light. When he wore my clothes at his ball last winter my name got into every paper in the land. From the Atlantic to the Pacific it was heralded: ‘Mr. Blake wore a periwig, a suit of black velvet, with white embroidered waistcoat and white stockings, the costume being that in which his great-great-grandfather, Paul Van Eyck, appeared at the first inauguration ball.’ What a time I had getting a ticket! Think of it—Paul Van Eyck raked up after a century and made famous in the greatest country on earth. Well may we do honor to such a descendant. A toast, then, to him in whose veins runs our blood, who has everything that we did not have,

who is everything we longed to be—to Jared Blake, the gentleman.”

It was a graceful tribute, gracefully given, but the confusion that covered Blake was not of pleasure. He sought in Mr. Van Eyck's face some trace of sarcasm or of jest. He found there only a benign smile, and even Friend Williams was beaming warm approval.

“We are proud of thee, Jared,” the Quaker cried.

“Grandfathers——” Blake shouted, trying to rise. The Captain's heavy arm across his shoulders kept him pinned in his chair.

“You are too modest, my boy,” the old sailor exclaimed, laughing. “Long life and health to you.”

Mr. Williams was up. “Peace, Jared,” he said. “Thy turn will come later. Thy modesty does thee credit, but thou must bear with me a few moments while I speak of the great work thou hast been doing for the uplifting—the uplifting——” He had raised a hand to give force to his words. He stopped speaking. The hand paused in midair, trembling, a long bony finger pointing to the doorway. “Friend, who art thou?” he cried.

All turned. A stranger had entered, a tall man, topping six feet three, with a powerful frame clothed in blackened jeans. His face was seamed and tanned, and though it shone with the polish of soap, it still bore traces of coal-dust. So with the hands. They were great horny hands, that seemed to seek some place to hide, for he was ill at ease in such a company and stood hesitating, as though he realized that a simple miner could have no right among the ancestors of Jared Blake. If he had looked for his portrait in the library as a passport, he had looked in vain.

“Gentlemen, pardon me,” he said in a voice of embarrassment. “I do not come of my own wish, but it did seem that the first Jared Blake should be here to pay homage to his grandson.”

“This, my man, is a meeting of great-grandfathers,” cried Captain Windom sharply. “Jared had none on his father's side. If you leave we will pardon you.”

The uncouth appearance of the Captain gave courage to the miner, and he faced him as he never would have faced the polite address or the shaking ruffles of Paul Van Eyck.

“No ancestors on his father's side, eh,” he returned with a hearty laugh, advancing with so heavy a tread that his steel heel-tips clicked on the hardwood floor. “Surely, he had as many as on his mother's only they have been lost. As I am as far back as he can trace on his father's side, I came. And I stay!”

Mr. Hurlingham, aroused from stupor by the controversy, pulled himself up in his chair, and turned, leering at the newcomer. “Kick him out,” he shouted, adding an oath in emphasis.

Blake caught him by the neckcloth, and a dexterous twist sent the Virginian hurtling under the table to silence.

“He knows no better,” Jared said, stepping toward the stranger. “And you, sir, are welcome, for you must be my grandfather who died in the Punxatawney mine.”

“In the sixties,” the other answered simply.

“Died saving the lives of twenty of your men?”

The miner laughed. “I couldn't help it; I didn't stop to think. But speaking of the mine—it has paid you millions, eh?”

Blake had forgotten the courtly man in velvet and ruffles, the gallant commander of the privateer *Sparhawk*, the dashing Virginian, the godly merchant. His back was turned on them, and he stood with the miner's hand in his.

“Welcome, grandfather,” he said earnestly. “Will you condescend to join this common company? Hopkins—another place here by me—plates, glasses, everything.”

The other hung back. “About those millions,” he returned with gentle insistence. “Of course, I did well to trust them all to you.”

Blake was silent. The man in him was aroused by the sight of this giant whose story he knew. He pictured him that day in the depths of the mine, holding the key-beam against the grinding coal until his last imperilled fellow could pass to safety—then sinking beneath the black avalanche. This sooty man was an ancestor worth boasting; worth ten of the swaggering pirate who fought for gain, the politician in velvet and lace, or the tattered rake who sprawled beneath the table. Yes, worth ten of them, and as such he would do him homage. But those millions? He would embrace him,

seat him in the place of honor and serve him. But those eyes! They held him off. This was no time to speak of paltry money matters. Yet the eyes persisted and the big hands, no longer awkward, were stretched out in appeal. Blake looked away.

"Of course, you have made the best use of them," came in an insistent tone.

"Of course," Blake answered feebly.

"You are not sure," the miner cried. "Do you mean——"

Thomas Williams began to pound the table. "Peace, friend, peace," he shouted. "Hast thou no manners? We came here to be merry and not to discuss thy millions."

"Out with you," roared the Captain, as with one hand he raised his glass and with the other pointed to the door.

The giant laughed. "Leave this house, for which I paid, to a sorry pack like you? The very food and drink——"

The glass and wine went full in his face. He struck out blindly, and caught his assailant a stunning blow on the chin, sending him reeling; in falling, the Captain seized the cloth and brought half the table's contents crashing about him. Adding to the confusion came the muffled cries of Mr. Hurlingham, who was kicking wildly to free himself from his prison, and the shouts of the servants rushing to stamp out the lighted candles which had been scattered about the room. The danger of fire passed, they faced another, but to flee in dismay. The

Captain was sitting up amid the *débris* of the feast tugging at his pistols. He had almost disengaged one from his sash when Paul Van Eyck threw himself upon the sailor and bore him back to the floor, pinning his arms there. From a refuge behind

a high-backed chair the hand of Friend Williams was extended in appeal, but his cries of "Peace" were drowned in the general disorder.

A single candle still burned on the table and the figures of his ancestors were shadowy as Blake saw them. Standing dazed amid the first confusion, in the quiet that followed he recovered his full senses, and with them came doubt. Beside him, in the dim light, shading away into the blackness, was the towering figure of the miner. He reached out and touched it, felt the very grit of the coal-dust on the sleeve of the jumper. Beneath him was Great-great-grandfather Van Eyck astride the prostrate form of the Captain. Real? Nonsense! He dreamed—he had been dreaming all the time—and to prove it he stamped on the boot that was struggling to free itself from the tangle of cloth. The sailor seemed very real. He kicked violently and

hurled a volley of oaths at his descendant. Harry Hurlingham was stirring again, more noisy than ever, and now the frightened face of Friend Williams appeared above the back of his chair.

"Peace—peace," he bawled.



So I found him standing in the dining-room.—Page 231.

"Yes—peace," cried Jared Blake. "Go, grandfathers, all of you, and leave me in peace. We are proud of each other—you and I—but pride and ignorance are one. You are dead. I have time to learn."

So I found him standing in the dining-room, holding the lighted candle and looking with set face into the blackness before him. It was long past midnight when I reached the house, to be admitted by the trembling Hopkins. Poor Hopkins! He almost clasped me in his arms. In all his

life he had never seen the beat of "them Colonial Lords!" Be careful—go cautious—they would be shooting next. Thinking the man mad, I brushed by him. But I thought that Blake was mad, too, when I saw him standing there, alone, erect, the *débris* of the feast about his feet.

"Jared," I cried, "so the others got here, after all, and this is the result?"

"No," he said quietly. "They did not come. To-night I have been with my ancestors. They have just gone—thank God!"

WALDO TRENCH REGAINS HIS YOUTH

By Henry B. Fuller

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

I



WALDO TRENCH, I take it, was one of the youngest things that ever happened. These few pages, from the note-book of a middle-aged observer, will tell how he grew older; then how, through the application of *force majeure* at a critical stage of his career, he became young again.

When I say that Trench was young, I mean, in large part, that he was new, that he was fresh—using this latter word in its "good" sense; nay, in its best. For Trench, in his twenty-sixth year, still retained an extraordinary susceptibility to new impressions.

His newness was perhaps less a matter of experience (or lack of experience) than of environment. Regarding this environment copious particulars bubbled to the surface through the twelve dragging days that the *Macedonia* required to get us from the Jersey water-front to the harbor of Genoa. Had I but known something of Trench's early surroundings on the occasion of my first encounter with him, the day before the *Macedonia* sailed, I might have come forward more quickly with my tribute (slight as it was) of indulgence and sympathy.

Now, I am of course "city-broke," as

Trench himself would quaintly express it. Still there are times when the roar of the metropolis becomes too strong for the most accustomed ears, and when a step aside from the tumult of Broadway seems necessary if the human mechanism is to endure any longer. Such a moment came to me as I was returning from my final negotiations with the steamship agents. I had almost reached the Post-office when a spire, a portico, and a huddle of gravestones united in saying, "Pause and rest." The day was warm, the clamor of traffic was outrageous; the church offered me a "retreat," and I entered.

For a minute or two I thought I had those bland, smug, shadowy precincts, full of belated echoes from the by no means impeccable Wren, quite to myself; but I perceived, presently, that another person was sharing my retirement: a somewhat tall, loose-jointed young man who was tiptoeing down the aisle with an effect of elaborate reverence. He carried an indifferently bound gray book, back into which a large map had been awkwardly refolded, and I saw that he was not a devotee, but a tourist. I suppose that I myself at one time may have tiptoed up the nave of Canterbury or on toward the tribune of San Paolo Fuori to much the same effect.

"Dear me!" said I to myself, in smiling

recollection of earlier days, "this youth is making the most of it, surely!"

I thought of all those old things at Ravenna which were soon—thanks to my sudden surrender to the caprice of travel—to be mine, and added:

"What reckless improvidence, however! He is bestowing his whole purse where a single sixpence would more than suffice!"

The young man bore down upon me with wide-open, ingenuous eyes and an evident fulness of feeling that demanded speech for relief. I felt him as stalking forward across the wide, horizonless plain of utter social destitution, and ploughing a pure ether that had never been defiled; and when he threw himself, with a certain frank confidence, upon the only other person present, I was in no degree surprised. Neither was I surprised when he solemnly referred to the mediocre fabric about us as an "ancient edifice" and naively expressed his pleasure in the privilege of standing beneath a roof that had endured for a hundred and fifty years.

"A century and a half! think of it! And those cherub-headed tombstones outside, with dates running back to—back to——"

"Venerable, indeed," I murmured kindly.

"I have just been sitting in Governor Clinton's pew," he went on in a tone of appreciative awe. "How it brings back the old Revolutionary days! I could almost fancy the governor himself sitting there beside me, in his buff-and-blue uniform, and his sword, and his wig. All this makes a wig very real to me, let me tell you."

"Yes, this old place is wonderfully loaded down with history," I contributed indulgently.

He raised his eyes to the eighteenth-century inanities of cornice and pediment that surrounded us, and half lifted his hand with a curious sort of impassioned restraint.

"I expect to see few things more impressive than this," he said slowly.

"You are travelling?" I asked.

"I am beginning to—yes, sir," he responded. "I sail for Europe to-morrow."

II

I HAD not been many hours aboard the *Macedonia* before the general situation and its enveloping atmosphere became tolerably clear; our good ship, I discovered, had

been pressed into the service of Culture. Along with two or three of her sisters, she was co-operating in a scheme of travel-study—an elaborate arrangement that elastically offered a wide choice of dates and a wider choice of routes, together with much counsel, guidance, and positive instruction from many competent minds. The tone of our company was strongly educational; a full half of the *Macedonians*, I presently perceived, were crying for succour—in so far as instruction can work salvation. Study and discussion went on all about me, and such as would listen were addressed in the saloon, the very first evening out, upon "The Art Impulse in Human Society."

Trench had not told me what boat he was expecting to cross on, but I felt that such a *milieu* called loudly for his presence; I was not utterly dumfounded, therefore, when my first stroll on deck developed him. He had already found worthy objects for the exercise of his frank and facile good-will: a pair of ladies who, under his brooding care, were trying to settle down in their deck-chairs. The younger, a pretty but serious-looking girl of twenty, might surrender herself readily enough, I thought, to the dominant interests of the cruise; she would offer her budding nature, in all openness and sympathy, to the plastic touch of culture. Her companion, an ample woman of forty, with an air of half-suppressed jollity, left me, for the moment, in doubt. I could not decide whether she was a fit subject for "improvement," or whether she considered herself to have accomplished the swing of the grand circle and to have got around to the point where simplicity ruled once more, and where culture, as a moving force, was genially ignored. The latter turned out to be more nearly the case. Trench claimed me at once as an old acquaintance, and as soon as he had ascertained that society knew me by the name of Aurelius Gilmore he presented me—all with a self-confident *sang-froid* that stripped the social temple of its last shred of upholstery and left human intercourse to be carried on in something but little better than a stark vacuum.

"Why didn't you tell me yesterday you were coming along?" he asked brightly.

"Dear me! I am always coming along," I responded. "It's so easy when a man lives close to one end of the ferry."

My presentation of the voyage to Europe as a thoughtless impromptu seemed to dash him. He, evidently, took it as a sacramental matter, and there was a moment of awkward silence—or would have been, if the elder lady had not found in the reference to “yesterday” an opening for the moment’s needs.

“Yes, we met in an ancient fane,” I said to satisfy her, and related some of the details of the encounter.

“Ancient fiddlesticks!” she pronounced gayly. Nobody took offence, and within five minutes it was as if all four of us had met in the church and had maintained the most intimate relationship ever since.

To this little company Trench was presently spinning his *Odyssey*: a recital inconceivably short and simple; bare, too, save for the draperies that his eager hands seemed to be snatching from the immediate future. His earliest consciousness of maturity, it transpired, had come to him at a small town in western Nebraska—he left us to make the place as remote, as forlorn, as empty of social opportunity as we liked, and we did not scant the occasion. I myself, indeed, made it all so piteous as to provoke an indignant correction.

“It may have been pretty bad,” he declared bluntly, “but it wasn’t as bad as that.”

I begged pardon suitably and the recital moved on.

Remote and empty his Stapleville may have been, but not remote and empty enough. His next stage came with the rush to Oklahoma. He himself was well to the fore in that wild dash.

“Aha!” cried Mrs. Madeline K. Pritchard heartily. “I wish I had been in it myself! But about that time I must have been poking along toward the Second Cataract.”

“Why, aunt!” said the girl in a shocked undertone; “can you speak in that way of Egypt?”

“I guess I can,” retorted the elder lady breezily. “Next time I start traipsing off it will be westward. Oklahoma is *modern*.”

Trench looked open-eyed thanks, and the young girl drew into herself a little.

“Bessie, here, has a great reverence for them old ancient monarchies——” began Mrs. Pritchard.

The girl winced. “O aunt, please don’t talk so before strangers, and please don’t——”

“Oh, it’s my grammar, is it? Well, I’ve noticed that the best people in Venice and Naples talk in their local dialect when they choose, so why shouldn’t I, too? I’ve been tired of grammar for years, and——”

“And please don’t call me ‘Bessie,’” the girl went on in a lower tone.

“Very well, Miss Elizabeth Payne, I won’t, then”——with a grimace. “Another innocent just beginning the *Vita Nuova*——and taking it hard,” she murmured for me alone over her shoulder.

“What is your dialect?” I asked politely.

“All in due course, dear sir; gentlemen first, however. We have heard about Mr. Trench’s travels, but what, Mr. Gilmore, of yours?”

“They’re not greatly varied. Sometimes I go from New York to Naples and back, and sometimes I go from New York to Southampton and back.”

“That,” said Mrs. Pritchard decidedly, “tells me nothing I didn’t know already. You may need a little Oklahoma, too.”

“Next year, perhaps. And now——”

“Oh, me? I’m from Ohio,” announced Madeline K. Pritchard proudly. “I live near Cleveland. We own the earth.”

“Your family is fortunate,” I observed.

“My ‘family’? That does very well, if you mean the whole Ohio crowd. As I say, we own the earth, New York included. Do you expect us to be modest? Must we duck? Must we shrink?”

I saw, now, the lady’s “sanctions”——the sources of her more than metropolitan assurance. She sat near the centre and ruled over East and West alike; from her seat of boundless confidence she might claim—or affect——whatever she chose.

“We groan under your tyranny,” I submitted.

“And Bes—and Elizabeth, here, is another of your tyrants. She lives near Cleveland, too. Some notable things are produced in the Western Reserve.”

“I believe you,” I said gallantly. “And to some of your tyrants we are only too ready to bow.”

The young lady seemed to be withdrawing herself from any comment, however oblique. But she gave a sidelong glance at Trench—the freemasonry of youth in the presence of elders—and if her look meant anything at all, she may have intended to ask:

"How can middle-aged people be so silly?"

I hope it didn't mean anything; but the young are often so exacting with us.

It meant little, apparently, to Trench. Though he drew back an attention that had strayed over the fussy uneventfulness of the sea, I guessed that what concerned him most was to regain the ear of the house and that his *Odyssey* was not quite complete.

I was right. The rush of the land-seekers, Ohio once left behind, had been closely followed by the rush of a great philanthropist, and the new library was ready almost as soon as the new court-house. The books were not many, but they opened up novel vistas to the youthful Westerner (as Trench let Mrs. Pritchard call him); and after two or three years of "empire-building" he had left the broad abundance of his acres to the care of a younger brother and had started eastward to see the great world.

"Good!" cried Madeline Pritchard. "Now we are all accounted for," she added, as she intercepted the deck-steward, with his tray of sandwiches.

III

ON reaching shore, the little party thus happily formed did not break up at once. This means, principally, that I escorted the two ladies through the Genoese palaces. Though nothing can raise Genoa to the first rank, I did not mind giving a day to the Via Nuova; Genoa gave me the earliest of my Italian experiences, back in my impressionable twenties, and I shall always think of her with a decent fondness. So we saw a good many grandiose court-yards and staircases and lingered before a good many portraits of the old Genoese nobility. But in our progress from palace to palace Mrs. Pritchard showed a great readiness to let her attention stray to street types and to other matters of contemporaneous interest; and in a quiet angle of a certain magnificent *salone* her niece took occasion to make an extended *apologia*.

"Aunt Madeline doesn't care for the guide-book sights. She just puts up with them on my account. She has been everywhere and seen everything. She has gone around the world—twice."

Elizabeth Payne made a large solemn cir-

cle with one hand. Then she made another in the reverse direction.

"You meanshehasworked it both ways?"

"Yes. Once she sailed from Boston, and once from San Francisco. She has seen ever so many historical things. She says she is tired of the past and wants to keep in the present. She thinks, though, that I ought to know Rubens and Van Dyck"—with a motion, here, to certain dark canvases high on the wall behind us. "But I tell her I must get to Florence to see that dear Fra Angelico. I told her a year ago that I couldn't live another month without seeing Fra Angelico. But she has heard of an exposition at Milan and must see the latest things in French autos. I tell her that Milan itself is an exposition. So is Verona. So is Vicenza, even."

I caught a glimpse of Mrs. Pritchard in the next saloon; she was busy, at a wide, open window, with the life of the street.

"I see she doesn't care for picture galleries."

"Sometimes she does, if the pictures are modern—and bad. She says she is tired of good art, and she has promised me some exquisite atrocities—as she puts it—in Rome. She has just heard of a new exhibition there, and is saving herself for it. I'm afraid you don't understand," the girl concluded anxiously.

"Oh yes, tolerably," I assured her.

"But let me explain. She is 'reverting'—that's what she calls it. She used to have some beautiful pictures of her own, but she sent them away to a gallery, and in their place she has put some oleographs of Swiss mountain scenery. She likes them, she says, because they're 'nature,' and so 'nice and oily.'"

"Ah!" said I.

"And her furniture!" the girl went on. "Of course she threw out all her House Beautiful things long ago; but lately some very good Sheraton reproductions have followed them—to make room for the hair-cloth and carved walnut of the early '50s. Her rugs are terrible. All her Navajos are aniline dyed."

"Oh!" said I.

"She has heard all the finest orchestras in Europe and America, and really knows a good deal about the best music. But she prefers to run after hand-organs. And last month she bought a gramophone."

"Revolt, indeed!" I muttered.

"When I was little she would bring me the loveliest perfumes from Paris. But now, at home, she often has a boiled dinner, and she lets the kitchen-door stand open while it's cooking. She has filled her window-boxes with marigolds. And you have heard the kind of English she uses when she wants to!"

"More of us will get that way," I mumbled darkly. "Too much art; too much civilization."

"And she has a cultivated taste in fiction, yet nowadays she reads——"

"No more, I beg!" said I quickly. "I have written one or two small things myself."

"And this is my first trip abroad," the poor child breathed brokenly. "And there was nobody else to bring me."

She was throwing herself on my chivalry. I resolved that she should see the Old World to advantage and to the fullest satisfaction, if I could help her; and I told her so. "And as for Fra Angelico," I ended, "I will take you to San Marco and the Uffizi myself."

I spoke as if claiming a monopoly. I was set right almost at once. A somewhat tall, loose-jointed figure appeared in the doorway—Trench, overjoyed to see us after a separation of twenty-four hours. Mrs. Pritchard, as soon as she perceived him, left the window whence she had been watching three or four street-boys nagging her cabman, and came in to get the cream of Trench's first impressions of things Italian.

He had aged perceptibly in the meanwhile—more than a century.

"I have just come from a church that was built as far back as 1620!" he declared in a pulsation of pure, enraptured energy. Then, to me more directly:

"What you must have thought of me in that church back in New York! And what do you suppose I did that same day, after leaving you? Went to a museum and wasted a whole hour over Copley and Gilbert Stuart—mere things of yesterday! But the moment I heard about all these Van Dycks!"—and he waved toward one of those masterpieces, darkling in its massive frame. "Aren't they magnificent!" he cried.

"Certainly you are more in the movement now," said Mrs. Pritchard indulgently.

"Do you know Alessi?" he asked us generally.

Nobody did. "Why, Alessi built half the palaces in this street—perhaps this very one, too—away back in fifteen seventy something. I hear they used to call it the Via Nuova—no wonder they changed the name! Not know Alessi? Why——"

"I seldom follow out the fag-ends of movements," I said languidly; "though I once did meditate a monograph on Bernini. Still, why look too long? Must we watch the rose until it falls to pieces? Wait for Brunelleschi and Alberti at Florence."

I saw that I had disconcerted him, as had happened before; so I went on:

"This is a good idea of yours—taking Europe as they sometimes take history in schools: beginning at the end and working backward. However, save your strength, and remember that you have but just about so much film to expose. If you go on like this when you're in only up to your ankles, how will you do when you find yourself in up to your chin? Wait for Rome."

"Yes, let us wait for Rome," said Elizabeth Payne with a touch of solemnity, and I felt that she was accepting me as an ally against her world-surfeited aunt.

IV

SOME weeks passed by. Mrs. Pritchard had gone to Milan, and I was hoping that before long she would deign to recall my claims to proficiency in motor-driving, gained with good friends in stony and sinuous Connecticut. Trench, when next I encountered him, had not yet indeed made Rome, but had got as far on his way as Florence. We came together one forenoon on the Lungarno, at the head of the Carraja bridge. I soon learned that he had added another century or so to his years.

"How glorious!" he exclaimed, waving that active right hand of his at the yellow river and at the opposing rows of blandly stuccoed house-fronts. "Here I am at the very heart of the Renaissance! I'm doing Brunelleschi, as you advised; and I've seen the Raphael portraits in the Pitti, and— Oh, forget, if you can, how ridiculous I was at Genoa! I was merely eating at the second table and didn't know it. I was groping about in a muggy twilight and thinking it was a dazzling high noon. I was tossing off

there on the remote horizon when I might have been striking out for the very lighthouse itself." He patted emphatically a large maroon volume that he was carrying under his arm.

How the young fellow was coming on, to be sure—growing, towering, expanding!

I glanced at the maroon volume. "Is that your lighthouse?"

"You've guessed it!" he cried. "Look here! It's the life of Isabella d'Este. Do you know her?"

"Oh, yes," I answered. "Isabella and I are friends of old."

"Well, wasn't she a winner!" he joyed. "The very hub of the wheel! Just look here," he continued, wrenching open his book; "this is a picture of her. How she throws into the shade those commonplace creatures Van Dyck did at Genoa! Recognize her?"

"Indeed I do. A very speaking likeness."

"And didn't she *run* things!" Trench continued, pounding the page with a sinewy fist. "Gathering the best poets and painters round her. Collecting all sorts of curios and knick-knacks. Corresponding with all the clever people. Setting the fashions for Europe—why, all the queens and princesses from Portugal to Poland used to send to Mantua to learn what to wear and how to behave. She was the first queen of modern society—the regular Mrs. Ah—u'm of her day!"

"Yes," I assented; "Mrs. Ah—h and Mrs. U'm—m rolled into one."

"I'm going to Mantua next week," declared Trench; "and to Ferrara as well. I think I can break away from our party long enough for that. Just think of visiting those palace-halls where——"

"I'm afraid you may find them rather bare to-day—Ferrara, anyhow," I suggested. But I remembered his success with Governor Clinton's pew and said no more, except to add: "On the whole, Isabella compares very favorably with Mrs. Pritchard."

"Oh, yes—those steamer ladies. Are they here?"

"They are. Mrs. Pritchard, I am told, goes to the Gambrinus Halle every evening she can find anybody to take her—it strikes the modern note, she says; and her niece is hot on the trail of Fra Angelico."

Ah, many the dear ladies—some young, some older—some expectant, some disappointed—who have been consoled in Florence by the early Tuscan masters!

"I thought Miss Payne a very nice girl—what I saw of her," pronounced Trench.

"My own opinion," said I. In fact, I could easily have made out a long list of young women who would have been welcomed with more difficulty by my mother and sisters than this young woman from the Western Reserve.

"Earnest, studious, and all that," Trench proceeded. "Rather pretty, too. Fra Angelico was a painter, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"Earlier than Raphael?"

"A century or so."

He strummed thoughtfully upon the parapet and stared in some abstraction at the opposite quay. "Perhaps I ought to look into him."

"Never mind," I rejoined; "*I'm* looking after Fra Angelico. You can easily go farther back than that—he's almost modern. Try Giotto; he's older, and really more important."

"Thank you," replied Trench soberly.

Just then a shining new motor-car came whirring along. In front, with the chauffeur sat Elizabeth Payne; in the tonneau was Mrs. Pritchard, with one of the travel-study professors beside her. Madeline K. Pritchard had not been to the Milan Exposition for nothing.

The *Macedonians* immediately foregathered, and when Mrs. Pritchard's reverberant reception of Trench back into the fold was accomplished, I heard the voice of Elizabeth Payne saying, in a kind of strained ecstasy:

"We've seen it at last!"

"Eh?" said I.

"We've seen it—Angelico's 'Coronation.'"

"I should think we had!" exclaimed her aunt. "Four times to the Uffizi, and every time that blessed picture in possession of the copyists. But to-day *our* time finally came, just as we had about given up all hope of ever——"

"At last!" repeated Elizabeth Payne, rapt.

"But, dear me——" I began in dismay. "Well, anyhow, you can't say but that I did everything in my power to——"

"I know," said the girl. "You have been kindness itself, dear Mr. Gilmore, and you deserved to be with us to-day."

Trench was staring in complete self-forgetfulness at the strange exaltation of our devotee. Mrs. Pritchard cast a quizzical glance over both of them and said:

"Yes, that great matter is out of the way, and the next thing will be something else. We should be glad to take both of you gentlemen with us, if we could possibly find room."

"Where are you going?" asked Trench informally.

"To Pisa."

"For the Campo Santo and all?" I inquired.

"Well, we may do the Campo Santo and all," admitted Mrs. Pritchard, "but what we are after is the King's Zoo, at San Rossore. I want Professor Robbins to see the dromedaries."

A shiver passed over Elizabeth Payne. Dromedaries in Italy; she felt the incongruity, as well she might.

"Perhaps we shall 'take' them—show your camera, Bessie," persisted her aunt. "We are prepared to deal with anything that presents itself. If we meet Fra Angelico on the way we shall snap-shot him. Well, good-by. *Avanti*, Serafino!"

The girl made a motion as if to tuck her camera still farther out of sight. Mr. Robbins, an elderly man with a close-cropped gray beard, held up an admonitory finger to Trench as the machine gave forth its first chug and tremor.

"Don't forget the lecture in the hotel parlor this evening," he said; "'Florentine Society in Dante's Day,' you know."

Mrs. Pritchard openly snickered, and off the car sped toward Bocca d'Arno.

"There you have it," I said to Trench, as the little party disappeared from view; "Giotto, Dante—they go together, as a matter of course. If you are going to be mediæval, do it thoroughly. Don't stop half-way up the stream, but strike straight for the fountain-head itself."

Trench was already dropping into a brown study; it was almost as if the look in Elizabeth Payne's face had been left behind on his own. His arm gave the big maroon book an impatient hunch, and I trembled for the future of my old friend, Isabella d'Este.

V

AT ROME Mrs. Pritchard definitely cast her travel-study friends adrift. She had never belonged to their company, of course, but she had joined it or dropped it here and there, as her somewhat cynical necessity for diversion had waxed or waned. "However, I can't follow them through such an epitome of the world as Rome," she had declared, upon encountering the familiar sights and sounds of the Piazza di Spagna; and she added that she had heroically resolved to forego Professor Tait's very best lecture, his "Rome in the Time of Augustus."

Just before leaving Florence I had run across Trench in one of the leafy alleys of the Cascine. Isabella d'Este had fared as I feared.

"She was a mere society woman," he declared, as he plucked at a hedge of box; "a modern, like the rest of us. I don't think I can give much more time to anything as recent as the Renaissance. I shall leave out Ferrara and Mantua, and go, instead, to Assisi—I've got to know about St. Francis. Compare Isabella d'Este with Dante's Beatrice! I consider Beatrice the central woman of the world, and I've got to understand the conditions that produced her. Miss Payne agrees with me."

"The deuce she does!" I thought to myself. I saw the young pair wandering away together into the bewildering fogs of mediæval mysticism, and thought it but right to bring the situation to the notice of that positive spirit, Madeline K. Pritchard.

Immediately after my arrival in Rome I called upon her at the Bristol. She soon began to understand what I meant. But she took matters with the most disconcerting good-nature.

"It's true enough," she declared, "that Bessie herself is as keen as ever on Fra Angelico. She is inquiring after him here just as she inquired after him at Florence. Why, she asked for him at Milan, when she ought to have been occupied with autos and air-ships; and she will expect to find him at Naples, when she ought to be learning how to make maccaroni. But——"

"But——"

"But the young man himself. *He* doesn't care any longer for the mediævals. Haven't you heard? Haven't you met him here?"

"No. What has happened?"

"You knew about his plan for Assisi?"

"Yes."

"He went there. So did the whole travel-class, of course. And while there, he saw a great light, and conversion followed."

"How did it happen?"

"If you remember Professor Tait——"

"The one in your car at Florence?"

"No; that was Professor Robbins. Professor Tait is quite different."

"How?"

"Robbins is only a Middle-Age mooner, but Tait has a real education—one of the regular old classical sort. He dotes on Livy and Horace, and quotes them whenever a suitable occasion offers. That kind."

"He didn't quote them at Assisi?"

"He did—just."

"Apropos of what?"

"Why, apropos of the temple of Minerva, of course. He caught young Trench and pooh-poohed St. Francis's church to him, and Giotto's pictures, and told him that if he wanted to get the foundations of a good solid education he must give up the Middle Ages and concentrate on Rome. He brought up Goethe."

"I see. Goethe, I recall, came to Assisi and ignored the monastery and gave all his attention to the temple."

"What is good enough for the central sun of culture is good enough for me'—thus spake Tait to Trench, according to Trench's own account. Then the old fellow got in his line from Horace or somebody, and Waldo was won."

She called him Waldo—only for the sake of alliteration, I hoped.

"So he has been won over to Rome? But this is all wrong!" I cried.

"How so?"

"I—I had meant him to go to Ravenna. I had rather thought of going there myself, but shall hardly do so now. Ravenna's a quaint, quiet place where he could meditate on the mosaics and the other Byzantine doings to his heart's content. He has made a bolt that is simply shocking. He has treated a thousand years like a mere yesterday. He ought at least to have paused half-way. Ravenna," I concluded ruefully, "would have been just the thing."

"It's too late for Ravenna, now," she answered me. "*Nulla*—— How do they say it?"

"*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*?"

"I guess so. And as for long jumps," she went on, "I believe he is ready, by this time, to jump any chasm whatever."

"There *are* several yet," I acknowledged.

"I should say so," she acquiesced.

"What is he busy with at present?"

"I believe they're doing the palace of the Cæsars, on the Palatine."

"They?"

"Why, yes. Bessie has gone along with him and taken her camera."

"Well! Does she expect to find 'Coronations' and 'Assumptions' there?"

"Don't ask *me*. Many's the long year since I have seen the ruins on the Palatine."

"Do you think that Roman emperors are better for her than mediæval saints? Recall those terrible orgies of Caligula and the rest of them."

"I don't believe they'll make much of the orgies. That complicated camera will need all the attention Bessie has to give. And Trench himself is as correct a young fellow as I ever met."

"U'm!"

"Yes, u'm! He called the other evening and sat an hour in the very chair you're occupying now. He talked in a very straightforward way about his Western interests, and gave me ever so much information regarding Oklahoma. It seems he has got three different farms down there—or ranches, or plantations, or whatever they call them—and several town lots. He gets his corn to market a full six weeks before they do it in Illinois; and he raises cotton, too—miles of it. What does your land, produce, Mr. Gilmore?"

Such impertinence! "I have always lived in an adequate and dignified way," I answered, a bit stiffly. "My agent over there cuts my coupons."

I had no great desire to be forced into an open competition. And as for that poor child, with her mediæval obsession, I saw that the impetuous Trench was passing her at a canter.

VI

ONE morning, ten or twelve days later, Trench burst in upon me in my room at the Londres.

"Why, Gilmore," he cried, "what's this I hear about the Etruscans?"

"I don't know," I rejoined. "What is it you hear about the Etruscans?"

"The whole country between Florence and Rome is full of them! Why haven't I come across them? Why have I never seen any of their——"

"Because they're all dead, perhaps. Because the last of them went the way of all flesh two thousand years ago."

"Don't I know that?" he began hotly.

"There, there," I said. "Sit down and tell me who started you after the Etruscans."

He flopped into a chair. "It's like this. I was walking through the Forum yesterday, looking over the Temple of the Vestals; and when I climbed up to the roadway an old fellow was standing there (a sort of *savant*, if that's the word), who looked at me and—sniffed. He looked down on the ruins themselves, too, with a curious sort of contempt. It made me hot, and I asked him what he meant. He gave it back to me pretty direct, in some sort of foreign accent—it may have been German. He told me I was wasting my time on a lot of mere modernities—said the whole Forum had been straightened out several years ago. He made me feel as if I had been kindergartening. 'What are *you* busy about?' I asked. He replied that he was digging at Vulci—he was after Etruscan tombs. Vulci—know anything about it?"

"I've heard the name; but there are easier places to reach."

"I'm going to reach them," he declared.

"And the Forum, with all Miss Payne's photographs?" I hinted.

"She has found an early mediæval church there, and is doing its frescoes."

Well and good, thought I. The breach was widening once more. I resolved to help Trench retire still farther "up stage"; presently, perhaps, he might be absorbed into the darkness of the ultimate background.

"The Etruscans," I began blithely, "were the first schoolmasters of the Romans. They whipped those poor, uncouth creatures into shape and passed them on to the Greeks."

"Is it true that Etruria was an aggregation of splendid cities when Rome was just a straw village set in the mud?"

"Of course it is."

Trench drew a long breath. "Well, I vow!"

"Don't try to magnify the early Romans," I proceeded didactically. "They were a barbarous, bumptious lot, bare of every earthly thing except the determination to boss—or, the 'will to power,' as Nietzsche would express it."

Trench sat staring.

"When Macaulay," I went on, "rises to remark:

"Ho, trumpets, sound a war-note!
Ho, lictors, clear the way!

don't fancy that those fine things, and all the rest of them, originated in Rome itself. No; everything that adorned and dignified early Rome was a straight steal from Etruria: temples, sewers, circuses and games, augurs and haruspices; the togas, the trumpets, the curule chairs, the very fasces carried by the early Victorian lictors aforesaid. Next time you come across the fasces printed on an old greenback or sculptured on any of our public buildings, think of Vetulonia, where this most serviceable symbol was devised."

"Vetulonia," murmured Trench. "I'll go there before I'm a week older."

"Don't," I counselled. "Vetulonia today is only a heap of brush-grown ruin on a hillock in the most pestilent depths of the Maremma. Try Cære or Tarquinii."

"Very well," replied Trench, bringing out his notebook; "I will. And I'll cut loose from the travel-study people this very day. I've combed over their whole list of talent and there isn't a single Etruscan expert among them. What kind of travel-study is that?"

He reached for his hat.

"Abuse the Romans as much as you like," he added; "I'm passing them up, anyway."

VII

WHEN Mrs. Pritchard announced her perfect willingness to take a spin toward Tarquinii—known to our modern day as Corneto—Bessie Payne, it was easy to see with half an eye, hardly dared believe the evidence of her ears.

"Why, aunt," she stammered—she was far too pleased to be able to keep silence—"you can't care anything about Etruscan tombs!"

"I can't, eh?" responded Madeline K.

Pritchard genially. "When you say that you make the worst guess of your life. I can, and do. I expect such a lark as I haven't had for many a day."

"I hope," said the girl seriously, "that we shall be able to respect Mr. Trench's feelings. He is very much wrapped up in Etruria."

"I shall," retorted her aunt. "I can't answer for you. I only wish, Mr. Gilmore, that I saw any possible way of taking you with us. But Serafino—I have come to depend so much on him; I feel such a complete trust in him——"

"You're too good," I murmured. "But I am engaged for the day at Tivoli."

Trench presently arrived at the Bristol, and the *portier* helped him into his place. He had already raced through the Etruscan Museum at the Vatican and was master of a deep fund of by-gone lore. "Bessie's going to get enough of tombstones to last her one good while," declared her aunt. I almost blushed for the expansive creature. It was as if she were already exiling the girl to some far land so new that nobody had yet had a chance to die there.

"You've got the camera, Bessie?" inquired their bustling chaperon, looking back from her post beside Serafino.

"Here it is." Yes, there it was, beyond all doubt, snuggled in between Bessie and Trench.

"You will find little enough to photograph, I imagine," was my contribution at this stage; "and find it very hard to photograph that little."

"Oh, well," observed Bessie, as contentedly as you please, "I shall be able to catch up one or two souvenirs of the day."

Serafino performed some manœuvres round the spouting Triton in the middle of the piazza—I could have done as well—and off they plunged to desecrate the long kept silences of deepest Etruria.

I was half inclined to follow by train. Still, that would not have been altogether dignified—nor, in fact, had they suggested, as they might have done—my doing so. Besides, there was that utterly superfluous fib about Tivoli. So I left them to their own courses. "They'll soon get enough of those bleak, bare, bumpy hills down by that miasmatic seashore," I comforted myself.

"How was it?" I asked Mrs. Pritchard, the next afternoon, on the Pincian. The

band was playing Mascagni and she was perversely pretending to find their doings adorable.

"Well," she replied grimly, "it was—different. It enlarged my horizon wonderfully. But I am crippled for life, and I doubt if Serafina has a sound joint left in her body."

"Serafina?"

"I mean the car, of course. So long as Serafino is the name of the chauffeur, Serafina will be the name of the chauffée. When Serafino goes—I hope he won't for a long time—Serafina's name will be changed accordingly. If Vittorio succeeds to Serafino, then Vittoria succeeds to Serafina. If Francesco, Francesca. If Giuseppe, Giuseppina. You catch on?"

"Readily."

"I should hate awfully to lose Serafino. How I could have wheedled him away from Florence and kept him so long remains a constant surprise to me. Some days I think he adores me; other days it seems as if I had only hypnotized him. And there are other days still when I feel sure he looks on me as the queerest creature that ever came along the pike, and is only holding on to see what I shall do next!"

How tedious a clever woman can be! "You are not here alone, I suppose?" I inquired with a glance over the circling carriages and the sauntering throng.

"I? Alone in such a large concourse as this? Hardly. I am being looked after by a pair of young people just behind that shrubbery. Whistle and they'll come out."

They came without my whistling, and as they babbled forth their sepulchral litany it was hard to tell which had become the more thorough-going Etruscan of the two.

"How about the camera?" I asked Miss Payne.

"Why, things turned out pretty nearly as you prophesied. Still, it was a great pleasure even to try to help such an enthusiastic student as Mr. Trench. Enthusiasm is the very savor of travel—don't you think so?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And aunt behaved nobly," the girl went on. "And Serafino was nice, too. In fact, we all agreed that Mr. Trench"—here she lowered her voice for me alone—"was entitled to the very pleasantest day that could be devised. I really got six or eight good exposures; I'll show them to you some time."

"And you are actually interested in Etruscan antiquities?"

"Indeed, I am; immensely so," she returned, with the clearest glance and the honestest intonation in the world.

"How long will her interest last?" I inwardly wondered; and our common attention reverted to the brilliant scene about us.

VIII

I SAW nothing of Trench for the next fortnight. I understood vaguely that he had renounced the world for a little and was pursuing his researches farther into Etruria. I fancied him as radiating in endless excursions from Viterbo, or as toiling solitary along the remotest reaches of the Maremma coast-line. Meanwhile, it devolved upon me, naturally enough, to provide entertainment for Elizabeth Payne. I recalled two or three Angelicos at the Vatican, and took her, in all haste, to see them. She showed less interest than I expected, and began to hint, lightly yet insistently, about going on to the Etruscan Museum.

"Those dead and gone things!" I exclaimed disparagingly.

"Life can be put into them," was her rejoinder.

We spent two hours among the sombre Etruscans, passing in review their vases and *joculari* and cinerary urns and goldsmith's work and the reproductions of those faded subterranean frescoes at Corneto.

"So *this* is how they looked!" was her comment on the pictured games and dances and banquets. She gazed long and earnestly at the various gaudy creatures that were capering about with more than doubtful propriety—singular decorations for the house of death.

"My preference is for Fra Angelico," I said pointedly. She ignored my rebuke. On the way back to the hotel I took her to the tomb of her painter at Santa Maria sopra Minerva. It left her cold—other tombs were wanted now. I sighed patiently; of course nobody—not even the most docile—can be kept at one stage forever.

A few days later I met Trench in the Corso. The marks of a strenuous fortnight were all over him.

"What luck?" I asked.

"Oh, very fair," he replied. "I have had

an interesting experience, and can show you a few things, if you care to come to my rooms."

"Certainly," said I.

He led me sedately through a quarter of a mile of street and introduced me soberly enough into his apartment. His own interest, as he began to display his acquisitions, was many degrees below the pitch I had anticipated.

He showed me some trivial bronzes and a few vases—or rather, the fragments from which vases were to be reconstructed: ordinary *roba di museo*, but even less good than the average. He languidly detailed the various incidents, more or less picturesque, that had attended their discovery. What was the matter?

"This cup," he said, putting together the red and black fragments of a promising *kylix*, "I had thought of giving to Miss Payne."

"Ah, yes," said I indifferently.

He laid the fragments aside with an indifference hardly less, and stood staring thoughtfully through the window. Presently he spoke.

"Day before yesterday, at my last site, I met an Englishman—the only creature besides *contadini* and *vetturini* I had encountered for a week."

"He was after the Etruscans, too?"

"N—no," replied Trench. "No, he wasn't," he repeated with an abrupt emphasis. "I was examining some mighty fine old walls—or at least foundations—when he came toward me through a thicket of underbrush, hatchet in hand. He poked his foot at those immensely venerable stones, as I thought them, and said disgustedly, 'Why, they're only Etruscan!'"

"What did you expect them to be?" I asked.

"I'm after the Pelasgians," he returned in the sourest tone imaginable; 'what is this modern rubbish to me?' And he stalked away again through the underbrush. Tell me, Gilmore, who were the Pelasgians, and are they older than the Etruscans?" The fellow's face of strained concern was pitiful.

"Now, see here, Trench," I began, "you've gone on long enough assuming that I know everything. The line must be drawn somewhere, and I draw it right here."

"But *did* the Etruscans drive out the

Pelasgians and tear down their buildings and use the foundations for their own?"

"That's supposed to have happened in a few places—at Cortona and Cosa and soon."

"Then the Pelasgians are the older?"

"Yes, indeed. Ages older," I added hardily.

He gave a kind of ecstatic groan. "Then I've got to take them up right away."

"I couldn't but admire such gallantry. All right, if you will. But you've really been on the wrong side of the Tiber for the Pelasgians. The best of their Cyclopean doings are beyond the Alban hills, on the way to Naples. The Pelasgians are harder to understand, but lots easier to get at."

"Praise Heaven for that!" muttered Trench, glancing down at his worn boots and his lacerated hands.

"Yes, indeed," I encouraged him; "*they* were obliging enough to build near the railroad and the highway. You can get to Alatri or Ferentino with no trouble at all."

"Thank you, Gilmore," he said with feeling. "I'll start off to-morrow—well, no, not to-morrow"—here he worked his shoulder-blades with a grimace of pain—"but before the week is out. Will you go with me?"

"O Trench, Trench, Waldo Trench!" I exclaimed, laughing.

When next I called on Mrs. Pritchard, three days later, Elizabeth Payne asked me how we had happened to overlook the Pelasgian Museum.

"There is no such thing," I returned bluntly. "The Pelasgians don't come to us; we have to go to them."

But I laughed no more.

IX

"Now, see here," said Madeline Pritchard decidedly, "we're not going to let Mr. Trench go off all by himself to any more of those lonesome places."

"He isn't going all by himself," I returned. "He's going with me."

"He's going with *us*," pronounced Mrs. Pritchard in the tone of finality. "And so are you. In the auto."

"I, too? But—Serafino——"

A cloud passed over the good lady's handsome and genial face.

"We are losing him," she said sadly. "Florence is too alluring, or my general

oddity has lost its charm, or something equally as bad has happened——"

"Equally as bad!" O Aunt Madeline!" chided her niece.

"So that if we are to be driven to Ferentino you will have to drive us, Mr. Gilmore."

"Very well," I replied. "At what hour does the Aurelia depart?"

"The Aur——? Oh, I forget; the dear old Serafina is a thing of the past. Be here at nine."

We reached Ferentino by noon, and killed nobody on the way.

"Well, well," said Mrs. Pritchard, as we toiled and sputtered up the last incline, "this *is* great! No more Corneto for me; give me the sky and the hill-tops every time!"

Meanwhile Trench and Elizabeth Payne were standing up, side by side, to catch a first view of things Cyclopean.

He had brought the patched-up *kylix* and given it to her just before we started out. He had offered it without enthusiasm and she had received it with only the most conventional signs of interest. Etruria was dead.

We grandly ignored the double arches of the Porta Casamari, for they looked as if they were merely Roman. As for the various marbles and mosaics of the cathedral, we never gave them a thought. We found our complete account in the ponderous polygonal walls of the narrow Porta Sanguinaria. Trench was in a state of exaltation, and Madeline Pritchard cried out loudly over such massiveness and such antiquity.

"And I thought I had seen everything!" she exclaimed. "O Mr. Trench, the deepest gratitude of a world-weary old woman is yours! Now, Bessie, your camera."

"Yes," said I; "the camera. Walls such as these are the only things the Pelasgians have left us. How would they do in a museum, eh?"

Obedient Bessie reached down under the seat for the instrument. It was easy to see that those old walls had kindled in her the most burning interest, and that she was panting to bring her little art into its fullest play. She felt about for a moment; then she straightened up.

"I've—I've forgotten it, aunt!" she murmured remorsefully.

"Bessie Payne!" exclaimed Mrs. Pritchard, in the most massive of Pelasgian accents.

"I've forgotten it!" the poor girl murmured again, and turned her eyes, full of pitiful self-reproach, on—Trench.

Trench, to do him justice, put on no "side." He thanked her heartily for her good intentions and consoled her manfully for their frustration. Having now only our own eyes to depend upon, all four of us stared as hard as we could, and then put ourselves in motion for Alatri, where bigger walls and broader gateways had been awaiting us for some three thousand years.

"Aren't we almost reaching the end?" I asked Mrs. Pritchard, as we whizzed past Anagni, on the way home.

"There are only a few more old things left," she returned humorously. "*I sha'n't mention any of them.* Or," I thought I heard her add under her breath, "*shall I, and bring this wild-goose chase to an end?*"

X

OUR little party presently dissolved once more. I heard that the ladies, having engaged a new chauffeur, had moved on to Naples, and I imagined Trench as having returned to further explorations among the Volscian hills.

Though Rome was thinning, I lingered a few days for the sake of an interesting Tuscan countess, a commensal of Mrs. Pritchard's at the Bristol.

"I have often wondered," this friend observed to me one afternoon, "how your American ladies contrive to do so much travelling without maids."

"That is a question, isn't it?"

"But I am on the way to answer it."

"Yes?"

"They borrow maids from us."

Then I heard how her Nencina, a week before, had asked for a day's leave to visit an old aunt who was ill at Frascati; and how diligent inquiry, immediately made, had failed to disclose the existence of any aunt whatsoever.

"Then Nencina wept and confessed that a Miss Payne—your Miss Payne——"

"My Miss Payne!"

"Had asked her company on the train as far as Frascati, to visit the villas. 'Did you go any farther than Frascati?' I was inspired to ask. Yes, the two had gone several miles beyond, to a town my Nencina had never heard of, she said. 'What for?'

I demanded. And she wouldn't, or couldn't tell me. Your Miss Payne, it appears, acted just as all foreign tourists act, and there the account ended. Except that she gave Nencina ten *lire* for her trouble and told her to keep it perfectly clear in her mind that they had spent the day among the Frascati villas. I have plied the girl in vain——"

"No doubt you have plied her!" I muttered between my teeth.

"But nothing could I learn about the motives of your singular young compatriot. By the way, she left a book behind her—a very heavy one."

"Forgotten, doubtless." Forgetfulness seemed growing upon the poor girl. "What was it called?"

"'The Pelasgic Peoples.' The volume seemed quite new."

"Ah, well," I observed blandly, "we Anglo-Saxons are a race of eccentrics, and Italy seems to bring all our eccentricity out."

And no further satisfaction did my hostess receive, though I was glad enough of the hint she had unwittingly given me.

In due course I followed the general movement southward to Naples. On my first afternoon I sallied forth to enjoy the brilliant *corso* along the water-front of the Villa Nazionale. A grandiose motor-car was attempting to accommodate itself to the slower pace of the many carriages that swarmed over the wide road-bed. Just as it came abreast of me a familiar voice gave a word of command.

"Stop, Giuliano!"

And an instant later, Mrs. Pritchard, at whose side sat Elizabeth Payne, was inviting me to mount to the vacant place beside her newest chauffeur.

"Giuliana is trying to hold her own in this gay throng, and we need your help."

"It is a transplanted Rome," I said. "I have seen dozens of familiar faces already."

"We miss one," declared Mrs. Pritchard bluntly. Elizabeth Payne—not merely, I hope, to cover her confusion—leaned forward and greeted me with an elaborate prettiness.

"Everybody who ought to be present will doubtless appear," I said, to reward her.

"O prophet!" exclaimed her aunt, and pointed to a self-absorbed figure strolling along the edge of the drive, not fifty feet from us—Trench, of course, and no other.

Mrs. Pritchard caught up Trench as easi-

ly as she had caught up me. Giuliana drew a little aside from the pressing throng of vehicles, and Trench was encouraged to give an account of his recent peregrinations. Mrs. Pritchard asked directly about everything she wanted to know, and Elizabeth Payne's speaking brown eyes seconded her with a most becoming attention.

This time Trench's boots were whole and his hands showed none of the scars of battle. There had been no repetition of earlier hardships. He was, in fact, quite presentable, and the masterful owner of the machine at once made him a part of the *corso*, just as she had done with me.

"You may go back to the hotel, Giuliano." The new chauffeur, a swarthy, thick-set man, was no second Serafino, no ingratiating, indispensable Tuscan. "Mr. Gilmore, you may have Giuliano's place; and Waldo Trench may take yours."

Trench, from his new post, told us of his recent tour. In due course he had seen Cori and Norba and Segni and the rest of them. He now knew as much about the Cyclopean builders among the Volscian hills (whom, adopting the newest jargon, he called "Italioti") as anybody can know—which is very little, at best.

"You feel repaid?" asked Mrs. Pritchard kindly but keenly.

"Ye-es," began Trench.

"No, you don't," she retorted instantly. "You're keeping something back. Out with it!"

"Well," responded Trench slowly, "I have just been talking with one of the professors at the museum, and he tells me of some prehistoric things off in a remote corner of Sicily, the work of rock-dwellers called Sikeliens or Sicanians, things even older than——"

"I've never heard of either of those tribes," declared Mrs. Pritchard loudly and with extraordinary promptness; "and neither, I'm sure, have any of the rest of us. And when it comes to something that Mr. Gilmore and I haven't heard of, it's time to stop."

"But I *have* heard of——" I began.

"Aurelius Gilmore," she interrupted with great energy, "get Serafina—I mean, Giuliana—out of this crowd at once. Drive straight west toward Posilipo. We'll settle this there."

"But I have heard of both the Sikeliens

and the Sicanians," I insisted, as I wrenched the car out of the press and started for the less frequented suburban road. "The distinction between them is an important one and well worthy the best endeavors of an ambitious young *savant*." I hope I pronounced the word "*savant*" with no sarcastic intonation.

"*Avanti!*" Mrs. Pritchard merely cried, as she had so often done with Serafino.

In three minutes we were climbing the hill of Posilipo, and the Bay, in all its breadth and beauty, was spreading itself before us.

"Look at that!" cried Madeline K. Pritchard, sweeping her arm over the wide prospect and directly addressing Trench. "How much of charm and interest before our very eyes! Why scour the world, why poke among the prehistoric ages? Why grow old before our time? Why miss a hundred fine things immediately about us for the sake of some single thing away off in the dim distance? We will trundle you to Pompeii, Mr. Trench"—a dab at the panorama—"or to Sorrento"—another dab—"or even to Pæstum"—with a slower and steadier pointing toward the most dimly blue of all the circumjacent peaks: "Pæstum, for choice, since we have given due attention to everybody save the Greeks. But I cannot promise you our co-operation in Sicily."

And then the ruthless lady invited us to dinner.

"Come to the hotel at seven, both of you. We will arrange some excursion for tomorrow. And Bessie, Mr. Trench, has a little gift to present you."

Elizabeth Payne, with a look of imperilled maiden modesty, placed a protesting hand on her aunt's plump arm. Trench, whose eyes were already wide open, now opened them still wider; and for the first time there was "speculation" in them. A man less innocent or less self-absorbed would have begun to speculate before.

XI

"Now, Bessie," said Mrs. Pritchard, as soon as we had left *table d'hôte* for her own *salottino*. "It's got to be done one time or another," I thought I heard her add in an undertone.

The girl, blushing rather prettily, rose with some hesitancy, or an appropriate



Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

"Ancient fiddlesticks!" she pronounced gayly.—Page 233.

affectation of hesitancy, and stepped toward a writing-desk.

"You may give it to him yourself," said the elder lady generously; and Trench was presently holding in his hand a nice enough little photograph album—a souvenir, as Mrs. Pritchard was at hand to put it, of their various journeyings together. "Bessie herself took every one of them," she finished.

Under the circumstances a prompt review of the entire series was little less than obligatory, and we spent the ensuing quarter of an hour in reliving the various excursions, archæological and other, of the past few months.

"That's all," said Elizabeth Payne, when we seemed close to the back cover.

"Not quite," archly declared her aunt, who had kept pace with every picture. "I think there's one more—just one."

"Let's have it," said Trench, with a touch of hoarse brusqueness that may have betokened either extreme embarrassment or a sudden long-delayed access of feeling.

We turned the leaf, and there it was—the *Porta Sanguinaria* at Ferentino.

"It isn't as wide as some of those other arches," said Mrs. Pritchard distinctly, "but it is wide enough for two to pass through."

If ever Innocence were bold, it was when Madeline K. Pritchard spoke these words.

"Well, that is the last," she said, turning away, and I discreetly followed her example.

In the wide embrasure of the open window I suggested to her—discreetly or not, as others may decide—that this last photograph permitted one to surmise a second visit to Ferentino.

"Possibly," she returned, with careless buoyancy. And then: "My dear Mr. Gilmore, I am not blind, I am not ignorant; and twenty francs, well bestowed, will often add considerable to what one may know already."

She turned back into the room, where the album continued to preserve a status that neither of the young pair dared to change, leaving me with the painful picture of a poor serving-maid doubly, trebly corrupted.

"I think we will make it *Pæstum*," she announced presently; and *Pæstum*, under her forceful direction, it became.

At two o'clock the next afternoon Mrs. Pritchard and I were seated at the base of the Temple of Neptune. Monte Chianiello and its mates looked composedly down upon us, and the blue sea lay neglected in the distance. Behind the car a superfluous but exigent "guide" was consoling himself with the remains of the luncheon; and Trench and Elizabeth Payne had wandered off, in intimate converse, in the direction of the Basilica.

"Well," said I, luxuriously fitting my back into a fluting of one of those giant columns, "antiquity still rules."

"Antiquities," rejoined my companion, "are all very well if they can be put to a modern use. But when I see Inexperience losing itself in the murky labyrinth of the past——"

"The 'murky labyrinth of the past' is good. May I use it?"

"Certainly. Why, then I feel like lending a hand to lead it back to the light of the present day."

"You will probably prevail," I observed, but not too bitterly.

"That young man!" she went on; "such amazing vigor, such exhaustless driving-power, such astonishing singleness of purpose! And all, at present, so misapplied. Think what such qualities are going to effect for him on those farms and in the civic life of his new commonwealth!"

"You find him single-minded, eh? I should say 'simple-minded,' or 'myriad-minded,' or——"

"Well, whether single, simple, or myriad, I bank strong on the thorough-going fellow who can drive straight to the point."

There was a sound behind us. The two young people were approaching through the opposite colonnade, each with an illumined countenance that conveyed one and the same declaration. Trench had come to the point.

"It has happened," murmured Madeline Pritchard devoutly.

"Let's render thanks, if thanks are due," said I.

"Due—and overdue," said she.

Trench approached with a buoyant gayety that seemed the full assertion of his ultimate self.

"I have decided to give up the Sicilians," he said. "I have found curtain beyond



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

The two young people were approaching.—Page 246.

curtain. One can't go on forever. One must stop somewhere."

"You have stopped at a very good place," said Mrs. Pritchard. "Another month would have made a gray-beard of you."

"We have resolved to remain modern," said Elizabeth Payne, with a happy reflection of Trench's own manner. "We have returned to the present era and mean to stay there."

Mrs. Pritchard rose and gave each of them a hand. "Welcome back, my dear children, to the twentieth century, after your long jaunt through time and space."

"A happy omen," said I, rising also and repeating her action, "that you should

emerge upon the modern age through these portentous pillars of Pæstum."

"A lovely phrase—whatever it means," breathed Mrs. Pritchard. "Don't lose it."

"Congratulate us," said Trench ebulliently, "upon our entry into our new State."

"New?" repeated Mrs. Pritchard. "One of the oldest in the world!"

Trench gave us another of those wide looks. "I mean the State of Oklahoma."

Mrs. Pritchard laughed. "I mean the state of matrimony."

"You have combined them," said I, with an indulgent smile that set the past aside and forgave everything in it. "I trust you will prosper in both."

WANDERLIED

By Marie van Vorst

Oh, when shall I come home again—

My darling, tell me true?

To wander east, to wander west's a dreary thing to do!

See summer burn the changing leaves

Beneath the homeland sky,

White winter fold familiar eaves—

Oh, when shall I!

The rose shall tinge the coverts,

And the field-bird leave her nest,

And autumn gather golden grain against her glowing breast;

The Word shall find the snow-banned,

And the wanderer back shall fly,

And aliens seek their native land—

Oh when shall I?

The axes strike the yielding pine,

The beams swing up of yew:

To build a house for love and rest's a happy thing to do!

A feathered pair have swung their nest,

All secret, safe, and high,

And everyone finds home and rest—

Oh, when shall I!

• THE POINT OF VIEW •

A GENERATION ago, those of our leading minds which combined brightness with "natural piety" were intent upon the reconciliation of science with religion. At present some of those minds seem impressed with the desirableness of reconciling science with "culture." The President of Columbia not so long ago openly took the peace-path as a reconciler, and expressed a faith that "science," meaning physical science, might come to be as potent an agency

Science as
"Culture"

of "culture" as what are distinctly known as the humanities. The humanities we may assume to be the current equivalent for the "seven liberal arts," which, under their various transformations, have continued since the time of Abelard to dominate "liberal education," "though perhaps," as Carlyle once remarked, "they are obsolete enough even yet for some of us." And the faithful fulfilment of the curriculum consequent upon the modern modification of them does without question produce a cultivated man in the accepted sense of that term. Now natural science, however faithfully pursued, does not obviously tend to the same result. The common stock of mere information which the accepted curriculum imparts and assumes is assuredly acquired in the study and as assuredly not in the laboratory. And a heavy burden of proof weighs down the reconciler who paraphrases and perverts Ovid to the extent of maintaining that faithfully to have pursued experimental "natural philosophy" softens the manners nor suffers to be rude; which nevertheless was the thesis of the discourse in question.

We all know pretty well what are the results of a purely technical or "technological" education. Most of us have had opportunities of estimating its human products. The oldest of the technical schools, for half a century or more the only one in this country, is the Military Academy. Baron Steuben is

sometimes referred to as the father of the Military Academy, because he sketched a curriculum of such an institution. But that it was by no means the West Point we know is evident enough. The ex-officer of the great Frederick had provided, among other things, for a chair of belles-lettres and a chair of architecture, two unquestionably "humanizing" agencies. But when the academy came actually to be founded, these provisions were quite ruthlessly stricken out, and nothing left in but what directly "drove at practice." The result is that the West Pointer learns how to study, learns how to think straight, and becomes a highly efficient military machine; so highly efficient that many are coming to think it is wasting him to make him a subaltern of the line. He is a "trained" man, he is an educated man with reservations. But nobody would think of calling him a "cultivated" man. It is well looked out for that he gets no time for "collateral reading" while he is undergoing his quadrennial ordeal. When he has escaped it, he is apt to emerge with an extreme aversion for reading, collateral or other. Those West Pointers, and they are many, who do acquire culture, acquire it by "the strong propensity of nature" and rather in spite of their specific "education."

There is in truth no evidence that for their specific purpose of giving "the education of a gentleman" there is any effective substitute for the old-fashioned humanities. Matthew Arnold, quite justifiably from his point of view, holds up to odium the new-fashioned system which put in possession of certain ologies a student whom it did not prevent from paraphrasing

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?

by

Can you not wait upon the lunatic?

And it has been remarked that there is an actual university president in these United States who has specialized in science with

and therefore trolleyiferous region, and thence radiate in excursions say of from thirty to fifty moderate diurnal miles, migrating, if possible by trolley, to another like point of centrifugal departure when he believes himself to have exhausted the scenic resources of the first.

IS the English reserve of which we hear so much that we try to escape from the phrase as from a condemning tag in reality a better envelope for ideal friendship than the warmer manner, the readier jest, the more expansive if not more genial intercourse, the more open minds of our compatriots? It is certainly as impossible to find the average friend as it is the average man, whom we have long acknowledged to be non-existent. For a little space we all, more or less, took refuge in the "typical" ^{dship} man or woman, but the individualist and There recently has scented offence in this also, and with much earnest emphasis it is impressed upon us that there is no typical human being. Tennyson is quite wrong; no longer can we say in praise or dispraise of Nature:

So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life.

But with all proper precautionary hedging we may, I think, find a sort of basis of comparison in the manifold revelations of friendship offered in the biographies of the two countries. We hardly need to refer to the great friendships, as of Tennyson and Arthur Hallam, William Morris and Burne-Jones, of a day hardly past, nor at all to those of generation earlier; they must be only occasional in any lands, as was Montaigne's for La Boetie. But in the life of Huxley, in that of John Richard Green, of Benjamin Jowett, of George Eliot, is there not displayed a richness of satisfaction not easily paralleled in our own more exuberant nation? When we think of Fitzgerald, with his "friendships which were like loves," and very much more ardent than his own matrimonial experience of love, when we recall Thackeray's devotion to his friends, the happy fruit of which appears in the Brookfield Letters, and remember that with these beloved friends he placed "dear old Fitz," we wonder where among the lives of American men of letters we may look to find their like.

Emerson early proclaimed for himself limits to the intimacy of friendship, in which

perhaps he penetratingly, if unconsciously, interpreted his fellow-countrymen. Nowhere can one turn to an ideal of friendship more exalted, nowhere find depicted nobler uses for that gift of the gods; and yet in the cool idealization of a relationship in which there is room for more than the ideal, he half recognized a fervor he could not feel, though he qualified with a hesitating "perhaps" his statement that he had "never known so high a fellowship as others." The attributes in him that aroused oftenest in his companions the sentiment of reverence may have kept him free from the "touching and clawing" he deprecated, but it also lent to him a sort of remoteness. It is, however, with a little bewilderment not unmixed with something very like disdain that we find toward him in Carlyle a certain grudging good opinion, while on Froude Carlyle lavishes the warmth denied the greater man and truer friend.

That the love of friends, the feeling and the expression, are potent in numberless Americans is not to be questioned, but the beauty of the bond, the touching dependence that led Green's friends to exile themselves with him for the last sad, almost inarticulate days, the intimacy of communication that marks in a striking degree the correspondence offered in many biographies of Englishmen, seem hardly to be found in similar works here. Where can we learn of such a group of college boys carrying into maturity the ardor of their youthful friendships as is revealed to us in the "Cambridge Apostles"? Have we hurried away from companionship lest it take too much time? After all, friendship is usually of leisurely growth. We have learned much of good living, of good sport, of how to build houses and estates from our brothers across the sea: must we learn from them the secret of the highest of all satisfactions, as Emerson tells us that friendship is?

THERE would certainly appear to be no new views whatever that anybody could advance on the subject of personal service; and yet a chance opinion expressed within a short time by two friends of mine, strangers to each other and neither knowing of the other's ideas, starts ^{As to} a quite fresh line of thought. One ^{Body-Servants} of these persons was a much-travelled Englishman, a man of good birth, and a priest of the Church of England; the other was a

very cultivated woman, who had been married and a mother, had seen and known prosperity and also its reverse. Both remarked that but for association with other servants they would not at all mind being servants themselves. The English clergyman, in fact, declared that, provided one had the right sort of man to serve, he could not see why being a body-servant should not be a life desirable rather than otherwise. Bernard Shaw would naturally recognize in this the true Briton; as when he makes Britannus say in "Cæsar and Cleopatra" that only since he has been Cæsar's slave has he known freedom. And Bernard Shaw naturally would not be in sympathy with the sentiment. But when one has circled the circumference of a good many ideas it does not seem to one perhaps that that independence of which Shaw is so fond is, after all, a thing to be more wished for than all others. It would be quite in Shaw's line to perceive that one can really be more independent personally when one is serving than when one is being served. And, in fact, he has perceived this on occasion also.

With the practical extinction of the race of good servants and the diminution in the supply of any sort of servants (those recent statistics about the falling off in the number of French *bonnes*—those hearty, sensible creatures on whom one would longest have pinned one's faith—are the most appalling), our theorizers have been saying that we should be reduced to employing Asiatics, or to going quite without service in the strictly personal sense. The problem, according to lecturers and essayists on sociological topics, is to be entirely solved by institutionalism. I think they are leaving out of account some permanent tendencies of human nature. Cooking done at central kitchens, housemaids' work supplied by the hour, sanitary dust-removing by the job, may be satisfactory changes—some of them are very satisfactory

—yet there remains a something in service which cannot be contracted for on the totally impersonal principle. Of course, men and women could outgrow altogether the conception of personal service. This (to bring him forward again) so modern a person as Mr. Shaw would prognosticate. His true Overmen would as lief black their own boots as not. And indeed there is no objection. But it is not alone a question of not objecting. The Overman must also have the time. There are, in a full and complex life, an infinity of tasks more minute and, in themselves, inconsequential than blacking boots, which could not be intrusted to employees of the most up-to-date domestic agencies without time-and-nerve-consuming explanations; tasks which a silent, ever-present intelligence, working shadow-like in the background, divining answers without putting questions, alone can execute to the immeasurable enfranchisement of the busy man.

While we hear that soon there are to be no more servants, everywhere, from the heads of the big corporations down, there goes up the cry for the faithful man—the man who is willing to be faithful in secret, and without putting posies in his own hat. Naturally, while every man thinks that he is as much entitled to the posies as the other man, being faithful in secret will not present itself as a popular occupation. Yet it is possible that when perfect equality of everybody to everybody else has been absolutely established the desire to prove it will seem uninteresting and superfluous. Then there might be good servants again. And would it not be a whimsical thought that the occupation should be rather sought for than not by cultivated persons who had somewhat lost interest in life perhaps on their own account, but were still vicariously interested in the activities of others, and, besides, content to earn their livelihood obscurely?

· THE FIELD OF ART ·



"The Gulf Stream," by Winslow Homer.

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WORKS BY LIVING AMERICAN PAINTERS IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

MR. FRANK FOWLER'S "hint" which any expression of the mind of man through the medium of art may give "of the manners and usages of an age"* may possibly be pursued even in our own, present, day. In continuance of his theme we may examine the collection of works by living American painters in the Metropolitan Museum, and find that, small as it is, it is yet of sufficient importance to give, say, to the intelligent foreigner, a fair, general notion of the present state and tendencies of the art, and even of the progress, or, at least, of the movement, it has made within the memory of the living. In its general direction this movement appears to have been a search, through varied and devious ways, for technical perfection in brush work—so in-

sistent a quest that most other things formerly held of great importance in the art of painting have been abandoned, temporarily at least. This has been said before.

It is possible that the persistence of this quest—in which, of course, the untechnical public could have but little interest—has had much to do with that general indifference to the particular wares thus turned out, which has long been matter of general knowledge. At the present moment, however, there are declared to be signs of a greater consideration extended at home to this contemporary school of painting; and this wider interest and better appreciation may have been brought about by certain developments on both sides. The living painters have been broadening their humanities, as it were, and in some notable cases tempering their methods without impairing the purport of their work; the public have been overcoming certain preju-

*See article in *THE FIELD OF ART*, July, 1907.

dices. Both of those important factors, the public museum and the private collector, have appeared in this movement; and the field covered by their appreciation and purchases has been very reasonably wide, including not only those aspects of portrait and genre painting which might be expected to appeal more strongly to a local or provincial taste, but also the wider range of imaginative or synthetic art. Credit for the initiation of this practical appreciation has been given by some of the painters benefited to the Western part of the country rather than the Eastern—the Western, where there is considered to be more civic pride, less dependence upon the traditions of the Old World, and greater self-assertion, than in the East. It has even been urged that the Western museums might profit by the errors of the Eastern institutions, and instead of covering their walls with such examples of the art of Europe as opportunity may throw in their way, frequently at very heavy cost, may by judicious selection secure collections of examples of the contemporary national art which will at once be more fitting and will increase in value and importance, and even in money value.

All the important art museums of the country have given signs of this greater interest; the Corcoran Gallery of Art, at Washington, the Chicago Art Institute, the great Carnegie Institute of Pittsburg, the Albright Art Gallery of Buffalo, the Boston Museum, and the Metropolitan Museum of New York. The thirty-fifth annual report of the trustees of the latter, for the year ending December 31, 1904, stated that "among the many directions in which extension of our collections are desirable is one which has peculiar claim upon our interest and patriotism, that is, the art of our country." In the report of the following year it was announced that an appeal had been made in this particular to the generosity of private citizens, and that this appeal had met with "a substantial response." There had been added to the museum's collection since the publication of the report of 1904 eight paintings by American artists, and the recent gift of Mr. George A. Hearn included twelve pictures by ten different artists besides an endowment of over \$125,000, the income of which was to be applied exclusively to the purchase of contemporary American paintings. A tentative list of some of the best known American painters who were either not represented at all in the museum's collection or in-

adequately represented had been prepared, and also a similar list of American sculptors. The museum's *Bulletin* for September, 1906, gave the complete list of American paintings in the institution, three hundred and eleven in all, of which three hundred were its own property; of these one hundred and eighty-six were on public exhibition. The majority of these were, naturally, by deceased artists. In addition to Mr. Hearn's gift and his still more munificent endowment, the trustees of the museum announce the bequest of the late Mrs. Amelia B. Lazarus, consisting of \$20,000, "to be applied, with all interest which may accrue, to the purchase of works of art by American artists, and of a part of her own collection, consisting of nine pictures." This bequest is in line with the discriminating interest manifested in American art by this lady, as exemplified by the gift by herself and daughter, Miss Emilie Lazarus, of the sum of \$24,000 for the establishment of the fund known as "The Jacob H. Lazarus Travelling Scholarship Fund." Still another addition to the museum's American paintings is the recent gift by the late Thomas P. Salter of four canvases by R. S. Gifford, David Johnson, H. Bolton Jones, and William L. Brown, among eighteen paintings of various schools, all of which have been on exhibition in the museum as loans since 1892.

The department of contemporary portrait painting is represented in the museum by few canvases, but all of these, fortunately, are of importance. Of those by living artists, Mr. Sargent has at present, counting recent loans, five good examples: the portrait of Mr Marquand of 1897; that of Mr. Chase, presented by the latter's pupils in 1905, and of which the author himself asked apprehensively if it were *too* dramatic; and, of those temporarily in the galleries, the aggressively alert and lifelike lady in grayish purples, seated on the edge of her white and gold chair, hands on hips, head forward, the beautiful tones of blues and grays in the background relieving the warm tints of the face; and the two most recent loans, the spirited first study of the head of Edwin Booth for the portrait in the Players' Club, and the carefully painted small portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson, at Bournemouth, about 1887, seated at length in his wicker chair, the face smooth and youthful, fresh in color, the light of speculation in the eyes, the very long fingers holding the cigarette. Mr. Chase's portrait of a young lady

in black, presented by Mrs. Chase in 1891, may be said to be of more interest than his recent contributions; in the same year the museum received, from Mrs. Milbank, John W. Alexander's striking presentation of the ruddy face and white hair of Walt Whitman set in a misty gray atmosphere. Mr. Fowler's recent article has dealt largely with the work of the early portrait painters and of some more recent, but not living. Of those who, happily, still live, Mr. Seymour J. Guy is represented by his careful portrait of the artist Elliott, who died in 1868. This painting also was presented to the museum by a lady, Mrs. Robert W. de Forest, in 1903.

Of those canvases which show the sound training of the European schools, leaving the painter sufficiently cosmopolitan, one of the most important is Dannat's Spanish "Quartette," presented by Mrs. Dannat in 1886. In the same year a number of gentlemen gave the museum Charles F. Ulrich's "Glass Blowers of Murano," which had just received a prize of \$2,500 at the competitive exhibition of the American Art Association and was considered to be a brilliant demonstration of the new national school. As this was painted under German influences, Walter Gay's "Fileuses" may be said to be French, Mr. Millet's "Cosy Corner" English, and Mr. Magrath's "On the Old Sod" Irish; but nothing could be much less profitable than these searchings of foreign origins in American results. Of those pictures which, apparently at least, are sufficiently national there are a number of examples; all the landscapes practically, including works by Winslow Homer, Whittredge, Edward Gay, Horatio Walker, Tryon, Deszar, Ranger, Bunce, Shurtleff, Parton, Bolton Jones, Daingerfield, Charles H. Davis, Coffin, Bogert, Charles H. Miller, and Ballard Williams, and the curious and beautiful study of a tree-bolt by Mr. La Farge, another gift from Mr. Hearn. Also, Mr. Maynard's mermaids disporting in summer seas,

Thomas Eakins's "Chess Players," two or three cattle pieces, etc., etc.

Notwithstanding the above long list of landscape painters, the museum's collections do not yet include any representatives of the somewhat more unconventional school which seeks greater vibration and luminousness by broken touches of color, the modern modification of the impressionists' technical innovations, which are needed to complete its



"The Green Bodice," by Julian Alden Weir.

Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. By permission.

presentation. In the figure pieces also there are no violent departures from academic methods, such as may be encountered in the current exhibitions. With a few exceptions the differences between the older and the newer works of these contemporaries may be found in the themes proposed, the conceptions of things suitable for their art, rather than in the actual brush work.

Such courageous attempts to paint unpaintable things as the blinding white light

of an iron furnace in Prof. John F. Weir's "Forging the Shaft," may be said to be out of fashion; also the carefully built-up, ingenious, and learned composition of the foreign schools, as Mosler's "Wedding Feast in Brittany"; even the mild sentiment, the less academical arrangement of Mr. Turner's presentation of the wedding procession of John Alden, with Priscilla mounted in state on the peaceable white bull. These large genre and historical compositions are now left to the mural painters, who find their problems somewhat simplified by the decorative necessity of keeping everything more or less on one plane. Among these older pictures we find one of the most striking examples of an original note, of the mysterious possibilities of suggestion, rendered in this case by color and tone rather than by the design, in Mr. Vedder's "African Sentinel" of 1865. His "Question of the Sphinx," a recent loan, however, painted in grays, does not seem to rise much above the triviality of the theme. In his deep concern for the preservation of the artistic unities, it would seem that the contemporary painter was afraid to go too far afield, or to commit himself as hardily as did his predecessors. With greater knowledge, perhaps, has come greater discretion. He does not seek the full expression of a real artistic idea, built up of many things; very frequently he is content with the merest suggestion of it; not infrequently he is apparently content with the technical rendering of an outer aspect only.

A number of pictures from Mr. Hearn's recent gift are, at this writing (May, 1907) hung in a group on the end wall of one of the museum's smaller galleries, well lit, where they may be considered with interest not only because of their intrinsic merit but also as a selection, as an intelligent attempt to discriminate. As they are all easel paintings, of a portable size, there are no large decorative panels, no great landscape compositions, no full-length, life-size portraits. In the centre hangs Mr. Thayer's well-known "Young Woman," the most elusive, the most of a work of the imagination, of the figure pieces; at one end, Alden Weir's "Green Bodice" (see illustration, p. 255), and at the other, Mr. Benson's arrangement of a lady in light and shade and green and black which he calls a portrait. All these

three are half-length, life-size studies, and it can truthfully be said that between them they cover a very wide range. On either side of the center are coast scenes by Winslow Homer, "Cannon Rock" and "Searchlight, Harbor Entrance, Santiago de Cuba," somewhat less forceful, less dramatic, than is usual with him. But in his "Gulf Stream," (see illustration, p. 253), purchased from the income of the Catherine Lorillard Wolfe fund, and hung in a neighboring gallery, all the power of his virile technique, the pomp of tropical color, are invoked to give effect to his gruesome sea tragedy. On the line in Mr. Hearn's group are also, a young pioneer, standing by his canoe, by Douglas Volk, and one of Mr. Brush's familiar repetitions of his family this time smaller than usual and given at full length, in a garden. Above, hangs a half-length, life-size study of a mother and child, in black and white, by Sergeant Kendall, and landscapes by Horatio Walker, Tryon, Dessar, Ranger and Bogert in which may be found the care for atmosphere, envelope, and rendering of sentiment and mood, with which we are familiar. A large marine, somewhat grayer than is usual with him, by Gedney Bunce, has very recently been added. Mr. Daingerfield's creeping, nocturnal fog, invading the high hill-tops, is striking; Mr. Chase is represented by a small study of a seventeenth-century lady turning her white satin back upon us, and by a large one (from another donor) in the adjoining gallery, of Carmencita dancing, in an arrangement of yellows; Ballard Williams, a younger man, by two small canvases, a landscape and a "L'Allegro." Like the last-named, a return to the old-fashioned romantic school, is the big "Temple of the Winds," hung outside in the corridor, around the inner court of the building. This is by Louis Loeb, and was presented by Mr. Daniel Guggenheim, in 1905.

It will be seen that there is already a representation of the national school; there is a fuller one, indeed, than can be adequately commented upon in the space of two such articles as Mr. Fowler's and this, and many of the important names in recent American painting—Homer Martin, Eastman Johnson, Alfred Q. Collins, and others—remain for fuller notice when the collections are still more complete.

WILLIAM WALTON.

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THE REFUGER.

Devised by Philip R. Goodwin

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SIENA

By Arthur Symons

ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN BY E. C. PEIXOTTO FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

I



INFLEXIBLE Siena, St. Catherine's, is a fierce eyrie for visions, yet, planted so firmly on its rock, almost every house still at need a fortress, is as if fortified permanently against enemies. The country comes right up to its gates, and is beaten back there; the ancient walls are like a rampart, and inside them all the houses climb upward, crowding and tightening about the cathedral, until their roofs and walls almost merge into its structure. They climb to it and cling like peasants about a queen, dressed in their homely brown and soiled white, and with all the patches of poverty; and the queen stands royally attired in the supreme distinction of black and white. This concentration of the city upon itself, these close streets which twist around one another, cross and recross, and rise so high in order that they may not need to extend widely, this complete detachment from everything outside the walls which mark the city's limit, must certainly have helped the growth of that instinct from which it sprang, the instinct of proud aloofness. Siena is like a little China, and its city walls mark the bounds of what it chooses to keep from strangers. The image of the Middle Ages still persists in its streets, and the character of its people remains unchanged. Customs never die in Siena, and change has no temptation for the Sienese. White oxen still walk in the streets, drowsing in couples, their wide horns almost touching the walls

on either side; and they drag wicker carts shaped like Roman chariots.

The modern spirit has spoiled Rome, and is daily destroying there. It is more slowly, but not less certainly, destroying Venice, with a literal, calculated destruction. Florence has let in the English, who board there, and a new spirit, not destructive, reverent of past things but superficial with new civilization, has mingled the Renaissance with the commonplace of the modern world. But Siena is content to remain itself, neither ambitious nor dejected, busying itself with its old industries (the smell of the tanneries, as in the days of St. Catherine, never out of its streets), keeping its beautiful old things quietly, not trying to make new things like them; content with the old limits, and with all old things as they were.

And the splendor and dignity of its past still live nobly in all the walls of Siena. Its history is written there in stone, and with a lasting beauty, on the walls of all its palaces. Palaces line the streets, Gothic and Renaissance, all flat, severe, built with gray stone cut into square blocks, with here and there a reminiscence of the less simple and admirable Florentine manner of building with partly unhewn blocks. The palaces join walls with private houses, and ask for no more space in these equalizing streets, to which they add force and beauty. They accommodate themselves to the street, and turn with it, in a kind of democracy of pride. Towers, structures like prisons, gloomy remnants, which stand at street-corners or between shop and shop, come into the pattern naturally, without incongruity. All

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Siena is of one piece, and at night sleeps together with the same tranquil sleep.

There is in the streets at night a curious sense of quiet, not the quiet of suspense or desolation, but rather of people who prefer to stay indoors, in their own homes, with walls and windows between them and other people, in a quite friendly aloofness. The streets do not call to them, as they call to people in the South; they are corridors to walk through, not alleys to linger in, and the Sienese are not lingerers. Even by day few people stand idle in the streets; the church square, on its height, is no meeting-place. Siena works quietly by day, and at night sleeps quietly. And, in the deserted streets, dimly lighted by gas lamps at rare intervals, you seem to walk through some mysterious excavation, with precipitous descents on every side of you, going down, you know not whither, into some lower part of the earth or of the night.

II

THE streets in Siena are high and narrow, and they plunge upward and downward, under dark arches, as if tunnelled out of solid rock, with walls built straight from pavement to roof, every window flat to the wall, without ledge or cornice or balcony. The streets are built to let in the wind and to keep out the sun, and around all the squares, vast and empty, walls are built against the sky and square thin towers climb straight to the stars, each to a separate star in the stretched and many-lighted canopy. The streets are set at all angles; the walls seem to meet overhead, they plunge into invisible depths. There are streets which go downhill so rapidly that one is obliged to lean back on every step, and then straight uphill again at almost an acute angle, rarely a street which goes far on one level, and never a street which goes far in one direction without turning. One looks down from the street where one is walking upon another which passes under it, or strikes out at right angles at the bottom of a long flight of steps. One peers through an archway on a piazza of which one sees no more than a pavement and the foundation of the houses; or looks upward through an archway above a flight of steps, and sees only the tops of the houses.

In the heart of Siena there is a square, the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, which is shaped like the inside of a shell, and curves upward from the Palazzo Communale, with its high tower, La Mangia, which rises into the sky, red and white, with only less than the supreme elegance of the dragon's neck of Florence, the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio. The square is surrounded by tall, irregular houses, built of red brick, with green wooden shutters; narrow lanes lead out of it upward and downward, and as you look through an archway you see feet walking above your head, and heads moving below your feet. The middle of the square is paved with red brick, and one walks on it as on alps; all around are short white stone pillars, set at intervals, and beyond a strip of gray stone pavement, round which the horses race every year in the sport of the Palio, which has survived in Siena since the Middle Ages.

Religion, too, in Siena, is a part of tradition, like the Palio, and the whole population can be seen going all one way, like a Spanish city on the day of a bull-fight, when the sermon is to end the "forty hours" at S. Domenico. In that Church of St. Catherine, where Sodoma has painted her famous agony, one sees a great crowd of townfolk and peasants assembling gravely and standing patiently to listen to the sermon, which is spoken monotonously from the pulpit, all on one note, with pauses for rest between each division. It is an old usage, and the people follow it with a natural obedience. And in the same way, with simplicity, not with fervor, they observe their feast-days. I was in Siena on the day of St. Joseph, and as I went toward the little mean church of S. Giuseppe, in its high corner, a kind of fair seemed to be going on. On both sides of the two steep streets, S. Giovanni Dupre and S. Agata, little wooden toys that ran on wheels made of fir-cones were being sold, and the people went up and down the two streets, dressed in their best clothes, the flapping Leghorn hats garlanded with flowers nodding grotesquely, as with an affectation of youth, on aged heads. Very soon one distinguished that these people were on their way to the church where mass was being said, and they poured in through the middle door and out through the two side-doors, and everyone dropped a coin into the money-box on



Street in Siena.

the table inside the door and received in exchange a leaflet with an image of St. Joseph, and kissed it with pious gravity. It is only on *festa*-days that Siena seems completely to waken, and it is only a few streets that are alive at any one time.

What is still most living in Siena is the memory of St. Catherine. Every child in

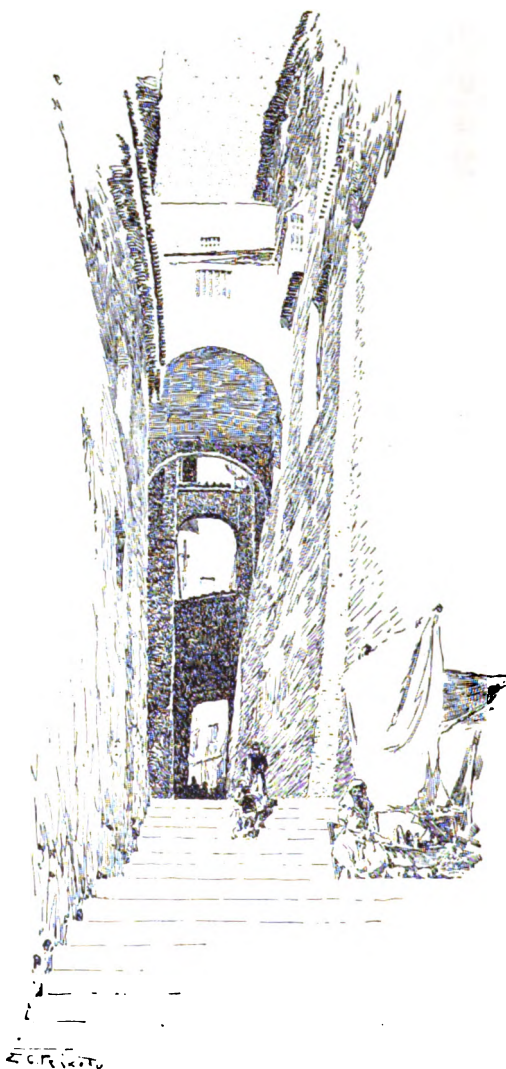
the street offers to take you to see her house, which stands half-way down the hill leading to the valley of the tanners and dyers, and to Fontebranda, the fountain which Dante remembered in hell. St. Catherine's head, a ghastly relic (of which I saw only the copy in her house, beautiful in the mortal pallor of the wax), is still kept in a shrine in S.

Domenico under the altar of the chapel which Sodoma painted in her honor. It is for the sake of this relic, and because St. Catherine used to come to this church to pray, that S. Domenico is still the favorite church in Siena, though the main part of the building has been turned into a barrack. The vast Gothic structure, built of red brick, massive and imposing in its simplicity, is one of the landmarks of Siena. It is on the edge of a gulf, over against the cathedral; and on the other side of the gulf brown and white houses climb, roof above roof, like a cluster of rocks, grouped there naturally; with, high over them, long, slender, striped in long and slender lines of black and white marble, the cathedral, like a flower which has raised itself out of the gross red earth and its rocks.

III

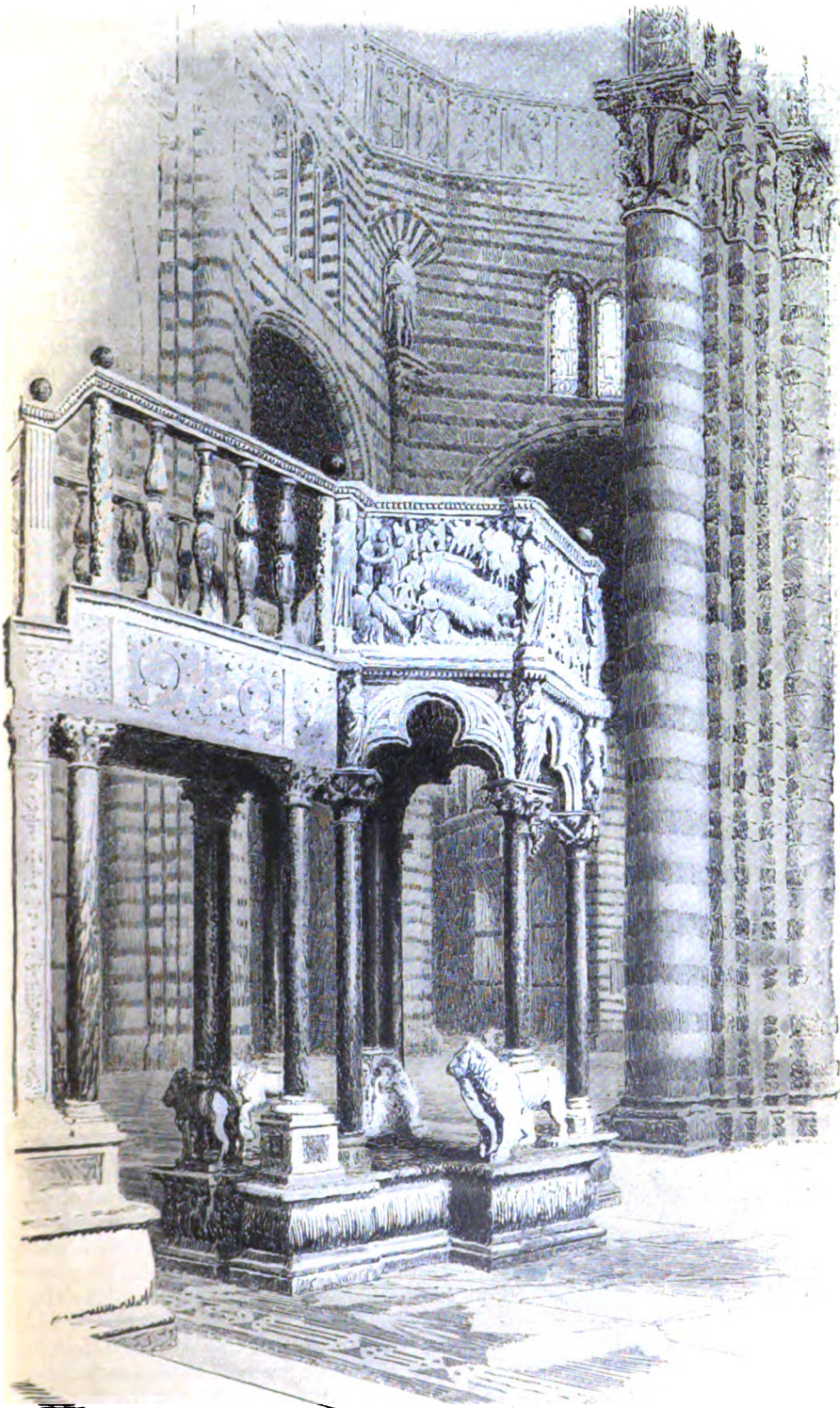
THE cathedral is a house of light, and all its form and ornament are meant for the sun. Only the façade is in part disappointing, where, in the upper half, the modern mosaics bring a distracting tangle into what would have been the splendid design of the lower half. Seen from S. Domenico, on its hill, it has a clear, almost transparent beauty, a slim and supple and

striped elegance in line, with its tower, so delicately symmetrical, its small gray dome supported on small and dainty pillars. Inside, what discretion, how undisfigured, how simply and harmoniously decorated for divine uses! Severity unites with sumptuousness in this distinguished inner covering of black and white marble on walls and pillars. Under the dome there are tall black and white pillars, bearing gilt statues; gold and blue (with the rarest traces of red) are the two colors which for the most part supplement and enrich this severe coloring. Around the roof, under the cornice of the windows, there is a fantastic series of busts of the Popes, each a mitred head, with its faint smile or closed eyes, in its separate niche, with the name, Formosus, Sivi-
cius, or Zosimus, painted in black below. The gold on the mitres and on the lappets of the copes adds faint touches of color, and the walls below and the roof above are covered with fanciful patterns, and, on the roof, gold stars are set on a background of blue sky. In the choir, with its lovely carved wood and intarsia, stands the pulpit of the Pianos, with its little carved worlds of men and the homely life of its beasts. Donatello's St. John stands in one of the side



Under the Arches.

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E. C. Peixotto

Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

Nicola Pisano's Pulpit.

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chapels named after the saint, and the five small frescoes of Pinturicchio have faded to a discreet dimness, in which one sees, not too distinctly, lovely landscapes of grass and trees and hills; and there is a fresco of Pinturicchio over an altar.

The library of the cathedral, where the sculptured Three Graces used to stand, when Raphael saw them, is at first sight too

dazzling, and the ten frescoes seem to have been painted by Pinturicchio yesterday. The splendor strikes harshly, and it is some time before we can accustom our eyes to the new aspect of this room, which is like a missal turned fresco. It is to avoid the sinking of the paint into the plaster, and that dullness which is in itself so attractive in fresco-painting, that Pinturicchio uses so much gold, whenever it can be used, on vestments, ceilings, canopies, altar-frames, on the bridles of horses, on belts, chains, and brooches, using stucco to give salience to the gold. He paints in clear, crude colors, with little shading, and he uses some astonishing reds and

greens and blues, which cry out like trumpets from the midst of these pomps and ceremonies. The Raphaellesque air of these gracious young men and of these elegant old men would bring a new quality into painting at Siena, with all that Pinturicchio chose out of the actual world, these decorative yet actual crowds, these knights on horseback, these Popes in benediction, these white-cowled monks and grave Easterners in turbans. But in his gold and brightness and love of beautiful

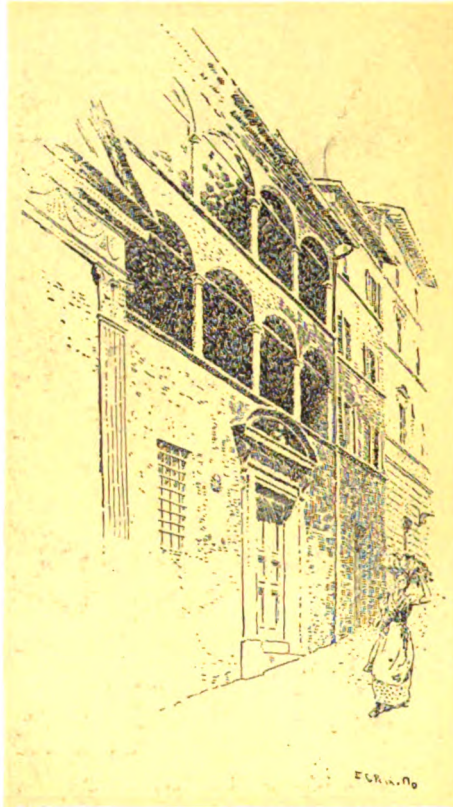
ornament he was but following in the tradition of the Siennese painters; he was but realizing some of their dreams, not without even a little of the hardness which with them went with their brightness, though with a purely human quality, a delighted sense of the earth, to which the growths and ornaments of the earth could give entire satisfaction.

Nothing so bright was ever put on a wall

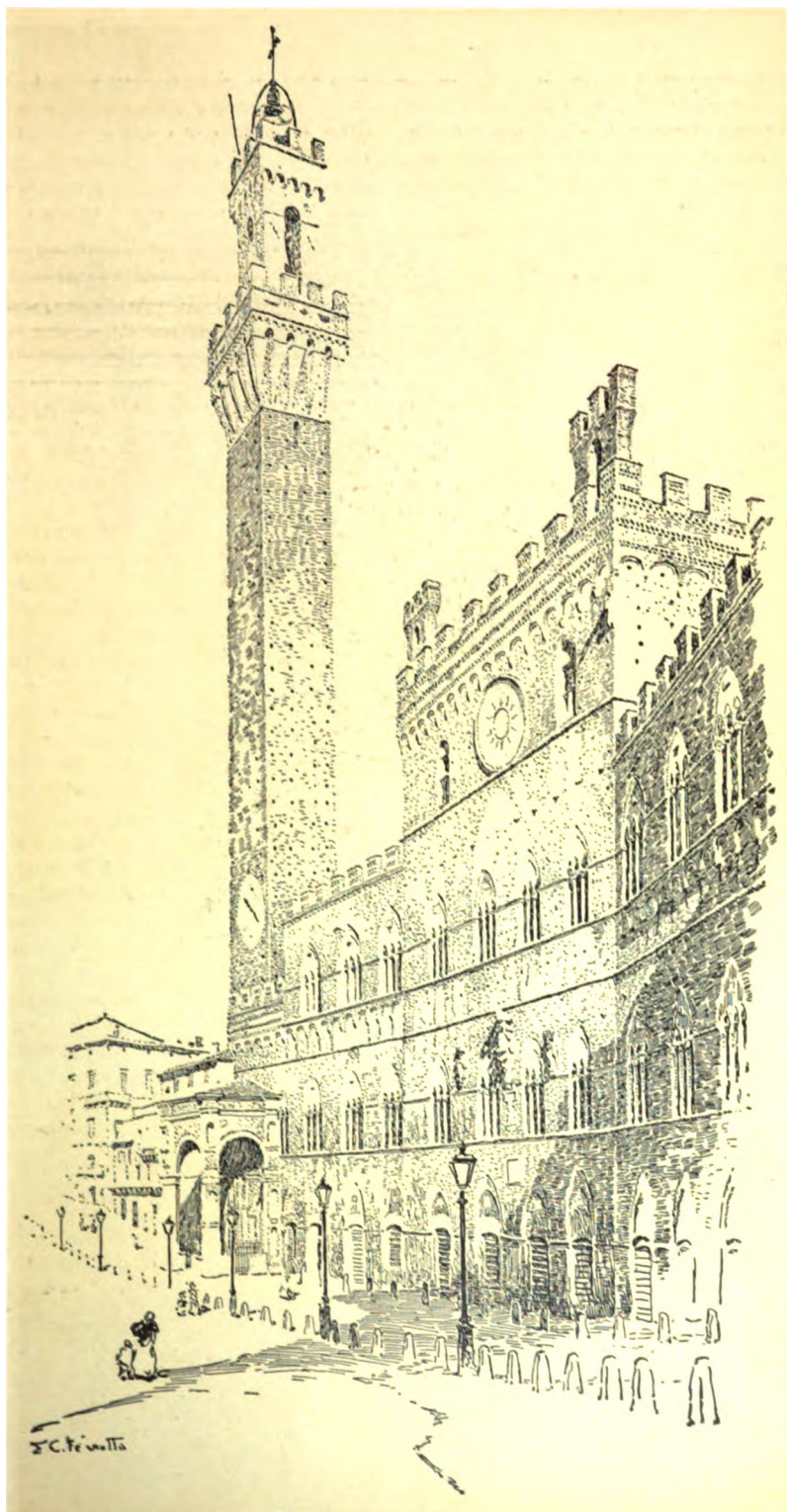
as the picture of that room in which Æneas Sylvius is made cardinal; that ceiling of gold embossed in gold, that red and green of canopy and curtain, that gold altar-front and the gold frame of the altar-piece, with the glowing white marble of the floor and of the steps to the throne. It is as if the wall opened, and the room, not the picture of it, the actual room and crowd, were there.

But what is most individual in the beauty of the cathedral decoration lies underfoot. The whole centre of the floor is carefully covered with wood, and it is only in the aisles that one can see the pictures cut out in thin outline, as if engraved in the stones, which is the

art peculiar to Siena. Battles are fought out with lances, there are figures of the Sibyls with elaborate robes, friezes of winged lions, with scenes and stories of a great energy of movement; as in the many-colored "Massacre of the Innocents" by Matteo di Giovanni (his favorite subject) with its border of laughing children looking down from windows and balconies, the helpless women with their babies, the merciless swordsmen, woven into a lovely decoration of tossing arms and swords, and babies



Saint Catherine's house.



Drawn by E. C. Frisotto.

Palazzo Comunale, Siena.



Siena and cathedral from San Domenico.

brandished in the air. Nowhere else has stone so flowered into daintiness, into so delicate an image of life; not, as elsewhere, detached, in the great art of sculpture, but like pictures, like drawings (as indeed they are called, *graffiti*), like scratchings on slate. The Siennese love of minute finish in decoration is seen not only in their early paintings, but in tiny patterns cut into stone over doorways, like engraved work, in the painting of the under part of their jutting roofs, and, above all, in this manner of engraving stones, as others carved wood, choosing the hardest material for its difficulty and making it, by the patience of their

skill, a sumptuous thing. It is a way of turning the hard pavement under one's feet into a painted carpet.

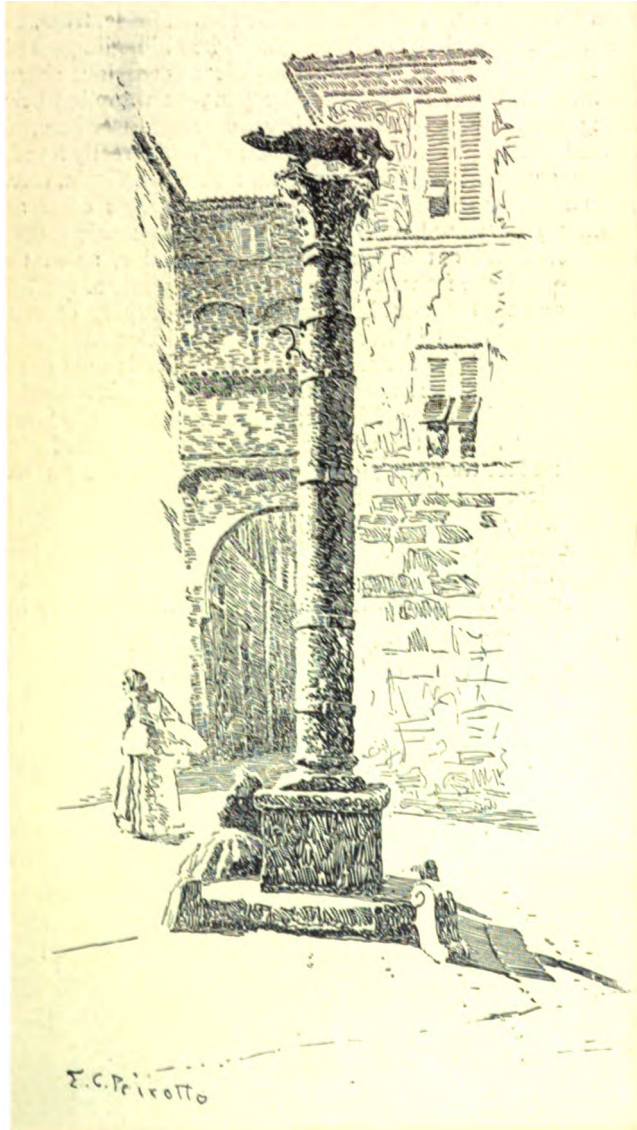
IV

IN early Siennese art, so Byzantine in manner, one is struck by its elaborate finish, and by a love of rich ornament, of bright, pure color, which is, however, grave and gentle, and at first used only to paint the beauty of heaven and of the angels, and then the earthly splendor of the popes, and lastly, the divine humanity of St. Catherine and S. Bernardino, the two people of genius whom Siena gave to the angels. Duccio paints

the faces of his Madonnas green, in order to suggest a superhuman countenance in which there is none of the human ruddiness of flesh. With St. Catherine another human pallor comes into painting, and Sodoma, with his new, more accomplished means, strives to paint ecstasy, and once, in the swoon of St. Catherine in S. Domenico, renders marvellously that death in life. In Sodoma Siennese painting begins to become self-conscious, and he leads the way to the worst and feeblest extravagances of Beccafumi and Pacchiarotto. He is never quite sincere, or wholly given up to the thing he is doing, and he lets his feelings or his rhetoric or his skill carry him in many directions. But before he destroyed Siennese art he left at least this one example of how, what the early painters had been trying to do by pious formulas, the rendering of superhuman ecstasies could be done, quite literally, by sheer painting.

What is really most profound, personal, and exquisite in Siennese painting is to be found in Duccio, who in his earliest work is purely Byzantine, and in all his work purely mediæval. His vast altar-piece in the Opera del Duomo, the "Majestas," is hieratic, formal, conventionally bright, but what warm personal feeling there is in even what is least individualized in the figures of the Madonna and Child, with their gold halos and the pattern of gold on their scarcely faded robes, the burnished blue robe of the Virgin, and the bright robes of the attendant saints,

each with gold halo distinct against a background of ruddier gold! And what sense of drama, how many kinds of beauty, what delicate feeling, in the numberless little scenes out of the Gospel, broken up



The she-wolf (the arms) of Siena.

into arbitrary squares and sections in what was once the back of the picture! It is all much more realized than in many Siennese paintings in compartments, painted with no more than a child's notion of what

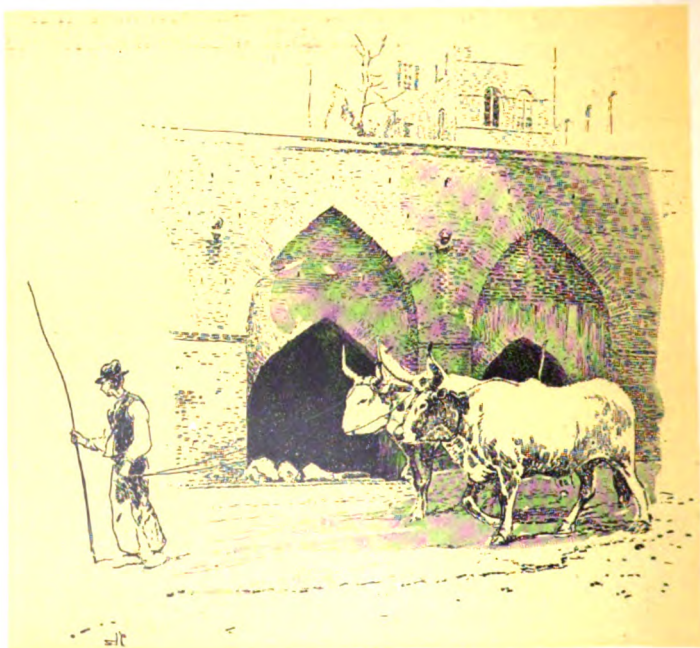
reality ought to be. Yet it is still to some extent image-making. But between this image-making and the modern rhetoric of Sodoma there is an art more vital than Sodoma's and not wholly aloof from the decorative reality of the earlier work. Matteo di Giovanni and Sodoma are to be seen in a single chapel in S. Agostino. The "Massacre of the Innocents" has a violent loveliness which is rarer and more penetrating than anything which Sodoma ever attained. The packed, angry crowd is, as it were, squeezed together, every face individually alive, the grim swordsmen, the mocking Jew, Herod, who sits enthroned in the very midst of the slaughter, the agonized women, the father who kneels beside his wife and stretches out his arms tenderly over the dead child in her lap. And the gestures are terrible: the sword thrust into the mouth of the babe as the mother all but escapes with it, the gold-hilted daggers gripped hard high in the air, the clutching hands, and feet trampling on the dead, the strange decorative rim of dead babies set symmetrically along the floor in the front of the picture, the older children who look in through pillared windows, laughing idly. And this painter has a like care for the beauty of dresses worked with gold and falling in lovely folds, and for the scrupulous coils of hair and falling curls, and for the gold ornaments over Herod's throne, and for the squares and circles of *cosimato* work in the floor stained with little, sufficient stains of blood. Over the altar Sodoma has painted an "Adoration of the Magi," and it is full of all the obviousness of beauty, of lyrical cries of color, from here, from there; this crowned youth with a face in which the Leonardo smile

has deepened to consciousness, this kneeling king with his effective, manly grace, the effective violence of the negro king standing by his side, the doll-like Virgin and Child, St. Joseph posed for the display of a muscular bare arm; and beyond, a cavalcade, trees, rocks, a shadowy castle on a hill, glimpses of a faint valley; all made of conscious charm, of a beauty not organic, an applied beauty.

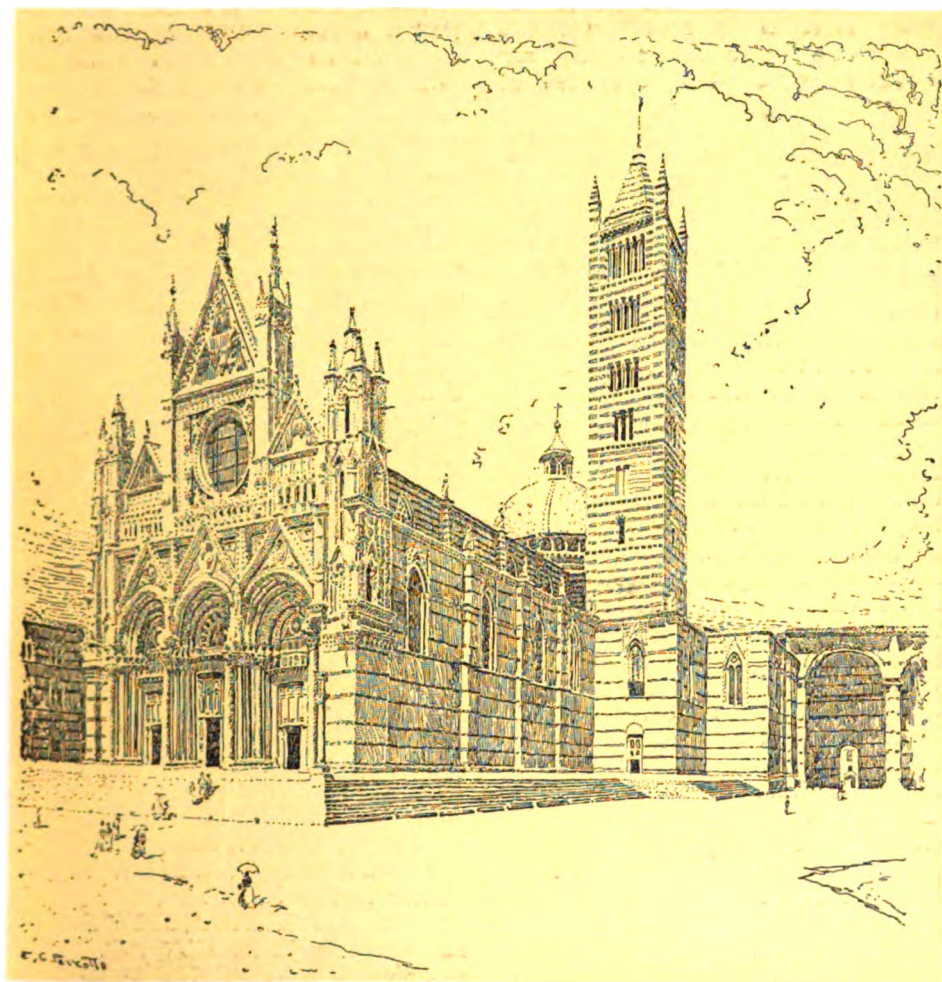
Elsewhere, as in S. Bernardino, where the really fine Sodoma is the Coronation of the Virgin, there is more of this wildly luxurious color and languid form, nudes of romantic softness, strange spots of feverish color, as in the leopard-skin and purple girdle of St. John, and in the melting white drapery of the Virgin, and in the ruddy hair and beard of Christ. But what all this leads to is to be seen tragically on another wall, in Beccafumi's "Death of the Virgin," where the fever of Sodoma passes into delirium, and splashes in colored waves all over the picture.

V

THERE is in the ardent and concentrated beauty of Siena something almost artificial, as a city on a hill in an old picture. From



Fontebrande.



The cathedral, Siena.

the fortifications one can see the whole city, the houses set tightly side by side, flat, many-windowed, brown and white, brown-roofed, tier above tier, without visible space between; all clustered together, as if for safety or friendliness, and all leading up to the long and narrow cathedral, with its dome and tower, which seems to draw all this irregular mass into a single harmony. All around it is the peace of a green world, falling into valleys where there are red earth and dark and pointing cypresses and the gray mist of olives, and rising into little hills where bells swing on the roofs of brown monasteries. As the valley

dips and rises the colors darken, and, beyond the valley, hills begin, pale green and gray, and then, against the sky lighted at sunset, a luminous dark blue, like the color of storm-clouds. Far off the hills seem to break like quiet waves, in long curved lines, against the white shore of sky. Seen after sunset, it is as if a great missal, painted by Sienese artists, had been set upright between earth and sky; a sky rose-colored and blue and gold, the outlines of the hills drawn sharply against a gold background, purple-black, with depths of color glowing through darkness and lighted at the edges with miraculous gold.

LEVIATHAN

By Henry van Dyke



THE village of Samaria in the central part of the State of Connecticut resembled the royal city of Israel, after which it was named, in one point only. It was perched upon the top of a hill, encircled by gentle valleys which divided it from an outer ring of hills still more elevated, almost mountainous. But, except this position in the centre of the stage, you would find nothing theatrical or striking about the little New England hill-town: no ivory palaces to draw down the denunciations of a minor prophet, no street of colonnades to girdle the green eminence with its shining pillars, not even a dirty picturesqueness such as now distinguishes the forlorn remnant of the once haughty city of Omri and of Herod.

Neat, proper, reserved, not to say conventional, the Connecticut Samaria concealed its somewhat chilly architectural beauties beneath a veil of feathery elms and round-topped maples. It was not until you had climbed the hill from the clump of houses and shops which had grown up around the railway station,—a place of prosperous ugliness and unabashed modernity,—that you perceived the respectable evidences of what is called in America “an ancient town.” The village green and perhaps a half dozen of the white wooden houses which fronted it with their prim porticoes were possibly a little more than a hundred years old. The low farmhouse, which showed its gambrel-roof and square brick chimney a few rods down the northern road, was a relic of colonial days. The stiff white edifice with its pointed steeple, called in irreverent modern phrase the “Congo” church, claimed an equal antiquity; but it had been so often repaired and “improved” to suit the taste of various epochs, that the traces of Sir Christopher Wren in its architecture were quite confused by the admixture of what one might describe as the English Sparrow style.

The other buildings on the green, or within sight of it along the roads north, south,

east, and west, had been erected or built over at different periods, by prosperous inhabitants or returning natives who wished to have a summer cottage in their birth-place. These structures, although irreproachable in their moral aspect, indicated that the development of the builder’s art in Samaria had not followed any known historical scheme, but had been conducted along sporadic lines of imitation, and interrupted at least once by a volcanic outbreak of the style named, for some inscrutable reason, after Queen Anne. On the edges of the hill, looking off in various directions over the encircling vale, and commanding charming views of the rolling ridges which lay beyond, were the houses of the little summer colony of artists, doctors, lawyers and merchants. Two or three were flamboyant, but for the most part they blended rather gently with the landscape, and were of a modesty which gave their owners just ground for pride.

The countenance of the place was placid. It breathed an air of repose and satisfaction, a spirit which when it refers to outward circumstances is called contentment, and when it refers to oneself is called complacency. The Samaritans, in fact, did not think ill of themselves, and of their village they thought exceeding well. There was nothing in its situation, its looks, its customs which they would have wished to alter; and when a slight change came, a new house, a pathway on the other side of the green, an iron fence around the graveyard, a golf links in addition to the tennis courts, a bridge-whist afternoon to supplement the croquet club, by an unconscious convention its novelty was swiftly eliminated and in a short time it became one of the old traditions. Decidedly a place of peace was Samaria in Connecticut,—a place in which “the struggle for life” and the rivalries and contests of the great outside world were known only by report. Yet, being human, it had its own inward strifes; and of one of these I wish to tell the tale.

In the end this internal conflict centred

about Leviathan; but in the beginning I believe that it was of an ecclesiastical nature. At all events it did not run its course without a manifest admixture of the *odium theologicum*, and it came near to imperiling the cause of Christian unity in Samaria.

The Episcopal Church was really one of the more recent old institutions of the village. It stood beside the graveyard, just around the corner from the village green; and the type of its wooden architecture, which was profoundly early Gothic and was painted of a burnt-umber hue sprinkled with sand to imitate brownstone, indicated that it must have been built in the Upjohn Period, about the middle of the nineteenth century. But Samaria, without the slightest disloyalty to the principles of the Puritans, had promptly adopted and assimilated the Episcopal form of worship. The singing by a voluntary quartette of mixed voices, the hours of service, even the sermons, were all of the Samaritan type. The old rector, Dr. Snodgrass, a comfortably stout and evangelical man, lived for forty years on terms of affectionate intimacy with three successive ministers of the Congregational Church, the deacons of which shared with his vestrymen the control of the village councils.

The summer residents divided their attendance impartially between the two houses of worship. Even in the distribution of parts in the amateur theatricals which were given every year by the villagers in the town hall at the height of the season, no difference was made between the adherents of the ancient faith of Connecticut and the followers of the more recently introduced order of Episcopacy. When old Dr. Snodgrass died and was buried, the Rev. Cotton Mather Hopkins, who was an energetic widower of perhaps thirty-five years, made an eloquent address at his funeral, comparing him to the prophet Samuel, the apostle John, and a green bay tree whose foundations are built upon the rock. In short, all was tranquil in the ecclesiastical atmosphere of Samaria. There was not a cloud upon the horizon.

The air changed with the arrival of the new rector, the Rev. Willibert Beauchamp Jones, B.D., from the Divinity School of St. Jerome at Oshkosh. He was a bachelor, not only of divinity but also in the social sense; a plump young man of eight and

twenty summers, with an English accent, a low-crowned black felt hat, blue eyes, a cherubic smile, and very high views on liturgics. He was full of the best intentions toward the whole world, a warm advocate of the reunion of Christendom on his platform, and a man of sincere enthusiasm who regarded Samaria as a missionary field and was prepared to consecrate his life to it. The only point in which he was not true to the teachings of his professors at St. Jerome's was the celibacy of the parish clergy. Here he held that the tradition of the Greek Church was to be preferred to that of the Roman, and felt in his soul that the priesthood and matrimony were not inconsistent. In fact, he was secretly ambitious to prove their harmony in his own person. He was also a very social young man, and firm in his resolution to be kind and agreeable to everybody, even to those who were outside of the true fold.

Mr. Hopkins called on him without delay and was received with cordiality amounting to *empressement*. The two men talked together in the friendliest manner of interests that they had in common, books, politics, and out-of-door sports, to which both of them were addicted. Mr. Jones offered to lend Mr. Hopkins any of the new books, with which his library was rather well stocked, and promised to send over the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to which he was a subscriber, every week. Mr. Hopkins told Mr. Jones the name of the best washerwoman in the village, one of his own new parishioners, as it happened, and proposed to put him up at once for membership in the Golf Club. In fact the conversation went off most harmoniously.

"It was extraordinarily kind of you to call so early, my dear friend," said Jones as he followed his guest to the door of the little rectory. "I take it as a mark of Christian brotherhood; and naturally, as a clergyman, I want to be as close as possible to every one who is working in any way for the good of the place where my parish lies."

"Of course!" answered Hopkins. "That's all right. I guess you won't have any trouble about Christian brotherhood in Samaria. Good-bye till Monday afternoon."

But as he walked across the green, the skirts of his black frock-coat flapping in

the September breeze, and his brown Fedora hat set at a reflective angle on the back of his head, he pondered a little over the precise significance of his *confrère's* last remark, which had not altogether pleased him. Was there a subtle shade of difference between those who were working "in any way" for the good of Samaria, and the "clergyman" who felt bound to be on good terms with them?

On Monday afternoon they had appointed to take a country walk together, and Hopkins, who was a lean, long-legged, wiry fellow, with a deep chest, gray eyes, and a short, crisp brown beard and moustache, led the way at a lively pace over hill and dale, around Lake Marapaug and back,—fourteen miles in three hours. Jones was rather red when they returned to the front gate of the rectory about five o'clock, and he wiped his beaded forehead with his handkerchief as he invited his comrade to come in and have a cup of tea.

"No, thank you," said Hopkins, "I'm just ready for a bit of work in my study, now. Nice little stroll, wasn't it? I want you to know the country about here, and the people too. You mustn't feel strange in this Puritan region where my church has been established so long. We'll soon make you feel at home. Good-bye."

An hour later, when Jones had sipped his tea, he looked up from an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* and began to wonder whether Hopkins had meant anything in particular by that last remark.

"He's an awfully good chap, to be sure, but just a bit set in his way. I fancy he has some odd notions. Well, perhaps I shall be able to put him right, if I am patient and friendly. It is rather plain that I shall have a lot of missionary work to do here among these Dissenters."

So he turned to his bookshelves and took down a volume on *The Primitive Diaconate and the Reconstruction of Christendom*. Meantime Hopkins was in his study making notes for a series of sermons on "The Scriptural Polity of the Early New England Churches."

Well, you can see from this how the great Leviathan conflict began. Two men meeting with good intentions, both anxious, even determined, to be the best of friends, yet each unconsciously pressing upon the other the only point of difference between

them. Now add to this a pair of consciences aggravated by the sense of official responsibilities, and a number of ladies who were alike in cherishing for one or the other of these two men a warm admiration, amounting in several cases, shall I say, to a sentimental adoration, and you have a collection of materials not altogether favorable to a peaceful combination.

My business, however, is with Leviathan, and therefore I do not propose to narrate the development of the rivalry between these two excellent men. How Mr. Jones introduced an early morning service, and Mr. Hopkins replied with an afternoon musical vespers: how a vested choir of boys was installed in the brown church, and a cornet and a harp appeared in the gallery of the white church: how candles were lighted in the Episcopalian apse, (whereupon Erastus Whipple resigned from the vestry because he said he knew that he was "goin' to act ugly"), and a stereopticon threw illuminated pictures of Palestine upon the wall behind the Congregational pulpit (which induced Abijah Lemon to refuse to pass the plate the next Sunday, because he said he "wa'nt goin' to take up no collection for a peep-show in meetin'"): how a sermon beside the graveyard on "the martyrdom of King Charles I," was followed, on the green, by a discourse on "the treachery of Charles II": how Mrs. Slicer and Mrs. Cutter crossed each other in the transfer of their church relations, because the Slicer boys were not asked to sing in the vested choir, and because Orlando Cutter was displaced as cornetist by a young man from Hitchfield: how the Jonesites learned to speak of themselves as "churchmen" and of their neighbors as "adherents of other religious bodies," while the Hopkinsians politely inquired as to the hours at which "mass was celebrated" in the brown edifice and were careful to speak of their own services as "Divine worship": how Mr. Jones went so far, in his Washington's Birthday Speech, as to compliment the architectural effect of "the old meeting-house on the green, that venerable monument of an earnest period of dissent," to which Mr. Hopkins made the retort courteous by giving thanks, in his prayer on the same occasion, for "the gracious memories of fraternal intercourse which still halloed the little brown chapel beside the

cemetery": how all these strokes and counterstrokes were given and exchanged in a decorous and bloodless religious war which enlivened a Samaritan autumn and winter almost to the point of effervescence; and how they were prevented from doing any great harm by the general good feeling and the constitutional sense of humor of the village, it is not my purpose, I say, to relate in detail.

The fact is, the incipient fermentation passed away almost as naturally and suddenly as it began. Old Cap'n Elihu Gray, who had made a tidy fortune in his voyages to the East Indies and retired to enjoy it in a snug farmhouse beside the Lirrapaug River, a couple of miles below the village, was reputed to be something of a free-thinker, but he used to come up, every month, to one or other of the two churches to taste a sermon. His summary of the controversy which threatened the peace of Samaria, seemed to strike the common-sense of his fellow-townsmen in the place where friendly laughter lies.

"Wa'al," said he, puffing a meditative pipe, "I've seen folks pray to cows and jest despise folks 'at prayed to elephants. 'N I've seen folks whose r'ligion wouldn't 'low 'em to eat pig's meat fight with folks whose r'ligion wouldn't 'low 'em to eat meat 't all. But I never seen reel Christians disperse other reel Christians for prayin' at seven in the mornin' 'stead of at eleven, nor yet fight 'bout the difference 'tween a passel o' boys singin' in white nightgowns an' half-a-dozen purty young gals tunin' their voices to a pipe-organ an' a harp o' sollum saound. I don't 'low there is eny devil, but ef ther' wuz, guess that's the kind o' fight 'd make him grin."

This opinion appeared to reach down to the fundamental saving grace of humor in the Samaritan mind. The vestry persuaded the Reverend Willibert that the time was not yet ripe for candles; and the board of deacons induced the Reverend Cotton Mather to substitute a course of lectures on the Women of the Bible for the stereopticon exhibitions. Hostilities gently frothed themselves away and subsided. Decoration Day was celebrated in Samaria according to the *Hitchfield Gazette*, "by a notable gathering in the Town Hall, at which the Rev. Jones offered an eloquent extemporaneous prayer and the Rev. Hop-

kins pronounced an elegant oration on the Civil War, after which the surviving veterans partook of a banquet at the Hancock Hotel."

But the rivalry between the two leaders, sad to say, did not entirely disappear with the peaceful reconciliation and commingling of their forces. On the contrary, it was as if a general engagement had been abandoned and both the opposing companies had resolved themselves into the happy audience of a single combat. It was altogether a friendly and chivalrous contest, you understand,—nothing bitter or malicious about it,—but none the less it was a *duel à outrance*, a struggle for the mastery between two men whom nature had made rivals, and for whom circumstances had prepared the arena in the double sphere of love and angling.

Hopkins had become known, during the seven years of his residence at Samaria, as the best trout-fisherman of the village, and indeed of all the tributary region. With the black bass there were other men who were his equals, and perhaps one or two, like Judge Ward, who spent the greater part of his summer vacation sitting under an umbrella in a boat on Lake Marapaug, and Jags Witherbee, the village ne'er-do-weel, who were his superiors. But with the delicate, speckled, evasive trout he was easily first. He knew all the cold, foaming, musical brooks that sang their way down from the hills. He knew the spring-holes in the Lirrapaug River where the schools of fish assembled in the month of May, waiting to go up the brooks in the warm weather. He knew the secret haunts and lairs of the large fish where they established themselves for the whole season and took toll of the passing minnows. He knew how to let his line run with the current so that it would go in under the bushes without getting entangled, and sink to the bottom of the dark pools, beneath the roots of fallen trees, without the hook catching fast. He knew how to creep up to a stream that had hollowed out a way under the bank of a meadow, without shaking the boggy ground. He had a trick with a detachable float, made from a quill and a tiny piece of cork, that brought him many a fish from the centre of a mill-pond. He knew the best baits for every season,—worms, white grubs, striped minnows, miller's thumbs,

bumble-bees, grasshoppers, young field-mice,—and he knew where to find them.

For it must be confessed that Cotton Mather was a confirmed bait-fisherman. Confession is not the word that he would have used with reference to the fact; he would have called it a declaration of principles, and would have maintained that he was a follower of the best, the most skilful, the most productive, the fairest, the truly Apostolic method of fishing.

Jones, on the other hand, was not a little shocked when he discovered in the course of conversation that his colleague, who was in many respects such a good sportsman, was addicted to fishing with bait. For his own angling education had been acquired in a different school,—among the clear streams of England, the open rivers of Scotland, the carefully preserved waters of Long Island. He had been taught that the artificial fly was the proper lure for a true angler to use.

For coarse fish like perch and pike, a bait was permissible. For middle-class fish, like bass, which would only rise to the fly during a brief and uncertain season, a trolling-spoon or an artificial minnow might be allowed. But for fish whose blood, though cold, was noble,—for game fish of undoubted rank like the salmon and the trout, the true angler must use only the lightest possible tackle, the most difficult possible methods, the cleanest and prettiest possible lure,—to wit, the artificial fly. Moreover he added his opinion that in the long run, taking all sorts of water and weather together, and fishing through the season, a man can take more trout with the fly than with the bait,—that is, of course, if he understands the art of fly-fishing.

You perceive at once that here was a very pretty ground for conflict between the two men, after the ecclesiastical battle had been called off. Their community of zeal as anglers only intensified their radical opposition as to the authoritative and orthodox mode of angling. In the close season, when the practice of their art was forbidden, they discussed its theory with vigor; and many were the wit-combats between these two champions, to which the Samaritans listened in the drug-store-and-post-office that served them in place of a Mermaid Tavern. There was something of Shakspeare's quickness and elegance in

Willibert's methods; but Cotton Mather had the advantage in learning and in weight of argument.

"It is unhistorical," he said, "to claim that there is only one proper way to catch fish. The facts are against you."

"But surely, my dear fellow," replied Willibert, "there is one best way, and that must be the proper way on which all should unite."

"I don't admit that," said the other, "variety counts for something. Besides, it is up to you to prove that fly-fishing is the best way."

"Well," answered Willibert, "I fancy that would be easy enough. All the authorities are on my side. Doesn't every standard writer on angling say that fly-fishing is the perfection of the art?"

"Not at all," Cotton Mather replied, with some exultation, "Izaak Walton's book is all about bait-fishing, except two or three pages on the artificial fly, which were composed for him by Thomas Barker, a retired confectioner. But suppose all the books were on your side. There are ten thousand men who love fishing and know about fishing, to one who writes about it. The proof of the angler is the full basket."

At this Willibert looked disgusted. "You mistake quantity for quality. It's better to take one fish prettily and fairly than to fill your basket in an inferior way. Would you catch trout with a net?"

Cotton Mather admitted that he would not.

"Well, then, why not carry your discrimination a little farther and reject the coarse bait-hook, and the stiff rod, and the heavy line? Fly-tackle appeals to the æsthetic sense,—the slender, pliant rod with which you land a fish twenty times its weight, the silken line, the gossamer leader, the dainty fly of bright feathers concealing the tiny hook!"

"Concealing!" broke in the advocate of the bait, "that is just the spirit of the whole art of fly-fishing. It's all a deception. The slender rod is made of split cane that will bend double before it breaks; the gossamer leader is of drawn-gut carefully tested to stand a heavier strain than the rod can put upon it. The trout thinks he can smash your tackle, but you know he can't, and you play with him half-an-hour to convince him that you are right. And after all, when you've landed him, he hasn't

had even a taste of anything good to eat to console him for being caught,—nothing but a little bunch of feathers which he never would look at if he knew what it was. Don't you think that fly-fishing is something of a piscatorial immorality?"

"Not in the least," answered Willibert, warming to his work, "it is a legitimate appeal, not to the trout's lower instinct, his mere physical hunger, but to his curiosity, his sense of beauty, his desire for knowledge. He takes the fly, not because it looks like an edible insect, for nine times out of ten it doesn't, but because it's pretty and he wants to know what it is. When he has found out, you give him a fair run for his money and bring him to basket with nothing more than a pin-prick in his lips. But what does the bait-fisher do? He deceives the trout into thinking that a certain worm or grub or minnow is wholesome, nourishing, digestible, fit to be swallowed. In that deceptive bait he has hidden a big, heavy hook which sticks deep in the trout's gullet and by means of which the disappointed fish is forcibly and brutally dragged to land. It lacks refinement. It is primitive, violent, barbaric, and so simple that any unskilled village lad can do it as well as you can."

"I think not," said Cotton Mather, now on the defensive, "just let the village-lad try it. Why, the beauty of real bait-fishing is that it requires more skill than any other kind of angling. To present your bait to the wary old trout without frightening him; to make it move in the water so that it shall seem alive and free"; ("deception," murmured Willibert), "to judge the proper moment after he has taken it when you should strike, and how hard; to draw him safely away from the weeds and roots among which he has been lying; all this takes quite a little practice and some skill,—a good deal more, I reckon, than hooking and playing a trout on the clear surface of the water when you can see every motion."

"Ah, there you are," cried Willibert, "that's the charm of fly-fishing! It's all open and above-board. The long, light cast of the fly, 'fine and far off,' the delicate drop of the feathers upon the water, the quick rise of the trout and the sudden gleam of his golden side as he turns, the electric motion of the wrist by which you hook him,—that is the magic of sport."

"Yes," replied the other, "I'll admit there's something in it, but bait-fishing is superior. You take a long pool, late in the season; water low and clear; fish lying in the middle; you can't get near them. You go to the head of the pool in the rapids and stir up the bottom so as to discolor the water a little——"

"Deceptive," interrupted Willibert, "and decidedly immoral!"

"Only a little," continued Cotton Mather "a very little! Then you go down to the bottom of the pool with a hand-line——"

"A hand-line!" murmured the listener, half-shuddering in feigned horror.

"Yes, a hand-line," the speaker went on firmly, "a long, light hand-line, without a sinker, baited with a single, clean angle-worm, and loosely coiled in your left hand. You cast the hook with your right hand, and it falls lightly without a splash, a hundred feet up stream. Then you pull the line in very gently, just fast enough to keep it from sinking to the bottom. When the trout bites, you strike him and land him by hand, without the help of rod or landing-net or any other mechanical device. Try this once, and you will see whether it is easier than throwing the fly. I reckon this was the way the Apostle Peter fished when he was told to 'go to the sea, and cast a hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up.' It is the only true Apostolic method of fishing."

"But, my dear fellow," answered the other, "the text doesn't say that it was a bait-hook. It may have been a fly-hook. Indeed the text rather implies that, for it speaks of the fish as 'coming up,' and that means rising to the fly."

"Wa'al," said Cap'n Gray, rising slowly and knocking out the ashes of his pipe on the edge of his chair, "I can't express no judgment on the merits of this debate, seein' I've never been much of a fisher. But ef I wuz, my fust ch'ice 'd be to git the fish, an' enny way that got 'em I'd call good."

The arrival of the Springtime, releasing the streams from their imprisonment of ice, and setting the trout to leaping in every meadow-brook and all along the curving reaches of the swift Lirrapaug, transferred this piscatorial contest from the region of discourse to the region of experiment. The rector proved himself a competitor worthy of the minister's mettle. Although at first

he was at some disadvantage on account of his slight acquaintance with the streams, he soon overcame this by diligent study; and while Hopkins did better work on the brooks that were overhung with trees and bushes, Jones was more effective on the open river and in the meadow-streams just at sundown. They both made some famous baskets that year, and were running neck and neck in the angling field, equal in success.

But in the field of love, I grieve to say, their equality was of another kind. Both of them were seriously smitten with the beauty of Lena Gray, the old Captain's only daughter, who had just come home from Smith College, with a certificate of graduation, five charming new hats, and a considerable knowledge of the art of amateur dramatics. She was cast for the part of leading lady in Samaria's play that summer, and Mr. Jones and Mr. Hopkins were both secretly ambitious for the post of stage-manager. But it fell to Orlando Cutter, who lived on the farm next to the Grays. The disappointed candidates consoled themselves by the size of the bouquets which they threw to the heroine at the close of the third act. One was of white roses and red carnations; the other was of pink roses and lilies of the valley. The flowers that she wore when she answered the final curtain-call, curiously enough, were damask roses and mignonette. A minute observer would have noticed that there was a fine damask rose-bush growing in the Cutter's back garden.

There was no dispute of methods between Jones and Hopkins in the amatorial realm, like that which divided them in matters piscatorial. They were singularly alike in attitude and in procedure. Both were very much in earnest; both expressed their earnestness by offerings presented to the object of their devotions; both hesitated to put their desires and hopes into words, because they could not do it in any but a serious way, and they feared to invite failure by a premature avowal. So, as I said, they stood in love upon an equal footing, but not an equality of success; rather one of doubt, delay and dissatisfaction. Miss Gray received their oblations with an admirable impartiality. She liked their books, their candy, their earnest conversation, their mild clerical jokes, without

giving any indication which of them she liked best. As her father's daughter she was free from ecclesiastical entanglements; but of course she wanted to go to church, so she attended the Episcopal service at eleven o'clock and became a member of Mr. Hopkins's Bible Class which met at twelve thirty. Orlando Cutter usually drove home with her when the class was over.

You can imagine how eagerly and gravely Cotton Mather and Willibert considered the best means of advancing their respective wishes in regard to this young lady; how they sought for some gift which should not be too costly for her to accept with propriety, and yet sufficiently rare and distinguished to indicate her supreme place in their regards. They had sent her things to read and things to eat; they had drawn upon Hitchfield in the matter of flowers. Now each of them was secretly casting about in his mind for some unique thing to offer, which might stand out from trivial gifts, not by its cost, but by its individuality, by the impossibility of any other person's bringing it, and so might prepare the way for a declaration.

By a singular, yet not unnatural, coincidence, the solution presented itself to the imagination of each of them (separately and secretly of course) in the form of Leviathan.

I feel that a brief word of explanation is necessary here. Every New England village that has any trout-fishing in its vicinity has also a legend of a huge trout, a great-grandfather of fishes, præternaturally wise and wary, abnormally fierce and powerful, who lives in some particular pool of the principal stream, and is seen, hooked, and played by many anglers but never landed. Such a traditional trout there was at Samaria. His lair was in a deep hole of the Lirrapaug, beside an overhanging rock, and just below the mouth of the little spring-brook that divided the Gray's farm from the Cutter's. But this trout was not only traditional, he was also real. Small boys had fished for him, and described vividly the manner in which their hooks had been carried away,—but that does not count. Jags Witherbee declared that he had struggled with him for nearly an hour, only to fall exhausted in the rapids below the pool while the trout executed a series of somersaults in the direction of Sims-

ville,—but that does not count. What really counts is that two reputable clergymen testified that they had seen him. He rose once to Jones's fly when he was fishing up the river after dusk, and Hopkins had seen him chase a minnow up the brook just before sunrise. The latter witness averred that the fish made a wake like a steam-boat, and the former witness estimated his weight at a little short of five pounds,—both called him Leviathan, and desired to draw him out with a hook.

Now the thought that secretly occurred to each of these worthy young men, as I say, not unnaturally, but with a strange simultaneousness which no ordinary writer of fiction would dare to invent, was this: *Catch Leviathan on the last day of the trout-season and present him to Miss Gray. That will be a famous gift, and no one else can duplicate it.*

The last day of the season was July 31st. Long before daybreak the Rev. Cotton Mather Hopkins stole away from the manse, slipping through the darkness noiselessly, and taking the steep path by Bushy Brook towards the valley of the Lirapaug. In one pocket was his long, light, hand-line, carefully coiled, with a selected sneck-bend hook of tempered steel made fast to the line by the smallest and firmest of knots. In the other pocket was a box of choice angle-worms, dug from the garden two days before, and since that time kept in moss and sprinkled with milk to make them clean and rosy. It was his plan to go down stream a little way below the rock-pool, wait for daylight, and then fish up the pool slowly until he reached Leviathan's lair and catch him. It was a good plan.

The day came gently and serenely; a touch of gray along the eastern horizon; a fading of the deep blue overhead, a paling of the stars, a flush of orange in the east; then silver and gold on the little floating clouds, and amber and rose along the hill-tops; then lances of light showing over the edge of the world and a cool flood of diffused radiance flowing across field and river. It was at this moment, before there was a shadow to be found in the scene, that the fisherman stepped into the rapid below the pool and began to wade slowly and cautiously upward along the eastern bank. Not a ripple moved before him; his steps

fell on the rocky bottom as if he had been shod with velvet. The long line shot out from his swinging hand and the bait fell lightly on the pool,—too far away yet to reach the rock. Another cast follows, and still another, but without any result. The rock is now reached, but the middle of it projects a little into the pool, and makes a bend or bay which is just out of sight from the point where the fisherman stands. He gathers his line in his left hand again and makes another cast. It is a beauty. The line uncoils itself without a hitch and the bait curves around the corner, settling down beside the rock as if a bit of sand had fallen from the top of the bank.

But what is that dark figure kneeling on the eastern bank at the head of the pool, seventy feet above the rock? It is the form of Willibert Beauchamp Jones, B.D. He has assumed this attitude of devotion in order that Leviathan may not see him from afar; but it also serves unconsciously to hide him from the fisherman at the foot of the pool. Willibert is casting the fly very beautifully, very delicately, very accurately, across the mouth of the spring-brook towards the upper end of the rock. The tiny royal coachman falls like a snowflake on the water, and the hare's ear settles like a bit of thistledown two feet beyond it. Nearer and nearer the flies come to the rock, until at last they cover the place where the last cast of the hand-line fell. There is a flash of purple and gold in the water, a great splash on the surface,—Leviathan has risen; Willibert has struck him; the royal coachman is fast in his upper lip.

At the same instant the fisherman at the lower end of the pool feels a tightening of his line. He gives it a quick twitch with his right hand, and prepares to pull in with his left. Leviathan has taken the bait; Cotton Mather has struck; the hook is well fastened in the roof of the fish's mouth and the sport begins.

Willibert leaps to his feet and moves towards the end of the point. Cotton Mather, feeling the heavy strain on his line, wades out towards the deeper part of the pool. The two fishermen behold each other, in the moment of their common triumph, and they perceive what lies between them.

"Excuse me," said Hopkins, "but that is my fish. He must have taken my bait

before he rose to the fly, and I'll be much obliged to you if you'll let go of him."

"I beg your pardon," replied Jones, "but it's quite evident that he rose to my fly before you felt him bite at your bait; and as I struck him first and hooked him first, he is my fish and I'll thank you to leave him alone."

It was a pretty situation. Each fisherman realized that he was called upon to do his best and yet unable to get ahead of the other without danger to his own success,—no time for argument surely! Yet I think they would have argued, and that with fierceness, had it not been for a sudden interruption.

"Good morning, gentlemen!" said the voice of Orlando Cutter, as he stepped from the bushes at the mouth of the brook, with a landing-net in his hand. "I see you are out early to-day. I came down myself to have a try for the big fish, and Miss Gray was good enough to come with me."

The rosy, laughing face of the girl emerged from the willows. "Good morning, good morning," she cried. "Why it's quite a party, isn't it? But how wet you both are, Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Jones,—did you fall in the water? And you look vexed, too! What is the matter? Oh, I see, both your lines are caught fast in the bottom of the pool,—no, they are tangled together—(at this the fish gave a mighty splash and a rush towards the shore,)—oh, Orlando, it's a fish, and such a beauty!"

The trout, bewildered and exhausted by the double strain upon him, floundered a little and moved into the shallow water at the mouth of the brook. Orlando stepped

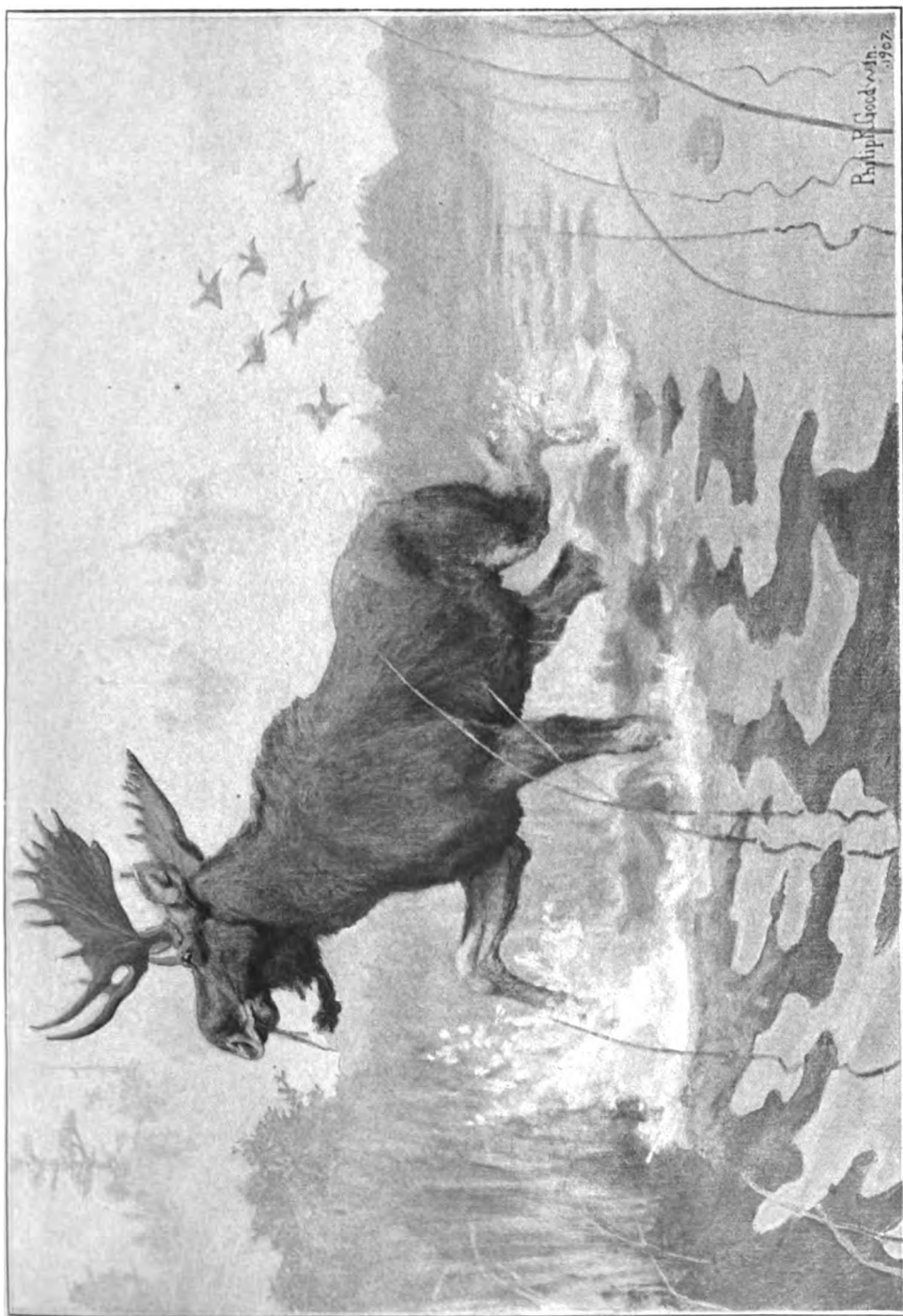
down and quietly slipped the landing-net under him.

"I see it is a fish," he said, "and it seems to be caught with a bait and a fly, but it certainly is landed with a net. So in that case, gentlemen, as your claims seem to be divided, I will take the liberty of disengaging both your hooks, and of begging Miss Gray to accept this Leviathan, as—may I tell them?—she has just accepted me."

By this time the newly risen sun was shining upon the ripples of the Lirrapaug River and upon the four people who stood on the bank shaking hands and exchanging polite remarks. His glowing face was bright with that cheerful air of humorous and sympathetic benevolence with which he seems to look upon all our human experiences of disappointment and success.

The weary anglers found some physical comfort, at least, in the cool glasses of milk which Miss Gray poured for them as they sat on the verandah of the farm-house. On their way up the hill, by the pleasant path which followed Bushy Brook, these two brethren who were so much of one mind in their devotion to their fishing and who differed only in regard to the method to be pursued, did not talk much, but they felt themselves nearer to each other than ever before. Something seemed to weave between them the delicate and firm bonds of a friendship strengthened by a common aim and chastened by a common experience of disappointment. They could afford to be silent together because they were now true comrades. I shall always maintain that both of them received a great benefit from Leviathan.





Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin.

An Alarm



CAMPBELL COROT.

By — Francis Cotton —
Drawings by — J. L. S. Williams.

THE Academy reception was approaching a perspiring and vociferous close when the Antiquary whispered an invitation to the Painter, the Patron, and the Critic. A Scotch woodcock at "Dick's" weighs heavily, even against the more solid pleasures of the mind, so terminating four conferences on as many tendencies in modern art, and abandoning four hungry souls, we four hungry bodies bore down an avenue toward "Dick's" smoky realm, where we found a quiet corner apart from the crowd. It is a place where one may talk freely or even foolishly—one of those rare oases in which an artist, for example, may venture to read a lesson to an avowed patron of art.

All the way down the Patron had bored us with his new Corot, which he described at tedious length. Now the Antiquary barely tolerated anything this side of the eighteenth century, the Painter was of Courbet's sturdy following, the Critic had been writing for a season that the only hope in art for the rich was to emancipate themselves from the exclusive idolatry of Barbizon. Accordingly the Patron's rhapsodies fell on impatient

ears, and when he continued his importunities over the Scotch woodcock and ale, the Painter was impelled to express the sense of the meeting.

"Speaking of Corot," he began genially, "there are certain misapprehensions about him which I am fortunately able to clear up. People imagine, for instance, that he haunted the woods about Ville d'Avray. Not at all. He frequented the gin-mills in Cedar Street. We are told he wore a peasant's blouse and sabots; on the contrary, he sported a frock-coat and congress gaiters. His long clay pipe has passed into legend, whereas he actually smoked a tilted Pittsburg stogy. We speak of him by the operative name of Camille; he was prosaically called Campbell. You think he worked out of doors at rosy dawn; he painted habitually in an air-tight attic by lamplight."

As the Painter paused for the sensation to sink in, the Antiquary murmured soothingly, "Get it off your mind quickly, old man," the Critic remarked that the Campbells were surely coming, and the Patron asked with nettled dignity how the Painter knew.

"Know?" he resumed, having had the necessary fillip. "Because I knew him, smelled his stogy, and drank with him in Cedar Street. It was some time in the early '70s, when a passion for Corot's opalescences (with the Critic's permission) was the latest and most knowing fad. As a realist I half mistrusted the fascination, but I felt it with the rest, and whenever any of the besotted dealers of that rude age got in an 'Early Morning' or a 'Dance of Nymphs,' I was there among the first. For another reason, my friend Rosenheim, then in his modest beginnings as a marchand-amateur, was likely to appear at such private views. With his infallible tact for future salability, he was already unloading the institute, and laying in Barbizon. Find what he's buying now, and I'll tell you the next fad."

The Critic nodded sagaciously, knowing that Rosenheim, who now poses as collecting only for his pleasure, has already begun to affect the drastic productions of certain clever young Spanish realists.

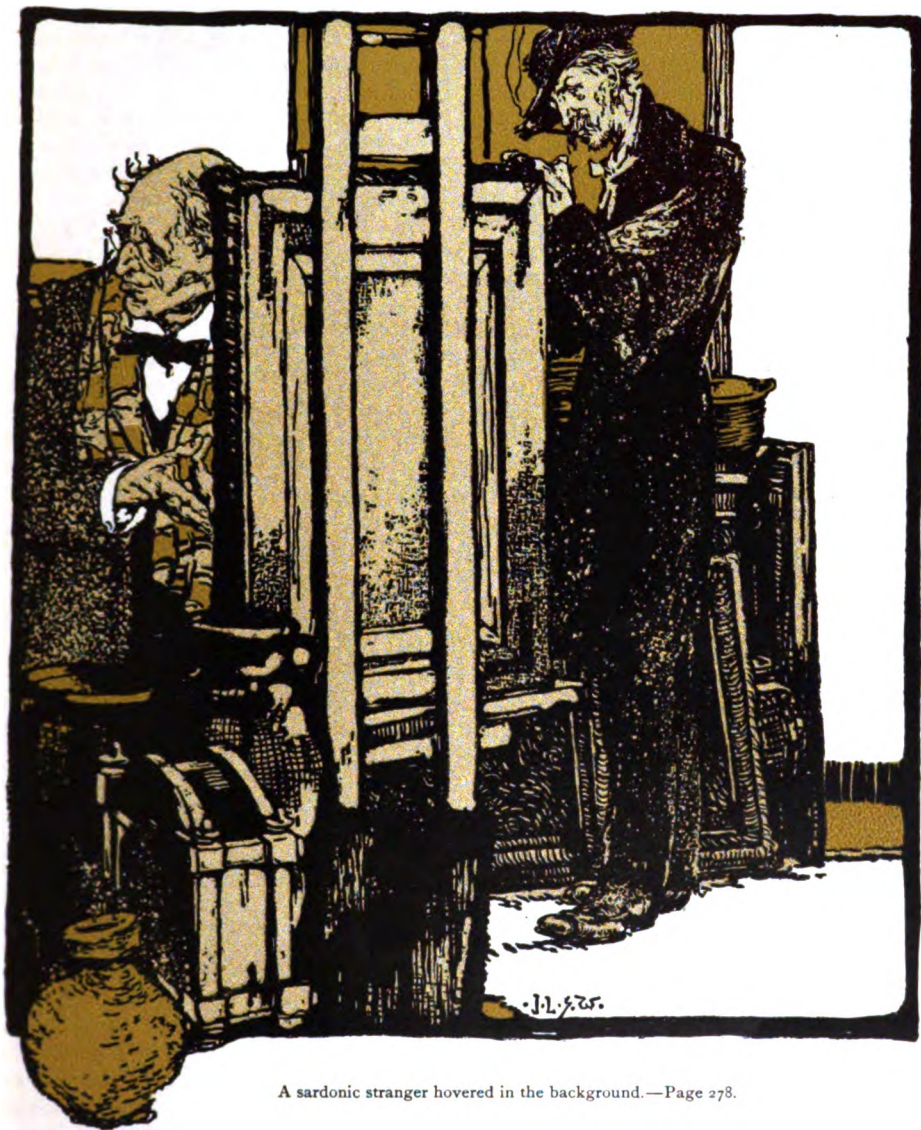
"Rosenheim," the Painter pursued, "really loved his Corot quite apart from prospective values. I fancy the pink silkiness of the manner always appeals to Jews, recalling their most authentic taste, the eighteenth-century Frenchmen. Anyhow, Rosenheim took his new love seriously, followed up the smallest examples religiously, learned to know the forgeries that were already afloat—in short, was the best informed Corotist in the city. It was appropriate, then, that my first relations with the poet-painter should have the sanction of Rosenheim's presence."

Lingering upon the reminiscence, the Painter sopped up the last bit of anchovy paste, drained his toby, and pushed it away. The rest of us settled back comfortably for a long session, as he persisted.

"Rosenheim wrote me one day that he had got wind of a Corot in a Cedar Street auction room. It might be, so his news went, the pendant to the one he had recently bought at the Bolton sale. He suggested we should go down together and see. So we joggled down Broadway in the 'bus, on what looked rather like a wild-geese chase. But it paid to keep the run of Cedar Street in those days; one might find anything. The gilded black walnut was pushing the old mahogany out of good houses; Wyant and Homer Martin were occasionally rais-

ing the wind by ventures in omnibus sales; then there were old masters which one cannot mention because nobody would believe. But that particular morning the Corot had no real competitor; its radiance fairly filled the entire junk-room. Rosenheim was in raptures. As luck would have it, it was indeed the companion-piece to his, and his it should be at all costs. In Cedar Street, he reasonably felt, one might even hope to get it cheap. Then began our *duo* on the theme of atmosphere, vibrancy, etc.—brand new phrases, mind you, in those innocent days. As Rosenheim for a moment carried the burden alone, I stepped up to the canvas and saw, with a shock, that the paint was about two days old. Under what conditions I wondered—for did I not know the tricks of paint—could a real Corot have come over so fresh? I more than scented trickery. A sketch overpainted—for it seemed above the quality of a sheer forgery—or was the case worse than that? Meanwhile not a shade of doubt was in Rosenheim's mind. As I canvassed the possibilities his *sotto-voce* ecstasies continued, to the vast amusement, as I perceived, of a sardonic stranger, who hovered unsteadily in the background. This ill-omened person was clad in a statesmanlike black frock-coat with trousers of similar funereal shade. A white lawn tie, much soiled, and congress gaiters, much frayed, were appropriate details of a costume inevitably topped off with an army slouch hat that had long lacked the brush. He was immensely long and shallow, wore a drooping mustache vaguely blonde, between the unkempt curtains of which a thin cheroot pointed heavenward. As he walked nervously up and down, with a suspiciously stilted gait, he observed Rosenheim with evident scorn and the picture with a strange pride. He was not merely odd, but also offensive, for as Rosenheim whispered '*Comme c'est beau!*' there was an unmistakable snort; when he continued, '*Mais c'est exquis!*' the snort broadened into a mighty chuckle; while as he concluded 'Most luminous!' the chuckle became articulate, in an 'Oh, shucks!' that could not be ignored.

"You seem to be interested, sir," Rosenheim remarked. 'You bet!' was the terse response. 'May I inquire the cause of your concern?' Rosenheim continued placidly. With a most exasperating air of willingness



A sardonic stranger hovered in the background.—Page 278.

to please, the stranger rejoined: 'Why, I jest took a simple pleasure, sir, in seeing an amachoor like you talking French about a little thing I painted here in Cedar Street.' For a moment Rosenheim was too indignant to speak, then he burst out with: 'It's an infernal lie; you could no more paint that picture than you could fly.' 'I did paint it, jest the same,' pursued the stranger imperturbably, as Rosenheim, to make an end of the insufferable wag, snapped out sarcastically, 'Perhaps you painted its mate, then, the Bolton Corot.' 'The one that

sold for three thousand dollars last week? Of course I painted it; it's the best nymph scene I ever done. Don't get mad, mister; I paint most of the Corots. I'm glad you like 'em.'

"For a moment I feared that little Rosenheim would smite the lank annoyer dead in his tracks. 'For heaven's sake be careful!' I cried. 'The man is drunk or crazy or he may even be right; the paint on this picture isn't two days old.' 'Correct,' declared the stranger. 'I finished it day before yesterday for this sale.' Then a marked change

came over Rosenheim's manner. He grew positively deferential. It delighted him to meet an artist of talent; they must know each other better. Cards were exchanged, and Rosenheim read with amazement the grimy inscription '*Campbell Corot, Landscape Artist.*' 'Yes, that's my painting name,' Campbell Corot said modestly; 'and my pictores are almost equally as good as his'n, but not quite. They do for ordinary household purposes. I really hate to see one get into a big sale like the Bolton; it don't seem honest, but I can't help it; nobody'd believe me if I told.' Rosenheim's demeanor was courtly to a fault as he pleaded an engagement and bade us farewell. Already apparently he divined a certain importance in so remarkable a gift of mimicry. I stayed behind, resolved on making the nearer acquaintance of Campbell Corot."

"Rosenheim clearly understands the art of business," interrupted the Antiquary. "And the business of art," added the Critic. "Could your seedy friend have painted my Corot?" said the Patron in real distress. "Why not?" continued the Painter remorselessly. "Only hear me out, and you may judge for yourself. Anyhow, let's drop your Corot; we were speaking of mine."

"To make Campbell Corot's acquaintance proved more difficult than I had expected. He confided in me immediately that he had been a durn fool to give himself away to my friend, but talk was cheap, and people never believed him, anyway. Then gloom descended, and my professions of confidence received only the most surly responses. He unbent again for a moment with, 'Painter feller, you knowed the pesky ways of paint, didn't yer?' but when I followed up this promising lead and claimed him as an associate, he repulsed me with, 'Stuck up, ain't yer? Parley French like your friend? 'Spose you've showed in the Saloon at Paris.' Giving it up, I replied simply: 'I have; I'm a landscape painter, too, but I'd like to say before I go that I would be

glad to be able to paint a picture like that.' Looking me in the eye and seeing I meant it, 'Shake!' he replied cordially. As we shook his breath met me fair: it was such a breath as was not uncommon in old-time Cedar Street. Gentlemen who affect this aroma are, I have noticed, seldom indifferent to one sort of invitation, so I ventured hardily: 'You know Nickerson's Glengyle, sir; perhaps you will do me the favor to drink a glass with me while we chat.' Here I could tell you a lot about Nickerson's." "Don't," begged the Critic, who is abstemious. "I will only say, then, that Nickerson's, then an all-night refuge, closes now at three—desecration has made it the yellow marble office of a teetotaler in the banking line—and the Glengyle, that blessed essence of the barley, heather, peat, and mist of Old Scotland, has been taken over by an exporting company, limited. Sometimes I think I detect a little of it in the poisons that the grocers of Glasgow and Edinburgh send over here, or perhaps I only dream of the old taste. Then it was itself, and by the second glass Campbell Corot was quite ready to soliloquize. You shall have his story about as he told it, but abridged a little in view of your tender ages and the hour.

"John Campbell had grown up contentedly on the old farm under Mount Everett until one summer when a landscape painter took board with the family. At first the lad despised the gentle art as unmanly, but as he watched the mysterious processes he longed to try his hand. The good-natured Düsseldorfian willingly lent brushes and bits of millboard upon which John proceeded to make the most lurid confections. The forms of things were, of course, an obstacle to him, as they are to everybody. 'I never could droke,' he told me, 'and I never wanted to droke like that painter chap. Why he'd fill a big canvas with little trees and rocks and ponds till it all seemed no bigger than a Noah's ark show. I used to ask him, "Why don't you wait till evening when you can't see so much to droke?"' To





John Campbell began the artist's life afresh with high hopes. — Page 283.

such criticism the painter naturally paid no attention, while John devoted himself to sunsets and the tube of crimson lake. From babyhood he had loved the purple hour, and his results, while without form and void, were apparently not wholly unpleasing, for his master paid him the compliment of using one or two such sketches as backgrounds, adding merely the requisite hills, houses, fences, and cows. These collaborations were mentioned not unworthily beside the sunsets of Kensett and Cropsey next winter at the Academy. From that summer John was for better or worse a painter.

"His first local success was curiously

enough an historical composition, in which the village hose company, almost swallowed up by the smoke, held in check a conflagration of Vesuvian magnitude. The few visible figures and Smith's turning-mill, which had heroically been saved in part from the flames, were jotted in from photographs. Happily this work, for which the Alert Hose Company subscribed no less than twenty-five dollars, providing also a fifty-dollar frame, fell under the appreciative eye of the insurance adjuster who visited the very ruins depicted. Recognizing immediately an uncommonly available form of artistic talent, this gentleman pro-

cured John a commission as painter in ordinary to the Vulcan, with orders to come at once to town at excellent wages. By his twentieth year, then, John was established in an attic chamber near the North River with a public that, barring change in the advertising policy of the Vulcan, must inevitably become national. For the lithographers he designed all manner of holocausts; at times he made tours through the counties and fixed the incandescent mouth of Vulcan's forge, the figures within being merely indicated, on the face of a hundred ledges. That was a shame, he freely admitted to me; the rocks looked better without. In fact, John Campbell's first manner soon came to be a humiliation and an intolerable bondage. He felt the insincerity of it deeply. 'You see, it's this way,' he explained to me, 'you don't see the shapes by firelight or at sunset, but you have seen them all day and you know they're there. Nobody that don't have those shapes in his brush can make you feel them in a picture. Everybody puts too little droring into sunsets. Nobody paints good ones, not even Inness [we must remember it was in the early '70s], except a Frenchman called Roosoo. He takes 'em very late, which is best, and he can drole some too.'

"A very decent critic, your alcoholic friend," the Critic remarked.

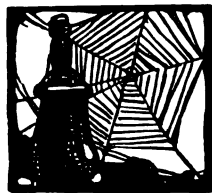
"He was full of good ideas, as you shall see," the story-teller replied. "I quite agree with you, if the bad whiskey could have been kept away from him he might have shone in your profession. Anyhow, he had the makings of an honest man in him, and when the Vulcan enlarged its cliff-painting programme he cut loose bravely. Then followed ten lean years of odd jobs, with landscape painting as a recreation, and the occasional sale of a canvas on a street corner as a great event. When his need was greatest he consented to earn good wages composing symbolical door designs for the Meteor Coach Company, but that again he could not endure for long. Later in the intervals of coloring photographs, illuminating window-shades, or whatever came to hand, he worked out the

theory which finally led him to the feet of Corot. It was, in short, that the proper subject for an artist deficient in linear design is sunrise.

"He explained the matter to me with zest. 'By morning you've half forgotten the look of things. All night you've seen only dream that don't have any true form, and when the first light comes nothing shows solid for what it is. The mist uncovers a little here and there, and you wonder what's beneath. It's all guesswork and nothing sure. Take any morning early when I look out of my attic window to the North River. There's nothing but a heap of fog, gray or pink, as there's more or less sun behind. It gets a little thick over toward Jersey, and that may be the shore, or again it mayn't. Then a solid bit of violet shows high up, and I guess it's Castle Stevens, but perhaps it ain't. Then a pale-yellow streak shoots across the river farther up and I take it to be the Palisades, but again it may be just a ray of sunshine. You see there really ain't no earth; it's all air and light. That's what a man that can't drole ought to paint; that's what my namesake, Cameel Corot, did paint better than any one that ever lived.'

"At this point of his confession John Campbell glared savagely at me for assent, and set down a sadly frayed and noxious stogy on Nickerson's black walnut. I hastened to agree, though much of the doctrine was heresy to a realist, only objecting: 'But one really has to draw a scene such as you describe just like any other. In fact, the drawing of atmosphere is the most difficult branch of our art. Many very good painters, like my master, Courbet, have given it up.' 'Corbet!' he replied contemptuously; 'he didn't give it up; he never even seen it. But don't I know it's hard, sir? For years I tried to paint it, and I never got nothing but the fog; when I put in more I lost that. They're pretty, those sketches—like watered silk or the scum in the docks with the

sun on it; but, Lord, there ain't nothing into 'em, and that's the truth. At last, after fumbling around for years, I happened to walk into Vogler's gallery one day and





I deposited him before his attic door.—Page 285.

saw my first Corot. Ther' it was—all I had been trying for. It was the kind of droring I knew ought to be, where a man sets down more what he feels than what he knows. I knew I was beginning too late, but I loved that way of working. I saw all the Corots I could, and began to paint as much as I could his way. I got almost to have his eye, but of course I never got his hand. No-

body could, I guess, not even an educated artist like you, or they'd all a don' it.'

After this awakening John Campbell began the artist's life afresh with high hopes. His first picture in the sweet new style was honestly called "Sunrise in Berkshire," though he had interwoven with his own reminiscences of the farm several mo-



The three locked arms for the stroll downtown.—Page 286.

tives from various compositions of his great exemplar. He signed the canvas Campbell Corot, in the familiar capital letters, because he didn't want to take all the credit; because he desired to mark emphatically the change in his manner, and because it struck him as a good painting name justified by the resemblance between his surname and the master's Christian name. It was a heartfelt homage in intention. If the disciple had been familiar with Renaissance usages he would undoubtedly have signed himself John of Camille.

"'Sunrise in Berkshire' fetched sixty dollars in a down-town auction room, the highest price John had ever received; but this was only the beginning of a bewildering rise in values. When John next saw the picture Campbell had been deftly removed, and the landscape, being favorably noticed in the press, brought seven hundred dollars in an uptown salesroom. John happened on it again in Beilstein's gallery, where the price had risen to thirteen hundred dollars—a tidy sum for a small Corot in those early days. At that figure it fell to a noted collector whose walls it still adorns. Here Campbell Corot's New England conscience asserted itself. He insisted on seeing Beil-

stein in person and told him the facts. Beilstein treated the visitor as an impostor and showed him the door, taking his address, however, and scornfully bidding him make good his story by painting a similar picture, unsigned. For this, if it was worth anything, the dealer promised he should be liberally paid. Naturally Campbell Corot's professional dander was up, and he produced in a week a Corotish 'Dance of Nymphs,' if anything, more specious than the last. For this Beilstein gave him twenty-five dollars, and within a month you might have seen it under the skylight of a country museum, where it is still reverently explained to successive generations of school-children.

"If Campbell Corot had been a stronger character he might have made some stand against the fraudulent success his second manner was achieving. But unhappily, in those experimental years he had acquired an experimental knowledge of the whiskey of Cedar Street. His irregular and spendthrift ways had put him out of all lines of employment. Besides, he was consumed by an artist's desire to create a kind of picture that he could not hope to sell as his own. Nor did the voice of the tempter, Beilstein,

fail to make itself heard. He offered an unflinching market for the little canvases at twenty-five or fifty dollars, according to size. There was a patron to supply unlimited colors and stretchers, a pocket that never refused to advance a small bill when thirst or lesser need found Campbell Corot penniless. Almost inevitably he passed from occasional to habitual forgery, consoling himself with the thought that he never signed the pictures and, before the law at least, was blameless. But signed they all were somewhere between their fictive entrance at Bielstein's basement and their appearance on his walls or in the auction rooms. Of course it wasn't the black-guard Beilstein who forged the five magic letters; he would never take the risk. 'Blast his dirty soul!' cried Campbell Corot aloud, as he seethed with the memory of his shame. He rose as if for summary vengeance, to the amazement of the quiet toppers in the room. For some time his utterance had been getting both excited and thick, and now I saw with a certain chagrin that the Glengyle had done its work only too well. It was a question not of hearing his story out, but of getting him home before worse befell. By mingled threats and blandishments I got him away from Nickerson's, and after an adventurous passage down Cedar Street I deposited him before his attic door, in a doubtful frame of mind, being alternately possessed by the desire to send Beilstein to hell and to pray for the welfare of the only genuine Corot."

"You certainly make queer acquaintances," ejaculated the Patron uneasily.

"Hurry up and tell us the rest; it's growing late," insisted the Antiquary, as he beckoned for the bill.

"I saw Campbell Corot only once more, but occasionally I saw his work, and it told a sad tale of deterioration. The sunrises and nymphs no longer deceived anybody, having fallen nearly to the average level of auction-room impressionism. I was not surprised, then, when running into him near Nickerson's one day I felt that drink and poverty were speeding their work. He tried to pass me unrecognized, but I stopped him, and once more the invitation to a nip proved

irresistible. My curiosity was keen to learn his attitude toward his own work and that of his master, and I attempted to draw him out with a crass compliment. He denied me gently. 'The best things I do, or rather did, young feller, are jest a little poorer than his worst. Between ourselves, he painted some pretty bum things. Some I suppose he did, like me, by lamplight. Some he sketched with one hand while he was lighting that there long pipe with the other. Sometimes, I guess, he was in a hurry for the money. Now, when I'm painting my level best, like I used to could, mine are about like that. But people don't know the difference about him or about me; and mine, as I told your Jew friend, are plenty good enough for every-day purposes. Used to be, anyway. Nobody can paint like his best. Think of it, young feller, you and me is painters and know what it means—jest a little dirty paint on white canvas, and you see the creeping of the sunrise over the land, the breathing of the mist from the fields, and the twinkling of the dew in the young leaves. Nobody but him could paint that, and I guess he never knowed how he done it; he jest felt it in his brush, it seems to me.'

"After this outburst little more was to be got from him. In a word, he had gone to pieces and knew it. Beilstein had cast him off; the works in the third manner hung heavy in the auction places. Leaning over the table, he asked me, 'Who was the gent that said, "My God, what a genius I had when I done that!"?' I told him that the phrase was given to many, but that I believed Swift was the gent. 'Jest so,' Campbell Corot responded; 'that's the way I felt the last time I saw Beilstein. He'd been sending back my things and, for a joke, I suppose, he wrote me to come up and see a real Corot, and take the measure of the job I was tackling. So up to the avenue I went, and Beilstein first gave me my dressing down and then asked me into the red-plush private room where he takes the big oil and wheat men when they want a little art. There on the easel was a picture. He drew the cloth away and said: "Now, Campbell, that's what we want in our business." As sure



as you're born, sir, it was a "Dance of Nymphs" that I done out of photographs eight years ago. But I can't paint like that no more. I know the way your friend Swift felt; only I guess my case is worse than his.'

"The mention of photographs gave me a clue to Campbell Corot's artistic methods. It appeared that Beilstein had kept him in the best reproductions of the master. But on this point the disciple was reticent, evading my questions by a motion to go. 'I'm not for long probably,' he said, as he refused a second glass. 'You've been patient while I've talked—I can't to most—and I don't want you to remember me drunk. Take good care of yourself, and, generally speaking, don't start your whiskey till your day's painting is done.' I stood for some minutes on the corner of Broadway as his gaunt form merged into the glow that fell full into Cedar Street from the setting sun. I wondered if the hour recalled the old days on the farm and the formation of his first manner.

"However that may be, his premonition

was right enough. The next winter I read one morning that the body of Campbell Corot had been taken from the river at the foot of Cedar Street. It was known that his habits were intemperate, and it was probable that returning from a saloon he had walked past his door and off the dock. His cards declared him to be a landscape painter, but he was unknown in the artistic circles of the city. I wrote to the authorities that he was indeed a landscape painter and that the fact should be recorded on his slab in Potter's Field. I was poor and that was the only service I could do to his memory."

The Painter ceased. We all rose to go and were parting at the doorway with sundry hems and haws when the Patron piped up anxiously, "Do you suppose he painted my Corot?" "I don't know and I don't care," said the Painter shortly. "Damn it, man, can't you see it's a human not a picture-dealing proposition?" sputtered the Antiquary. "That's right," echoed the Critic, as the three locked arms for the stroll downtown, leaving the bewildered Patron to find his way alone to the Park East.



QUATRAIN

By W. F. Schmitz

WHAT then—your little candle-flame blown out,
And all the world in darkness for a minute?
Why, even so? The stars still shine, no doubt.
Enough to strike a match by—and God's in it.

POE AND THE DETECTIVE STORY

By Brander Matthews

I



IN one of those essays which were often as speculative and suggestive as he claimed, the late John Addington Symonds called attention to three successive phases of criticism, pointing out that the critics had first set up as judges, delivering opinions from the bench and never hesitating to put on the black cap; that then they had changed into showmen, dwelling chiefly on the beauties of the masterpieces they were exhibiting; and that finally, and only very recently, they had become natural historians, studying "each object in relation to its antecedents and its consequences" and making themselves acquainted "with the conditions under which the artist grew, the habits of his race, the opinions of his age, his physiological and psychological peculiarities." And Symonds might have added that it is only in this latest phase, when the critics have availed themselves of the methods of the comparative biologists, that they are concerned with the interesting problems connected with the origin of the several literary species.

All over the world to-day devoted students are working at the hidden history of the lyric, for example, and of certain subdivisions of this species, such as the elegy, as it flowered long ago in Greece and as it has flourished in most of the literatures of modern Europe. To the "natural historian" of literary art, these subdivisions of a species are becoming more and more interesting, as he perceives more clearly how prone the poets have always been to work in accord with the pattern popular in their own time and to express themselves freely in the form they found ready to their hands. The student of the English drama is delighted when he can seize firmly the rise and fall of the tragedy of blood for one example, of the comedy of humors for another, and of sentimental comedy for a third; just as the investigator into the history of fiction is pleased to be able to trace the transforma-

tions of the pastoral, of the picaresque romance, and of the later short story.

The beginnings of a species, or of a sub-species, are obscure more often than not; and they are rarely to be declared with certainty. "Nothing is more difficult than to discover who have been in literature the first inventors" of a new form, so M. Jules Lemaitre once asserted, adding that innovations have generally been attempted by writers of no great value, and not infrequently by those who failed in those first efforts, unable to profit by their own originality. And it is natural enough that a good many sighting shots should be wasted on a new target before even an accomplished marksman could plump his bullet in the bull's-eye. The historical novel as we know it now must be credited to Scott, who preluded by the rather feeble "Waverly," before attaining the more boldly planned "Rob Roy" and "Guy Mannering." The sea tale is to be ascribed to Cooper, whose wavering faith in its successful accomplishment is reflected in the shifting of the successive episodes of the "Pilot" from land to water and back again to land; and it was only when he came to write the "Red Rover" that Cooper displayed full confidence in the form he was the first to experiment with. But the history of the detective story begins with the publication of the "Murders in the Rue Morgue," a masterpiece of its kind, which even its author was unable to surpass; and Poe, unlike most other originators, rang the bell the very first time he took aim.

II

THE detective story which Poe invented sharply differentiates itself from the earlier tales of mystery, and also from the later narratives in which actual detectives figure incidentally. Perhaps the first of these tales of mystery is Walpole's "Castle of Otranto," which appears to us now clumsy enough, with its puerile attempts to excite terror. The romances of Mrs. Radcliffe are scarcely more solidly built—indeed, the fa-

tigue of the sophisticated reader of to-day when he undertakes the perusal of these old-fashioned and long-winded chronicles may be ascribed partly to the flimsiness of the foundation which is supposed to support the awe-inspiring superstructure. Godwin's "Caleb Williams" is far more firmly put together; and its artful planning called for imagination as well as mere invention. In the "Edgar Huntley" of Charles Brockden Brown the veil of doubt skilfully shrouds the unsuspected and unsuspecting murderer who did the evil deed in his sleep—anticipating the somnambulist hero of Wilkie Collins's "Moonstone."

The disadvantages of this mystery-mongering have been pointed out by Poe with his wonted acuteness in his criticism of "Barnaby Rudge." After retelling the plot of Dickens's contorted narrative, and after putting the successive episodes into their true sequence, Poe asserted that "the thesis of the novel may thus be regarded as based upon curiosity," and he declared that "every point is so arranged as to perplex the reader and whet his desire for elucidation." He insisted "that the secret be well kept is obviously necessary," because if it leaks out "against the author's will, his purposes are immediately at odds and ends." Then he remarked that although "there can be no question that . . . many points . . . which would have been comparatively insipid even if given in full detail in a natural sequence, are endued with the interest of mystery; but neither can it be denied that a vast many more points are at the same time deprived of all effect, and become null, through the impossibility of comprehending them without the key." In other words, the novelist has chosen to sacrifice to the fleeting interest which is evoked only by wonder the more abiding interest which is aroused by the clear perception of the interplay of character and motive. Poe suggested that even "Barnaby Rudge"—in spite of its author's efforts to keep secret the real springs of action which controlled the characters—if taken up a second time by a reader put into possession of all that had been concealed, would be found to possess quadruple brilliance, "a brilliance unprofitably sacrificed at the shrine of the keenest interest of mere mystery."

Dickens was not the last novelist of note

to be tempted and to fall into this snare. In the "Disciple," and again in "André Cornélis," M. Paul Bourget was lured from the path of psychologic analysis into the maze of mystery-mongering; but he had the tact to employ his secrets to excite interest only in the beginning of what were, after all, studies from life, each of them setting forth the struggle of a man with the memory of his crime. In "The Wreckers" Stevenson and his young collaborator attempted that "form of police novel or mystery story which consisted in beginning your yarn anywhere but at the beginning, and finishing it anywhere but at the end." They were attracted by its "peculiar interest when done, and the peculiar difficulties that attend its execution." They were "repelled by that appearance of insincerity and shallowness of tone which seems its inevitable drawback," because "the mind of the reader always bent to pick up clues receives no impression of reality or life, rather of an airless, elaborate mechanism; and the book remains enthralling, but insignificant, like a game of chess, not a work of human art." They hoped to find a new way of handling the old tale of mystery, so that they might get the profit without paying the price. But already in his criticism of "Barnaby Rudge" had Poe showed why disappointment was unavoidable, because the more artfully the dark intimations of horror are held out, the more certain it is that the anticipation must surpass the reality. No matter how terrific the circumstances may be which shall appear to have occasioned the mystery, "still they will not be able to satisfy the mind of the reader. He will surely be disappointed."

Even Balzac, with all his mastery of the novelist's art, lost more than he gained when he strove to arouse the interest of his readers by an appeal to their curiosity. His mystery-mongering is sometimes perilously close to blatant sensationalism and overt charlatanism; and he seems to be seeking the bald effect for its own sake. In the "Chouans," and again in the "Ténébreuse Affaire," he has complicated plots and counterplots entangled almost to confusion, but the reader "receives no impression of reality or life" even if these novels cannot be dismissed as empty examples of "airless, elaborate mechanism."

The members of the secret police appear-

ing in these stories have all a vague likeness to Vidocq, whose alleged memoirs were published in 1828, a few years before the author of the "Human Comedy" began to deal with the scheming of the underworld. Balzac's spies and his detectives are not convincing, despite his utmost effort; and we do not believe in their preternatural acuteness. Even in the conduct of their intrigues we are lost in a murky mistiness. Balzac is at his best when he is arousing the emotions of recognition; and he is at his worst when he sinks to evoking the emotions of surprise.

III

In the true detective story as Poe conceived it in the "Murders in the Rue Morgue," it is not in the mystery itself that the author seeks to interest the reader, but rather in the successive steps whereby his analytic observer is enabled to solve a problem that might well be dismissed as beyond human elucidation. Attention is centred on the unravelling of the tangled skein rather than on the knot itself. The emotion aroused is not mere surprise, it is recognition of the unsuspected capabilities of the human brain; it is not a wondering curiosity as to an airless mechanism, but a heightening admiration for the analytic acumen capable of working out an acceptable answer to the puzzle propounded. In other words, Poe, while he availed himself of the obvious advantages of keeping a secret from his readers and of leaving them guessing as long as he pleased, shifted the point of attack and succeeded in giving a human interest to his tale of wonder.

And by this shift Poe transported the detective story from the group of tales of adventure into the group of portrayals of character. By bestowing upon it a human interest, he raised it in the literary scale. There is no need now to exaggerate the merits of this feat or to suggest that Poe himself was not capable of loftier efforts. Of course the "Fall of the House of Usher," which is of imagination all compact, is more valid evidence of his genius than the "Murders in the Rue Morgue," which is the product rather of his invention, supremely ingenious as it is. Even though the detective story as Poe produced it is elevated far above the barren tale of mystery which pre-

ceded it and which has been revived in our own day, it is not one of the loftiest of literary forms, and its possibilities are severely limited. It suffers to-day from the fact that in the half century and more since Poe set the pattern it has been vulgarized, debased, degraded by a swarm of imitators who lacked his certainty of touch, his instinctive tact, his intellectual individuality. In their hands it has been bereft of its distinction and despoiled of its atmosphere.

Even at its best, in the simple perfection of form that Poe bestowed on it, there is no denying that it demanded from its creator no depth of sentiment, no warmth of emotion, and no large understanding of human desire. There are those who would dismiss it carelessly, as making an appeal not far removed from that of the riddle and of the conundrum. There are those again who would liken it rather to the adroit trick of a clever conjurer. No doubt, it gratifies in us chiefly that delight in difficulty conquered, which is a part of the primitive play impulse potent in us all, but tending to die out as we grow older, as we lessen in energy, and as we feel more deeply the tragi-comedy of existence. But inexpensive as it may seem to those of us who look to literature for enlightenment, for solace in the hour of need, for stimulus to stiffen the will in the never-ending struggle of life, the detective tale, as Poe contrived it, has merits of its own as distinct and as undeniable as those of the historical novel, for example, or of the sea tale. It may please the young rather than the old, but the pleasure it can give is ever innocent; and the young are always in the majority.

IV

In so far as Poe had any predecessor in the composing of a narrative, the interest of which should reside in the application of human intelligence to the solution of a mystery, this was not Balzac, although the American romancer was sufficiently familiar with the "Human Comedy" to venture an unidentified quotation from it. Nor was this predecessor Cooper, whom Balzac admired and even imitated, although Leatherstocking in tracking his redskin enemies revealed the tense observation and the faculty of deduction with which Poe was to endow his Dupin. The only predecessor with

a good claim to be considered a progenitor is Voltaire, in whose "Zadig" we can find the method which Poe was to apply more elaborately. The Goncourts perceived this descent of Poe from Voltaire when they recorded in their "Journal" that the strange tales of the American poet seemed to them to belong to "a new literature, the literature of the twentieth century, scientifically miraculous story-telling by A + B, a literature at once monomaniac and mathematical, Zadig as district attorney, Cyrano de Bergerac as a pupil of Arago."

Voltaire tells us that Zadig by study gained "a sagacity which discovered to him a thousand differences where other men saw only uniformity"; and he describes a misadventure which befell Zadig when he was living in the kingdom of Babylon. One day the chief eunuch asked if he had seen the Queen's dog. "It is a female, isn't it?" returned Zadig; "a spaniel, and very small; she littered not long ago; she is lame of the left fore foot; and she has very long ears." "So you have seen her?" cried the eunuch. "No," Zadig answered; "I have never seen her; and I never even knew that the Queen had a dog."

About the same time the handsomest horse in the king's stables escaped; and the chief huntsman, meeting Zadig, inquired if he had not seen the animal. And Zadig responded: "It is the horse that gallops the best; he is five feet high; his shoe is very small; his tail is three and a half feet long; the knobs of his bit are of twenty-three carat gold; and he is shod with eleven-penny silver." And the chief huntsman asked, "Which way did he go?" To which Zadig replied: "I have not seen him; and I have never heard anything about him."

The chief eunuch and the chief huntsman naturally believed that Zadig had stolen the queen's dog and the king's horse; so they had him arrested and condemned, first to the knout, and afterward to exile for life in Siberia. And then both the missing animals were recovered; so Zadig was allowed to plead his case. He swore that he had never seen either the dog of the queen nor the horse of the king. This is what had happened: He had been walking toward a little wood and he had seen on the sand the track of an animal, and he judged that it had been a dog. Little furrows scratched in the low hillocks of sand between the foot-

prints showed him that it was a female whose teats were pendent, and who therefore must have littered recently. As the sand was less deeply marked by one foot than by the three others, he had perceived the queen's dog to be lame.

As for the larger quadruped, Zadig, while walking in a narrow path in the wood, had seen the prints of a horse's shoes, all at an equal distance; and he had said to himself that here was a steed with a perfect stride. The path was narrow, being only seven feet wide, and here and there the dust had been flicked from the trees on either hand, and so Zadig had made sure that the horse had a tail three and a half feet long. The branches crossed over the path at the height of five feet, and as leaves had been broken off, the observer had decided that the horse was just five feet high. As to the bit, this must be of gold, since the horse had rubbed it against a stone, which Zadig had recognized as a touchstone and on which he had assayed the trace of precious metal. And from the marks left by the horse's shoes on another kind of stone Zadig had felt certain that they were made of eleven-penny silver.

Huxley has pointed out that the method of Zadig is the method which has made possible the incessant scientific discovery of the last century. It is the method of Wellington at Assaye, assuming that there must be a ford at a certain place on the river, because there was a village on each side. It is the method of Grant at Vicksburg, examining the knapsacks of the Confederate soldiers slain in a sortie to see if these contained rations, which would show that the garrison was seeking to break out because the place was untenable. It is also the method of Poe in the "Gold Bug" and in the "Murders in the Rue Morgue."

In his application of this method, not casually, playfully, and with satiric intent, as Voltaire had applied it, but seriously and taking it as the mainspring of his story, Poe added an ingenious improvement of his own devising. Upon the preternaturally acute observer who was to control the machinery of the tale, the American poet bestowed a companion of only an average alertness and keenness; and to this commonplace companion the romancer confided the telling of the story. By this seemingly simple device Poe doubled the effectiveness of his work, because this unobservant and unimaginative

tive narrator of the unravelling of a tangled skein by an observant and imaginative analyst naturally recorded his own admiration and astonishment as the wonder was wrought before his eyes, so that the admiration and astonishment were transmitted directly and suggestively to the readers of the narrative.

In the "Gold Bug" the wonder worker is Legrand, and in both the "Murders in the Rue Morgue" and the "Purloined Letter" he is M. Dupin; and in all three tales the telling of the story is entrusted to an anonymous narrator, serving not only as a sort of Greek chorus to hint to the spectators the emotions they ought to feel, but also as the describer of the personality and peculiarities of Legrand and Dupin, who are thus individualized, humanized, and related to the real world. If they had not been accepted by the narrator as actual beings of flesh and blood, they might otherwise retain the thinness and the dryness of disembodied intelligences working in a vacuum.

This device of the transmitting narrator is indisputably valuable; and, properly enough, it reappears in the one series of detective tales which may be thought by some to rival Poe's. The alluring record of the investigations of Mr. Sherlock Holmes is the work of a certain Dr. Watson, a human being but little more clearly characterized than the anonymous narrators who have preserved for us the memory of Legrand and Dupin. But Poe here again exhibited a more artistic reserve than any of his imitators, in so far as he refrained from the undue laudation of the strange intellectual feats which are the central interest of these three tales. In the "Gold Bug" he even heightens his suspense by allowing the narrator to suggest that Legrand might be of unsound mind; and in the "Murders in the Rue Morgue" the narrator, although lost in astonishment at the acuteness of Dupin, never permits his admiration to become fulsome; he holds himself in, as though fearing that overpraise might provoke a denial. Moreover, Poe refrained from all exhibitions of Dupin's skill merely for its own sake—exhibitions only dazzling the spectators and not furthering his immediate purpose.

Nothing could be franker than Sir Conan Doyle's acknowledgment of his indebtedness. "Edgar Allen Poe, who, in his care-

lessly prodigal fashion, threw out the seeds from which so many of our present forms of literature have sprung, was the father of the detective tale, and covered its limits so completely that I fail to see how his followers can find any fresh ground which they can confidently call their own. For the secret of the thinness and also of the intensity of the detective story is that the writer is left with only one quality, that of intellectual acuteness, with which to endow his hero. Everything else is outside the picture and weakens the effect. The problem and its solution must form the theme, and the character drawing is limited and subordinate. On this narrow path the writer must walk, and he sees the footmarks of Poe always in front of him. He is happy if he ever finds the means of breaking away and striking out on some little side-track of his own."

The deviser of the adventures of Sherlock Holmes hit on a happy phrase when he declared that "the problem and its solution must form the theme." This principle was violated by Dumas, who gave us the solution before the problem, when he showed how d'Artagnan used the method of Zadig to deduce all the details of the duel on horseback, in the "Vicomte de Bragelonne," after the author had himself described to us the incidents of that fight. But when he was thus discounting his effect Dumas probably had in mind, not Poe, but Cooper, whose observant redskins he mightily admired and whom he frankly imitated in the "Mohicans of Paris."

V

ALTHOUGH Poe tells these three stories in the first person, as if he was himself only the recorder of the marvellous deeds of another, both Legrand and Dupin are projections of his own personality; they are characters created by him to be endowed with certain of his own qualifications and peculiarities. They were called into being to be possessed of the inventive and analytical powers of Poe himself. "To be an artist, first and always, requires a turn for induction and analysis"—so Mr. Stedman has aptly put it; and this turn for induction and analysis Poe had far more obviously than most artists. When he was a student he excelled in mathematics; in all his other

tales he displays the same power of logical construction; and he delighted in the exercise of his own acumen, vaunting his ability to translate any cipher that might be sent to him and succeeding in making good his boast. In the criticism of "Barnaby Rudge," and again in the explanation of the Maelzel chess-player, Poe used for himself the same faculty of divination, the same power of seizing the one clue needful, however tangled amid other threads, which he had bestowed upon Legrand and Dupin.

If we may exclude the "Marie Roger" narrative in which Poe was working over an actual case of murder, we find him only three times undertaking the "tale of ratiocination," to use his own term; and in all three stories he was singularly happy in the problem he invented for solution. For each of the three he found a fit theme, wholly different from that employed in either of the others. He adroitly adjusted the proper accessories, and he created an appropriate atmosphere. With no sense of strain, and no awkwardness of manner, he dealt with episodes strange indeed, but so simply treated as to seem natural, at least for the moment. There is no violence of intrigue or conjecture; indeed Poe strives to suggest a background of the commonplace against which his marvels may seem the more marvellous. In none of his stories is Poe's consummate mastery of the narrative art, his ultimate craftsmanship, his certain control of all the devices of the most accomplished story-teller, more evident than in these three.

And yet they are but detective stories, after all; and Poe himself, never prone to underestimate what he had written, spoke of them lightly and even hinted that they had been overpraised. Probably they were easy writing—for him—and therefore they were not so close to his heart as certain other of his tales over which he had toiled long and more laboriously. Probably also he felt the detective story to be an inferior form. However superior his stories in this kind might be, he knew them to be unworthy of comparison with his more imaginative tales, which he had filled with a thrilling weirdness and which attained a soaring elevation far above any height to be achieved by ingenious narratives setting forth the solving of a puzzle.

It is in a letter to Philip Pendleton Cooke,

written in 1846, that Poe disparaged his detective stories and declared that they "owe most of their popularity to being something in a new key. I do not mean to say that they are not ingenious—but people think them more ingenious than they are—on account of their method and *air* of method. In the 'Murders in the Rue Morgue,' for instance, where is the ingenuity of unravelling a web which you yourself (the author) have woven for the express purpose of unravelling? The reader is made to confound the ingenuity of the supposititious Dupin with that of the writer of the story." Here, surely, Poe is overmodest; at least he overstates the case against himself. The ingenuity of the author obviously lies in his invention of a web which seemingly cannot be unravelled and which nevertheless one of the characters of the tale, Legrand or Dupin, succeeds in unravelling at last. This ingenuity may be, in one way, less than that required to solve an actual problem in real life; but it is also, in another way, more, for it had to invent its own puzzle and to put this together so that the secret seemed to be absolutely hidden, although all the facts needed to solve it were plainly presented to the reader.

In the same letter to Cooke, Poe remarked on the "wide diversity and variety" of his tales when contrasted one with another; and he asserted that he did not consider any one better than another. "There is a vast variety of kinds, and in degree of value these kinds vary—but each tale is equally good *of its kind*." He added that "the loftiest kind is that of the highest imagination." For this reason only he considered that "Ligeia" might be called the best of his stories. Now, after a lapse of threescore years, the "Fall of the House of Usher," with its "serene and sombre beauty," would seem to deserve the first place of all. And among the detective stories, standing on a lower plane as they do, because they were wrought by invention rather than by the interpreting imagination, the foremost position may be given to the "Murders in the Rue Morgue." In this tale Poe's invention is most ingenious and his subject is selected with the fullest understanding of the utmost possibilities of the detective story. At the core of it is a strange, mysterious, monstrous crime; and M. Anatole France was never wiser than when he declared the un-

failing interest of mankind in a gigantic misdeed "because we find in all crimes that fund of hunger and desire on which we all live, the good as well as the bad." Before a crime such as this we seem to find ourselves peering into the contorted visage of primitive man, obeying no law but his own caprice.

The superiority of the poet who wrote the first detective story over all those who have striven to tread in the trail he blazed is obvious enough. It resides not only in his finer workmanship, his more delicate art, his finer certainty of execution, his more absolute knowledge of what it was best to do and of the way best to do this; it is to be seen not only in his command of verisimilitude, in his plausibility, in his faculty of enwrapping the figures of his narrative in the atmosphere most fit for them; it is not in any of these things or in all of them that Poe's supremacy is founded. The reason of that supremacy must be sought in the fact that, after all, Poe was of a truth a poet, and that he had the informing imagination of a poet, even though it was only the more prosaic side of the faculty divine which he chose to employ in these tales of ratiocination.

It is by their possession of poetry, however slight their portion might be, that Fitz-james O'Brien and M. Jean Richopin and Mr. Rudyard Kipling were kept from rank failure when they followed in Poe's footsteps and sought to imitate, or at least to emulate his more largely imaginative tales in the "Diamond Lens" of the Irish-American, in the "Morts Bizarres" of the Frenchman, and in half a dozen tales of the Anglo-Indian. But what tincture of poesy, what sweep of vision, what magic of style, is there in the attempts of the most of the

others who have taken pattern by his detective stories? None, and less than none. Ingenuity of a kind there is in Gaboriau's longer fictions, and in those of Fortuné de Boisgobey, and in those of Wilkie Collins; but this ingenuity is never so simply employed, and it is often artificial and violent and mechanical. It exists for its own sake, with little relation to the admitted characteristics of our common humanity. It stands alone, and it is never accompanied by the apparent ease which adds charm to Poe's handling of his puzzles.

Consider how often Gaboriau puts us off with a broken-backed narrative, taking up his curtain on a promising problem, presenting it to us in aspects of increasing difficulty, only at last to confess his impotence by starting afresh and slowly detailing the explanatory episodes which happened before the curtain rose. Consider how frequently Fortuné de Boisgobey failed to play fair. Consider how juiceless was the documentary method of Wilkie Collins, how mechanical and how arid, how futilely complicated, how prolonged, and how fatiguing. Consider all the minor members of the sorry brood hatched out of the same egg, how cheap and how childish the most of them are. Consider all these; and we are forced to the conclusion that if the writing of a good detective story is so rare and so difficult, if only one of Poe's imitators has been able really to rival his achievement, if this single success has been the result of an acceptance of Poe's formula and of a close adherence to Poe's practice, then, what Poe wrought is really unique; and we must give him the guerdon of praise due to an artist who has accomplished the first time of trying that which others have failed to achieve even after he had shown them how.



THE HARSH WORD

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. J. AYLWARD



MARTIN CARR had come forward for his usual mug-up before turning in. Piling down after him came his bunk-mate, almost his shadow, little Eddie Foy. "M-m—but it's some cold on deck!" ejaculated Eddie ere yet his feet hit the fore-c's'le floor.

"Yes," assented Martin, taking a coffee mug from off a nail in the grub-locker the meanwhile, "yes, a man astray to-night in a dory he'll cert'nly thrash his arms across his breast afore mornin'." And then directing his voice toward the cook, "Louder, boy, louder."

For a New Year's gift somebody had given the cook an advertising calendar, one of those thick pad-like affairs with each date in large numerals on a separate sheet. At the foot of each in small type were various praiseworthy sentiments, and it was from these that the cook, in an almost inaudible voice, was reading. As he finished one he would tear it off with a flourish and pass on to the next. Martin, now leisurely pouring the hot coffee from the boiler on the stove, had again to admonish the cook: "Louder, Charlie, louder. Let's us all hear."

"Ah-h—to hell with 'em!" suddenly exploded the cook. "Look, Martin—you can't have two days runnin' of them, the things worth readin', and gran' sayin's some of them, when the third day'll come a lot of stuff about their ottermobiles. People who'd play that on you will make machines, I'll bet, that'd break down just when you was countin' most on 'em—goin' down a steep hill or maybe with a gully a thousand fathom deep to your rail."

"Mind a man of the weather, wouldn't it?" put in Eddie Foy, "which'll come along fair and promisin' for a few days, till you come to put trust in it, and then one day you get caught out——"

"G-g-g—" gasped the cook—"G-g-g—" and took to tearing off the sheets rapidly.

"Two, three, four—who the hell wants to hear about their old machines?—nine, ten, e-leven. I s'pose I might's well set it for t'morrer. There—twelve. Feb'uary the twelfth."

"Hah?" Martin, who had seated himself in neighborly fashion on the locker next the cook's bunk, now slewed his body half around to take heed of the cook. "The twelfth, did y' say, Charlie?" and after peering into the bunk to see for himself, said softly, "Sure enough, the twelfth." And yet more softly, gazing abstractedly into his steaming mug of coffee while he spoke, "February the twelfth—a year to-morrow," and, turning to his chum, "D'y' mind it, Eddie?"

For an instant Eddie looked in puzzlement at Martin, and then he, too, with the tender tone, answered, "Aye, Martin, so 'tis—a year to-morrow. Poor Bushie!"

There were those to whom the whole truth was not known, and so the story told this winter's night by Martin Carr in the brightness and warmth of the schooner's forec's'le.

"A boy to love was Bushie; but from that very first summer trip he made he did things that 'd go to show he was never intended for a fisherman. 'Twasn't alone that matter of the sword-fish. That was when we were single-dory trawling on Le Have, and there was Bushie all by himself, nobody to advise him, when he runs foul of this great creature—just got a peek at him when down he goes, half a tub of trawls tangled up with him, and Lord knows how many fathom down, before Bushie waked up to it he's hooked anything at all. And when he, poor boy, never any great hand with an oar, sets out to tow him to the vessel, two miles against wind and tide. For hours we c'd see him comin', and while he was yet a cable's length away we could hear him hollerin'. 'The taykle! the taykle!' he kept yellin'. 'What is it?' we called out. 'A sword-fish,' he answers. 'I see the twin fins of him—a

monster—all of a thousand pound. A good afternoon's work—sword-fish ten cents a pound when we left home—the taykle! the taykle! and such pride was there in his face and voice that 'twas a joy just to look and listen to him. And when he come alongside we put the dory tackle to the tangled trawls and begins to hoist, and sure enough, up comes something half as long as a dory. But when the gang gets a fair look at what it was!

"A sword-fish?" says one. "A sword-fish?" roars another. And the skipper—"He cert'nly looks to weigh a thousand pounds," says the skipper, "but we won't stop to weigh him." And everyone that could grabs a fork or a gaff or a deck-broom and begins to welt that sword-fish over the nose. A sword-fish? No; but as ugly a hammer-headed shark as ever a man laid eyes on, and poor Bushie hadn't a word to say, but stood by with tears 'most in his eyes, while the gang walloped his great ketch till they got tired.

"Bushie was the kind that took little things like that to heart, and some of 'em poked so much fun at him, especially two chaps, Addicks and Indry, that he didn't follow up that first trip on the *Cygnat*. And it was six months or more again before we, or most of us, anyway, saw him again, and then it was plain what was drivin' him. He was starvin', for in the cold weather, d'y' see, there wasn't so much doin' for Bushie around the docks, and so one day he came down to our vessel—he'd heard we were a man short—got his courage up and came down, summer underclothes still on him, to see if he could get a chance on the *Cygnat*. Poor boy, his stomach was bending in for the want of good food, and his teeth were clicking with the cold. Well, he didn't get an over and above average encouragement, everybody knowin' what a poor hand he was in a dory; and there was this Addicks 'specially that couldn't abide him at all. 'H-m,' he says, 'the lad that caught the sword-fish. Give him a chance? Why, he's about as much use as a passenger. Maybe he'll get another sword-fish and be roaring, "The taykle! the taykle!" again. "All of a thousand pound; I see the twin fins of him!"' and Addicks starts to roarin', and everybody roars. And yet 'twarn't so black a mark against a green man.

"Well," the skipper says, 'what d'y'

think, Martin?' and I said—God forgive me, now, but I meant well—I says, 'Give the poor boy a chance,' and the skipper, a good-hearted man, after a while said: 'All right; get your bag and come aboard,' but he jumped aboard as he was. Bag? He didn't have a second undershirt to his back. Of course we helped him out—one a shirt, another drawers; here a pair of mitts, and there an oilskin. But when he was all fitted out he lacked a lot of bein' properly protected again' the cold of winter fishin'!

"Now, there was a little something else behind Addicks and Indry's opposition, only it didn't come out till later. This lad, you see, Bushie, had the most takin' way with him. You'd laugh at him and you'd lecture him, but you couldn't help likin' him. The girls 'specially, took the greatest fancy to him. And that was the case with a couple that Indry and Addicks had been tryin' to get to wind'ard of for a long time. Addicks and Indry 'd be makin' great headway wth 'em till Bushie 'd come along, and then 'twould be all off. The girls 'd forget that the other two was in the room at all. How do I account for that? Well, in the case of Addicks and his partner maybe 'twas easy enough. They were hard as flint, always lookin' for the best of it.

"Well, on the run out to the grounds this trip Bushie he cert'nly won everybody's heart. That's after he got two or three good meals into him. He'd coil up in his bunk of an evenin', about the time everybody 'd be feelin' rested and contented, and in the right mood for it, and he'd get out his little harmonica. And man! maybe 'd there'd be an easterly swishin' and a cross-sea poundin', and maybe on deck 'twould be half a foot of snow, and the watch slushin' around in it, wearin' their eyes out tryin' to see into what mortal eyes weren't meant to see into, and maybe we c'd hear 'em call out from one to the other. But Bushie he'd cuddle that little mouth-organ in the palm and fingers of his left hand, and the palm and fingers of his right hand he'd coil around on the outside of them again, like he was afraid somebody was goin' to steal it from him, and he'd curl his lips around the music side of it, and then, his shoulders hunched and his head to one side, he'd begin. And in five minutes you'd forget all about a nothe-easter, another five and you couldn't 'a' said

whether you were to sea or in a duck-pond. Five more and you'd be back to home and wife, and if 'twarn't for the oilskins and jackboots hangin' up by the stove to dry, you'd swear you could see the babies rollin' 'round the floor. Yes, sir; and when he wasn't too tired with his day at the trawls and dressin' down afterward—he warn't overstrong, the poor boy, and the work used to tire him out terribly some days—when there was any little let-up so there was a chance to rest up, man, you could see him fattenin' under your eyes, and then he'd joke and laugh till, if 'twas at table, you'd most forget to eat. He had a quick eye and brain, y' see, for odd happenings. Maybe that used up his strength same as so much hard work, that brain and eye of his that never rested, but in this life allowance, of course, is seldom made for that.

"Well, winter fishin', no gainsaying it, is hard sometimes, and one day this trip leavin' the vessel it was pretty rough, and—you mind the day, Eddie?"

"I do, Martin; and a damn sight rougher afore we got aboard again."

"It was. And the first man to get aboard that day was Bushie. Before anybody else 'd hauled his first tub this lad Bushie was aboard. 'Twas plain his trouble—the fright of the sea was on him. I've seen it a score o' times and on many a man that made a good fisherman later. It's a great help, bein' born to a thing, but there's a lot, too, in bein' trained to it. And besides the fright in Bushie's case there was the exhaustion, too, this day. It tried the toughest of us that day. Well, Bushie, cut his gear and came aboard. I knew he cut it—I saw him when he did it. And he must 've known I saw him, 'cause I was next dory to him, his lines and mine all but tangled. But he knew, I s'pose, that I'd never say anything, he and me bein' very friendly; and he was hopin', no doubt, that nobody else'd find it out. He accounted for coming aboard so early by sayin' he got hung up and parted his gear, and it bein' a rough bottom, too, that would 'a' sounded plausible enough comin' from some men. But this Addicks repeats, 'Parted his gear! and d'y' believe that shrimp had the strength to part a sixteen-pound ground-line?' and rushes up and overhauls the poor boy's tub of trawls, and there, sure enough, finds where it 'd been cut clean with a knife. And

he brings what was left of the tub down into the forec's'le, where the first gang was to supper, and shows the mark of the knife. He showed it to you, Eddie?"

"He did."

"And to me; though I made out I was too busy to look. Well, it was a hard thing to have to face across the lighted supper-table, the forec's'le filled with angry men; for, while the gang started out by rather not wantin' to know about it, they warmed up, between Indry's and Addicks's talk, by feelin' that they hadn't been treated right. Addicks heaves the tub of trawls through the bulkhead door and into the forehold; and Indry, who was like a thumb to Addicks's fingers, he turns to take it up. 'And this man comes aboard here and expects to get a full share,' says Indry, 'a *man's* share, at the end of this trip—and for all the fish he'll bring aboard! And heaves away gear besides; and who'll pay for the lost gear? Will he? No; but it's the crew, and not them who cuts, who pays for lost gear. Yes, we'll do well by *him*!'

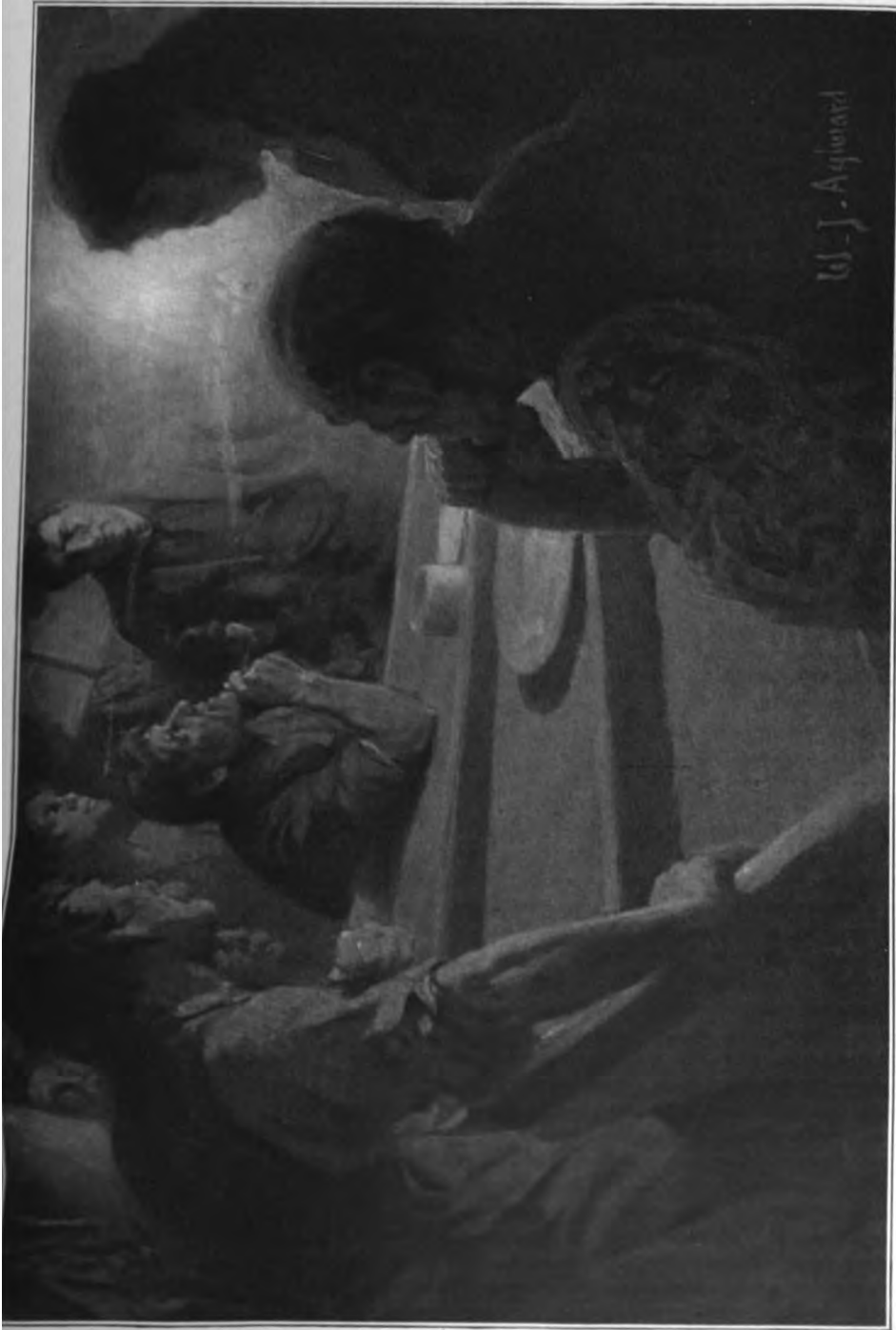
"Well, if the Lord was to condemn me for my sins, the last punishment I'd want would be to be set up before a gang of trawlers, maybe a little less good-natured than usual after a long, hard day in the dories; and perhaps half of 'em who hadn't wanted me aboard in the first place, and they passin' judgment on me after it 'd been proved I was a man that shirked my work, and that ran away from danger; that cut his gear, and put for the vessel when there was no need of it; and his shipmates, not himself alone, havin' to suffer for it. Don't you say the same—isn't that hard, Eddie?"

"Aye, Martin, that's purgatory, sure enough."

"Purgatory? It's hell. And I guess Bushie must 've thought so that night. He sat there on the port lockers, the second man from the peak at the table—just sat there, denyin' nothing once they'd seen the cut line, not even movin' for the cook to clear off the dishes; but just sat there, his head down; never looking up to meet a single eye, and not a blessed word out of him till just before he turned in. You mind him then, Eddie?"

"I do, Martin; and what he said before he climbed into the peak to turn in, before he laid himself in his bunk."

"Yes; we'll none of us forget *that*. He



Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

"I'll bet there'll be none of you hang on any longer than I do."—Page 298.

stood there where the samson-post is; and standin' there, the light of the samson-lamp was strikin' his face sidewise, and the light of the forem'st lamp on him full—standin' there he faced them all and said, 'Well, next time I'll bet there'll be none of you hang on any longer than I do.' Just that—just like a boy that's ready to burst into tears—and turned his back and disappeared into the darkness of the peak; he had the top peak bunk. And this Addicks roared in pretended amazement after him, and so did Indry; but nobody else said anything. Them two, Indry and Addicks, were big, able men, with no lack of shortcomings themselves; but good fishermen both, no denyin' it—good trawlers, the pair of them.

"'He hang on!' sneers Addicks after Bushie 'd gone; 'he will if somebody makes him.'

"'I'll bet if we was to stand up by his bunk now we'd find him cryin',' adds this Indry.

"Well, I have small love for people that have always the harsh word, that can never make allowance for people different from themselves, and that made me mad. 'Maybe he is cryin',' I breaks in. 'Good men, better men than either of you, have cried like girls in their time; shut up!' I says.

"Aye, Martin, and more than that you said." Eddie Foy pounded the locker with his mug for emphasis. "'Blast you,' says Martin to them, 'no more of it, or I'll heave you both where you, Addicks, hove that tub of trawls to-night.'" Eddie Foy gazed about in pride of his big mate. "And maybe he wouldn't 'a' hove them if they hadn't shut up!"

"Next morning," continued Martin, "when we turned out, it was too rough to put the dories over; but by the middle of the afternoon it moderated, so the skipper thought he'd try it. Some might 'a' said it was poor judgment orderin' the dories over that afternoon; but Lord, if men want to bring home the fish they've got to take chances sometimes. So over we went; and Bushie bein' the first aboard the afternoon before, was, of course, the last out this day, and next to him was Addicks. The pair of 'em were almost together up to wind'ard when the vessel came about to run down the string again.

"Well, after lettin' the trawls set for an hour or so the signal went from the vessel

to haul. It was coming on gray and chill then, looking like snow, and pretty cold, with the wind in the east. And so it stayed till nigh dark, when the air cleared and the wind began to back around to the west'ard. It was slow work haulin', owing to the rough bottom. Long before I had my first tub in I misdoubted we'd make the vessel before dark. And we didn't. No dory got aboard till well after what should have been sunset; which there wasn't any that evenin'. I was the first on board that evenin', and after pitchin' my fish on deck I went into the rigging with a torch flaring over my head—the skipper keepin' the horn goin' meantime.

"The next two or three men aboard had a report of two dories far down to le'ward drifting away before the tide; and the tide was then settin' before the westerly breeze at a great clip. But as the skipper said, 'Them two to le'ward can hear the horn, while them to wind'ard can't; and besides, it's eight dories against two!' And that was good judgment, too.

"It might 've been eight o'clock then, and lookin' bad for all of 'em; but like a hundred other times we see it lookin' bad it didn't turn out so bad. One after the other we picked up them eight wind'ard dories, but the last of 'em not till after eleven o'clock, gettin' them by the sound of their voices while they were still half a mile away because of the strong wind was blowin'. The missing two were Bushie and Addicks, and Addicks we picked up along about midnight.

"See anything of Bushie?' inquired the skipper, when Addicks was alongside.

"Not since just after dark," answers Addicks. 'When the wind hauled and we were left to le'ward I started for the vessel. He was then haulin' his trawls and slidin' off before wind and tide.'

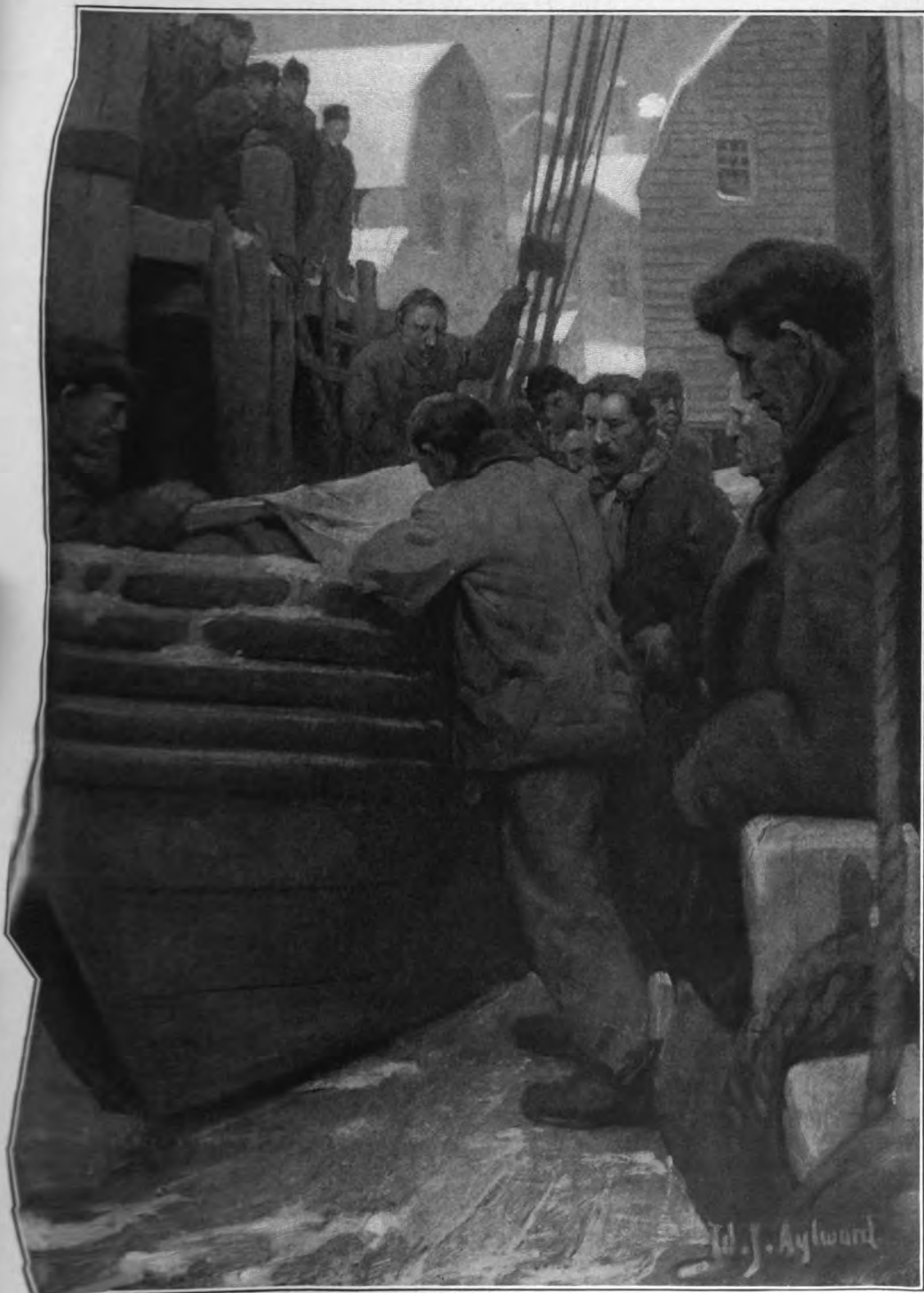
"Wonder you wouldn't give him a lift.'

"Me? Give him—that boasted he'd hang out long's anybody? Besides, I had enough to do to take care of myself.'

"I'll bet," says Eddie there to me, but loud enough so Addicks could hear him, 'that Bushie and him had it out, and Bushie made him quit.'

"And I guess that was so; because Addicks, gen'rally ready enough to explain himself, had no answer to that.

"Well, we expected to see Bushie come



Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

"Our skipper leaned, weak as water, over the dory-gunnel."—Page 300.

aboard afore mornin', for it was a fine clear night overhead, though also, as you might expect of a westerly at that time of year, cold as hell. Well, a dory's but a small object on the wide ocean, and in the mornin' we got no sight of Bushie, nor during all that day—and a cold day it was—and the night that followed. On the second mornin' neither was he to be seen, and then we worried sure enough, for a winter nor'-wester on the Atlantic it's the coldest wind there is on any ocean.

"We didn't find Bushie; and a week later, having filled her up, we put for home. Maybe, we said, somebody's picked her up; but didn't believe it. And two days more saw us in Gloucester, with our flag to half-mast as we sailed past the Point.

"You know how we have to shoot in around the end of the wharf and up into the slip, with that tall smoke-house hidin' whatever's layin' in to the firm's wharf till you're in yourself. There in the slip before us was the *Parker*, Billie Simms, and her flag was to half-mast, and every sign was that she'd only just got in, too. 'Well,' says we; 'we're not the only unfortunatès,' and the skipper hails Billie himself when we shot alongside. And he steps aboard the *Parker* from our rails to hers, as did half a dozen of us, soon as we made fast across his deck.

"'Hard luck, Billie,' says our skipper. 'Who is it?'

"'Nobody I know,' says Billie; 'but I know the dory. And maybe you'll know it too, when you see it,' and lifts the canvas from off the bow of the top one of the nest of dories, and there we saw it, the name *Cygnel*.'

"'My dory,' says our skipper. 'I was hopin' he'd be picked up, but'—and looked to Billie's half-masted flag—'not like this. You got him, too?'

"'Yes; we got him.' For just a second when Billie said that, I had a hope that Bushie was alive, but only for a second. Billie rolls the canvas back further, and there we all saw him, the poor frozen body, the oilskins covered with ice; but the face warn't ice-covered, nor marked in any way. Calm and smooth and natural as life, poor Bushie's frozen face was starin' up to the sky.

"The skipper looked down on him. We all looked down on him, and Billie Simms, touchin' the breast of the oil-jacket, said:

'No wonder. Under these he hadn't clothes enough to warm a cat.' And one of us there touched the poor forehead, and then another, and 'Poor Bushie!' says two or three.

"Our skipper leaned, weak as water, over the dory-gunnel, and from there he didn't move till Billie Simms replaced the canvas over the body. 'Hard lines,' says Billie. 'And I s'pose 'twill be you will have to tell his folks?'

"Our skipper comes to himself then. 'No, not me, Billie; I'll be damned if I do,' and wheeling and pointing his woolen mitt at Addicks and Indry, 'One of you, damn you, go up and tell them.'

"As for myself, that liked the boy so well, I couldn't do anything. I s'pose I ought to've crushed the pair of 'em, but I couldn't have crushed a fly, I felt that bad; but Eddie there——"

"Aye, me," agreed Eddie, "I goes up to Addicks and repeats the skipper's words. 'Yes, you,' I repeats; and with no more notion of doing it before I did do it than I have of jumping on Martin now, 'You hound!' I says, and leaps at him and smashes him to the deck. Yes, big Addicks, that was big enough to eat me, and when he stands up I smashes him again. And then I turns and smashes Indry. 'You hounds o' hell!' I shrieks; 'go up and tell them!'"

"And nobody," continued Martin, "seemed very much surprised at Eddie either; and without a word, without even stoppin' to wipe the blood from their faces—and their faces, not havin' been shaved for two weeks, the blood was crawling in and out of their beards—they swung themselves into the *Parker's* riggin', and from there to the stringpiece, and hurries up the wharf on their errand. They didn't even stop long enough to get a drink in a saloon on the way up, but kept on toward Main Street, and never a look behind to see if we were watchin' them or no.

"Yes, sir, they went on up. And never came back—not to the *Cygnel*, anyway. And next day we took their bags, slipshods, bedding and diddy-boxes, and everything else in their bunks, and hove 'em into the harbor. One of 'em, Addicks, didn't need the gear, anyway; he never went fishing again."

Here, while Martin paused to stare into the bottom of his empty mug, the cook

queried, "And is that the Addicks, Martin, that——"

"The same man. Working ashore, a day now and a day again, when he c'n find anybody to give him a day's work and he's sober enough, for from that day to this he's drawn but few sober breaths."

"And the same Indry, Martin, that was washed off the deck of the *Independence* off Bacalieu—she making a passage—last winter?"

"The same chap. 'Twas a month after Bushie was lost—in broad light—and maybe you'll remember nobody jumped overboard after *him*. Indeed, there were those who said that the man to the wheel was in no great hurry even to bring the vessel to."

During the silence which ensued, Martin stood up and looked toward the coffee kettle, as if contemplating another mug-up; but moderation, as ever, prevailing with

him, he eventually, though with a lingering shake of the head, replaced his mug in the grub-locker, even as a half-sigh and a "O-ho, I guess it's time to be turnin' in" escaped him. "Come, Eddie, what d' y' say to goin' aft?"

"'Bout time, Martin, I guess," and trod after Martin.

"February the twelfth, a year to-morrow—poor Bushie!" muttered Martin, and mounted the ladder.

"Poor Bushie!" echoed Foy, and climbed after him.

The cook listened while the scrapings of their slip-shods could be heard on the deck, and then "Poor Bushie!" he, too, echoed, and "Poor Bushie!" again. "And Indry—he only got what was comin' to him. But Addicks!" Suddenly he dashed his fist into the figures of the calendar. "Addicks, you hound o' hell!" and hung the calendar on its nail.

INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGES

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN WOMEN MARRIED IN FRANCE
AND ITALY

By Mary King Waddington



ONE hears them so much discussed in these days when so many English and American girls are marrying foreigners that it is rather interesting to study the question from an impartial point of view. I think Americans are by far the most numerous in this category, and at a first glance one would think that nothing in an American girl's training and habits would fit her to become a member of an old-fashioned, narrow-minded, conventional French or Italian family; but I think she adapts herself far better than the English girl to the absolute change of life and surroundings, and in a certain way the French husband helps his wife. With a Frenchman's logical mind, he knows quite well that his American wife, brought up in the careless freedom of her father's house, hearing all sorts of things discussed quite openly—politics, books, social questions,

social scandals even—having and expressing opinions of her own on all matters, is quite a different person from his convent-bred sister, whose girlhood is carefully shut in and protected from everything that could contaminate her young mind or prepare her in any way for the realities or disillusion of married life.

The American, too, has seen boys, young men—her brothers' friends, her girl friends' brothers—all her life quite easily and naturally. They have walked and ridden and danced together. The girl has measured the boy's intelligence, energy, and moral qualities perfectly well, and is quite able to make her own choice when the time comes for her to marry, without depending entirely upon what people tell her about the man. In Europe a girl hardly sees a young man until some matrimonial project is started.

Some years ago I had at my house a singing class once a week, boys and girls, their

ages ranging from nineteen to twenty-five. There was a professor of the Conservatoire, a young lady who accompanied, and I, of course, was always present. All the mammas brought their daughters, and remained all the evening. Once or twice they were unable to come, and then a governess appeared. One of my friends had offered to bring a young fellow, very good-looking and attractive in every way. He came of very good stock on both sides, but there had been a slight irregularity in his parents' marriage, and the boy's position was difficult. He had a charming tenor voice, and would have been a great addition to the choruses, but all the mammas objected. I was talking it over with one of my friends, a very clever old lady, with great experience, and she was quite of the same opinion.

"You do already what is very dangerous—you bring boys and girls together most intimately."

"But where is the harm? They only come to sing. I am always there. They sit in rows of gilt chairs in the drawing-room, their mammas opposite to them."

"A marriage might easily come out of such familiar intercourse."

"Again where is the harm? All these young people are perfectly well known, sons of your friends; all of them men your daughters would certainly meet in society, at all the balls and parties of the season."

"Marriages are not made in that way in France; such reunions are most unusual."

It was the more curious, as some of the young men were extremely good *partis*, and if the father in his frock-coat and top-hat had gone to make a formal demand for any one of the girls, I think his proposition would have been accepted with pleasure. The result is that no foreign girl ever knows anything of the man she marries. The marriage has usually been arranged by two families of the same world, or coterie, and the same fortune, and very often the same part of the country. In France, in some of the big provincial towns, Bordeaux or Rouen, the bride's family make it a point that the young couple should live in the same town.

When the American girl marries a Frenchman it is quite different. She adapts herself very easily and quickly to her new surroundings, criticises freely whatever she doesn't like, expresses her opinion about everything, discusses religious and political

matters quite simply, not being hampered by family traditions and the fear of being *mal vue* in her new family. She is always ready to interest herself in her husband's career, whatever it may be, and willing and anxious to help him; but she must help in her own way, not follow the lines laid down by long years of habit and influence.

The religious question is sometimes a delicate one, when the wife is Protestant and the husband Catholic, particularly if the children must be brought up Catholics. I know Protestant mothers who superintend the children's religious education most conscientiously, even going to mass with them. The French father is quite satisfied; he knows his wife will keep the promise she has made, to bring the children up Catholics, and will never attempt to influence them toward her own faith. As a rule, Frenchmen, even those who are not very ardent Catholics, hold enormously to having their children brought up in their own religion. It is strange how many become lukewarm, if not absolutely indifferent, when they have passed their examinations, and learned to think for themselves. I don't know if it is peculiar to France, or the Roman Catholic religion. I rather think it is the same now in all countries. A spirit of doubt and criticism seems in the air; no one believes anything that can't be proved.

The Frenchman is generally proud of his foreign wife's intelligence and quick perceptions, learns to value her opinion, sees that she is unlike his female relations, lacking very often in some of their good qualities. The American is often a careless housekeeper, and to the French mind always a careless mother, leaving her children, boys particularly, too much to themselves. She is, too, much less exact in social duties, is not pursued by the idea that she must pay visits on reception days, and must be very deferential to all the old ladies of her acquaintance. I think one of the prettiest things in France is the respect for age.

Italian marriages are quite different. Many English and American girls have married in Italy, but the life there is not at all the same as in France. Italians are just as easy-going with their wives as with anything else in their lives. They don't in the least wish them to be very intelligent, or very cultivated, or to take a great interest

in their career. As a rule, they haven't any career except politics and diplomacy (the army is not considered at all the brilliant career it is in other countries—the pay is small and promotion slow). It is becoming a very difficult question now in Italy how to occupy the young men—I am speaking, of course, of the upper classes. As long as the wife is amiable, nice to her husband's family and friends, makes his home pleasant, and doesn't expect too much from him in the way of attention or great intellectual effort, he is quite satisfied. He is generally perfectly indifferent to the religious question, feels that his children ought to be brought up Catholic, but also feels that as soon as they get to man's estate they will judge for themselves. Religion and politics are so closely interwoven in Italy that it is difficult to be a modern Italian, interested or actively occupied, in all the social and popular movement, without becoming almost a free-thinker. The Italian is usually a good husband and father. This is, again, his easy, kindly nature. He is also fond of animals. It is amusing to hear them, of all classes, talking to their dogs and horses.

I believe that most of the English and American women married in Italy are very happy and contented in their lives; but I think the beginnings must sometimes have been difficult. I can imagine nothing so unlike an Italian as an Englishman or an American. What makes the Italian's great attraction, the absolute lack of self-consciousness, the vivacity, exuberance of speech and gesture, quick changes of feeling most forcibly expressed, great artistic sensibility to sounds and color, and *au fond* an extraordinary insouciance (not absolute indifference) to what goes on around him, is such a perfect contrast to the practical, unartistic, self-controlled, self-contained Anglo-Saxon, that one wonders how such perfectly different elements ever merge into anything harmonious—but they do.

Certainly the children of Italian fathers and English and American mothers are very good specimens. Some (not many) of the young Italians in those conditions, a dual nationality, are now being educated in Germany and England. It will be interesting to see the result of such education. Theoretically, I think it must be wrong. Children, boys especially, should grow up in their

own country, and among the people they are destined to live with. It seems to me it is not wise to allow a boy's first years, when impressions are easily made and habits formed, to be passed in a foreign country. The very friendships he makes at school would be of no use to him in after-life, and he must feel a stranger with his own people, disposed to criticise everything that is not exactly as he has been accustomed to see it.

The answer to that is that one wants new blood and new ideas in old Italy. International marriages have done much, but if the boys are to be educated at Jesuit colleges, kept under strict surveillance, allowed very little liberty and outdoor sport—lead, in fact, the regular life of Italian school-boys—that habit, example, and association will completely obliterate all trace of the northern blood, and the present generation will be exactly like what their fathers and grandfathers were before them.

I think Englishwomen are far less adaptable than Americans. Every day it strikes me more forcibly. I know so many married abroad who have remained just as British as if they had never been off their island. The Englishwoman begins by believing firmly (and asserting it rather aggressively) that everything in England is better than anything on the Continent. The men are bigger and stronger, the women more virtuous, all English boys speak the truth (the inference is obvious for the rest of the world), the tradespeople are more honest, the statesmen, ministers, etc., more patriotic, the literature more elevated in tone. One can't help respecting such absolute conviction that England is the only country in the world, but then one mustn't marry a foreigner, who naturally thinks that his country offers a great deal that is attractive. It is really curious how the English impose their customs and opinions wherever they are. I am thinking of a little town on the Italian Riviera, not far from Genoa. There are several Italian palaces, and quite a large Italian *bourgeois* society, but all the villas are owned by English. The two hotels are filled with English; they have their church, their reading-room, their tennis, their club, and they have almost ousted the Italians from their own place. They do it quite unconsciously. They can't live without all that makes their lives comfortable. The Italians don't like it, but they

see that the town is improved, more money spent, many more people come there; so they stand aloof and look on at all the changes, never modifying in the least their own customs.

Of course, it has its good side. The Englishwoman married on the Continent tries at once to improve the condition of the people, especially in the country, organizes outdoor games, sewing classes, mothers' meetings, etc. (this last an entire novelty in France certainly). I was once in a chateau where the mistress of the house, an Englishwoman born, was quite at a loss to know what to read to the mothers. The hour that the poor women spent in sewing she always read them something. The choice was not easy. It was difficult for her to judge what could interest that class of peasant. She told me they listened with great attention when the choice pleased them, remembering from week to week exactly where she had left off, even the last word in the sentence. The book that had had the greatest success was a translation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She had read it to them twice.

Some Englishwomen never conform to French habits and hours. I know of one couple, the husband French, the wife English, who have really become estranged over different hours. The wife lived *à l'Anglaise*,

—had her solid English breakfast, with mutton chops, eggs, hot bread, and orange marmalade every day at 9.30 with her children; her luncheon also the traditional English luncheon, finishing with a tart or a pudding, at 1.30. The husband had his coffee and *croissant* (little crescent-shaped roll, which forms part of every *petit déjeuner* in France) at eight, in his room, and his breakfast, also a solid meal, *à la fourchette* at twelve o'clock, the usual French hour.

In a French marriage contract all sorts of conditions and details are gone into, but I don't ever remember hearing hours of meals mentioned.

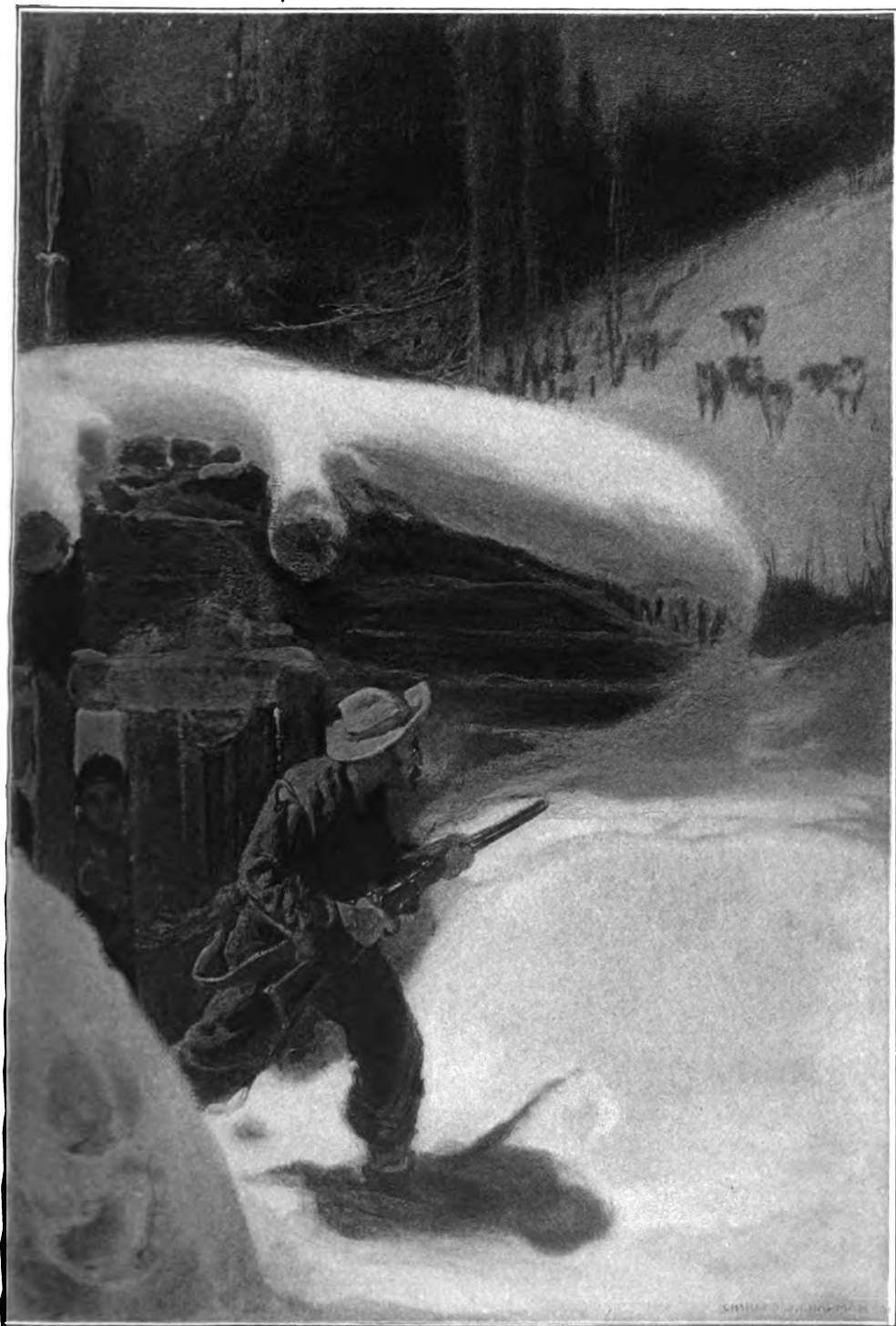
The Anglo-Saxon married abroad brings a strong individuality, almost always a strong physique, great independence of judgment, a great wish to adapt herself to her new life, and to be popular with her husband's family and friends. She finds in her foreign home a strong family feeling that will never fail her (once a girl is married in France or Italy she is adopted by all the members of the family), a great pride of race, a high sense of honor, and in people of rank and fortune a very strong feeling of the obligations and responsibilities of their position, which is well expressed by the old French diction, *Noblesse oblige*, in its best sense.

TO MY UNKNOWN NEIGHBOR

By C. A. Price

LAST night I sat beside my window late,
As one who watches at his prison bars,
Sick of the day's innumerable jars,
Clogged with dull Earth and all her grievous weight
Of tears and mute despairs and pitiless wars
That know no cause, the brood and spawn of Hate.
Above me bent the skies compassionate;
I longed for the companionship of stars.

But sudden, O, what reconciling strain,
Making earth one again with heaven, and whole,
Rose on the midnight, all the discords changing!
Lo, in a moment, lightened of my pain
And every fear forgot, I felt my soul
With Schubert through the empyrean ranging.



Drawn by C. S. Chapman.

Then again that piercing cry.—Page 305.



THE CULLER

By

CHARLES S. CHAPMAN

Illustrations by the Author



N homme capable! Bah!" Moïse shrugged his shoulders angrily and filled his pipe in silence.

The air lay thick and heavy in the little cabin. The rancid steam from drying clothes which hung about the stove mixed with the curling smoke of "shag" (*Tabac Canadien*) stifled, and choked, and made one's eyes smart well. Even the solitary lantern gasped and sputtered for a breath of air.

Pulling on moccasins and toque, I stepped out into the snow, flooded with moonlight. The forest, black and menacing, towered on every side, and through the still, cold air the smoke rose up with scarce a twist or turn.

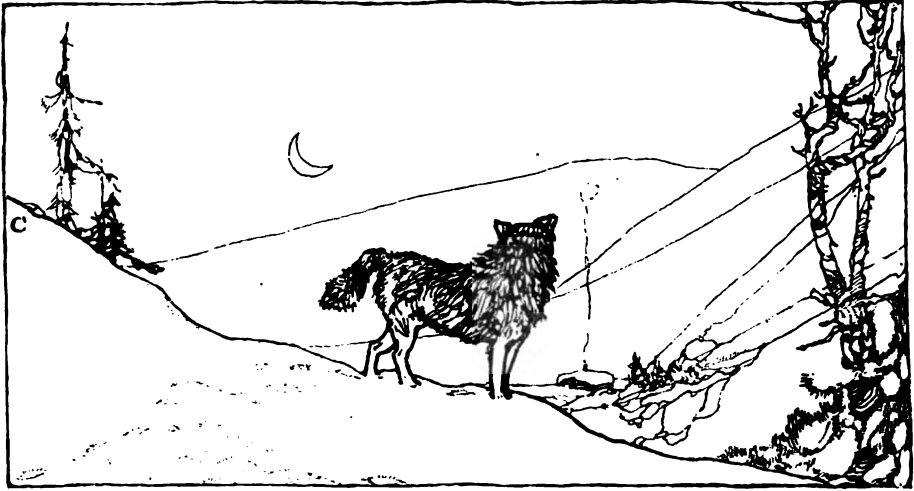
Now trembling through the silence came from far away the long-drawn howl of the timber wolf—"Wooo-woo-woo-woo-woo"—sharply at first, but melting slowly into the heavy stillness as it died away. A weird, unearthly wail, which brings a tingling to the scalp at first, a quickened pulse, a horrid fear and dread of loneliness. Then from off the mountain near at hand an answering wail, and then again, again. At the clearing edge upon the hill a shadow moved and stole across the snow. Once more, and this time loud and clear, the leader called. I stumbled to the door. "*Vite Moïse! les loups!*" but Moïse himself had heard, and came, cramming his gun with cartridges. A little closer now, there was a shifting mass of gaunt gray shadows, maybe ten. I caught a glimpse of

Delphine's frightened face as Moïse, her man, came out behind me. Then again that piercing cry, which ended in quick yelps of pain, as the gun crashed twice, three times. A scramble, and they shot into the black woods beyond; and with the crackling of broken twigs the quiet settled down. "By gar, hees got away dat tam. Dar's wan don' feel so good lak wat befor'." But Delphine closed the little door and placed a heavy bar across, without a word, while Moïse smiled down and put his arm about her. "You don't need be so scare', Delphine, dey don' got you so long I been here too."

She could not but recall the stories Joe had told last night. How at the Wabassees the year before the wolves had broken down a pork-house near the camp and dragged away their stock of winter's meat; or, when the times were bad, and the wolves were mad with hunger, the Turpins' shanty door was broken in at night, and Luc Turpin had fought them singly with an axe until dragged down and torn to pieces. Such were the thoughts which now ran through her head, and though not quite assured, she smiled and took her work again.

We were alone. The men had walked off after dinner to a neighboring camp four miles across the lake to play pedro and borrow some *tabac*.

Soon they came pounding at the door, laughing and shouting out, "*Ouvrez la porte! Ouvrez la porte!*" Moïse drew out the bar and in they stamped, shaking and



scraping off the snow. "*Pourquoi fermer la porte si forte?*" called out Alcide; and Delphine, to ease her troubled mind, poured forth her tale. So fast the words came tumbling that I could only catch these few, "*Les loups—cinquante.*" Fifty wolves! Moïse chuckled to himself and winked across at me, but let her have her say quite wisely.

The day's work had been more than usually tiring, so having climbed to my upper bunk, I slept some time before the last habitant had knelt and said his prayers devoutly.

Early the next morning I awakened, half frozen. Thin ice had formed upon the short coat used for pillow where I had breathed upon it in the night. I shivered, half awake, for what seemed many hours until someone slid down in the darkness and lit the lantern.

By its light I watched the men stretch and roll over with many yawns and grunts, throw off the rough rag-carpet coverings, and climb down one by one; while from below, as I peered over the edge of mine, I saw Beaulieu, Rondeau, and old Maxime Vincent crawl out and pull on their *bottes sauvages*, and was quite glad to follow their example.

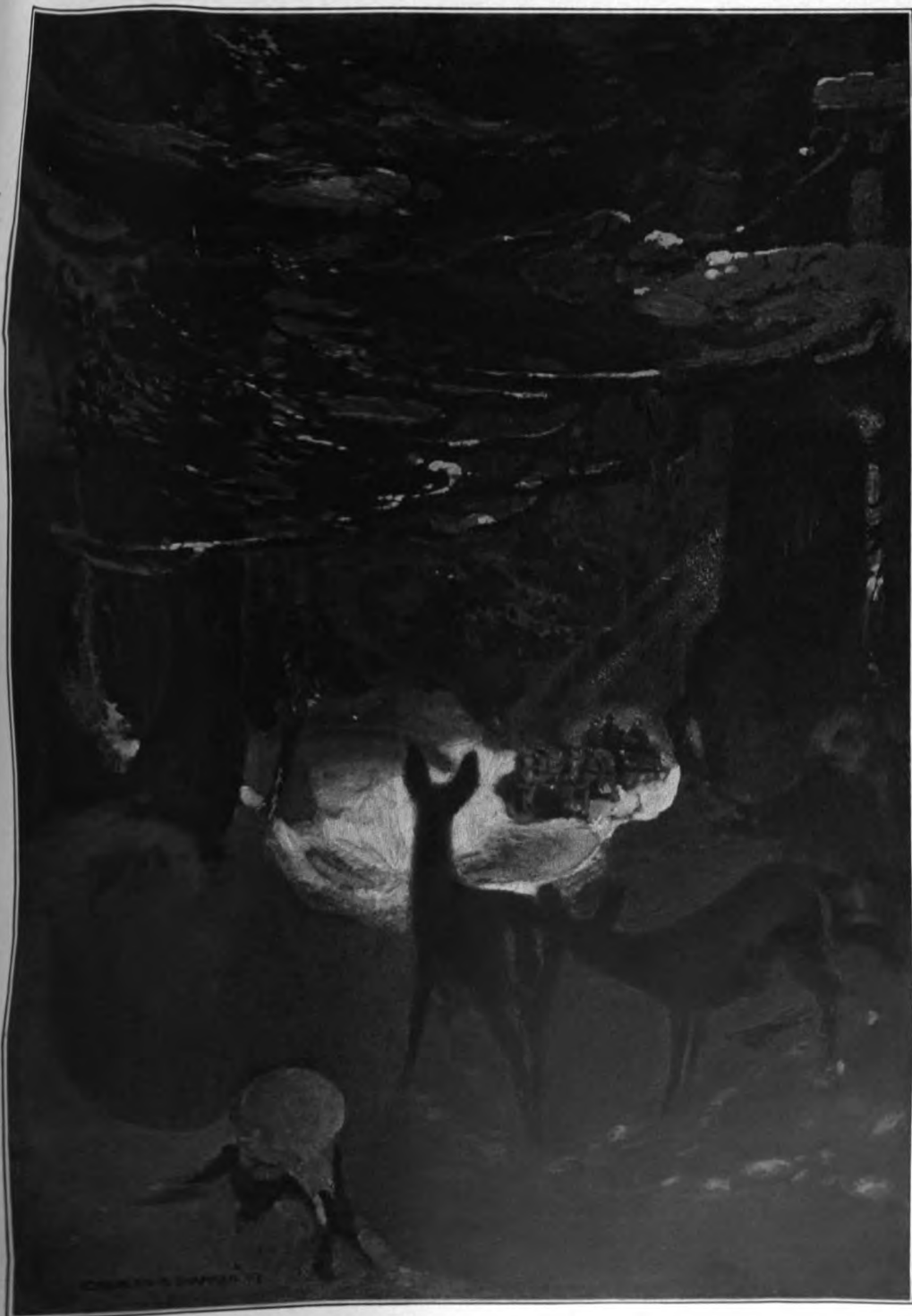
"Squeak! Creak!" went the clumsy wooden hinges on the door, as the teamsters filed out to the *écurie* near by, to feed the horses. The snow crunched sharply under foot, cutting so rudely through the still air that one felt rather than heard its sound.

By the time they have returned the double-decker stove is roaring welcome, and Del-

phine's pots and kettles begin to steam and simmer with the heat. How long it seems before the *déjeuner* is ready! A heaping plate of beans, cold pork, and boiled potatoes, a slice of bread cut from a great loaf passed from hand to hand, and pouring over all thick black molasses, we eat, washing each mouthful down with gulps of hot and bitter tea. When all the food in sight has disappeared, and we have had a smoke, my boss, McLane, and I, pulling our fur coats on, gather our tools together, and pile on with the other men to the big bob-sleigh waiting at the door.

It is a good two hours yet before the sun, but we have many miles to go to reach the Lac des Aigles in time to start work with the first gray light of dawning.

The road dips down into the deep woods, the branches meeting far above our heads. A dim, mysterious twilight over all, that seems to come, not from the sky, but from the snow, save when the moonlight, sifting through the branches, splashes the road with brilliancy. Only the tinkle of the sleigh-bells or louder clanking of the chains and rings upon the harness, with now and then the pitch and tumble of the sleigh. Moïse whispers, "*Voyez en avant, m'sieur,*" and there, stock still upon the road before us, two deer stand, fascinated by the bells until we're almost on them, then away they bound, bringing down clouds of snow from overweighted branches hanging low. Everywhere is mystery. A feeling of ghost-like forms moving about on either side, a strain-



Dragon by C. S. Chapman.

Two deer stand, fascinated by the bells.—Page 306.

ing to hear something that has no sound, and yet you know is there. Far above, the droning of the wind is heard, the great trees snap and crackle, nodding their stately heads, while we below can scarcely feel a breath of moving air, in this the under-world of gloaming.

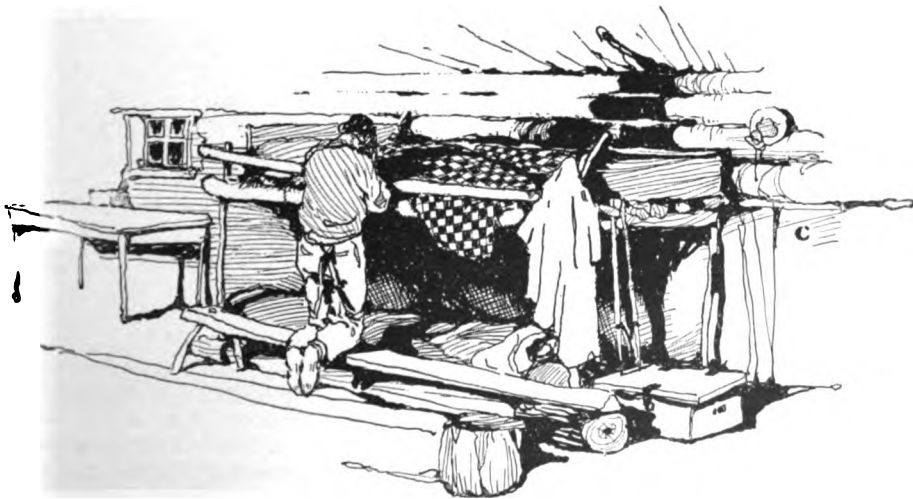
So through the early morning, mile after mile of shifting scene and sudden turning. The ponies, covered with a misty coat of frost, plod on. The men are silent, all. Something in the solemn grandeur fills us with deep imaginings.

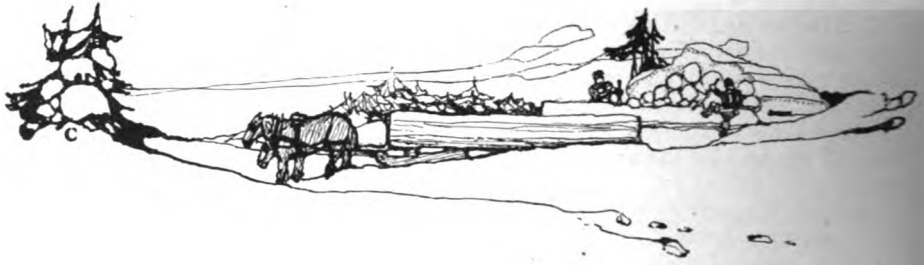
Then we pitch down and out upon a lake. The wind is here; a stinging, piercing thing, that bites through all our wraps until with great relief we reach the farther shore, and once more gain the welcome shelter.

By winding ways, up hill and down, we finally arrive at Lac des Aigles and tumble off to start the day of work. This is a more open country now, and in the growing light the mountainsides show in some places, quite bare of trees, denuded by the lumberman or landslides where the trees have been thinned out.

The horses are unhitched and each man goes to his allotted labor; some to fell the trees and cut them into log-lengths, others to sloop them from the mountain to the lake below, or drag the cedars from the swamps along the edge; so Mac and I, leaving our big coats behind us, begin measuring the logs spread out on every side. Here on the lake the logs lie each alone, and it is easy measuring, but when one has to measure skidways it is much more difficult.

My first experience in skidways was a sad affair and tried Mac's patience sorely. It was at Val de Bois some months before, and this particular skidway had been piled most miserably, with every different kind and length of log mixed in a fearful tangle. I was shown how to get the small diameter of each log's end between the bark and call the inches, giving the row and number in that row of each, marking a cross on each one taken with the pencil hung upon my wrist. "First log, first row, twenty-four, first log, second row, thirty-two," I called, thinking how easy this would be. But when we had gone a little farther and I sang out "eighth log, fifth row six, ninth log—" "What's that!" called Mac. "What kind of wood is eighth log fifth?" How could I tell? It might have been pine or balsam, spruce or hemlock, any one, for all I knew, and so I told him. He came around swearing, had one glance and put a double cross upon the log end. "No good; too small. Only white pine goes at six, and this is balsam, so I've 'culled' it, understand?" and waded back to his end while I stood gazing at the "cul" mark, thinking of how many times, when a youngster at school, I had played "tit-tat-to" in just such a scrawled design. I had even forgotten where I was and had reached up to make the first mark, when Mac's voice snapped out, "Well, why in hell don't you go on?" and I came back to earth. Then the trouble grew apace. Logs jutted out far beyond their neighbors, or the ends were out of sight, crossing at angles, where they should be straight, so



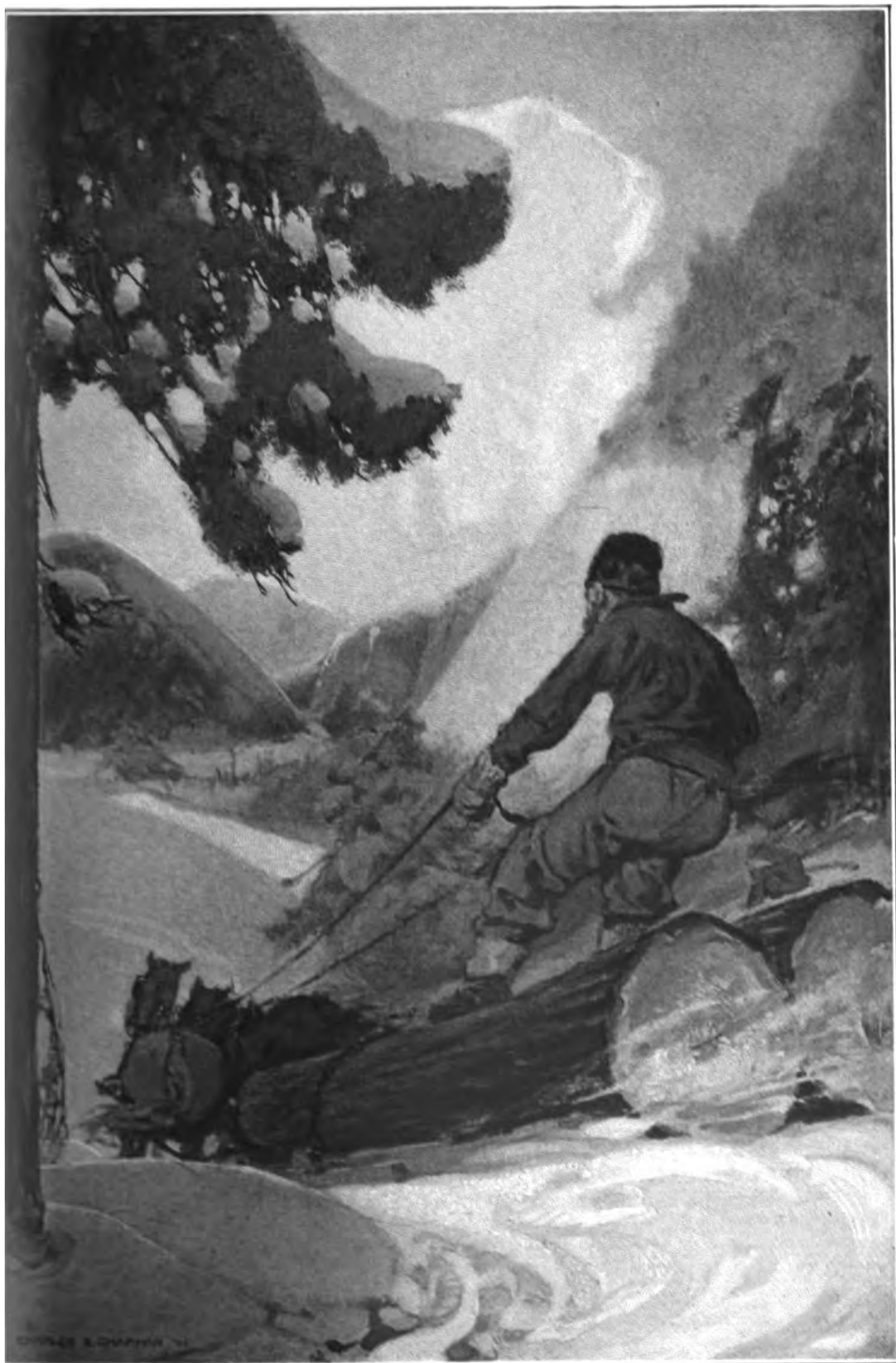


that we found, after much tapping of log ends and digging out of snow, the twelfth log, sixth row at my end, came out fifteenth on the other side. I gained at least the knowledge of how much I had to learn that first day.

When we have measured some thousand on the lake and Moïse has stamped the company and culler mark on every end, or cul mark, if the log is not accepted, we start up for the work above. Just as we reach the top of the first climb there comes from off the mountainside above a volley of French oaths, rumbling down, the cracking of a whip, the clank and rattling of chains, and two horses heave in sight, slipping, sliding, straining back against the two great logs behind, which are bound, their front ends to a rough-made cedar sloop, the far ends dragging in the snow, scooping twin hollows in the roadway underneath. Perched here, a foot on either log, gripping the long reins tight, while balancing with nicety upon the swinging mass, is François Bissinett, his red sash flecking out behind him, as around the bend they go.

All along the road now are skidways, which, piled evenly and shovelled out, take little time to measure. Only a few more remain by noon and these are near the very mountain-top, so we have lunch before we climb. Moïse unslings a rough bag of bur-lap, from out of which he pulls a chunk of white pork fat and loaf of bread, by this time frozen. Each with his clasp-knife cuts his share and munches hungrily until every crumb is gone. Then we start on. The hollows scooped by the dragging logs are packed and frozen. If one steps ever so little off the centre to the curving sides down he goes. Many times I do this; the first time on a nasty steep place where I slide for fifty feet before I stop, much to Moïse's amusement, and have to climb it all again, this time with due precaution.

We come upon a "pitch-off" finally, where the logs are dumped from off the very top over a cliff edge to the first flat below; many of them split and broken by the fall, and could not be taken. Now I saw why company rules to cullers read "no measuring of logs until they pass the 'pitch-off.'" When we have finished, the return is easy; following Moïse's example, each plucks a branch of balsam from the nearest tree and makes it answer for a sled, gaining such headway in the steeper places that we are sent head-long into the drifts at every turn, amid the shouts of laughter from all in sight. Having measured all the logs Moïse has, we put our snow-shoes on and start back to the cabin, Indian-file, Moïse leading, to show the short cut home. The deer tracks cut everywhere across our way, mingled with those of other wood folk; the porcupine and martin, fisher, mink, and fox, with here and there the larger tracks of wolves and caribou, each with the story of its struggles written there. See where the fox has crept up slyly on the partridge, burrowing out its cosy hollow in the snow; the spring; the beating wing-marks, showing how he got away with only a few small feathers missing; or there the torn and frozen carcass of a deer, the crimson snow, beaten with the thick wolf tracks about it. Mid-afternoon has come before we reach the shanty. Delphine bustles about to give us something hot to eat before we go on to Le Cluse's cabin, where we are to spend the night, and while we wait I water our horse and harness him, putting our tools and bundles in the sleigh. Meanwhile McLane is figuring out the day's work from the rough tally-board carried, strapped to his arm, all day; making a statement of how many thousand feet of this or that, how many cedar railroad ties, or how many cords of spruce or pulp-wood we have measured here. This paper given to Moïse becomes a check for what the lum-



Drawn by C. S. Chapman.

Perched here, a foot on either log, is François --Page 308.

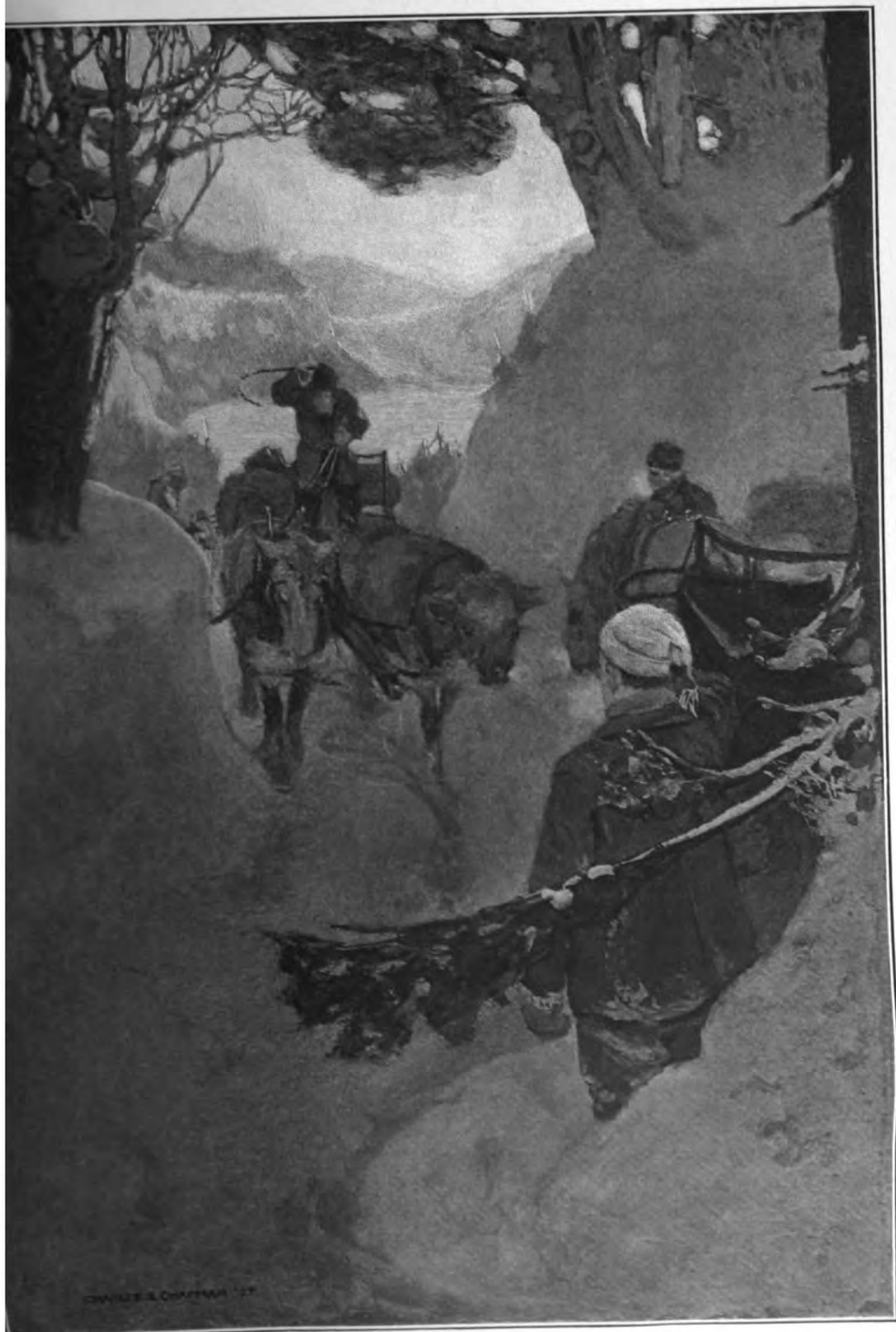


ber is worth when he presents it at the company post at Wabassee. Sometimes there comes a middleman, who contracts to have taken from off a certain portion of the company's limits so many hundred thousand feet of this wood, so many thousand feet of that, and he makes contracts with the habitants who live upon that land. These in their turn will often do the same, taking each one his big percentage of the contract price, until the last must work alone or with one helper, on starvation fare, and with the rudest shelter. Moise tells of one Filion Le Casse, who made a most ambitious contract, and miscalculating his time, was caught by the spring freshets before half his logs were out and he was thrown in debt. Now I remember a few weeks before stopping there overnight ourselves, and recall the marks of failure everywhere. Filion was a patient little man, with tight-pursed lips and tired eyes, who struggled to be cheerful. His family of six had only just recovered from the smallpox. He had no money to pay wages and his only help was Michel Lacquer, a bright-eyed, fierce young fellow who stuck to Filion through thick and thin because he loved the eldest daughter, Philomène. She was the light to them, the only child old enough to comprehend their suffering; always laughing and cheerful, trying her best to keep things going smoothly. Every bit of furniture that could be sold was gone, for they had had a better home than usual, with many comforts. The children slept on bean straw spread around the stove at night. Michel, that fall, had caught a young deer in the lake and brought it home to Philomène. It was their only pet and roamed about the empty barn at will. Early the next morning as I stepped inside the stable to give our horse his break-

fast, my moccasins making no sound as I had come, I was amazed to hear the murmur of Philomène's voice in low, sweet French, entreating. She crouched upon the straw, her arm about the small deer's neck, her cheek to his, pouring out her little heart with all its burdens to this dumb listener, the big sobs catching at her breath, while the deer softly licked her tear-stained face. What a brave little thing she was! I drew back quietly and stole up to the house. When she returned her arms were piled high with firewood and she was smiling, calling "*Bon jour!*" to all. Even hard-hearted old Mac, before we left, discovered that he needed many things which they could make: some moccasins and mitts, a dozen pairs of each, and overpaid them in advance for once.

Here at Moise's it is different. He is clear-headed and ever crafty, seldom taking chances with the world. The cabin, despite its clumsy crudeness, has an air of mild prosperity and surety beyond those of his fellow-men. Delphine's hearty lunch is more than welcome, and thoroughly enjoyed because of vivid memories of days and weeks before, when nights were spent in the most unclean, squalid shanties, and days with surly, shiftless men, whose absolute indifference to their own welfare in work was most astonishing. But we must hurry on to reach Lac Serpent before the dark, and so with many "*Au revoirs*" we leave them.

Down by the Bergamon Creek we meet a driver, bringing in a load of marsh hay, and being the lighter rig, must give way to him. This is not difficult here, for we can pass by driving on the creek, but farther on between steep banks of snow we come upon an odd array advancing on us. A young bull, hitched beside a shaggy pony to a sled, piled



Drawn by C. S. Chapman.

We come upon an odd array advancing on us.—Page 310.

high with much household belongings and driven by a grizzled little man who beats them both without cessation. Behind, in weary patience, walks the wife, leading two youngsters, bundled to their eyes with wraps. The little man shouts to his willing team to halt and glowers down upon us. McLane swears long and loudly while we scramble out to see what can be done. The snow is drifted to our heads upon the left, and to the right it is almost if not quite so bad. We cannot turn or back, so there's but one thing left to do. We trample down the bank upon the right, and when the cutter has been emptied of its contents, our horse is urged and driven to his belly in the snow, where he wallows helpless. The cutter then is turned upon its side and slid back as far as it will go, and with Mac at the horse's head and I holding the cutter, the cavalcade is started, wiggles by, and passes down the road behind us.

We are delayed some time with getting everything in shape again, and when the Lac Serpent is reached can barely see Le Cluse's shanty, two miles across, upon the farther shore. It is a short drive that across the level ice in any decent weather; but

now, to add to the discomfort of the coming darkness, the snow begins to fall, not only blotting out the nearest shore, but as the wind sweeps down even the road has disappeared, and we get out to walk ahead and feel it under foot. We creep along into the stinging wind, many times missing the trail, to find it after much lost time and patience. An hour's work of this and then the twinkle of a light ahead; our shouts are answered by a faint "hallo-o-o-o" and then we reach the cabin.

Sitting before the fire and smoking comfortably, the storm without is soon forgotten. It hardly seems that all these happenings could crowd themselves into but four and twenty hours now, yet each day passes swiftly its allotted time with everyone an interest of its own. There is a certain goodly feeling at each day's end of having wakened all the best that's in you, of bringing to the next day's work a healthy body, alive with pent-up energy, a mind so filled with nature's big simplicity that all the little hardships fall away and you look out upon the world about with something you have craved for satisfied and rest content.



THE CALL OF THE WEST: AMERICA AND ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND

BY SIDNEY LEE

III—THE AMERICAN INDIAN IN ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND

I



OF all the puzzles which the discovery of America offered Europe, the riddle of the aborigines kindled profoundest perplexity. The secret is still well kept. The question whence the native races sprang has elicited, since its first propounding, a multiplicity of answers. But no response has enjoyed universal credit.

At the outset, the existence of an American people seemed hardly reconcilable with Holy Writ. Christian doctrine had never seriously challenged the popular notion that there flourished in remote corners of the earth fabulous monsters, which either combined in the same corporeal frame outward characteristics of man and beast, or were distinguished by hideous malformation or distortion of the normal human form. Pliny had handed down to the pretended mediæval traveller, Sir John Mandeville, records, whose truth went unquestioned, of dog-headed and headless men, of giants and dwarfs, who dwelt in inaccessible fastnesses of Asia or Africa. But the American races confused counsel by their superficial resemblance in stature, complexion, and bodily structure to the normal population of the Old World. The color of their skin increased the complexity of the problem. It was neither black like that of the African, nor dusky yellow like that of the Oriental. It was, as a rule, of russet or cinnamon hue, which was barely distinguishable from that of many inhabitants of Northern or Middle Europe. The tint of American complexion, indeed, often approximated much more closely to the so-called whitish tones of the English countenance than to the olive tinge of the Spanish. But in spite of the aboriginal American's apparent physiological affinity to Christian peo-

ples, the Scriptures, which claimed to hold the key to all human history, wholly ignored him, and offered no manner of clue to his origin or development.

Theologians helplessly acknowledged the difficulty. The Bible pronounced Noah to be progenitor of all the normally proportioned human race, of every variety of color. But the patriarch's sons, who were no more than three in number, were implicitly denied the fatherhood of the American people. From Shem, according to the Scriptures, descended all Asiatics, from Ham all Africans, and from Japhet all Europeans. No son of Noah was the avowed forefather of the Americans. Some cataclysmic migration from Europe, Asia, or Africa could alone account, if Noah's universal paternity were to go unassailed, for the peopling of the vast continent of the West. But no satisfactory record of any vast migration from the Old World to the New by way of either Atlantic or Pacific Ocean was known to divine or secular chronicles. Legendary wanderings of the lost tribes of Israel, or of the Trojans under Brutus, after the fall of Troy, were recalled by sixteenth-century inquirers. But these traditions failed to lighten the darkness.

Again, from the time of the first discoveries, there was inevitable doubt whether the American races, despite specious physiological affinities, came all of a single stock. They were seen to differ among themselves in custom, if not in speech, to an extent that lacked parallel, at any rate, among the nations of Europe. What kinship could be rationally suggested between Incas of Peru or Aztecs of Mexico, with their strange skill as mathematicians, potters, weavers of silk, and workers in metal, and the Amazonian tribes, who could not count above five, or the naked Patagonians, who lived on human flesh, or the Californians, whose notion of pleasure expressed itself in

horrible self-mutilation. Then there was a widely scattered middle type, which was as far removed from the culture of Peru or Mexico as from the barbarism of Patagonia or California. There were innumerable peoples, neither genuinely civilized nor wholly and frankly savage, who showed no sign of psychological and ethnological relationship either with those American nations who cherished a definite tradition of elevated social culture or with those who wallowed in unmitigated savagery.

Work of human hands on the American continent tended at the same time to encourage questionings of the scriptural records of human experience. Cyclopean buildings, which lay scattered over the central provinces of the new continent, had their foundations hidden in the "dark backward and abysm of time." They existed, according to reasonable calculation, before the scriptural date of the creation; they were older, at any rate, than the biblical deluge. The possibility suggested itself that human life was of older standing in America than in Asia or Europe, and had undergone far-off developments, wholly independent of human vicissitudes elsewhere. The orthodox monogenic creed which traced mankind's descent through Noah from a single pair of human beings, was seriously challenged as soon as there floated within the range of Christian vision a conglomeration of peoples of untraceable and enigmatic pedigree. No American nation claimed descent from Ham, Shem, or Japhet. Almost all were alien in mental, moral, and spiritual calibre from the races whose experience was recorded in sacred or profane history. American ethnology was destined to startle and unsettle orthodox European beliefs in a greater degree than any marvels of inanimate nature in the New World.

II

DURING the greater part of the sixteenth century, England made small effort to emulate either the exploring and colonizing successes of Spain or the comparative failures of France on the American continent. Occasional voyages of English merchant seamen across the Atlantic gave small or no hope of future English conquests, and added little to the existing sum of geographical knowledge. Yet England came under

the spell of the aboriginal mystery almost as early and almost as completely as the nations of Europe who long preceded her in establishing themselves on American soil. At the very dawn of the century natives of both North and South America were brought home by English mariners on their fruitless expeditions to American shores, and the strange visitors were eagerly welcomed by the highest in the land. Eskimos were guests at the court of Henry VII; a Brazilian cacique enjoyed the hospitality of Henry VIII. During Queen Mary's reign public attention was for a time diverted to aboriginal visitors of darker hue from the west coast of Africa. But with the new outburst of exploring activity, which began in the second decade of Queen Elizabeth's reign and thenceforward grew in volume year by year, the American Indians reappeared in their mysterious remoteness on English shores. Through the greater part of Shakespeare's manhood all ranks of the nation were deeply stirred by a constant succession of small bands of savage immigrants from both the northern and southern continents of America.

The strangers came to sixteenth-century England, it should be noticed, from regions of the Western hemisphere which were yoked loosely, if at all, to Spain's colonial empire. Of the advanced civilization which prevailed in Mexico and Peru, the central provinces of Spanish dominion, no representatives were suffered by Spanish policy to seek asylum in sixteenth-century England. All the native Americans who were guests of Tudor Englishmen came from districts lying outside the pale of Mexican or Peruvian culture. They were of that wide-spread aboriginal type which was gifted with an intelligence amply sufficient to enable them to adapt to human purposes the simple forces of nature, although they lacked all but the most rudimentary powers of intellectual perception. They were experts in the arts of hunting and fishing. They were skilled makers of instruments of sport or war, like bows and arrows, spears and fishing nets. Their boats were ingeniously contrived, and many implements of domestic use, often of earthenware, bore further witness to mechanical aptitudes. Arts of agriculture were familiar to them and their wide fields of maize were cultivated with assiduous care. Nor

did they lack culinary skill; their meat and fish were invariably roasted or broiled. They adorned their faces and bodies with colored pigments arranged in elaborate patterns, and though their clothing was for the most part scanty, they prided themselves on cloaks formed of feathers and furs, on feathered headdresses, and on necklaces and earrings wrought of shells, precious stones, or precious metals. They had fixed habitations and a settled form of government. A religion of nature—usually dominated by the worship of the sun—was well organized among them, and their ritual ceremonies were elaborate. They were familiar with an empyric system of medicine, and the profession of physician no less than that of priest was honored among them.

Tribes who had reached such levels of social development were scattered over the eastern side of both the northern and southern continents of America from Labrador to Argentina. Their customs and institutions differed greatly in detail among themselves, but in broad outline they were of one pattern. Their languages, although greatly varying in vocabulary, were of the same agglutinative structure. All were innocent of inflections—the characteristic feature of European speech. Although this aboriginal type fell far below the standard of culture which had been reached in Mexico and Peru, it ranged far above the disorganized savagery which was habitual under varied repellent shapes to the nomads of the far interior, and of lands lying about the extreme southern or the middle western coasts.

It was only this intermediate kind of American whom the sixteenth-century Englishman had the opportunity of observing or interrogating on English shores. To England came from the misty regions of Labrador, Canada, New England, Virginia, Florida, Guiana, and Brazil specimens of this wide-spread type of humanity. There was a uniformity of crude nurture among these distant travellers who were known to the Old World either as American Indian, or from the prevailing color of their complexion as Red Indian or Redskin. The name of Indian, which they bore throughout Europe, was fruit of the old geographical misconception which represented the whole continent of America to be an outpost of the Indian continent of Asia. Owing to that colossal delusion, the inhabitants of

the newly discovered Western hemisphere shared the appellation which was already appropriated by dwellers in the Orient.

Throughout Shakespeare's lifetime court and country repeatedly entertained in England this manner of Indian. The sovereigns Elizabeth and James I readily accorded them audience. In their honor noblemen and bishops gave banquets. With them scholars and ministers of religion sought converse, while enterprising speculators, zealous to turn to their own account the curiosity of the multitude, engaged some of them for purposes of public exhibition, charging pence for the privilege of inspecting them at close quarters.

No feature of this experience was peculiar to England. The courts of Spain and France also welcomed the American native of the normal type in the early or middle years of the century. In spite of the misgivings of his patroness, Queen Isabella, Columbus had set the example of bringing to Europe American aborigines of docile disposition. The step was justified by the Spanish pioneers on various pretexts, all of which found echo in Elizabethan England. Only thus could native interpreters be satisfactorily trained for the subsequent service of European explorers, whose advance was always impeded by the difficulty of conversing with the American native. In the second place, the American heathen was thereby given opportunities, which were otherwise impossible, of observing Christianity at work in her own citadels. Moreover, the native visitor was likely to impart to his kinsfolk, when he rejoined them in his own country, the knowledge of civilized custom which he was bound to acquire more or less effectually at the fountain-head. Finally the boundless curiosity, which reports about the natives provoked in the old countries, invited practical endeavors to exhibit living examples to those who were unlikely to visit the aborigines in their own haunts.

Navigators of Tudor England convoyed Americans across the ocean, mainly from a wish to satisfy the inquisitiveness of friends at home. When Englishmen at the close of the century formally embarked on their career of American colonists, this motive acquired increased efficacy, although its purport was at times disguised. Many Elizabethan promoters of colonial enter-

prise openly recommended the bringing into England of representatives of native races, so that home-dwellers of inquiring temper might learn at leisure from the uncouth strangers the full story of the unknown land. Eager pupils abounded.

The practical results of the visits of the Indians to Elizabethan England may be easily exaggerated, but the visitors did not depart without leaving a permanent trace of their coming. Their presence quickened English interest alike in theories of human progress and in colonial enterprise. The seed which the native visits sowed in Elizabethan England fructified in one direction to rare purpose. Shakespeare, the profoundest intelligence of the age, yielded more fully than his fellow-dramatists to the prevalent curiosity, and offered in the creation of Caliban an illuminating conception of the native problem. The entrances and exits of American Indians to and from sixteenth-century England are in themselves, apart from higher considerations, curious byways of history. But their significance is impressively enhanced by their relation with Prospero's servant-monster. Such an imaginary portrait sheds a liberal flood of light not merely on contemporary speculation as to the place of the American native in human development, but on the ultimate or universal relationship of civilization to savagery.

III

MARINERS of Bristol made in 1501 an attempt, which bore little fruit, to follow up John Cabot's shadowy clues in the North Atlantic. To these western Englishmen belongs the credit of first bringing to England natives of the "New-found-land." Unlike their Spanish contemporaries, English sailors of this period omitted to record their achievements. All that is quite certain about these Bristol sailors' adventure is that they returned to port with three strangers, three American Indians. The mysterious visitors, who were the first representatives of the American people to tread English soil, came from the arctic north. They were clothed, we are told, in beasts' skin. They ate raw flesh. They spoke such language as no man could understand. Quickly carried from Bristol to London, they enjoyed royal hospitality. Gentle usage recommended to them Eng-

lish modes of life. They adopted the clothing of their hosts, and after two years' experience of English society were indistinguishable from Englishmen. Their complexions, when freed of pigments, proved nearly white. Their resemblance to Europeans created general bewilderment.

There is little doubt that these first American strangers to reach England were Eskimos, living at home in underground dwellings, from which they rarely emerged except in the summer months. Skilful huntsmen and fishermen, and expert in the manufacture and use of canoes and sleighs, they were well acquainted with the value of warm clothing, and wore boots of walrus- and seal-skin, and gloves of deerskin. Such effective raiment won the admiration of Englishmen, with whom, in fact, Eskimos have always found favor. John Davis, the greatest arctic explorer of late Elizabethan days, described them as a "people of good stature and tractable conditions." None ventured to condemn them as "rudely barbarous." Englishmen who saw the American native in England for the first time were more startled by those characteristics in which the strangers resembled themselves than by those in which they differed.

Some three decades passed before the experience was repeated. Then homekeeping Londoners saw at their doors a typical representative from a southerly clime of the normal American race. It has been argued that the Eskimos, despite superficial resemblances, were of a human family altogether different from the other American peoples. At any rate, the Brazilian more strictly conforms to the normal aboriginal type which is disseminated through the great continent. To the wonder of the English nation, a chieftain or cacique of Brazil paid his respects in person to King Henry VIII at Whitehall.

Brazil, which was nominally ruled by Portugal and not by Spain, was less rigidly closed than the Spanish dominions in America to European merchants of non-Spanish nationality. The native Americans who most often found their way to France in the sixteenth century came from Brazil. It was on reports of aboriginal modes of Brazilian life which Sir Thomas More received from lips of sailors at Antwerp that he based much detail in his "Utopia"; it was from conversations with Brazilian

visitors to the French court that Montaigne, the French philosopher and essayist, deduced his half-ironical praises of the simple American Indian life. The Brazilian, who was of gentle disposition, was reputed to organize his social institutions with exceptional consistency and success on a communistic basis. He was generally acknowledged to be the ideal type of communist. Though the incompleteness of his attire and the abundance of his ornamental finery betokened a modest scale of culture, he won respect as the inventor of certain domestic appliances, which deeply impressed travellers and wrung from Europeans the flattery of imitation. The hanging couch or hammock (a Brazilian word), which was cleverly contrived of fibres of the palm-tree, was, as far as Europeans knew, a Brazilian invention. Hammocks were afterward met with in Guiana and other parts of South America; but they were long called in the Old World "Brazil beds" and were constant reminders of the ingenuity of the aboriginal Brazilian.

It was a chieftain of Brazil with whom the second entry in the catalogue of native American visitors to England is concerned. William Hawkins, the slave-dealing captain of Plymouth, who sold many negroes from the west coast of Africa to the Portuguese in Brazil, brought home a native ruler of the Portuguese province. The Brazilian chief visited England on conditions. A hostage was left with his tribe during his absence. Hawkins's companion, Martin Cockeram, a citizen of Plymouth, readily undertook that rôle.

The Brazilian "king," as he was called, reached Plymouth in safety, and won the hearts of his hosts by his amiable demeanor. But he caused them some anguish when he decked himself out in his ceremonial garb on occasions of state. In his cheeks, we are told, were holes wherein "small bones were planted, standing an inch out," while in his lower lip was fixed a precious stone of the size of a pea. Such painful adornment was, he explained, "reputed in his own country for a great bravery." The Brazilian was in no hurry to regain his native land. He prolonged his stay in England for a year. But illness overtook him on his return voyage, and he unhappily died in mid-ocean. The friends of Martin Cockeram, who was left as his surety in Brazil, grew alarmed. But

no hurt befell the English hostage. Within a few months he returned to Plymouth unharmed, a witness to the innate humanity of the Brazilian people.

It is worth pointing out that Cockeram was one of the earliest Englishmen to reside for any period of time on American soil. He did all he could to make the name of Englishmen respected. In spite of Portuguese precautions against foreign immigration, English merchants within two decades succeeded in settling their agents within Brazilian boundaries, and English ships often anchored off the coast. Cockeram's conduct and the pleasant experiences of the Brazilian cacique at Henry VIII's court bore good fruit. English shipmasters reported a few years later that Brazilian natives often offered to sail home with them.

The midmost years of the sixteenth century form a stagnant period in the history of Anglo-American relations. The English trade in African negroes, whom Englishmen captured in Africa and sold in West Indian and Brazilian ports, was the chief mode of intercourse between the two countries. Popular curiosity temporarily turned from the ethnological puzzle of the American Indian to that of the black African. Five tall and strong negroes from the Guinea coast were brought to London early in Queen Mary's reign, along with elephants' teeth and gold dust. English meat and drink proved congenial to them, although the cold and moist climate caused them suffering. Successful efforts were made to teach them the English language, and most of them were repatriated, to the delight of their kindred, to spread a knowledge of the English tongue in their native places. Only one of them seems to have stayed behind, and he married "a fair Englishwoman." The result of the union gave Englishmen's pride a fall. Consternation prevailed in the country when a son was born to the negro's English wife "in all respects as black as his father." The episode disconcerted public opinion, which resented that an English mother should compromise her racial superiority by giving birth on English soil to a "coal-black Ethiopian."

IV

A YOUTH of nineteen, who was to play a great part in England's earliest colonial efforts, acted as one of the guardians of

Queen Mary's negro immigrants on this voyage from the Guinea coast, and the experience stimulated his interest in native problems. The youthful observer was Martin Frobisher, whose endeavor to reach the fabled empire of Cathay through arctic America in the second decade of Queen Elizabeth's reign practically inaugurated the exploring and colonizing career of the English nation. One of Frobisher's professed aims was to get into close touch with the natives of the New World and to bring eight or ten of them home. Like Queen Isabella of Spain, his patroness, Queen Elizabeth, while encouraging the enterprise, deprecated the forcible capture of natives. "You shall not bring," she wrote to adventurous Captain Frobisher, "above three or four persons of that country, the which shall be of divers ages, and shall be taken in such sort as you may best avoid offence of that people."

Frobisher followed an extreme northerly course on each of the three expeditions which were seriously designed to bring all northwest avenues to Cathay under English sway. The natives whom he met were Eskimos, but, although they held intercourse with him without much demur, they showed unreadiness to take passage with him to his own country. He and his companions made zealous efforts to master the native language, and prepared elaborate vocabularies with reports on native habits. But the aborigines were indisposed to accept the explorer's invitation to accompany him home.

In his first expedition Frobisher succeeded in enticing only one native into his ship. Owing to the growth of English interest in American affairs, the arrival of the unhappy man at Harwich produced a sensation far greater than any which the preceding visits of Indians had caused. "The like of this strange infidel was never seen, read, nor heard of before," wrote one elated reporter. "His arrival was a wonder never known to city or realm. Never like great matter happened to any man's knowledge." The fellow was described as broad of face and fat of body, with little eyes and scanty beard. His long coal-black hair was tied in a knot above his forehead, and his dark sallow skin, of which the natural color was hidden beneath dirt and paint, was likened to that of tawny Moors or Tartans. His expression

was "sullen and churlish, but sharp withal." But the great public reception destined for him was frustrated by his death from cold. There seems to have been just time, however, for a distinguished Flemish artist who was at the time settled in England, Lucas de Heere, to sketch his portrait. The drawing, which still survives in the public library at Ghent, initiated a practice, which subsequently became common in Elizabethan England, of commissioning artists to transfer to canvas the features of strange visitors from the New World.

On his second expedition Frobisher was more fortunate in his hunt for human prey. He brought back two natives—a man and a woman—and their presence in England again caused an intense popular excitement. They curiously combined savage and civilized custom. Their leather clothing was thoroughly well made, and they knew how to roast meat. Yet occasionally they would eat raw flesh, washed down with a draught of oxen's blood. There is abundant testimony to the whiteness of their skin. There can be little doubt that they were Eskimos, although Richard Hakluyt, the great collector of American travellers' reports, detected in them close resemblances to the inhabitants of unsettled and remote parts of Mexico, whom Spanish explorers had already carefully described. Popular tracts, which were soon thumbed out of existence, emphasized the singularities of this "strange kind of people," without apparently throwing sure light on ethnological problems. Art was summoned by Queen Elizabeth to provide her with permanent mementoes of the two strangers. Life-like portraits of them from the brush of fashionable painters long hung in Hampton Court Palace. Unfortunately the change of scene and climate proved, after an interval, fatal to Frobisher's pair of Indians. At the end of the year the man died at Bristol of inflammation of the lungs, and the course of the illness was fully narrated by a distinguished physician. The woman does not seem to have survived her partner long. But a child who was lately born to them—the first and probably the last of his tribe to have England for his birthplace—apparently survived his parents. The American infant finally passed away at the Three Swans Tavern in the city of London, and was accorded Christian burial in the Church of St. Olave's,

Hart Street, which survived the Great Fire of London.

Frobisher's third expedition failed to bring back any native. Repugnance on the part of the aborigines to life in the Old World was not diminished by the fatalities attending the recent visits of their fellow-countrymen.

The Elizabethan populace had tasted blood. There was a wide-spread anxiety to see the newly discovered people at close quarters. The desire grew in intensity among both the educated and uneducated classes. Explorers made increasingly liberal offers of English hospitality to the Indians with whom they came into contact. Strenuous efforts were made to grasp their ideas and speech. In conformity with Frobisher's example, later Elizabethan chroniclers of American travel were generous in notices of native customs and in vocabularies of native words.

The expeditions which Sir Walter Raleigh fitted out to Terra Florida, with a view to colonizing that part of the region which he named Virginia, brought England into relations with one of the most important American races of the normal Indian type. Virginia and North Florida were occupied by numerous independent clans of the people called Algonquins, a race of agricultural warriors. In the early days of the projected English settlement this aboriginal people displayed a friendly feeling for the invaders. Captain Barlow, the leader of the first English expedition to Virginia, described the Indians there with attractive naïveté as "a people most gentle, loving, and faithful, void of all guile and treason, and such as live after the manner of the golden age." The native instincts of hospitality were highly developed. When some of the first adventurers insisted on spending the night on their ship instead of in the huts at their disposal by the natives on shore, the wife of an absent chief sent down a well-cooked supper and a supply of mats to protect the Englishmen from the night dews. The Indian princes vied with one another in offers of food and menial services. Jealousies and domestic quarrels among the tribes disturbed this Arcadian harmony. The newcomers unwisely intervened in local feuds. There was inevitable growth of suspicion on the natives' part in regard to the invaders' ultimate intentions.

But, before the situation on American soil grew critical, Virginians accepted the hospitality of their English visitors and were crossing the Atlantic.

In the first English ship that returned from Virginia in the autumn of 1584 there sailed two sturdy Virginians, who played very different parts in the early history of the English colony. Their names were Manteo and Wanchese. Close acquaintance with the English in their own homes made Manteo the fastest of friends with his hosts, while Wanchese developed an invincible distrust. Both returned after a seven months' stay in England with Raleigh's second Virginian expedition, of which the hopes ran very high. Then Wanchese encouraged his kindred to harry the English settlers, but Manteo sedulously preached to the natives the prudence of amity. His services as interpreter and adviser proved invaluable during a year of grave anxiety.

At the end of the twelve-month Manteo repeated his visit to England under notable conditions. Sir Francis Drake, homeward bound from a raid on the West Indies and the Spanish main, found himself near the Virginian coast, and offered to rescue the English settlers from dire peril. Their native ally was reluctant to interrupt his pleasant intercourse with his English masters, and he came a second time to England under the auspices of Drake, the greatest English mariner of the age. For ten months Manteo lingered once more on English soil. At length he returned to his native land in the company of a third party of English colonists. To the new leader, John White, he attached himself with undiminished ardor.

The English, through the disasters of these early Virginian days, had no firmer friend than this kind-hearted and capable Redskin. His enthusiasm for the English cause never waned. He introduced English friends to his old mother, who lived on an island off the North Carolina coast, and his family eagerly offered them entertainment. Sir Walter Raleigh was always interested in his welfare. The last that we hear of him is that after much delay and hesitation he accepted the rite of baptism, and was granted by his English allies, in recognition of his tried fidelity, the high-sounding title of "Lord of Roanoke and Dusamonquapek."

Governor White came back to England after half a year's further futile struggle to set England's Virginian empire on a sure basis. Manteo did not accompany him. White contented himself with bringing home a fellow countryman of Manteo, who soon unhappily found a burial-place at Bideford. The governor had devoted his leisure to depicting in water-colors the Virginian native in his own home. That valuable sketch-book, which is now preserved in the British Museum, sheds a brilliant light on the manners and customs of Manteo's kinsfolk, in whom Elizabethan interest, being once excited, never wholly died.

V

THE earliest English endeavor to colonize Virginia proved a failure in spite of the energy of the pioneers. In the last decade of the sixteenth century the great scheme was languidly pursued. The active centre of American interest for England temporarily shifted to South America. Raleigh, although he was the virtual projector of Virginia, did not visit that country in person. To South America he went himself in order to seek a fabled Eldorado in that region of Guiana which is now better known as Venezuela. The new purpose brought English explorers the acquaintance of another American race, scions of which were soon familiar figures in the streets of London.

Near the banks of the river Orinoko, which Raleigh and his company ascended, there lived vagabond tribes who were falsely credited with fabulous distortion of the human shape. It was in that district that rumor placed the homes of

. . . men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders,

—imaginary beings who are twice mentioned by Shakespeare among the world's newly revealed wonders. The Elizabethan travellers were truthful enough while giving hearsay accounts of such human monstrosities to disclaim having seen them for themselves.

The natives of Guiana, whose acquaintance Raleigh personally made, had no obvious association with the inferior human strata of wild America. Raleigh's aboriginal allies formed a branch of the widely spread people called Caribs—a race which

always seems to have been of gentle disposition in spite of Spanish imputations to the contrary. They had inhabited the West Indian islands before the Spanish invasion drove them in headlong flight to the mainland. The Caribs of Guiana were clearly of the highest Indian type, outside Peru or Mexico, and were more than qualified to confirm the favorable impressions which Virginians like Manteo had left upon the Elizabethan mind. Raleigh, who was prone to generous enthusiasm, was an indulgent student of native character and physiognomy. The men and women whom he met in Guiana lacked, in his eye, neither comeliness nor courtesy nor intelligence. At a place in Guiana on the Orinoko which he calls Toparimaca he writes of the wife of one of the chiefs, "In all my life I have seldom seen a better favored woman." Her countenance, he proceeds, was excellent; her hair, almost as long as herself, was tied up in pretty knots, while her discourse was very pleasant. "I have seen a lady in England," Raleigh concludes, "so like to her, as but for the difference of color, I would have sworn it might have been the same."

With a king of Guiana called Topiawari, who ruled over a place called Aromaia, Raleigh formed something like close intimacy. The man was of patriarchal age. In one place Raleigh describes him as one hundred years old and in another as one hundred and ten. These were probably swollen figures; but in any case his physical strength was remarkable. He readily walked fourteen miles to meet his English visitor in hot weather, and returned the same day on foot in spite of Raleigh's polite remonstrances. Raleigh describes King Topiawari as a man of gravity, judgment, and good discourse, though he had no help of learning nor of breed. Proud of his independence, he was anxious to escape the Spanish yoke. He had been, at one time, their prisoner, and had paid as ransom one hundred plates of gold and divers chains of spleenstone. He was no sycophant. He regarded Christianity with suspicion, and resented the conversion of two members of his family, a nephew and a nephew's son, on whom the Spanish priests had conferred the baptismal names of Juan and Pedro respectively. He was a confirmed polygamist and complained that in the recent wars

with the Spaniards he had been robbed of many of his wives. In the old days a chieftain reckoned on the companionship of ten or twelve conjugal partners. Now he had to content himself with three or four.

At Raleigh's suggestion Topiawari cheerfully agreed to permit his son to return with the English explorer to England, there to learn the English language and to give Englishmen full information of native affairs. It was settled that by way of exchange Raleigh should leave with the old chief two Englishmen. Francis Sparrow, a servant of Captain Gifford, "was desirous to tarry and could describe a country with his pen." Consequently he, along with an English boy, Hugh Goodwin, remained with Topiawari when the old man's heir and some native attendants embarked with Raleigh for England.

Raleigh characteristically took two Indians of Guiana into his domestic service in London, and in the early days of his imprisonment in the Tower they waited on him there. On one of these men the vague records bestow no name, and it is just possible that he was the young prince of Guiana, Topiawari's son, whose fortunes in England are difficult to trace. Inquiries about him were often made by his relatives of English travellers in Guiana in the course of the next decade. His English visit was clearly prolonged. When he ultimately regained his native land, he found that the Spaniards had extended their dominion in his absence, and he had difficulty thenceforth in holding his own. Another of Raleigh's Indian attendants in the Tower of London, was well known to Raleigh's friends as Leonard Regapo. He does not seem to have been of exalted rank. After giving ample proof of fidelity to his master, he finally made his way back to his native country, where he spread flattering reports of Raleigh's generosity. Raleigh, till near his death, showed affectionate interest in the man's fortunes. While still a prisoner in the Tower, he sent out clothing to him in one of the smaller English expeditions to Guiana, and, when he made his final and fatal voyage to that region, he sought out his faithful Indian servant Leonard, and exchanged with him affectionate greetings. The Caribbean's respect for Raleigh's memory was lasting, and he paid sedulous attention to every Englishman who in later days came his way.

All the adventurers who followed Raleigh's path in South America during the early years of the seventeenth century, endeavored to maintain among the aborigines the amiable tradition which he inaugurated. Captain Charles Leigh, when exploring Guiana, thought to improve on Raleigh's efforts by sending as many as four Indian chiefs to England. But though the proposal was well received by the tribes, the arrangement fell through. Spanish raids were keeping the country in perpetual tumult. The protagonist of the English alliance, Topiawari, had been driven to the mountains by Spanish menace soon after Raleigh took leave of him. There his long life ended. His two English guests, the boy Goodwin and the man Sparrow, accompanied him in his fatal wanderings. The boy is said to have been "eaten by a tiger," but the man Sparrow, after capture by the Spaniards, managed to escape to Mexico, and finally reached England in safety. There he published an account of his sufferings and commended his Indian hosts to the favorable notice of his countrymen.

VI

WITH the accession of James I in 1603, the question of colonizing North America entered on a new and finally successful phase. Resolute endeavors to form permanent settlements both in Virginia and New England were to bear fruit before the king's reign ended. Prospecting expeditions were equipped almost every year, and public curiosity about the natives of the northern continent of America grew more acute. Every endeavor was made to encourage and conciliate native guests in England, so that they might report favorably of the home country to their kindred across the seas.

A very interesting party of natives reached England in 1605 in the charge of Captain George Weymouth, whose exploration of North American shores enjoys the added interest of having been mainly subsidized by Shakespeare's patron, the Earl of Southampton. Captain Weymouth coasted round New England, where he rendered much service to geographical knowledge, but he went south before he sailed homeward. It is from Virginia that he claims to have brought back native

guests. The men were five in number and they carried with them two canoes and their bows and arrows. One of the strangers was described as "young" and "of a ready capacity." Two others were brothers of a notable chief. All are reported to have received "exceeding kind usage" at English hands. In the earliest days of the Jamestown settlement a leading colonist acknowledged that the colony owed much to one of these native visitors to England, who on his going back sedulously spread through his tribe praises of the virtues of the English king. Great was the importance attached to the experience of English hospitality, which was enjoyed by all these five men. It was the "accident" of their English entertainment, wrote their friend, Captain Weymouth, which "must be acknowledged the means of putting on foot and giving life to our plantations."

The Spanish ambassador in London was moved by this incursion of Virginians to complain of the progressive practice of welcoming natives to England. He denounced it as a menace to Spanish predominance in the New World. All the Indian visitors, the Spanish diplomatist pointed out, were taught English, and were not only entertained in London, but were sent about the country. Yet in spite of Spanish lamentation, for some dozen years following the actual settlement of Jamestown in 1607 the chain of native visitors to England knew no interruption. Not all now came from Virginia. A few were brought from the territory of New England, which was at length undergoing more or less systematic study with a view to colonization.

The New England Indians, although they were of the normal semibarbarous type, belonged to a nationality different from that of the Virginians. They were of the historic race of the Iroquois, no representative of which visited England before the early years of the seventeenth century. The first New Englanders to reach England were a party, said to number ten or more, who arrived in London in 1611. Like recent Virginian visitors, they came under the auspices of the Earl of Southampton, who paid the expenses of their convoy. They easily learned English, and two of them, called respectively Tantum and Squanto, subsequently proved of great value as interpreters to English invaders of

the northern provinces. Squanto was a native of Patuxet, the Indian name of the native settlement, which New Plymouth was to supersede. For some years he lived in Cornhill, London, in the house of an enterprising merchant and colonial projector, John Slaney. Squanto's devotion to his English hosts fits him to be linked in the memory of Englishmen with his Virginian predecessor, Manteo, or his Guianan predecessor, Leonard Regapo.

One New Englander achieved a more peculiar notoriety while visiting England in the same years as Squanto. Known by the name of Epenow, this American visitor was a man of unusually fine physique, and of a stature far above the average. His courage was declared to be no less than his strength, and he was credited with an authoritative mien and good understanding. But to the discredit of his hosts he was, after a while, "showed up and down London for money as a wonder." He is no doubt the "strange Indian" of large proportions who is mentioned in the play of Henry VIII as fascinating a mob of London women. But Epenow got even with his captors. He represented that he had exclusive knowledge of a goldmine in an island off the New England coast. On this representation a small syndicate was formed at Plymouth to equip an expedition. In the ship Epenow sailed as guide. But no sooner did he come within swimming distance of his native shores than he leaped overboard and abandoned his dupes to their devices. Efforts to recapture him proved vain, and the ship turned home without more treasure than she held at her setting forth.

More tragic disasters attended some contemporaneous designs to bring to England native dwellers from the new Virginian settlement. The overlord of the neighboring region, Powhatan, readily allowed two of his followers to cross the seas soon after the foundation of the settlement. One of these, called Namontack, was described as a man of "shrewd and subtle capacity," in whom both Powhatan and the English reposed great trust. Unluckily, his companion Matchumps, was of an evil disposition. The two Indians sailed for England together by way of the Bermudas. But in that island they had a fierce quarrel, with the result that Namontack was slain and secretly buried by his companion. The murderer

Matchumps ultimately made his way back to Virginia. The news of the murder did not come to Powhatan's ears for some years, during which he was constantly making plaintive inquiries after "his man in England."

Of a third subject of Powhatan, one Nanamack, who actually reached England in the first decade of the seventeenth century and remained till his death, a more curious account is given. For a year or two he lived in English houses where religion was little considered, and drinking and swearing and like evils prevailed, so that "he ran, as he was, a mere pagan." But he was ultimately taken in charge by a godly family, and, learning to read, delighted in the Scriptures. His newly acquired religious sentiment led him to bewail the ignorance of his own countrymen. At length arrangements were made for his baptism. But he died before the rite could be performed, "leaving, however, behind such testimonies of his desire of God's favor that it moved such godly Christians as knew him to conceive well of his condition." But Nanamack's checkered experience, no less than the murder of Namontack by his native companion might well justify doubt, whether the purposes of religion and humanity gained much by the voyage of American aborigines across the dividing ocean.

VII

SHAKESPEARE was yet alive, and in more or less active work, while this strange procession, which I have described, of natives of Virginia, Guiana, and New England defiled through English ports. Of most of them the dramatist doubtless caught a glimpse. But it was just after his death that the most imposing of Virginian visitors reached London. Pocahontas, the young daughter of the chief Powhatan, had conceived as a child a romantic attachment for the English settlers, and had (it was alleged) protected more than one of them from the murderous designs of her kindred. At length she joined the newcomers as a willing hostage, and in 1613, when not more than eighteen years of age, she boldly defied all Indian and English conventions by marrying an English settler. Immediately afterward she accepted Christianity, and expressed anxiety to visit her husband's Christian country. Accordingly, in the

summer of 1616 she arrived in the English capital with her husband, an infant son, her brother Tamacomo, and some native women attendants.

A splendid reception was accorded the Virginian princess. State and Church combined to do her honor. James I received her and her brother at court. They attended a performance at Whitehall of a Twelfth Night masque by Ben Jonson (January 6, 1617), of which they spoke with approval. The Bishop of London entertained her "with festival pomp." The princess's portrait was painted and engraved by distinguished artists. Her dignified bearing was generally commended, although hints are given by Ben Jonson that the princess was occasionally seen, to the dismay of her hosts, to enter tavern doors. Her entertainment, at any rate, seems to have been thoroughly congenial to her, and she was reluctant to shorten her visit. At the end of ten months, however, she travelled to Gravesend with a view to embarkation for her native land. But while tarrying at the port, to the general grief, she fell ill and died. The parish register of Gravesend describes her as "of Virginia, a lady born."

The princess's English husband soon returned to Jamestown, leaving behind him his son and his wife's native companions, all of whom gave some trouble. The husband's brother, Henry Rolfe, who looked after their boy Thomas, complained of the expenses of maintenance to which he was unwillingly put. After some years the lad rejoined his father in Jamestown, where he married an Englishwoman and begot offspring. Pocahontas's brother, Tamacomo, was also long tolerated with some impatience in London society. Samuel Purchas, the voluminous compiler of records of travel, relates how he often conversed with him at the house of a leading London physician. On occasions the Virginian amused the company by singing native songs and dancing what his hearers characterized as "his diabolical measures." He discoursed of his country and religion. Unlike his sister, he declined to accept Christianity, and was prone to blaspheme all religious beliefs but his own. Nevertheless, England left a deep impression of wonder in his mind. He never ceased to marvel at the density of population and the abundance of cornfields and trees.

The Virginian girls who came with Pocahontas, or followed her to England, experienced singular fortunes. One became a domestic servant in the house of a mercer at Cheapside, but falling ill of consumption, she was nursed in the household of a popular Puritan preacher, William Gouge, who paid her every attention. A subscription was opened in London to provide her with additional comforts. Other Virginian maidens, after being maintained for some years at the expense of the Virginian Company in England, were sent to the Bermudas, where husbands were found for them by the governor. One of their weddings was celebrated with great ceremony at the public expense, and as soon as the union proved fruitful the family was despatched to Virginia to rejoin the girl's kindred. This experiment was reckoned a politic mode of encouraging aboriginal sympathy with civilized life.

By the wisest onlookers the plan of bringing natives to England to convert them into civilizing instruments among their own people was pronounced a mistake. In 1620 a serious proposal was ventilated to extend the practice by importing into England a large number of Indian lads to be educated on English lines. Good argument was then forthcoming to show that such native immigrants as were at the moment in England, were assimilating the vices rather than the virtues of civilized life. Religious teaching benefited them little. The drinking habits of the Elizabethan or other vicious indulgences chiefly appealed to their idiosyncrasies. The hope of Anglicizing the aboriginal population of America by extending English hospitality to Indian visitors to England was recognized by the generation following Shakespeare's death to be a snare and a delusion.

VIII

ELIZABETHAN drama faithfully reflected current aspiration and experience, but the American native left upon it a slighter impression than might have been expected. The wonders of the New World expanded tardily under Englishmen's gaze, while the Elizabethan dramatists were winging their highest flights. Yet America offered little effective suggestion to the playwrights. In

the early days of Elizabethan drama America only figured on the stage as a vague fairyland, whence Spain gathered gold and precious stones, or as a shadowy paradise of Arcadian innocence. Through the middle years of Shakespeare's career the genuine significance of the great discovery was practically ignored in the theatre. It was only when Shakespeare's working days were nearing their close that the light of his genius illumined one aspect of the mighty theme—the mystery of the native dweller.

Christopher Marlowe, Shakespeare's tutor in tragedy, ended his short life before English colonists had established themselves on American soil. To Marlowe "rich America" was alone familiar as a reservoir of Spanish treasure. All that Marlowe seems to have learned about the American natives was confined to the inaccurate suggestion that the frozen north of the continent was

Inhabited with tall and sturdy men
Giants as big as huge Polypheme.

No reference to the Eskimo natives, whose average stature was rather less than that of Europeans, could be more misleading.

To John Lyly, a pioneer of Elizabethan comedy, America presented itself as a Utopia, where men and nature still flourished "in their first simplicity." Lyly deemed the "Nicotian herb" the most characteristic feature of the new continent, and he credited the plant with marvellous properties for healing human ills. Lyly's imagination, when it touched the New World at all, seemed to lack the guidance of precise knowledge as conspicuously as Marlowe's imagination.

The rapid spread of information about America after Queen Elizabeth's death still failed to inspire the playwrights with interest or enthusiasm. Theatrical references to the early Virginian expeditions of the seventeenth century were usually made in a light sarcastic vein. Virginia was a country where gold was to be had for the asking, or lay about the roads for the passer-by to pick up. The country was a fit asylum for ne'er-do-wells or spendthrifts. Sneers in this key came plentifully from the lips of Ben Jonson's *dramatis personæ*. Contemporary leaders of literature, like Spenser and Bacon, Drayton and Chapman, showed a true sense of the mysterious promise of an English colonial empire in America. But com-

plete justice was only done to the marvels and resources of the New World in the flood of treatises or pamphlets which flowed from the prosaic pens of travellers or economic theorists.

There were some curious attempts to present scenically the visits to England of the Virginian natives. But these efforts took the form of masques, and scarcely fell within the category of drama. Twice in 1613 living pictures of Virginian life were presented by amateur companies of actors before distinguished London audiences. On each occasion the players were drawn from the ranks of London barristers. The earlier of these entertainments was given at Whitehall by a combined company of lawyers from the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn. The occasion was the celebration of the marriage of the King's daughter, Princess Elizabeth, to the Elector Palatine. The spoken words came from the pen of George Chapman, who showed in them less subtlety than was his wont, but the scenic devices and costumes proved the chief attraction, and they were designed by the eminent decorative artist and architect, Inigo Jones. Some of the London barristers paraded before their sovereign and his guests at this high festival in the dress of Virginian chiefs. High-sprigged feathers rose from their heads, while their brows were adorned by shining suns in gold plate sprinkled with pearls. Feathers were the prevailing characteristics of the costumes. The robes were trimmed with various colored feathers. Actors representing Virginian priests wore ingeniously contrived hoods of feathers. The episodes included a scenical gold-mine and a dance of baboons. But it was the religious ritual of sun worship which was the central feature of the performance. The priests made obeisance to the solar deity and sang a hymn in his honor. Finally a character called Eunomia, typifying the civilization of Europe, was made by Chapman to address this challenge to the Virginian nation:

Virginian princes, you must now renounce
Your superstitious worship of these Suns,
Subject to cloudy darkenings and descents;
And of your fit devotions turn the events
To this our Briton Phœbus, whose bright sky
(Enlightened with a Christian piety)
Is never subject to black Error's night,
And hath already offer'd heaven's true light
To your dark region, which acknowledge now;
Descend, and to him all your homage vow.

The "Briton Phœbus" was, of course, James I.

No less crude was a similar scenic presentation of Virginian customs, in which the gentlemen of Gray's Inn engaged on the celebration of another marriage, a few months later—that of the disreputable Earl of Somerset to the more disreputable Lady Frances Howard. This second effort, which bore the title of "The Masque of Flowers," acquires additional interest from the fact that all the expenses of the performance were defrayed by Francis Bacon, who may be credited with interest in the subject-matter, if not with some share in the composition of the quaint speeches of the entertainment. Again the religious rites of the Virginians, who now bore the alternative appellation of "Floridans," filled the centre of the stage. The central scheme of the masque was a debate between champions of drinking and of smoking, wine being allegorically represented by a character called Silenus, and tobacco by the Virginian idol, a minion of the Sun-god, entitled Kawasha. The name of the idol is no invention, but is literally drawn from contemporary accounts of Virginia. Kawasha is, moreover, addressed in one place as "a great potan," in mock honor of the Virginian chief Powhatan, father of Princess Pocahontas. The burlesque figure of the idol, who filled a speaking part, was carried on the stage by two lawyers of Gray's Inn attired like Indians of Florida. In his hand he carried an Indian bow and arrows, while his sergeant attended him with a grotesque tobacco pipe as big as a caliver or light musket. The idol proves himself a spirited controversialist in behalf of the smokers, and sings with secular hilarity:

Nothing but fumigation
Doth chase away ill sprites;
Kawasha and his nation
Found out these holy rites.

The Virginian or Floridan was pictured by the Gray's Inn lawyers under Bacon's auspices, for the most part in a farcical light.

IX

SHAKESPEARE alone of contemporary dramatists seems to have realized the serious significance of the native problem which

America offered thinking men. In the character of Caliban he brought to its consideration an insight which richly atones for the frivolous treatment which it received at other hands. Shakespeare had his own limitations, and of the general potentialities of the New World he showed little more consciousness than the other playwrights of his day. In the majority of his direct allusions to America he confines himself, like Marlowe, to vague hints of the continent's harvest of gold, which Spain was reaping. From the New World came "the Armados of Spanish carracks ballasted with rubies, carbuncles, and sapphires" of which mention is made in *The Comedy of Errors* (III, ii, 136-140). In the same vein Sir John Falstaff compares Mistress Ford to "a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty" (*Merry Wives*, I, iii, 66-69). Very rarely does Shakespeare suggest other aspects of the Western hemisphere—of the great expanse of land and sea, which Spain primarily brought within European vision. There is in *As You Like It* a slight allusion to the opportunity of maritime adventure, of which Spain throughout the dramatist's career was availing herself in the South Pacific Ocean. The dramatist knew something, too, of the "new map," which embodied the recent "augmentation" of the world's surface and surprised unscientific observers by its endless series of rumbles; to these features of the "new map" of the New World Shakespeare likened the wrinkles on Malvolio's smiling countenance. But there is no indication in Shakespeare's plays that he was deeply stirred either by the geographical revelations or by the colonial aspirations of his fellow countrymen which belatedly reflected Spanish example. His alert intellect, as far as it touched the New World, was mainly absorbed by the fascination of aboriginal man.

The dramatist squarely faced that mysterious topic at the end of his career, but he shyly betrayed an interest in it at earlier periods. Four times in the course of his early work Shakespeare alludes to the dominant trait of the American Indian religion—the worship of the sun—and his allusions are none the less recognizable because he followed the common habit of designating the Far West, like the Far East, by the one word "Ind." In almost his earliest

play, *Love's Labor's Lost*, he describes in gorgeous language how

A rude and savage man of Ind
At the first opening of the gorgeous East
Bows low his vassal head, and stricken blind
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast.

Some years later, in *All's Well That Ends Well*, Helena was made to remark

Indian like,
Religious in my error, I adore the sun.

Sun worship was widely distributed among uncivilized peoples. But Elizabethans knew it almost exclusively as the distinguishing cult of the American Indians, who had invested its ritual with most elaborate ceremonies. Almost every hill in Mexico, Peru, and neighboring countries was crowned by Temples of the Sun of varying solidity—from cyclopean edifices of stone to lightly jointed wooden scaffolds or platforms. The earliest histories of America include pictorial illustrations of these slighter structures. In many parts of America the native sun-worshippers could only account for the apparently miraculous advent of invaders from Europe, whom they credited with superhuman attributes, by identifying them with children of the sun. Shakespeare's words about sun worship echo with much literalness descriptions which Elizabethan travellers repeatedly gave of the American Indian's daily obeisances to the solar deity. The same descriptions were more prosaically reproduced in scenic action by the lawyer-masquers of 1613.

At the end of his working life, when his mental power had reached its highest stage of development, Shakespeare at length offered the world his final conception of the place the aboriginal American filled in human economy. In Caliban he propounded an answer to the greatest of American enigmas.

When it is traced to its sources the play of *The Tempest* is seen to form a veritable document of early Anglo-American history. The general scheme of the piece in which Caliban plays his part is an imaginative commentary on an episode of the foundation of the first lasting settlement in Virginia. There is no reasonable ground for disputing that the catastrophe on which the plot of the play hinges was suggested by the casting away, in a terrific storm,

on the rocky coast of Bermuda, of a ship bound for the new settlement of Jamestown. Prospero's uninhabited island reflects most of the features which the shipwrecked sailors on this Virginian voyage assigned to their involuntary asylum in the Atlantic. Mysterious noises led the frightened men to the conviction that spirits and devils had made "the still-vexed Bermoothes" their home, and that they were face to face with nature's elementary forces in energetic activity. Such a scene easily stirred in the dramatist's fertile imagination the ambition to portray aboriginal man in his own home, and to define his form and faculty.

From the philosophic point of view the native problem had received the most suggestive treatment that had yet been given it in Europe from the French essayist, Montaigne, whose work had spread far and wide among Englishmen in the classical translation of Florio. The Frenchman had supported with fine irony the paradoxical thesis that the Indians of America realized in their native paradises the "simple life," and that the Utopian conditions of their being put to shame the conditions of European civilization. Parenthetically, in his romance of *The Tempest* Shakespeare liberally and literally borrows, through Florio, Montaigne's naïve picture of the charming innocence of aboriginal America. The interpolation, although relevant to the main argument, has no bearing on the slender plot of the drama. Montaigne's conception of aboriginal society is set by Shakespeare on the lips of Gonzalo, the one honest counsellor of the King of Naples. The sanguine veteran lightly plays with the fancy that, had he the government of the desert isle in the Western ocean on which he and his companions were wrecked, he would prove loyal to the alleged ideals of primitive man; he would found his state on a communistic basis; he would exclude sovereignty, learning, labor, wealth, and war; he would rely solely for sustenance on the unimpeded operations of nature.

Gonzalo repeats without variation the words of Montaigne, but Shakespeare makes brief comments of his own on the specious theory in the speeches which follow Gonzalo's borrowed deliverance. "Thou dost talk nothing to me," ejaculates one of his hearers, and Gonzalo finally admits that he

has been indulging in "merry fooling." Shakespeare cherished none of Montaigne's amiable dreams of the primitive state of man in America. He merely introduces the Frenchman's fancies in order to clear the ground. Their flimsiness serves to bring into bolder relief the satisfying substance of his own conception.

Caliban is no precise presentation of any identifiable native American. He is an imaginary composite portrait, an attempt to reduce the aboriginal types of whom the dramatist and his contemporaries knew anything to one common denominator. The higher standards of civilization, which were discovered on the American continent in Peru and Mexico, were excluded from Shakespeare's survey. Few English travellers had been suffered by Spain to come to close quarters with Incas or Aztecs, and in Caliban's personality there are only fused the characteristics of the aboriginal tribes with whom Elizabethans came face to face.

Yet Elizabethan experience enabled Shakespeare to cast his net over a wide field. The part that his patron, Lord Southampton, had played in bringing natives to London in the early days of the seventeenth century may well justify the belief that the dramatist enjoyed some personal intercourse with the strangers. Such opportunities were readily supplemented by talk with travellers, or by perusal of their published information.

Sufficiently varied for his main purpose were the phases of uncivilized humanity in America, over which Shakespeare threw his luminous intelligence. Traits of the normal tractable type of Indian to which the Virginian and Caribbean belonged freely mingled in the crucible of his mind with those of the irredeemable savages of Patagonia. At the same time it is obvious that Shakespeare was eclectic in garnering his evidence, omitting some testimonies which one would have expected him to include, and falling elsewhere into error. But finally, from his imaginative study of the "idea" of aboriginal life there emerges a moving sentient figure which in spite of some misrepresentations, presents with convincing realism the psychological import of the American Indian temperament. Shakespeare's American is not the Arcadian innocent with whom Montaigne identifies him. He is a human being, endowed with

live senses and appetites, with aptitudes for mechanical labor, with some knowledge and some control of the resources of inanimate nature and of the animal world. But his life is passed in that stage of evolutionary development which precedes the birth of moral sentiment, of intellectual perception and social culture. He is a creature stumbling over the first stepping-stones which lead from savagery to civilization.

Though Shakespeare in Caliban makes a large generalization from the data of aboriginal habit which lay at his disposal, he at many points reproduces with literalness the common experience of Europeans in their first encounters with aboriginal inhabitants of newly discovered lands. Caliban's relations with the invaders of his isle are facts of history. The savage's insistent recognition in the brutish Trinculo of Divine attributes is a vivid and somewhat ironical picture of the welcome accorded to Spanish, French, and English explorers on their landing in the New World. Thus did Pizarro present himself to the native imagination in Peru, Cortes in Mexico, Cartier in Canada, and Sir Francis Drake on the western coast of California.

It is fully in accord with recorded practice of European pioneers in America that Prospero should seek at the outset to win Caliban's love in the guise of a patient teacher. Prospero warns him against his crude conceptions of sun, moon, and stars and explains to him their true functions. Every explorer shared Prospero's pity for the aborigines' inability to make themselves intelligible in their crabbed, agglutinative dialects, and offered them instruction in civilized speech. On many a native Indian's ear there had fallen Prospero's words:

When thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known.

At the same time there was much instruction that the native could offer his uninvited guest. Like every colonist, Prospero depended on his savage host for his knowledge of "all the qualities" of the undiscovered country. From the aboriginal inhabitant alone could come, as in the play, indications of fresh-water springs or of the places where edible berries grew and good fish could be caught. There is an historic

echo in the promise "I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island," with which Caliban seeks the favor of the stranger Trinculo.

The menial services which Caliban renders his civilized master, the cutting and stacking of firewood, the scraping of trenchers, the washing of dishes, specifically associate Prospero and his servant with early settlements of Englishmen in Virginia. The native Virginians rendered to the Elizabethan invaders indispensable aid as hewers of wood and drawers of water. But Shakespeare's very precise mention of Caliban's labors as fisherman is the most literal of all transcriptions in the play from records of Virginian native life. "I'll fish for thee," Caliban tells Trinculo, and as soon as he believes that he has shaken off Prospero's tyrannical yoke, he sings with exultant emphasis, "No more dams I'll make for fish." This line from the play has not hitherto received comment from any of the thousand and one editors of "The Tempest," and it may be questioned whether any student has yet appreciated its significance. Caliban's apparently careless declaration that he will make in his harsh master's behoof "no more dams . . . for fish" is a vivid and penetrating illustration of a peculiar English experience in Virginia.

The Virginian natives had brought to rare perfection a method of catching fish which was almost exclusively known to America, although some trace of it has been found in Burmah and other regions of the Far East. In their wide rivers the Virginians were wont to construct dams or weirs, which were contrived with singular ingenuity. It was on the fish which was thus procured by the Virginian natives that the first English settlers mainly depended for their sustenance. The reports of Raleigh's early agents in Virginia are at one with those of the later founders of Jamestown in their expression of amazement at the mechanical skill which the natives brought to the construction of their fish dams, whereby they secured an uninterrupted supply of fresh fish. A series of fences made of willow poles and bound to one another by intricate wicker-work, ran in a series of circular compartments from the bank into the river-bed, and a clever arrangement of baskets within the fenced enclosures placed great masses of fish every day at the disposal of the makers and own-

ers of the dams. The secret of construction was well kept by the natives, and European visitors, to their embarrassment, never learned it. The system was widely spread over the continent, and is still occasionally practised by the natives in remote places in both North and South America. In Shakespeare's day Englishmen only knew of the Indian art of weir fishing from the accounts that were given by travellers in Florida and Virginia.

One of the chief anxieties of the early English settlers in Virginia was lest the natives should fail them in keeping the dams in good order. When Raleigh's first governor of Virginia, Ralph Lane, detected, in 1586, signs of hostility among the natives about his camp, his thoughts at once turned to the weirs. If they were once broken by the revolting aborigines, and none were willing to repair them, starvation was a certain fate of the colonists. For no Englishmen knew how to construct and work these fish dams on which the settlement relied for its chief food. The gloomy anticipation of the failure of the dams through native disaffection came true in those early days, and was a chief cause of the disastrous termination of the sixteenth-century efforts to found an English colony in Virginia. The narratives of the later Virginian explorers, Captain John Smith and William Strachey, whose energies were engaged in the foundation of Jamestown, bear similar testimony to the indispensable service rendered by the natives' fish-dams to English colonists. Caliban's threat to make "no more dams for fish" consequently exposed Prospero to a very real and a familiar peril.

Definite as are the touches which link Caliban with Virginians or Floridans, there are plain indications also that Shakespeare, in sketching the outline of the portrait, had flung his gaze on Raleigh's visitors from Guiana. Caliban's name comes philologically from that of the wide-spread race of Caribbeans, who were the first of American aborigines to see the face of Europeans. It was on their homesteads in the West Indies that Columbus descended, and when the Spanish invaders drove them from their island abodes, they took refuge on the northern coast of the southern continent, where Raleigh met them. Their generic name is very variously given in the early reports of American exploration. The first

syllable appears not only as Car-, but as Cal-. In one of its more or less corrupt shapes it is indistinguishable from Caliban, while in another it gave birth to the more familiar form of Cannibal. Some rapid study of the Carib race was clearly an ingredient in Shakespeare's composite conception of aboriginal America.

But Shakespeare also incorporated traits of other American races, who ranked far lower than Virginian or Caribbean in the scale of human development. The dramatist's mention of the god Setebos, the chief object of Caliban's worship, echoes accounts of the wild people of Patagonia, who lived in a state of unqualified savagery. Patagonia is bounded on the south by the Magellan Straits, and the mighty exploits of Magellan in first threading that tortuous waterway first brought the Patagonians within the cognizance of Europe. An Italian mariner who sailed in Magellan's fleet first put into writing an account of their barbarous modes of life and their uncouth superstitions. His tract circulated widely in Shakespeare's day in English translations. During the dramatist's lifetime the mysterious people was more than once visited by adventurous English seamen, and curiosity about them spread. Sir Francis Drake and Thomas Cavendish in their circumnavigations of the globe both paused on Patagonian territory, and held intercourse with its strange inhabitants. One of Drake's companions was left behind on Patagonian shores, and lived among the savages for eight years, ultimately reaching England in safety, as if by a miracle, to narrate his startling experiences. Controversy arose among sixteenth-century visitors to Patagonia as to whether the wild dwellers there were giants or no. Drake denied them any excessive stature. It is certain that they belonged to the most rudimentary type of humanity with which Europeans had yet come into contact, and that in "their great devil Setebos" centred the most primitive conceptions of religion which had come to the knowledge of civilized man. When Caliban acknowledges himself to be a votary of "the Patagonian devil" he declares his affinity with an Indian type, which was very abhorrent to European sentiment.

In one respect Shakespeare departs from his authorities. Although untrustworthy rumors spread abroad that aboriginal tribes

in unexplored forests about the river Amazon were hideously distorted dwarfs, the evidence is conclusive that the average Indian of America—even the Patagonian—was physically as well formed and of much the same stature as Englishmen. Yet Caliban is described as of “disproportioned” body; he is likened to “a tortoise” and is denounced as a “freckled whelp,” or a “poor, credulous monster.” Such misrepresentation on Shakespeare’s part is no doubt conscious and deliberate. Caliban’s distorted form brings into bolder relief his moral shortcomings, and more clearly defines his psychological significance. It is an involuntary homage to the Platonic idea, which Elizabethan poetry completely assimilated, that the soul determines the form of the body. Shakespeare’s seeing eye invested his “rude and savage man of Ind” with a shape akin to his stunted intelligence and sentiment.

The creation of Caliban is a plea, however fantastically phrased, for common-sense interpretation of the native problem.

In Caliban’s personality Shakespeare refutes the amiable delusion that the aborigines conserved Utopian ideals which civilization had abandoned and would do well to recover. At the same time Shakespeare tacitly offers the more hopeful and the more fruitful suggestion that human development marches forward, and never backward, and that creatures like Caliban embody an embryonic manhood which European civilization had outgrown, and to which it could not revert. Shakespeare cherished no delusions about the imperfections of current civilization. He knew all the “instruments of darkness” which threatened civilized human nature. Nevertheless, he could hold out no hope of salvation to Prospero’s servant-monster unless he were ready in due time, without undue coercion, loyally to follow in civilized man’s footsteps. This was the only substantial moral which the visits of American Indians to Elizabethan England helped to point for Shakespeare.

THE WEDDING GOWN

By Josephine Preston Peabody

FOR me, it would be all too rare,
 This web of glimmering white;—
 Too royal fair for me to wear
 Round simple heart’s delight.
 But this is for one only Bride
 The very moon should pale beside,
 To veil her for thy sight.

Oh, not for me I work apart
 And singing here, above
 This whiteness in my hands and heart,
 This brightness of the dove.
 But what thing woven of the sun
 Were too much glory for that One
 Belovèd of my Love?

EPICURUS IN THE WEST

By Thomas Robins

ILLUSTRATION BY E. C. PEIXOTTO

Epicureans, taught—if they
The ends of being would secure, and win
The crown of wisdom—to yield up their souls
To a voluptuous unconcern.

THE EXCURSION.



It is a clear, bright day in early September. The hot sun of a long rainless summer is tempered by distant fog upon the Southern ocean. A broad modern boulevard crowded with vehicles resounds with the clear, crisp stamp of horses' hoofs on the asphalt, mingled with the wail of hurrying automobiles. A leisurely crowd throngs the footways, which are lined on both sides of the street by two-story wooden buildings, gleaming white and gay with bunting; not unpleasing architecturally, but with a look of the ephemeral hardly consistent with the substantial character of roadway and sidewalk. It is a gay throng, moving to and fro in leisurely fashion, or darting in and out of shops whose windows display in brilliant profusion the costliest fabrics of all countries; and it is evidently one interested in the pomps and vanities, for a florist seems to share with a jeweller in preëminent popularity.

An electric car, crowded to the lowest step, labors on its way westward. It bears on the front a flaring sign, "To the Chutes—Vaudeville to-day." A band is playing in a restaurant whose front is adorned with clipped bays and orange-trees in tubs. The crowd stops to listen, and is amused by a couple of urchins who perform a clog dance to the music of ragtime. Everyone appears to be regardless of any skeleton at the feast; yet in easy sight, to the eastward, above the low skyline of the shops, as far as the eye can reach, and farther, following the contour of the hills from the Golden Gate to the Potrero, are four square miles of dust, ashes, and desolation, ruins of what were but a few short weeks before the homes of three hundred thousand people.

When the gaze has swept the horizon, and returns to the moving throng of holiday

makers, there seems to be something as irreconcilable between the two as between life and death. Can it be possible that these people, so intent on the diversions of a Saturday afternoon, were but yesterday the inhabitants of those homes? Can it be they who were driven thence by earthquake or fire, leaving behind every family treasure hallowed by association, every necessity which makes civilization, as well as every luxury which marks refinement? Is it they who escaped with little more than the clothes on their backs, to lie for many nights under the stars on the sand-hills? How can they carry the disaster in their memories and yet, to all seeming, put it so completely out of their minds?

Every settled community has a soul, but in our raw civilization it is hard to refine upon the difference between the spirit of this place and of that. In Europe cities have inherited from the Middle Ages the characteristics and traditions which have given them distinction. Modern ease of communication has only affected the surface, and that but little. The veriest novice can appreciate wherein Naples, Rome, and Florence are unlike. In America all cities seem identical, only differing in the degree of intensity with which the same pursuits are followed. On the lighter side of life that sameness is deadly. Our rivalries and contrasts are commercial rather than social, and it requires close observation of a community to detect its soul. Not so with San Francisco. During the past forty years of American rush, excitement, and fervent worship of the material, in which refinement has marked time, whilst luxury has hurried on a forced march, one community in this Philistine Western world has held aloof, although not uninterested, has remained indifferent, but not hostile. Even superficially, distinctions were noticeable. No stranger could remain in San Francisco for twenty-four hours without encountering habits of life and thought in which she differed not only from his own home, but

from every other American city. With a longer association, the conviction was ever strengthening that the unlikeness was real and fundamental. The cast of mind peculiar to newer communities was wanting. The visitor heard no proclamation of pride in growth and numbers; he found no joy in fierce rivalry with neighbors; he discovered no eager craving to tell him of her ambitions, of her progress, of her advantages and possessions. Those restless characteristics which have ever been deemed inseparable from Yankee activity, which we have been accustomed to regard as essential symptoms of growth, without which a city is dead, were all absent. Yet this was no city in decay. Here rather was one growing steadily, and as steadily increasing in wealth and prosperity; but her people did not seem to wish that she should be measured by exports, imports, and bank clearings. San Francisco was what she was. She must be loved for herself, not for her possessions.

There was never any hurry in her crowded streets. The people were occupied, but always seemed willing to trust something to the succeeding day. Even in their amusements the San Franciscans were unfurried, although the popularity of the race-course and the prize-ring proved that a love of excitement was never absent. About this people there was none of that disposition to take pleasure feverishly, but sadly, which is characteristic of Americans on the Atlantic Coast and in the Middle West. There was through everything a serenity which seemed to belong to some other country.

The study of local characteristics and the endeavor to assign causes for those habits and peculiarities which make one place different from another are always interesting; and in the case of San Francisco all the more so because of her unlikeness not only to certain other cities but to every other city. Nor was this investigation pursued without difficulty; for among the fascinations of this enticing spot were the inconsistencies of its people. Every now and again, amid the strangeness, aggressive New-World characteristics cropped out to upset preconceived ideas. It was a place in which it was safer to gain impressions than to form conclusions.

San Francisco had no youth. In 1850—although but one year old—she was already

a world centre. In economic importance this straggling settlement of canvas and shanties ranked for the time among the most important cities of the Old World. A few grains of gold in Captain Sutter's tail-race heralded a financial revolution hardly second to that which followed the discovery of America. The new El Dorado came in the nick of time to deliver Europe from a scarcity of the precious metals, already severe, and threatening disaster to industrial progress. The gold of California changed the United States from a poor to a rich country, was an indispensable aid in the railroad expansion of the next decade, and during that immediately following enabled the nation to endure the strain of a four years' civil war. No wonder that San Francisco stepped immediately into the centre of the stage. Within a few months the remote and lonely cove between Telegraph Hill and Rincon was crowded with ships from every country, bringing supplies to the miners and recruiting their numbers from cabin and forecastle. Every great banking-house in the world was represented there. Commerce, quickening the pulses of London, of Paris, and of Amsterdam, had its beginning in a few words passed across an unplanned board amid the freedom, roughness, and lawlessness of a frontier camp. The flower of America's vigorous youth came to this unkempt and straggling phantom of a city. It was a different migration from that which, early in the century, crossed the Alleghanies and peopled the Middle West. The California adventurers were not home-seekers. Few of them had any idea of settling permanently on the shores of the Pacific. They had been reared in comfort, often in affluence. Many had money or represented people of substance in the East, and were attracted by the opportunity of quickly turning their capital over and over, and then returning whence they came. The Creole from the Mississippi Valley was there, bringing with him the habits of pre-Revolutionary France. There, too, was the son of the cotton planter, trained to command, brought up amid careless profusion, but finally forced from home by that blight which had already begun to settle upon the South of slavery. This mixed influx of adventurers from the East met in San Francisco an even more motley crew of adventurers from the great world outside. The Chinaman and

the Kanaka, there already, suggested a mysterious Oriental life. The habits and traditions of old California were congenial to Mexicans and South Americans, who flocked thither upon the first rumors of gold. They found the cock-fight and the horse race already established, along with other diversions welcome to the indolent and pleasure-loving of sunny climes. The gambler from New Orleans met the gambler from Mazatlan. The Sydney convict and the Tammany "Shoulder-hitter" came quickly from the nearest two Anglo-Saxon ports; and quickly, too, came the adventuress from everywhere. This mixed immigration, bringing with it the varied customs and habits of former homes, set at once a far higher standard of material comfort than had ever been known before in a frontier settlement. In the earliest days, in a city of shanties, French restaurants were already established, and with them vice assumed the more attractive mien of the Continent, and lost the brutality usual in English-speaking communities. Nor was it degraded by mystery. San Francisco first and last was unmoral rather than immoral. She loved the light; she hated hypocrisy and prurience.

The new-comers from the East soon discarded that self-restraint and feeling of obligation to convention and to the community which characterize settled and stable societies. Mothers and sisters were far away. The gold-seekers found themselves in close daily communication with that side of the cosmopolitan underworld which, in 1850, they could hardly have known in Puritan Boston, in provincial New York, or in semi-rural Philadelphia, then only just emerging from the eighteenth century. Probably the New Orleans of slave days displayed to its youth more of Old-World freedom and Old-World vice; but, to the average immigrant, San Francisco, with its adventurers, male and female—themselves experiencing a new-found sense of freedom from the police—was pre-eminently a place to shatter tradition. The time given to endurance of vice and to pity for the vicious was short, and the youthful stranger soon threw himself into the life with the ardor of a novice and a convert.

Richard Henry Dana points this out in the addendum to his "Two Years Before the Mast," written in 1859, after his second visit to California. "I found," he says,

"individuals, as well as public bodies, affected in a marked degree by a change of oceans and by California life. One Sunday afternoon I was surprised at receiving a card of a man whom I had known, some fifteen years ago, as a strict and formal deacon of a Congregational society in New England. He was a deacon still in San Francisco, a leader in all pious works, devoted to his denomination and to total abstinence—the same internally, but externally—what a change! Gone was the downcast eye, the bated breath, the solemn, non-natural voice, the watchful gait, stepping as if he felt responsible for the balance of the moral universe!"

This was a mild case. A more radical example of readjustment to California habits is shown in the diary of a young Southerner, carefully bred amid religious surroundings in Savannah. He had just arrived in San Francisco, and as a *cicerone* and mentor there was at hand one who was destined in after-years to show the world to many another inexperienced youth. His journal read somewhat as follows:

"May 16th I sauntered about the plaza with Sam W—. We entered a brightly lighted building which turned out to be a gambling house. I was surprised and shocked to see Sam put down his bag of gold dust and play cards for money."

"June 8th, lost \$85 at Faro."

The Anglo-Saxon prevailed commercially, but socially the triumph of the Latin was complete.

During the years between the discovery of gold and the outbreak of the Civil War the city grew steadily in population and developed in solidity and the outward manifestations of wealth. The shanties were rapidly disappearing, and were being replaced by buildings substantial in construction and dignified—even stately—in appearance. As time went on many of the Argonauts who had come to make a quick turn and go back to the East concluded to stay for a while longer. Either the turn was not so quick as they had anticipated, or the fascination of quick turns—with money-lending at twelve per cent. a month—grew upon them. They sent for their families, and started houses on Rincon Hill or overlooking North Beach. The leading men of those days were, many of them, destined to play an important part in the great drama of

the succeeding decade. There was Captain Halleck, lawyer and valued adviser to men of affairs. He was intimate then with Major Sherman, the banker and commander of the State militia. Probably neither of them cared to cultivate an intimacy with Captain Grant, and the knowledge gained by Halleck of Grant in his unfortunate California days seems to have given to his narrow and formal mind a twist which was never quite straightened out.

Captain Farragut, of Mare Island, must have often met on Long Wharf young Stephen J. Field, the promising lawyer of Marysville. And there, too, Winfield Scott Hancock and his friend, Lewis Armistead, might have been seen together, little dreaming that within a few years they were to meet in almost hand-to-hand conflict at Gettysburg, where the Virginian was destined to die of wounds inflicted by men under the Pennsylvanian's command. John W. Geary, future major-general and Governor of Pennsylvania, was First Alcalde of San Francisco in the early fifties. Many of the titles to land in the older portions of the city originated with him. There, too, was Edward D. Baker, future senator, who fell at Balls Bluff in command of a regiment of returned California adventurers. John C. Frémont was a well-known figure in the San Francisco of those days. I can mention only the most prominent; but there were many others.

With the outbreak of the great war ended the first period of San Francisco's career. Even before 1861 many of the well-born and well-connected pioneers had been drawn back to the East and South. Some had made fortunes, and had returned to parts of the world less remote to spend them. Many had realized that as the production of placer gold diminished, San Francisco was bound to lose its importance as a centre of world commerce, and that, for the future, New York would offer greater opportunities for the increase of that "pile" which originated in the foot-hills of the Sierras. But the attack on Sumter drew away others who were destined never to return; and interest in California was turned to Virginia and the Mississippi Valley. All of that spirit of adventure, that love of the open sky which had driven the youth of '49 to the Pacific Slope, was directed to the gigantic struggle in which the

slave power was fighting for life. The boy of '61 went to war along with his elder brother, who brought to the life of camp and battle the same spirit ripened by the experience of California. And San Francisco lapsed into the humdrum of an isolated provincial life. Even the opening of the Central Pacific Railroad did little to reawaken the energy of her world-centred days. She was in a back-water, out of the current of events; and, until our own times she remained remote, isolated, and aloof, living in her own traditions and largely uninfluenced by outside thought and prejudices; but like a faded belle, unaware of the passing of her bloom, she still retained many of the airs and graces of the days when she was much sought and famous. She ever endured the departure of her captains and kings with smiling equanimity. She had moved in the best society, and she exacted respect. She did not permit her children to lose the habit of speaking of "New York and San Francisco."

During those years of quiet—sometimes of torpor—the soul of San Francisco was developing. The slowly increasing population was largely recruited from Europe and other communities in California. By 1906 at least one-third of the population was foreign born; probably more than one-third spoke at home a language other than English. The immigration from the Continent of Europe—at first entirely German and French—was later heavily Latin. The peasant from the Rhine Valley pruned vines beside the mountaineer from Piedmont; the fisherman from the Bay of Naples spread between the Golden Gate and the Farallones the dull-red sails from his old home, stiffened by a wind now chill out of the Bering Sea, now warmed into fog by the Japan current. The American sought diversion. San Francisco was the only city upon the whole coast. Seattle and Tacoma were yet unborn; Portland and Los Angeles were little more than villages. The miner of the interior who had made his pile in Grass Valley or "on the Comstock" came to San Francisco to spend it. The planter from "the Islands" who had prospered, and desired city life and amusements for himself and good schools for his children came also. The same motive brought the successful farmer from the valley, or the successful store-keeper from the

decaying towns of the Sierras. To these must be added a sprinkling of business men from the Middle West, tired of hard winters, scorching summers, and doing things "on the jump"—the advance guard of that army of the tired which has since peopled the San Gabriel Valley, and built for itself a city consecrated to sun worship. These immigrants sought leisure, and not gain. They came to spend a competence, not to acquire one; and so they were quite ready to fall into the ways of the pleasure-loving community.

As the years went by the pioneers passed away, and sons and daughters entered into an inheritance largely increased by the unearned increment. They too sought pleasure and cultivated ease. They had been educated in Europe with the leisure class of the Old World, and had largely acquired their habits. There was almost chronically a superabundance of money and a scarcity of labor in San Francisco. Wages were higher than in Eastern cities. The wage-earner could live generously by the labor of four days in the week. On the remaining days he, too, was added to the army of seekers after amusement. And so it came to pass that by evolution, and all unconsciously, an entire community resolved itself into a huge garden consecrated to the cult of the Greek philosopher who had preached, as a gospel, the pursuit of placid contentment—

A land in which it seemed always afternoon.

San Francisco lived in the open; the streets were crowded day and night. It was a slow-moving throng, forming small groups in front of outdoor shops or lingering in the broad entries of saloons. Much business was transacted in the streets and finally signed, sealed, and delivered at the neighboring bars unrestrained by any Phariseism about drinking in business hours. Each district had its own peculiar outdoor population. Merchants were in one quarter; brokers in another. The shoppers were on Kearney and Post Streets; on Market Street the small shops and cheaper shows combined to attract the sporting element. The theatres were, for the most part, situated in a triangle bounded on two sides by Geary and Market Streets, and extending indefinitely southwestward as those streets diverged. At night this district was crowded with the frequenters of the tender-

loin, the racing and prize-fighting "push." The cold summer winds did not permit of sitting in the open air in front of cafés, as in European cities, but otherwise the life was that of the Boulevard and Corso.

Americans usually sustain existence by a hastily bolted luncheon; but in San Francisco the midday meal was a function. In half a dozen French restaurants as many *maitres d'hotel* displayed voluble interest in the individual and his peculiarities. Everywhere, from the great court of the Palace Hotel to the smallest bakery, it was recognized that business was in abeyance, and that the event of the day was to be pursued in leisurely happiness. Many offices were closed. The districts of trade were deserted, and lawyers, merchants, and bankers adjourned to the club, where they met the physician, who had cut his round of visits short as the clock struck twelve. The best markets in the world combined with the best of fellowship to make of these daily reunions a veritable feast. Who can forget them? How refreshing the repose! How stimulating the talk! How playful the merriment! How we lingered over it, and with what reluctance came the parting at last!

Growing out of the open-air life of the town there was common to all a keen love of the country and the outing. On every Saturday, Sunday, and holiday the town largely depopulated itself and wandered afield. Many were attracted across the Golden Gate to Tamalpais, its wooded slopes and the meadows of its well-watered valleys, or to Shellmound and the hills of Alameda, or down the Peninsula to San Mateo, Palo Alto, and San José. In the summer thousands of families left the city for camps in the Sierras, the lake country, or along the shores of the Bay of Monterey. In the autumn and winter the woods, bays, and marshes resounded with the crack of the gun. The outing was a real outing, conducted simply and cheaply without paraphernalia. The camps were real camps, not villas disguised with sham logs and birch-bark veneer. Nor should I forget that yearly festival celebrated in the late summer by the Bohemian Club in the tall redwoods. An unconscious pagan tribute to Pan, to Bacchus, to Apollo and the Muses, it concluded with a ceremony which would have been dear to the heart of old Epicurus, the formal Burial of Care, an allegorical expression of his doctrine

that the true test of pleasure is the removal and absorption of all that gives pain.

San Francisco loved the drama and was a prolific mother of dramatic artists. Ever since, in the earliest days, she discovered Edwin Booth she had been stage-struck. It would require a volume to set out adequately her record as a producer of actors, musicians, and painters. Nor can the world ever know how great is the debt of a country not on the whole artistic to this remote corner of her territory whose achievements have been so far out of proportion to its population and opportunities. How many of those whom Modjeska has charmed by her graceful and finished art know that but for San Francisco she would have been lost to the American stage? How many of the hundreds of thousands whose deepest emotions have been stirred during the past two years by David Warfield know that to the "Music Master" the city by the Golden Gate is home? And she has generally shown good taste and discrimination in the appreciation of the stranger within her gates. Many a successful performer will bear witness to the value of the inspiration which he has received at her friendly hands. She was always impatient of quacks in art, however she might show partiality to them in other walks of life. Hysteria was never substituted for appreciation. She bowed to reputation, but was not enslaved by it.

And in her fifty-six years what an inspiration was her life and atmosphere to literary production! She first recognized Bret Harte, Mark Twain, and Henry George. She produced Frank Norris, David Belasco, Jack London, and Joaquin Miller. She enthralled Robert Louis Stevenson.

But the picture has a reverse side. The individual was supreme. The public as the holder of an opinion, or the sufferer from a wrong, was hardly recognized. The San Franciscan was largely lacking in public spirit. He viewed each new question as it arose not as it would affect the mass and contribute to the general good, but as it might affect his own personal welfare, convenience, or pocket. The idea of the commonwealth was as inadequately appreciated in the city by the bay as it was effectually utilized by her younger sister in the San Gabriel Valley. There was much local pride in San Francisco, but there was no civic pride. This intense individualism

made it difficult to organize and combine for any purpose, and especially when the citizen was asked to give up his ease or any of his smaller personal rights for the betterment of public administration. The forces of evil were not closely organized as compared with Tammany Hall; but the forces that should have made for good were never organized at all. Individualism seemed to induce a state of mind destructive to the power of co-operation. It made the people impatient of distinction. They liked to feel that no one man was rising above his neighbor. As soon as a head emerged from the common level of the crowd it became a target for missiles; so men naturally tall cultivated a stoop. San Francisco was no place for the very rich; and most of those who made large fortunes there showed their appreciation of the fact by moving away. Wealth brought no distinction, nor did display excite wonder and the desire to emulate. Ordinary people cared little for the horse-power of a man's automobile or the number of his servants. Neither curiosity nor adulation waited upon ostentation. It rather produced disdain. Nor were there any paupers in San Francisco. Even after an unparalleled disaster, the Relief Committee found it difficult to spend their fund. She was the paradise of the average man seeking average comfort, average amusement, average happiness. On the other hand, she loved her eccentrics—those who were conspicuous for peculiar or archaic costumes or cheap ostentations and vanities. She pampered them because they defied the conventional; and she spoiled them all the more if that defiance was in the way of inverted snobbery, consisting in the accentuation of some quality supposed to be peculiar to the plain American—the typical Uncle Sam. This grew out of her hatred of distinction. Naturally Mrs. Grundy could not live in such a society; neither could the snob who asserts superiority, nor the snob who cheerfully concedes inferiority. When the sins of San Francisco are told let this also be told as a memorial of her.

It was not easy, it must be confessed, to appeal to San Francisco on the moral side. She neither loved righteousness nor hated iniquity. She was good-humoredly tolerant of both. But even the lack of public opinion and public conscience, the aversion to co-operation, had their compensations. Side



Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

A corner of Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, at the present time.

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by side with them, and growing out of them, was an intense and ardent love of liberty. Preëminent was San Francisco above other American cities in her resistance to all attempts, on the part of the forces of intolerance, to restrain the freedom of the individual. Political liberty, an article of faith elsewhere, might often be held as only a pious opinion by her people when fast bound by some boss; but personal liberty—that which permits every man to order his life as he will without fear of general reprobation or even of mild disapproval—was her very heart's blood. Tyranny indorsed by custom or tradition had no place with her; nor was there patience with attempts to play Providence to others in minor matters of conduct. At an early period of her history she realized that there are ways of moving a neighbor's landmark which do not involve physical trespass, and by unwritten law she forbade such intrusions.

Is it not this confidence in mutual toleration which creates a light-hearted community? Who can tell how much of human tissue is wasted in the struggle to obtain, in the trifles of life, the approbation—or to avoid the disapprobation—of friends, neighbors, and the world at large? And in matters of moment, how does the love of righteousness and the hatred of iniquity eat out the heart! The lack of competition in the smaller externals makes for a peaceful and simple life; and fearlessness of

friend as well as of foe, cultivated early, easily becomes a habit. When her great tragedy came, it found San Francisco unafraid, and its results left her undaunted. But her courage was not that of the Puritan—a resignation in the present and hope for the future; a calm, deliberate appraisal of the calamity, and a high stern resolve to live it down through coming years. Neither was it that of the savage—a stubborn, unmoved, and dumb insensibility. Something was it rather between the two, and partaking of neither. To appreciate it, we must turn to other lands, to an older civilization, where life was a kingdom wholly of this world, in which courage had a different inspiration as well as a different manifestation.

The philosopher at whose feet these people had been unconsciously sitting lived two thousand years ago in another sunlit land of olive, vine, and laurel, of mountains and bluesea. Would not the genial Athenian have been proud of this community, this new garden of philosophy by the Golden Gate of the Western world? Without doubt, could he have viewed with us the light-hearted loiterers on Van Ness Avenue, so disdainful of calamity, he would have known them for his own—a people realizing that the true test of pleasure is the removal and absorption of all that gives pain. Earthquake and fire, flood and drought, sunshine and rain—all in the day's work.

THE OLD SOUL

By Edith M. Thomas

"Not in Entire Forgetfulness."

THE Old Soul came from far,
Beyond the unlit bound;
There had gone out a star,
And a great world was drowned,
Since birth, and death, and birth,
Were hers, upon the earth.

For she had robed anew
Time and time out of mind;
And, as the sphere of dew

Unshapes into the wind,
Her raiment oft had cast
Into the wasting past.

There was no dizzying height
She had not sometime trod,
No dungeon known of night
But she had felt its rod;
The saint, assoiled from sin—
And saint's arch-foe—had been!

At cruel feasts she sate,
Where heartless mirth ran high;
Through famine's portal strait
Had fled with wailful cry;
All human fates had proved,
And those from man removed.

Yea, she had worn the guise
Of creatures lashed and spurned—
Even of those whose eyes
May not on heaven be turned;
No house too dark or base
To be her tarrying-place!

The Old Soul came from far;
And, all lives having known,
She nowhere touched a bar,
But all was as her own:
And this could none forget,
Who once her look had met!

The Old Soul came from far,
Moving through days and ways
That are not—and that are!
She turned on all her gaze—
Illumed—deceived—illumed;
Yet still the road resumed.

The Old Soul came from far,
And toward the far she drew.
"Turn home, mine avatar!"
That voice, long lost, she knew;
She heard, she turned—was free—
No more to dream, but Bel



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

The hero of the concert was the whistler.—Page 345.

THE WHISTLING OF ZOËTIQUE

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. WALTER TAYLOR



When a child shakes a kaleidoscope the bits of colored glass shift from one distinct pattern into another, so when I think of the events which came of Zoëtique Vézina's gift of whistling, the little story falls into two or three sharply defined pictures, so different from each other, so linked, so filled with life, that, simple as it is, the tale appears to me dramatic enough to tell exactly as it happened.

It is a far cry from the moonlit stillness of an August night on a Canadian lake—a dark amphitheatre of hills guarding the skyline, a road of light across the water, canoes floating black on silver—from that to the crowded glare of a New York theatre. Yet the span of life reaches easily across such distances, and the stage settings of the play I am to tell were such. It was the last night of a fortnight's visit to the Morgans' camp, and they, as well as I, were going back to civilization next day. There was a ceremony to be celebrated which had become a custom of last nights, they explained to me—the guides gave a concert. It was always clear and always moonlight on a last night in camp—by law, young Bob Morgan gave me to understand. In any case, it was invariable, and here was this cloudless, bright evening to back up his assertion. There were two methods of giving the concert: either the *messieurs*, which included Mrs. Morgan, stayed in camp and the men paddled about at a picturesque distance, and serenaded them from boats; or else the *messieurs* went out in the canoes and the guides "howled from the underbrush," as Bob put it. To-night, the air was so warm and the wet moonlight lay in such thick splashes over the water that no one wanted to stay on land. It gave a man a greedy feeling that he must get "au large" and loot jewelry and broken gold out of the night. So the canvas canoes slid from the quay with musical wooden and liquid noises, and off we drifted, two and two, into the perspective of a dream.

There were six of us, with the two strangers. Fishing down a deep bay of Lac Lumière that afternoon, Walter Morgan and I had dropped suddenly, around a corner, on a camp—two tents, two *messieurs*, four guides.

"The devil!" said Morgan, and I, though it was not my business to do the swearing, repeated the words.

It is the theory when one gets into camp that one has discovered an earth without inhabitants, and proof to the contrary is accounted a rudeness. We wished not to know that people lived, and it was immaterial and irrelevant—what Bob Morgan would sum up as "fresh"—of these unknown ones to thrust knowledge upon us. All the same, there were tents, guides, and an unmistakable *monsieur* in aggressive sporting clothes on the shore, and, within ten feet of our boat's nose, another boat with a bored-looking Montagnais Indian paddling it, and in the bow a man with a rod whose first cast explained the Indian's expression. A fisherman does not catalogue when he sees another man cast, but he knows the details, and he knows their summary—a greenhorn or an expert. Morgan was a crack, and I had studied under him, and before his slow "Good-day" greeted the stranger we were both aware that the rod weighed at least nine ounces, that the leader was too light for it, that a Yellow Sally for a hand-fly and a Scarlet Ibis for the tail were flies that, in this light, made a blot on a man's character; that the man was casting from his neck down, and getting the flies in a mess as might be expected; that the thirty feet of line out was all and more than all that he could handle; and that, last and worst, the person who would fish for trout in that spot, at a little outlet, where the water was shallow and warm, in the month of August, was, as a fisherman, beneath contempt. I could hear Walter Morgan's opinion of the person in that "Good-day" when it came.

But I was to see his manner change. The stranger, his back toward us, at my friend's

voice arrested his line half-way through a convulsive recover, and the three flies fell in a heap about his shoulders—one caught in his brand-new corduroy hat, and the hook of another went into his thumb. He whirled about his brilliant tan-leather clad shoulders with a lurch which missed upsetting the boat, Montagnard and all, but neither episode disturbed him.

"Good-day," he returned cordially, with a smile which at once made a difference about an uninhabited earth. He went on quickly. "Am I in your way? I'm a green-horn, and I don't know other people's rights, but I mean well. I've never had such fun in all my life," he confided in us with a rush, like a small boy having too good a time to keep to himself. "I've never fished before, and it's the greatest thing in the world. I caught a trout a while ago. Do I do it all right?" he inquired wistfully. "I wish you'd tell me if anything's wrong."

A Roman candle exploded inside of Morgan could not have left him more scattered. The outcome was that we landed in a spirit of eager friendliness and partook of other spirits with this attractive débutant and his partner, who seemed a person of equal ignorance and equal, though quieter, enthusiasm. That this latter was a well-known playwright we made out shortly, and there was at once a free exchange of names among us, but our first acquaintance we did not then place. However, it took no time at all to see that two such whole-hearted babes in the woods had probably never before arrived, as such, at the approximate age of fifty. They were wax in the hands of their guides, and their guides were "doing" them without remorse. Morgan, pleased with the virgin soil, began gardening; he sowed seeds of woodcraft and of fishcraft which took root before his eyes, and, charmed with the business, he invited the two to dinner that night. That we were breaking camp next day, while they were just beginning their trip, was a point of genuine regret on both sides.

We hurried back to our log castle to see that pea soup and partridges and flapjacks and other delicacies were assured in force for the meal to come, and in an hour or two the meal did come, and I cannot recollect a gayer function. As with the San Francisco earthquake, there was not a dull moment from start to finish, and again and

again I saw Morgan look at his wife triumphantly with the "Trust-me-to-bring-home-pleasant-people" expression of a man who has sometimes been less fortunate.

The dining-room was a moss-covered point; the water rippled about two sides of it, forest made its other walls, and a roof of birch bark its ceiling. This greenwood hall rang with laughter spontaneous as children's, till the silver lake gleamed leaden through tree trunks, and purple hills turned black, and a rim of round moon rose into the twilight big over the shoulder of the lowest mountain. Then Godin, head guide and butler, lighted his *lumières électriques*—his candles arranged as a chandelier—and by their swinging light we finished a feast of the gods with maple syrup and delicate "mushi frite," while the French-Canadian guides sat grouped in Rembrandt lights and shadows about the kitchen fire and laughed, too, to hear the peals which, at everything and nothing, rang across the lake to deep lonely hills. Certainly in entertaining these strangers we had entertained angels unaware—angels of light-heartedness—for our sides ached when we slid from the board benches that were dining chairs and went down where the canoes lay beached, where guides evolved out of shadow to slip the boats into the water, to hold them steady, to direct our stumbling with deferential French syllables, as we embarked.

Two hundred yards down the "camp of the *messieurs*" stretched its log front of sixty feet. The lamp-light shone ruddily through windows red-curtained, the door from the broad gallery stood open, the bare low room, as we entered, had the qualities which make a place attractive—space, brightness, order, and comfort. Many a time in a New York drawing-room I have thought of the charm of that big camp with its silver-brown bark of walls and ceiling, its scarlet cotton curtains, its rough floor and rustic furniture; I have remembered how it breathed hospitality and the joy of life, and I have wondered what people wanted of more. Into this room we went, the three Morgans and Dr. Davidge and Mr. Esmond and I. Pipes and cigars were going in a moment, and soon young Bob was sent to find out the plans for the concert. He came back kicking his boyish long legs ecstatically. "It's going to be a peach," he announced. "Dr. Davidge's guides sing, all four of them, and Henri, the

old fellow, has a mouth-organ, and Zoétique is going to whistle. It'll be the pickles all right."

"I didn't know Zoétique whistled," said Walter Morgan. "I never heard him."

Nor had I, but Bob hastened to enlighten us. "I have," he said, "and it's a wonder. Never heard anything like it. Godin says he's the best whistler in St. Raymond, and they always make him do it for parties, as a side show. Wait till you hear him—I'll bet you'll like it."

Mr. Esmond looked up. "Really good whistling is rare," he said, and then added as if to himself, "but of course this isn't that sort."

"How are they to arrange, Bob?" asked his sister. "Are they going out on the lake, or shall we?"

"Oh, they said just as the *messieurs* wished, so I settled it," Bob answered in a lordly way. "It was such a whooping good night, I thought it would be the stunt to go out ourselves, and bum around in the canoes."

So it was that in half an hour we drifted down the shore toward the point where the blaze from the guides' camp shone and disappeared by glimpses, a star of orange fire in the trees above, an orange bar of fire in the water below. The men's voices in excited conversation, as conversation is always with French Canadians, floated out to us; we caught words which showed the forest road of their thoughts—such words as "*caribou*," and "*carabine*," and "*gros poisson de cinq livres*," and "*un m'sieur qui tire b'en*," and there would be a hush while one deep voice told a story and then all together would break out in an abandonment of laughter. Suddenly someone, going outside the range of firelight, caught sight of the fleet on the lake, and there was a quick word—"les *messieurs*" and "*les canots*"—and then a silence.

Walter Morgan called from invisibility. "Godin," he called—Godin was head guide.

"*Oui, m'sieur*," came back with respectful good-will from among the trees. I listened closely now, for it is a pity to lose any of Morgan's French.

"*Est-ce que vous êtes mangé?*" he demanded cheerfully, and Bob gave a snort—Bob knows French.

But Godin knew better than that—he knew his *m'sieur* and what he meant.

"*Mais oui, m'sieur, on a fini de dîner*," he responded promptly, shifting the sentence graciously.

"*Êtes vous préparé pour nous donner un concert?*" Morgan went on, not bothering particularly to pronounce according to French models—"concert," especially, being done in honest English.

There was an embarrassed ripple from among the trees—the strange guides believed that *m'sieur* was making a joke, and that it was civil to encourage him. But Godin understood.

"*Oui, m'sieur*," his polite tones came back. "One will sing a song or two with pleasure, if the *messieurs* desire it."

There was an undertone of talking back and forth, as we waited, and a little self-conscious laughing, a little chaffing evidently, and then a tremendous clearing of throats and trying of keys up and down the scale. A second's silence and a voice which we of the camp knew for Blanc's swung out over the water, musical for all its occasional sharpness. It was one of the old *voyageur* songs he sang, filled with the sadness which the gay souls seemed to crave in their music.

C'est longtemps que j'ai t'aimé,
Jamais je ne t'oublierais."

The refrain came over and over through so many verses that I wished someone would choke Blanc and let the concert go on. Yet it was far from painful to lie in a canoe with young Bob wielding a skilful paddle for my benefit and listen to soft French words sprinkled over a sapphire night—let Blanc pursue the subject through ten more stanzas if he must.

He came to an end; there was great handclapping from the floating audience; then from the hidden performers more earnest undertones of discussion as to the next number. We waited, smiling to ourselves, and soon the notes of old Henri's mouth-organ sounded from the grove of spruce trees. I suppose a mouth-organ is not a high form of instrument, but I am glad that I am not too musical to have found it pretty that night. I had a vision, too, in my mind of the grizzled, labor-worn face, and the knotted hands which held the cheap toy, and a thought came to me of a narrow life which had known little but hard work, to which this common music meant operas and oratorios. It was nice music, too—old Henri

had a soul, and he put it heartily into his mouth-organ. We clapped that number and encored it and the man played the second tune with a vim that showed pleasure. And while arrangements were making for the next event I heard Esmond talking in his canoe to Mrs. Morgan.

"It's too charming for words," he said. "I've never known anything at all like it. The old-world simplicity—the quaintness—the good-will and earnestness of it. I didn't know such people existed outside of books. Why, if you could get this atmosphere on a stage——"

With that a preliminary silence and the clearing of a throat warned us that the performance was about to continue. A young voice rang out over the water with manly vigor and pleasant distinctness—one caught every word:

C'était le vingt-cinq de juillet
Lorsque je me suis engagé
Pour monter dans la rivière
Qu'on appelle la rivière enragée
On a monté dans la rivière
En canot dans la Gatineau;
Plus souvent les pieds à terre,
Avec la charge de sur le dos.

The *chanson* went on to tell in not too artistic rhymes the story of a logger on the River Gatineau. The words were a bit bald in spots, yet they bubbled with picturesqueness—the rhymers had told what he knew, and that had kept the song simple and strong. But the words were beside the question. Far from an accomplished musician, I yet knew in a few bars that the air was out of the common, and probably very old. I knew that many of the songs of the *habitants* came with their ancestors from France a hundred, three hundred years ago, and this one had an ancient ring.

The song ended—it was rather long—there was a second's pause, and then a frank, manly voice, the voice of the singer, spoke from the stage of the spruce grove.

"Excusez-là," said the voice.

It was prettier than I can describe. What was implied was so plain and so graceful—and only a Frenchman could have said it without self-consciousness. "What I have done is poor, but it is all I can do. I hope you will let it please you. It is my best, excuse it," the two gracious words asked from us.

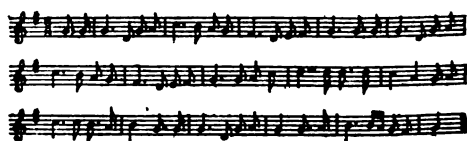
I looked at Mr. Esmond—he seemed petrifed—he could not even clap, as the rest of

us did. "I never knew anything like it," I heard him murmur.

Bob, seldom suppressed for long, came to the front. "Zoétique, Zoétique, whistle it—*sifflez-le, sifflez,*" he called, and added an explanatory word to us. "It's twice as good when he whistles; it's a decent tune sung, but wait till you hear him whistle—it's a peach."

Presently the whistle came.

I think there is not any other whistling like that in the world—certainly I have never heard any, and many people who should know have said the same. The canoes lay motionless, the people in them hardly breathed, and out from the spruces, over the track of the moon, floated to us the sweetest sound I have ever heard made by a human being. Birds on a dewy morning throw out notes as clear and silvery, but bird-notes are weak and are haphazard. These came freighted with the vigor of a man, with the thought of humanity; there was in them the gladness of youth, a rapture of artistic fulfilment; and, beyond what any words can say, there was in them a personality impossible to say—a personality cramped into a narrow life which spread its wings unashamed in these sounds of loveliness. He whistled the air that he had sung, the old French air of unexpected harmonies, and it was as if a magic flute repeated the logger song of the "River Gatineau, which one called the raging river in the springtime."



He stopped, and out of the dark hill beyond us floated an echo like the ghost of a flute of long ago.

There was deep stillness for a second, and Zoétique's unconcerned, clear voice broke it.

"Excusez-là," he said.

For a moment we were too stirred to join Bob's energetic handclapping. "Don't you like it?" the youngster demanded. "I think it's great. For cat's sake, why don't you encourage the lad?"

And, so adjured, we broke into as great a storm of applause as six people can manage, and, after, we discussed the sensation of the evening from boat to boat while the

performers arranged further their hand-to-mouth programme. The concert went on; there were choruses, charming to listen to in the ten men's voices, all sweet with the musical sense of these people; there were separate solos, "*A l'école du Roi*," "*Au clair de la lune*," "*Alouette, gentille alouette*," and others characteristically *voyageur* and *habitant*; and old Henri was made to play again on his mouth-organ. But the hero of the concert was the whistler, and three times more he was called before the curtain—which is to say that three times more from out of the mysterious darkness of the trees the flute notes flooded full down the moon-path and thrilled the misty air about us. And each time, at the end came Zoétique's unconscious, honest little speech of two words:

"Excusez-là."

It was only Mr. Esmond, I remarked, who did not discuss the whistling as we paddled back to "the camp of the *messieurs*," where the lamp-light through the scarlet-curtained windows of the long front sent out a comfortable glow to welcome us. It seemed to me that Esmond was strangely silent for a man as talkative as he had shown himself. Even Mrs. Morgan could not make him express enthusiasm as to the hit of the evening.

"I'm afraid you didn't like our whistling gentleman as much as we did," she complained at last, as I helped her out of the canoe.

"Mrs. Morgan," Esmond answered quickly, in his decisive, impressive manner, "I liked it far more than anybody, because, from my peculiar position, I am able to appreciate its value better and to see more possibility in it than anyone here. I am going to prove that to you." The moment we were inside the camp Esmond turned to his host. "I don't want to impose on your hospitality, and I won't make any move without your consent, but I'd like to explain to you who I am and what I want to do."

Everybody looked surprised, and conversation stopped. "Yes," Morgan answered tentatively.

"Perhaps you know my name, if you're theatre-goers," the stranger went on. "I'm Charles Esmond, the theatrical manager, and I have quite a lot of stock companies and theatres more or less under my control. Looking out for new stars isn't my business

nowadays, but it used to be, and I haven't lost my scent for a good thing, and the minute I heard that boy whistle I knew he was a good thing. He does what is called double-tongue whistling, and that in itself is not common. But that is only incidental—it's the quality of his performance that is extraordinary. I have heard the best people that are known at the business—it's a limited business—and I've never heard anyone who touches this guide of yours. Take that young fellow and put him on the stage and he'd make a hit for us, and for himself he'd make what would seem a big fortune in little or no time. I'd like to talk to him—now—to-night. May I?"

Impetuosity is peculiarly winning when it is backed by knowledge, and Morgan laughed and put his hand on the other man's shoulder. "Surely," he said. "It's interesting to run into an adventure up here in the wilderness. The boy is a good guide and I like him, yet I would not stand in the way of making his fortune for anything. Bob—" But Master Bob's long legs were already chasing each other out of the low doorway in a rush after Zoétique. In three minutes he was back with the man in tow.

Zoétique Vezina was perhaps twenty-two years old, a stocky, well-built chap of five feet ten or so, with deep, powerful shoulders and a small waist and a body that moved with the grace of efficient muscles. His face was roughly carved and of his class, but he held his head with an air that had pride and sensitiveness both in it, and when he spoke and smiled the commonplace modelling of his features lighted with a gentleness and a spirit which made you understand his whistling. There was character and shading back of this ordinary looking block of humanity. He wore blackened *bottes sauvages* of caribou leather, laced through huge brass eyelets with thongs of hide; his trousers looked as if they might have been somebody's dinner clothes five years before—somebody not particularly his shape; his coarse red and blue striped sweater was belted with a broad band of black leather around a waist as trim as a girl's. He pulled a nondescript felt hat from a shock head of dark hair as he entered, and his blue eyes gazed about half startled and half friendly.

We sat and listened as if at a play while Charles Esmond, the great theatrical man-

ager, conspicuous on two continents, interviewed this unknown backwoodsman. He did it in fluent French, with his own charm of manner, but it took some time to make Zoétique understand what he was offering, and when he did understand, to our astonishment he did not respond. Esmond mentioned a salary to begin with so large that I gasped, and to the guide, accustomed to a dollar and a half a day in good times, it must have seemed fabulous. Morgan voiced my thought when he put in a quiet, reassuring word.

"The *m'sieur* will do what he says, Zoétique. I know all about the *m'sieur*, and he is to be relied on."

"*Merci, m'sieur*," the man answered with ready French politeness, but his expression did not change.

His bright, light-blue eyes simply lifted a second to smile at Walter and dropped to the floor again. All of us waited as he stared at one knot-hole—a minute, two minutes, three minutes, we waited in silence while Zoétique considered that knot-hole.

At last: "I don't want to hurry you," Esmond said, "yet I would like to know by to-morrow. It's the chance of your life, you understand. You couldn't make as much money here in forty years as you could make in a winter or two in New York. I do not see why you should hesitate five minutes. But think it over—talk it over with your friends. I will wait till you pass our camp with your *messieurs* to-morrow morning." He smiled his sudden, fascinating smile at the guide, and the contrast between the two was sharp and picturesque—the finished, handsome man of the world and the awkward, ill-clothed child of the people. "I know it must be startling to you," Esmond said kindly. "You will have to collect your ideas a bit. But you must answer as I wish. I will wait till morning."

Then the guide lifted his clear, light eyes and met the other's slightly pitying gaze with unexpected dignity. "The *m'sieur* need not wait," he said serenely. "I know my answer at this time. The *m'sieur* is very good to me and I am glad that he is content with my poor whistling. I would be happy to make all that great money—*craie*—*oui*—but I cannot go to New York as the *m'sieur* wishes."

"You cannot go?" Esmond repeated in surprise, and we all stared.

Zoétique's gentle tones went on firmly. "But no, *m'sieur*. I have the intention to marry myself in the spring, and this winter I build my house. Alixe, my *fiancée*, would be disappointed if I should not build our house this winter."

"But, man, you'll have money enough to build a dozen houses—you can build one ten times as fine—you can pay men to build it for you, think of that."

Zoétique smiled—his smile was winning but very self-contained and the tilt of his head was assured. "It would be another thing, *m'sieur*. Alixe-là, she would be disappointed."

Esmond argued. Patiently, with amusement first, and then a bit hotly, but the guide never lost his gentle respectfulness of manner or his firmness. Walter Morgan put in another word.

"Think carefully before you decide to give up so much money as this means, Zoétique. As the *m'sieur* says, it is a chance for all of your life."

The young fellow's alert, bright eyes flashed gratitude. "But yes, *m'sieur*. I understand. However, one knows that to make money is not always to be happy—is it not the truth, *m'sieur*? We are a poor people, we others, *habitants*, and yet we are content. I am afraid to lose the happiness that I have, in that great city which I do not know. Here—I know. I am strong"—he pushed his big shoulders forward and smiled proudly as he felt their muscles. "I am capable and can work hard—I have planned my life and I have the things which I wish. Why should I risk all that for—I do not know what. I thank the *m'sieur*"—he turned his blue glance on Esmond with a self-possession which the cosmopolitan might not have bettered. "I thank also my *m'sieur* much for all his goodness to me." He stood up, his shabby old hat crushed in his hand. "I thank madame and everyone for their good wishes. I am content that madame and the *messieurs* found pleasure in my poor whistling. Good-night, madame—good-night, *messieurs*."

He had made his bow, as his peasant ancestors had been taught to make theirs in old France two hundred years before, with deep respect, with hat in hand and head bent. Here was a man who knew when he had enough. The question was closed. He was gone.

The next year it was in September that the Morgans asked me to their camp. Air like cooled wine breathed life into me as my canoe flew down Lac Lumière to the double paddle beat of Godin and Josef, who had been sent to the club to fetch me. Sunshine lay over the lake and laughed back at us from the hills, where flecks of gold through green tree-tops told that the birches had caught the frost. One peculiarity of the woods is that at whatever time you go to them they persuade you at once, with a wordless, answerless logic, that it is their best season.

"This is better than August," I called out to Walter and Margaret Morgan, standing smiling on the quay, while Bob kicked chips toward me in welcome.

"A thousand times better," they called back together, and Bob stopped his gattling to respond classically:

"Golly, you bet!"

And it certainly was—till the next August at least. There were no flies, and one could fish without tar oil or citronella; each breath pumped energy into the lungs; the snap of the water made a man laugh and shriek aloud as he plunged into the lake in the morning with air at forty-five degrees; the fishing and hunting were at their best.

Down by the mouth of the little Rivière à la Poêle—the "Frying-pan River"—the trout were massing for the *frayage*, the spawning, and there in the cool of the evening, when the shallow water was dim in the afternoon light—at about six o'clock, perhaps—they jumped like mad things for the fly. You had but to paddle across the lake and through the rushes, slower and slower, till the rustling against the boat slid into silence as you halted; you had but to pull loose a few feet of line with your left hand and to listen to the whir of it spinning out as you put your right wrist into the cast; you had but to drop the flies over the mystery of the brown water by the edge of the lily-pads—gingerly, it must be understood; cautiously, for this is the first cast for a year; carefully, man, with a tiny lift of the rod-tip as the flies fall so that the Parmachene Belle on the tail takes water first, and the Reuben Wood touches not too soon, and the black hand-fly skims with its snell clear of the pool. Such fitting small precautions, such pleasant proprieties, were all one had to observe at the mouth of the river "A la Poêle."

The sweet water would meet your searching with a smile as inscrutable as Mona Lisa's—with the smile it had worn, careless of your existence, all these months; up the river you would hear the dull boom of the rapids, the nearer, busy monotone of the falling stream. The utter quiet of the woods, with its deep undertone of teeming life, would fold you in—there is nothing stiller. Peace and silence and the tranquil pool—only the steady swish of the line as you cast.

Suddenly a wild lashing and splashing and spraying; the bubble, bubble, bubble of broken water; a white and scarlet flashing that comes and goes where the black hand-fly holds taut to the water; a thrill and tug on your wrist that brings your heart to your mouth. You have struck automatically; he is on; you are playing your first fish of the season.

"*Pas trop fort*," Godin remarks calmly from the stern; "not too hard, *m'sieur*. It is a big one."

Probably, for the candidates, a presidential election is more exciting than this—certainly it lasts longer—yet I doubt very much if any quarter hour of it carries more of a thrill. You feel Godin's sense of the importance of the situation by the way he handles the boat. With light manoeuvres of the paddle, not to disturb the pool too much, he works you, towing the fish, to a place where the water is clear and you can play his rushing lordship without fear of getting him tangled about lily-roots, and so pulling loose from the fly.

The fight is well on—it is the contest of a man's brain, working with the awkward tools of a man's muscles, in an unaccustomed situation, against a wonderful expert and gymnast in his own element. The outcome is always a doubtful one—it is a fair fight—that is where the thrill comes in. The long runs when you must give line with a swiftness beyond thinking; the lightning rushes toward the boat when your reel must work faster than your brain or you lose him; the lifting, the lowering of the rod that must be done by a sense acquired in many such battles, a sense come to be instinct more than reason; the whisper in the muscles that tells you not to pull him when he sulks; that tells you not to let him get line enough to shake free—all these phases and a hundred more which fishermen know were in that

fight of mine on September 9th with my big record trout, down at the mouth of the Rivière à la Poêle. I won. I landed him, and he weighed five and a quarter pounds by the scales. It was my first fish of the season, and Godin was almost as pleased as I with this good beginning. We kept at it, of course, and we had what would have seemed good luck on other days, for a spotted fellow of two pounds, and three more of a pound and a half soon decorated the bottom of the boat. But the battle of the giants had led off; we had trapped the patriarch first. And, seeing this, and happy enough with our afternoon's work as it was, Godin and I fell to talking.

He had crossed the pool now, and worked into the river, and was paddling slowly up it, where birch-trees hung over and met across brown running water, foam-spotted from rapids above. I cast at intervals, leisurely, as we floated up-stream, and the intermittent bright flight of the flies punctuated the guide's clear-cut French sentences. A sudden thought of last year came to my mind.

"Godin," I asked, and watched the Parmachene Belle flash delicately scarlet toward a lily-leaf, "Godin, where is Zoétique this year?"

"Ah—oui," the voice came from behind me. "I was about to tell the *m'sieur* of that. The *m'sieur* had an interest in Zoétique, eh?"

"Certainly, I have an interest in him," I answered. "I meant to ask M'sieur Morgan about him this afternoon, but I forgot."

"Ah—oui," said Godin again, and no more. There was a note of importance in his tone and I rose to it.

"Well, what is it, then? Why isn't he here? Where is he?" I threw over my shoulder.

Godin cleared his throat for heavy conversation. "*Zoétique est à New York*," he announced.

My flies came slapping against the boat. I certainly was surprised. "In New York?" I repeated.

"Ah, oui, *m'sieur*," said Godin again. "The *m'sieur* who was here last year, the strange *m'sieur* who wished that he should go to New York to whistle—that *m'sieur* sent again to search for him in the spring-time, and Zoétique was content to go."

"But I thought he was so decided about

not going. I thought he was to be married, and was satisfied to stay here. I thought he didn't care about making money—I thought—" and I stopped for breath.

"It is the truth, *m'sieur*. All that was quite true—last year," said Godin. "But one changes. Things arrive, and one's life changes, and so it happens that one changes. It was like that with Zoétique. It was that he had a quarrel with his girl—with his *fiancée*. It was that which altered the opinion of Zoétique. I know all about that affair—me—for it is I that am the cousin of that girl, and she has talked to me. She has explained to me about what happened, *comme il faut*. I am sorry for her and sorry also for Zoétique—both the two. It is most unhappy. "But"—Godin shrugged his shoulders with the philosophy which most of us can feel in another's tragedy. "But—what can one do? It is *malheur*—too bad—but it is life."

"Can you tell me about it, Godin?" I asked.

"But yes, *m'sieur*—most certainly. Yet it is a long story—*m'sieur* may be *ennuyé*. I will recount to *m'sieur* all the things which are of importance—is it not?"

"As you think best." So Godin began, clearing his throat as always in preparation for vocal effort. It was an ordinary enough little history, of a high-spirited, light-hearted girl, full of coquetry, vain perhaps, quick-tempered and jealous and exacting, but all that from thoughtlessness, not from the heart, and with the good qualities of her defects. For Godin made me see, with his simple yet keen analysis of his cousin, that brighter side also, which each one of us has. He made me see a girl who was honest and warm-hearted and large-minded enough to acknowledge herself in the wrong and to do right with a will when she saw it—a woman strong and deep enough to keep the current of love alive like a flowing river on whose surface dead branches and bad things indeed collect and cover the bright rippling for a moment, yet whose rushing stream can sweep such *débris* easily away. He told me from how little the trouble had begun; how Alix had imagined slights that Zoétique had never meant; how the man had tried to be patient at first, and then resented what he could not understand—cavalier treatment which he knew to be undeserved; how each had said things hard

to forget; how another man and another girl had come into the breach and made it wider, and how at last the two, who really loved each other still, were so warped from the way of happiness that each was wretched and unnatural with the other, and that all comfort in each other's presence was gone.

I remembered the proud lift of Zoétique's head and his responsive quick smile, and the delicate, close searching of his blue, alert eyes, as Godin told me that he was *vi*—I understood how the big, strong fellow, with a soul sensitive as a child's, a heart modest and secretly distrustful of its own power to hold affection—how he might have felt at the end that he had given all that was in him to a woman who did not care, who held him lightly, who played with him as he had seen her play with other men. So it did not surprise me when Godin went on to narrate how, when a letter had come again from Mr. Esmond, Zoétique had suddenly cut loose from everything and had gone off, with a few curt words to Alixe for all good-by, to find a new way of life in New York.

There had been news from him once or twice, telling of his immediate success, of the astonishing gayeties of a great city, of his own happiness and absorption in them, and how he had already almost forgotten the narrow interests of the Canadian village. It was the letter that a sore and angry man would write, I reflected—hitting blindly as hard as he could, harder than he knew, at the hand that had hurt him.

"Do you believe he is as happy as all that?" I asked, thinking aloud.

Godin shrugged his talkative shoulders.

"*Sais pas*," he said. "My cousin Alixe, she is not happy. One does not know it—the world—but I know, for she has told me. She will never marry—she says it, and it is not a girl to change her mind. It is easy for her to flirt with this man and that—oh, yes! for she is a girl who draws the *garçons*. But for love—it is another matter. She will not love any but Zoétique. It is *malheur*, for she is a good *ménagère*—a good worker—and she should marry. But it is that she will not do. It was to me she said that she was proud to have loved Zoétique and proud that he should once have loved her and that she would rather have that pride than marry another. It is not reasonable—but it is Alixe. She goes about her affairs, oh, but certainly. One does not know that she still

loves him—but I know it. She will not marry—it is certain. But as to Zoétique—'*sais pas*. He gains *b'en d'argent*. He sees life. He amuses himself well. It is much. When one is light-hearted it is much. Yet when the heart is heavy all that makes nothing. It is a *garçon*—a fellow—of much heart always. Always he was faithful to his friends, Zoétique. It seems *drôle* to me that he can so soon have lost the souvenir of his place and the people to whom he was accustomed. It is *drôle* that. Yet one cannot tell." He shrugged his shoulders again as if to slip the whole question off them with the movement. "*Sais pas*."

In late November the days in the Morgans' camp had become a page of past life, a page illuminated with blue and gold, hazy with romance, bright with adventure, marginally illustrated with the mighty shade of the bull moose I had shot, with the pink and silver vanishing glory of my five-pound trout, with flying pictures of black duck and partridges which had fallen to my gun; a page to be turned to and dreamed over, again and again, yet a page of the past for all that.

On an evening, then, of November, I went out to dinner and to the theatre afterward. It was to a vaudeville which was attracting attention that we were taken. I do not care for vaudeville, and I merely suffered the numbers to pass as civilly as I might, talking between them, during them if I could, to one or two people of the party who were more interesting. The big placard in the glare of the footlights was shifted, read No. 5. I turned my chair sidewise in the back of the box and leaned forward to the woman in front of me.

"Don't watch this number—talk to me," I suggested. "It's probably an educated pig who does sums."

"You're trying to deceive me," the woman said, and laughed, and picked up her fluttering play-bill. "No. 5—why, it isn't a pig at all, it's whistling."

"Then, for heaven's sake, talk to me," I begged. "Some things I can live through, but fifteen minutes of whistling with no relief—talk to me. It's life and death."

"Look at the name," she answered irrelevantly. "What a queer name—it starts out to be Zoroaster and gets side-tracked. This must be the wonderful whistling Mrs.

Schuyler talked about—we must listen—they say it's the best thing in the evening and is making a sensation."

"Let it—I don't want to hear it," I answered from a soul immune to vaudeville sensations, and I did not glance at the programme.

A boy came into the box swinging a tray of glasses of ice-water. I took one and held it in my hand as I spoke. At that moment No. 5 began. With a whirl of my chair which made the man next me frown with astonishment, I had twisted toward the stage, the glass crashed to the floor; the water splashed on a velvet gown and I did not see it; I saw only a figure which stood there, alone by the footlights.

Strong, sweet, the song of the loggers on the River Gatineau rang flute-like through the theatre. The homely words, like meek handmaidens, followed in my mind the melody:

C'était le vingt-cinq de juillet
Lorsque je me suis engagé
Pour monter dans la rivière
Qu'on appelle la rivière enragé.

I gasped as if I had plunged suddenly into the cold rapids of a rushing little river. The crowded theatre, the heat, the glare, were gone; I lay in a canoe in misty moonlight, in deep peace of Canadian hills, and from the shore floated the bird-notes of Zoétique's whistling.

It took me a minute to get back to earth, and another to explain, and then I drifted again into the heart of the woods. Stillness, pure air, running water and rustling trees; brightness and shadow of long portages, starlight and firelight and sunny lengths of lakes, a thousand poignant memories, seized me and carried me into a quiet, keen world, with a joy that was almost pain, as I stared from the box at Zoétique's familiar figure standing back of the footlights.

There was a pause; the Gatineau song was finished, his winning smile flashed.

"Excusez-là," said Zoétique.

After the number was over I went back of the scenes and found him, and talked to him for an unsatisfactory five minutes. He was glad to see me, but some men whose air I did not like were waiting for him, and he was uneasy with me in their presence.

"Are you happy, Zoétique?" I asked

bluntly, as I told him good-by, and the blue eyes flashed to mine a second with an honest, half-tragic look. He shrugged his shoulders.

"*Sais pas, m'sieur.* I am gaining much money. One is never too happy in this world, is it not? Or in any case, not for too long."

We arranged that I should pick him up the next night after his number, and take him to my rooms, and with that I left him.

When I got back to my own place I could not shake off the idea of Zoétique. I sat and smoked and considered for an hour, and I came to see that I was due to meddle in this affair. The boy was out of his proper atmosphere, and the glimpse I had had of him and of the men who were his companions had showed me that he was getting into bad hands. The Morgans were away—he knew no one else. I thought of the girl in the little French village in Canada eating out her heart for him, and of the happiness and self-respect and normal life waiting there for him, and a meteoric vaudeville success did not seem to me worth while as I thought of those things. So, as I sat smoking alone at three in the morning in a twelfth-story New York apartment, I elected to be guardian angel to this backwoods boy and settle him in a log cabin of his own with a wife who cared for him. I could not think of anything else as good that fate could give him.

I decided to see Charles Esmond next day and get his consent, as was only decent, to send the youngster about his business, and if there was any forfeit to pay I was luckily so situated that I could pay it. Bright and early I hunted up Esmond, and after a most unpromising start including surprise, disgust, reluctance, on his part, I finally got at the man's good feeling, and persuaded him.

"I think you're clean gone off your head," was his parting remark, "and I think I'm worse. But you've hypnotized me. Take your brat and ship him back, or I'll change my mind." And I left him in a hurry.

I bundled Zoétique into a hansom that night the moment he had finished his whistling, leaving two evil-appearing Frenchmen looking black at his evasion. I expected enthusiasm over the hansom, but the lad was too much for me.

"One drives in these wagons every day

here," he remarked calmly. "My friends tell me it is *comme il faut*."

"The devil they do," I responded in stout English. "You must be spending money like water."

He shrugged his expressive shoulders. "*Ça coûte cher*," he acknowledged. "It is expensive. But what will you? One gains money every night, and one has nothing to save for. It is well to make pleasure for one's friends." And remembering the adventurers I had seen, I felt confirmed in my opinion that it was also well to snatch this brand from the burning.

Sophisticated as he had become, Zoëtique showed primitive interest in my rooms. He went from one thing to another, examining, asking deferential questions, and listening with deep attention to my answers. He put every picture in the place under analysis, and at length he came to a wide frame which held eight photographs set side by side. I heard him catch his breath as he bent over and saw what they were, and I heard his long-drawn "*Ah, oui!*" that was yet only a whisper. He stood like a statue, his head thrown forward, gazing.

After a while I put a hand on his shoulder and pointed to one of the prints. It was a snapshot of himself and of me, taken an August morning on a little, lonely river. Zoëtique stood upright in the stern of the canoe, poling it through the shallows. His athletic figure swung with a sure balance; the wind swayed the grasses and floated the ends of the bandanna about his throat. I held my hat on my head as the breeze caught it, and he smiled broadly to see me. The spire of a tall spruce in the distance cut into the sky. It was one of those lucky amateur photographs which wing the spirit and the drawing combined. It takes perhaps a thousand films to produce one, but no professional work comes near the effect when such a one succeeds.

A tremor went through his shoulder as my hand rested on it; "Which is more pleasure for you and me, Zoëtique, to drive in a hansom cab in New York, like to-night, or to be together *en canot*, like that?" I asked him.

The boy turned and shot at me a wild look, and with that he dropped into a chair by my writing-table and laid his head on his arms and sat motionless. I waited two or three minutes. Then I drew up a seat

and sat down near him, and at the top of the rough head I fired my opening shot.

"I want you to go home, Zoëtique," I said quietly. That brought him up staring.

"*Mais, m'sieur—mais—c'est b'en impossible*," he stammered at me, startled.

So then I talked to him like a Dutch uncle, as a man of forty can talk to a lad of twenty-three. I told him, to begin with, that it was arranged with Mr. Esmond that he might go to-morrow if he would. I told him that while he was making money he was not saving any; that he was doing no good here, and was throwing away his life—and he agreed with pathetic readiness.

"One is not absolutely happy in this city, *m'sieur*," he agreed. "One gets drunk every night, and it is not good for the health. At home I got drunk rarely, *m'sieur*—me—oh, but rarely. Perhaps at the *fête de Noël*, and when one finished logging in the spring—*c'est tout*. Not always as often—it is better for the health like that."

It was not the psychological moment to lecture, but I put away a reflection or two at this point for Zoëtique's later service.

"Yes, it is bad for the health, Zoëtique," I answered with restraint. "It is bad for one in several ways. One is not so much of a man when one gets drunk. I'm glad you think with me that Canada is the place for you."

There was deep silence. I felt distinctly the stone wall at which we had arrived, and I knew it must be taken down rock by rock. I knew that the question of the girl was coming.

"I cannot go, *m'sieur*."

"Why not?"

"There are other things. It is difficult to say. The *m'sieur* is good to me. It makes nothing to me if the *m'sieur* knows. But it is a small affair—to all but me—and it would be *ennuyant* to the *m'sieur* to hear about it."

"It would not be *ennuyant* at all, Zoëtique," I said. "But I know already. Godin told me."

"Ah!" He was evidently wondering as to how much I knew.

"I know about your trouble with Alixe, and that it got worse and not better as time went on, until you were not happy with each other any more. I was sorry to hear that, for it is not a little thing to have a woman love one as Alixe loves you."

Zoétique, with his eyes glued on his great hands, which lay before him on the table, shook his head. "*M'sieur* is mistaken. Alixe does not love me."

"Yes. She does. More than ever."

The boy's head lifted, and he flashed an inquiring glance. Then a look of sick disgust came over his face and he shook his head again sullenly.

"*M'sieur* is mistaken," he repeated. "She does not care—Alixe."

But I persisted. "I know, Zoétique. I have heard news since you have heard. Alixe cares for you still—she has always cared. She is sorry for the wrong things she has done—she would not do them again. She loves you."

Then the suppressed soreness of his soul broke out. It was no longer as guide to *m'sieur*, it was as man to man he talked. "*M'sieur*," he said roughly, "I know. You do not know. Is it that a woman loves a man when she is ready to think him false, ready to believe he means bad things when he does not imagine anything bad? Is it that a woman loves a man when she says words to him that hurt as if one had cut with a knife? Is it that she loves him when she will not listen when he tries to make all right again? Is it that a woman loves a man when"—his light eyes blazed—"when she plays with other men—lets others be to her what only one should be—does that show love? Is it that a woman loves a man when these things are the truth?"

"Sometimes," I said, and Zoétique stared at me in dumb anger.

I went on. I tried to show him in simple words how each of us has a Dr. Jekyll and a Mr. Hyde more or less evenly developed in his or her make-up, and how at times the bad gets into the saddle and rides; how this devil of wrongheadedness holds possession and makes man and woman lose perspective, so that the brain does not see the ugliness of the words the mouth speaks; how it is most often to the ones we care for most that such things are said, because our very sense of love for them puts us off our guard. I asked him also—remembering something from a long time ago—if he had not perhaps put bad meaning into speeches that were innocent—if his imagination had not been partly responsible.

"*Sais pas*," said Zoétique, and shrugged his shoulders. "One accustomed oneself

to have her words hurt—it might be that one jumped before the whip fell."

His face was bitter—this end of my job was no sinecure. I talked along, trying to put my finger on the thin part of the boy's armor. I drew on Godin's description, and pointed out, how the girl was high-spirited and imaginative, and how some unmeant slight, most likely, had set her to thinking that his love had grown less. How her treatment of him, so bewildering and insulting, was thus an assertion of her dignity—foolish and mistaken, yet only at the end a woman's self-respect. How her exactions, her air of calling him to account which had so galled him, were the poisonous flowers which had sprung in the shadow between them. I tried to make him see how such bad exotics would wither up in five minutes of sunlight. I talked like a whole committee of grandfathers to Zoétique Vézina that night. But at one time I thought I should have to give it up, for he simply shook his head.

"One does not put one's hand into a trap to be cut off twice," he said over and over.

Finally I violated Godin's confidence. "Boy," I said, "won't you understand that you're throwing away the most loyal wife a man could have? She is above the ordinary girl—you know it. If her faults are bigger than another's, her virtues are bigger, too. She will never get into this hole again—you may wager your life on that. She is clever—she has learned her lesson. She will not risk shipwreck twice. And—I know this, for she has said it—she will never marry anyone but you. The other man was a plaything—she tried to pique you with him. It is a foolish trick, but women and men will do it to the end of time."

I wondered then if he suspected ever so dimly what buried memories made me want to save another man's life from this foolishness. I looked squarely at him and met his eyes.

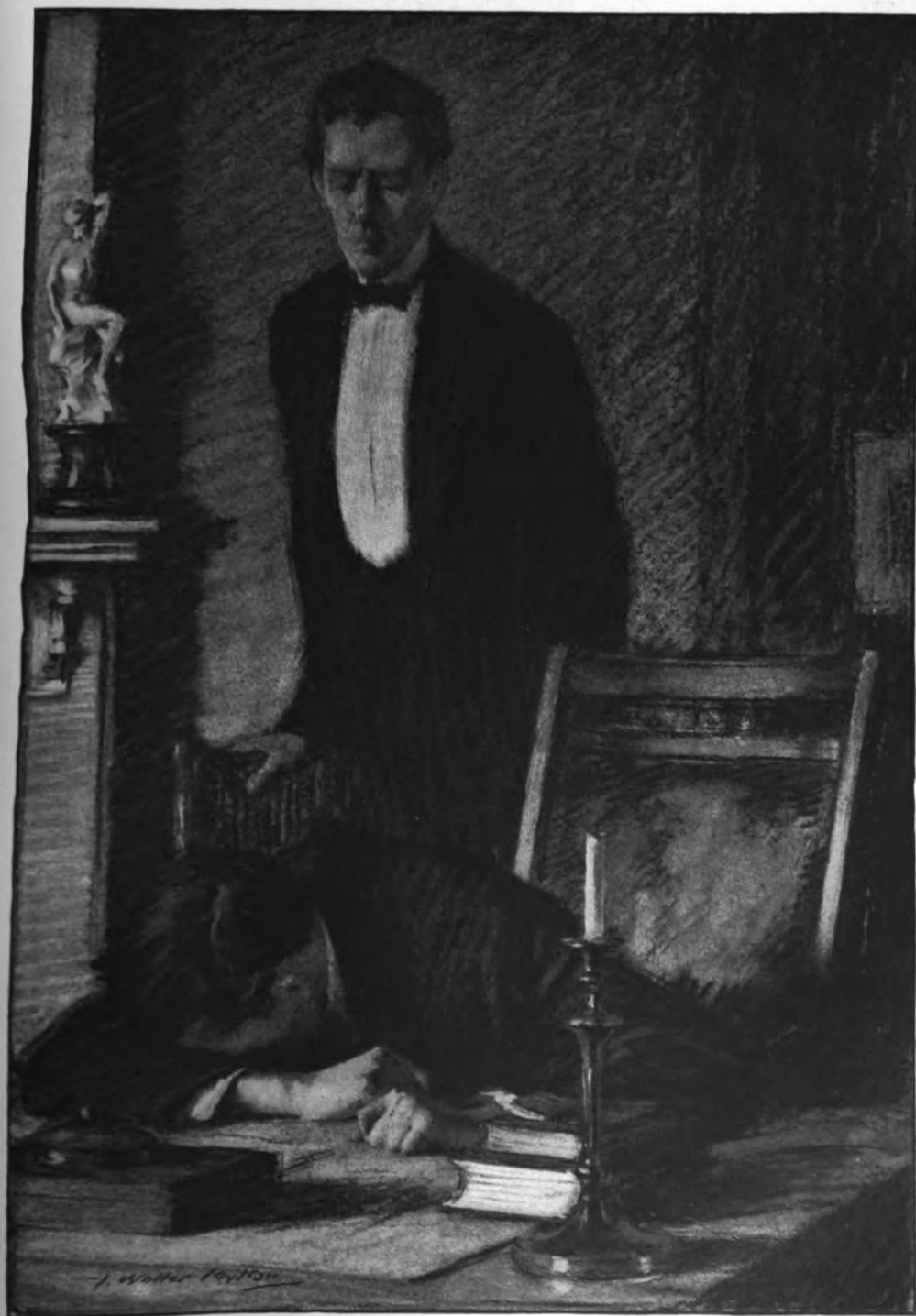
"Zoétique," I flung at him, out of the bottom of my soul, "do you love her?"

The bright light eyes wavered, looked miserably back at me—yet straight and honest. I waited, and out of the bottom of the lad's soul came the reluctant answer:

"But yes, *m'sieur*, I love her."

"Then, for heaven's sake, mah, go to her and be happy."

Once more the muscular arms were flung out on my writing-table and the dark head



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

"I waited two or three minutes."—Page 351.

The Whistling of Zoétique

fell on them, but this time the bitterness was gone from the pose. The room was still for a minute, and then he lifted his face

True love is no hot-house plant, and, like moss on the trees, it grows warmest where north winds are cold; but for all that it



No. 5—Zoétique's whistling.

and it was smiling, and a tear was wet on his cheek.

"*M'sieur* has won—I will do as *m'sieur* wishes," he said, embarrassed, laughing, and the rest of that interview was as uninteresting as the nations which have no history.

does not take to being sandpapered, and if one walks on it with hobnailed boots it is likely to die down. Yet it is true that deep roots may with cultivation sprout again—may even sprout thicker if cared for tenderly. All the same, it is ill-advised to try more than one episode of hobnails and sand-

paper. Zoétique and Alixe, learning it painfully, learned this lesson thoroughly, and I think that never again will they take liberties with their affection for each other. That it has sprung plentifully from the trodden roots I am led to believe from strangely spelled French letters which reach me from time to time. My conscience as a meddler is much soothed by these letters.

As for the other side of my meddling—a few nights ago I dined at the Lambs' Club, and across the room was Charles Esmond, with a galaxy of stars shining about him. At the end of dinner he picked up his coffee and came over with it to us, smoking like a chimney as he came. He set down the cup and took my hand, and then shook his fist at me and laughed at my host—fascinating and unexpected as I remembered him in the Canadian camp.

"Dick," said he to my friend, "this chap is a common burglar—don't give him any more dinner. He burgled the best number out of the best vaudeville I ever staged—plain stole the boy without remorse—the most marvellous whistler the profession has ever seen. I'd have made a mint of money off the fellow—he was just beginning to make a sensation. And this man you're feeding lifted him, inside of twenty-four hours, and shipped him back to Canada to the girl he'd left behind him." He pro-

ceeded to make an anecdote five minutes in length and telling practically all I have told, from the gist of what I have spun out so long.

When I got back to my rooms that night I found in my mail a birch-bark enveloped photograph of my lovers, now married. Zoétique, in store clothes which took all the good looks out of him, sat solemn in a chair with a cheap derby hat on his head, and Alixe stood behind him, her hand on his shoulder—smiling, dark-eyed, and graceful.

I looked at the heroine hard and long, and then I unlocked a drawer and took out an old photograph of another dark-eyed girl, and put them side by side and let myself dream how it would be if that hand were sometimes on my shoulder, if those eyes smiled, so, to be at my side—if we had not quarrelled. I do not often let myself have this dream because it makes work and play harder for a day or two.

I look forward to a month in Canada next summer, and I expect to have a guide who will turn the woods upside down to get me good fishing and hunting, as is the just reward of a successful meddler. And in the intervals of serious business I expect to listen without paying admission to the "best number of the best vaudeville ever staged"—No. 5—Zoétique's whistling.

DAYBREAK

By Frank Dempster Sherman

ENAMORED stars along the trail of Night
 Still lingered, loath to leave the path she knew
 Above the dark world dreaming in the dew,
 And still the moon hung o'er the wooded height;
 A little wind with whispers of delight
 Out of the west breathed softly, and a few
 Faint twitterings betrayed the birds that grew
 Impatient to begin their lyric flight.

How gradual the change! Sometimes it seemed
 As if the Night retraced her steps. Once more
 The silence deepened and all nature dreamed.
 Then suddenly the curtains were withdrawn,
 And there in beauty at the eastern door
 Blossomed again the crimson Rose of Dawn!



Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"No man was ever in such a quandary!"—Page 366.

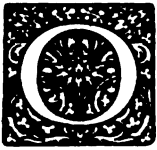
THE FRUIT OF THE TREE

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION BY ALONZO KIMBALL

BOOK IV.

XXX



On a September day, somewhat more than a year and a half after Bessy Amherst's death, her husband and his mother sat at luncheon in the dining-room of the Westmore house at Hanaford.

The house was John Amherst's now, and shortly after the loss of his wife he had established himself there with his mother. By a will made some six months before her death, Bessy had divided the bulk of her estate between her husband and daughter, placing Cicely's share in trust, and appointing Mr. Langhope and Amherst as her guardians. As the latter was also her trustee, the whole management of the estate devolved upon him, while his control of the Westmore mills was ensured by his receiving a slightly larger proportion of the stock than his step-daughter.

The will had come as a complete surprise, not only to Amherst himself, but to his wife's family, and more especially to her legal adviser. Mr. Tredegar had in fact had nothing to do with the drawing of the instrument; but as it had been drawn in due form, and by a firm of excellent standing, he was obliged, in spite of his mortification and surprise, and Mr. Langhope's vague adjurations that he should "do something," to declare that there was no pretext for questioning the validity of the document.

To Amherst the will was something more than an unexpected proof of his wife's confidence: it came as a reconciling word from her grave. For the date showed that it had been made at a moment when he supposed himself to have lost all influence over her—on the morrow of the day when she had stipulated that he should give up the management of the Westmore mills, and yield the care of her property to Mr. Tredegar.

While she smote him with one hand, she sued for pardon with the other; and the

contradiction was so characteristic, it explained and excused in so touching a way the incoherences and irresolutions of her impulsive heart and hesitating mind, that he was filled with that tender compunction, that searching sense of his own shortcomings, which generous natures feel when they find that they have underrated the generosity of others. But Amherst's was not an introspective mind, and his sound moral sense told him, when the first pang of self-reproach had subsided, that he had done his best by his wife, and was in no way to blame if her recognition of the fact had come too late. The self-reproach subsided; but it left, instead of the bitterness of the past, a softened fortifying memory, which made him take up his task at Westmore with the sense that he was now working with Bessy and not against her.

Yet perhaps, after all, it was chiefly the work itself which had healed old wounds, and quelled the tendency to vain regrets. Amherst was only thirty-four; and in the prime of his energies the task he was made for had been given back to him. To a sound nature, which finds its natural outlet in fruitful action, nothing so simplifies the complexities of life, so lends itself to a large acceptance of its vicissitudes and mysteries, as the sense of doing something each day toward clearing one's own bit of the wilderness. And this was the joy that fate had at last conceded to Amherst. The mills were virtually in his hands; and the fact that he ruled them not only in his own right but as Cicely's representative, made him doubly eager to justify his wife's trust in him.

Mrs. Amherst, looking up from a telegram which the parlour-maid had just handed her, smiled across the table at her son.

"From Maria Ansell—they are all coming tomorrow."

"Ah—that's good," Amherst rejoined cheerfully. "I should have been sorry if Cicely had not been here."

"Mr. Langhope is coming too," his mother continued. "I'm glad of that, John."

"Yes," Amherst again assented.

The morrow was to be a great day at Westmore. The Emergency Hospital, planned in the first months of his marriage, and abandoned in the general reduction of expenditure at the mills, had now been completed on a larger and more elaborate scale, as a memorial to Bessy. The strict retrenchment of all personal expenses, and the leasing of Lynbrook and the town house, had enabled Amherst in eighteen months, to lay by enough income to carry out this plan, which he was impatient to see executed as a visible commemoration of his wife's generosity to Westmore. For Amherst persisted in regarding the gift of her fortune as a gift not to himself but to the mills: he looked upon himself merely as the agent whose privilege it was to carry out her beneficent intentions. He was anxious that Westmore and Hanaford should take the same view; and the opening of the Westmore Memorial Hospital was therefore to be performed with an unwonted degree of ceremony.

"I am glad Mr. Langhope is coming," Mrs. Amherst repeated, as they rose from the table. "It shows, dear—doesn't it?—that he's really gratified—that he appreciates your motive. . . ."

She raised a proud glance to her tall son, whose head seemed to tower higher than ever above her small proportions. Renewed self-confidence, and the habit of command, had in fact restored the erectness to Amherst's shoulders and the clearness to his eyes. The cleft between the brows was gone, and his veiled inward gaze had given place to a glance almost as outward-looking and unspeculative as his mother's.

"It shows—well, yes—what you say!" he rejoined with a slight laugh, and a tap on her shoulder as she passed.

He was under no illusions as to his father-in-law's attitude: he knew that Mr. Langhope would willingly have broken the will which deprived his grand-daughter of half her inheritance, and that his subsequent show of friendliness was merely a concession to expediency. But in his present mood Amherst almost believed that time and closer relations might turn such sentiments into honest liking. He was very fond

of his little step-daughter, and deeply sensible of his obligations toward her; and he hoped that, as Mr. Langhope came to recognize this, it might bring about a better understanding between them.

His mother detained him. "You're going back to the mills at once? I wanted to consult you about the rooms. Miss Brent had better be next to Cicely?"

"I suppose so—yes. I'll see you before I go." He nodded affectionately and passed on, his hands full of papers, into the Oriental smoking-room, now dedicated to the unexpected uses of an office and study.

Mrs. Amherst, as she turned away, found the parlour-maid in the act of opening the front door to the highly-tinted and well-dressed figure of Mrs. Harry Dressel.

"I'm so delighted to hear that you're expecting Justine!" Mrs. Dressel announced as the two ladies passed into the drawing-room.

"Ah, you've heard too?" Mrs. Amherst rejoined, enthroning her visitor in one of the monumental plush armchairs beneath the threatening weight of the Bay of Naples.

"Why, I hadn't till this moment; in fact I flew in to ask for news, and on the doorstep there was such a striking-looking young man enquiring for her, and I heard the parlour-maid say she was arriving to-morrow."

"A young man? Some one you didn't know?" Striking apparitions of the male sex were of infrequent occurrence at Hanaford, and Mrs. Amherst's unabated interest in the movement of life caused her to linger on this statement.

"Oh, no—I'm sure he was a stranger. Extremely slight and pale, with remarkable eyes. He was so disappointed—he seemed sure of finding her."

"Well, no doubt he'll come back to-morrow.—You know we're expecting the whole party," added Mrs. Amherst, to whom the indiscriminate imparting of good news was always an irresistible temptation.

Mrs. Dressel's interest deepened at once. "Really? Mr. Langhope too?"

"Yes. It's a great pleasure to my son."

"It must be! I'm so glad. I suppose in a way it will be rather sad for Mr. Langhope—seeing everything here so unchanged—"

Mrs. Amherst straightened herself a little. "I think he will prefer to find it so," she

said, with an imperceptible stiffening of her mild manner.

"Oh, I don't know. They were never very fond of this house."

There was an added note of authority in Mrs. Dressel's tone. In the last few months she had been to Europe and had had nervous prostration, and these incontestable evidences of growing prosperity could not always be kept out of her voice and bearing. At any rate, they justified her in thinking that her opinion on almost any subject within the range of human experience was a valuable addition to the sum-total of wisdom; and unabashed by the silence with which her comment was received, she continued her critical survey of the drawing-room.

"Dear Mrs. Amherst—you know I can't help saying what I think—and I've so often wondered why you don't do this room over. With these high ceilings you could do something lovely in Louis Seize."

A faint pink rose to Mrs. Amherst's cheeks. "I don't think my son would ever care to make any changes here," she said.

"Oh, I understand the feeling, of course; but when he begins to entertain—and you know poor Bessy always *hated* this furniture."

Mrs. Amherst smiled slightly. "Perhaps if he marries again—" she said, seizing at random on a pretext for changing the subject.

Mrs. Dressel dropped the hands with which she was absent-mindedly assuring herself of the continuance of unbroken relations between her hat and her hair.

"*Marries again?* Why—you don't mean —? He doesn't think of it?"

"Not in the least—I spoke figuratively," his hostess rejoined with a laugh.

"Oh, of course—I see. He really *couldn't* marry, could he? I mean, it would be so wrong to Cicely—under the circumstances."

Mrs. Amherst's black eye-brows gathered in a slight frown. She had already noticed, on the part of the Hanaford clan, a disposition to regard Amherst as imprisoned in the conditions of his trust, and committed to the obligation of handing on unimpaired to Cicely the fortune his wife's caprice had bestowed on him; and this open expression of the family view was singularly displeasing to her.

"I had not thought of it in that light—but it's really of no consequence how one looks at a thing that is not going to happen," she said carelessly.

"No—naturally; I see you were only joking. He's so devoted to Cicely, isn't he?" Mrs. Dressel rejoined, with her bright obtuseness.

A step on the threshold announced Amherst's approach.

"I'm afraid I must be off, mother—" he began, halting in the doorway with the instinctive masculine recoil from the afternoon caller.

"Oh, Mr. Amherst, how d'you do? I suppose you're very busy about tomorrow? I just flew in to find out if Justine was really coming," Mrs. Dressel explained, a little fluttered by the effort of recalling what she had been saying when he entered.

"I believe my mother expects the whole party," Amherst replied, shaking hands with the false *bonhomie* of the man entrapped.

"How delightful! And it's so nice to think that Mr. Langhope's arrangement with Justine still works so well," Mrs. Dressel hastened on, nervously hoping that her volubility would smother any recollection of what he had chanced to overhear.

"Mr. Langhope is lucky in having persuaded Miss Brent to take charge of Cicely," Mrs. Amherst quietly interposed.

"Yes—and it was so lucky for Justine too! When she came back from Europe with us last autumn, I could see she simply hated the idea of going back to her nursing."

Amherst's face darkened at the allusion, and his mother said hurriedly: "Ah, she was tired, poor child; but I'm only afraid that, after the summer's rest, she may want some more active occupation than looking after a little girl."

"Oh, I think not—she's so fond of Cicely. And of course it's everything to her to have a comfortable home."

Mrs. Amherst smiled. "At her age, it's not always everything."

Mrs. Dressel stared slightly. Oh, Justine's twenty-seven, you know; she's not likely to marry now," she said, with the mild finality of the early-wedded.

She rose as she spoke, extending cordial hands of farewell. "You must be so busy preparing for the great day . . . if only it

doesn't rain! . . . No, *please*, Mr. Amherst! . . . It's a mere step—I'm walking. . . ."

That afternoon as Amherst walked out toward Westmore for a survey of the final preparations, he found that, among the pleasant thoughts accompanying him, one of the pleasantest was the anticipation of seeing Justine Brent.

Among the little group who were to surround him on the morrow, she was the only one discerning enough to understand what the day meant to him, or with sufficient knowledge to judge of the use he had made of his great opportunity. Even now that the opportunity had come, and all obstacles were levelled, sympathy with his work was as much lacking as ever; and only Duplain, at length reinstated as manager, really understood and shared in his aims. But Justine Brent's sympathy was of a very different kind from the manager's. If less logical, it was warmer, more penetrating—like some fine imponderable fluid, so subtle that it could always find a way through the clumsy processes of human intercourse. Amherst had thought very often of this quality in her during the weeks which had followed his abrupt departure for Georgia; and in trying to define it he had said to himself that she felt with her brain.

And now, aside from the instinctive understanding between them, she was set apart in his thoughts by her association with his wife's last days. On his arrival from the dreadful journey back to Lynbrook he had gathered on all sides evidences of her tender devotion to Bessy: even Mr. Tredegar's chary praise was not lacking to the general commendation. From the surgeons he heard how her unwearied skill had helped them in their fruitless efforts; poor Cicely, awed by her loss, clung to her mother's friend with childish tenacity; and the young rector of Saint Anne's, shyly acquitting himself of his visit of condolence, dwelt chiefly on the consolatory thought of Miss Brent's presence at the death-bed.

The knowledge that Justine had been with his wife till the end had, in fact, done more than anything else to soften Amherst's regrets at his own absence; and he had tried to express something of this in the course of his first talk with her. Justine had given him a clear and self-possessed report of the dreadful weeks at Lynbrook; but at his first

allusion to her own part in them, she shrank into a state of distress which seemed to plead with him to refrain from even the tenderest touch on her feelings. It was a peculiarity of their friendship that silence and absence had always mysteriously furthered its growth; and he now felt that her reticence deepened the understanding between them as the freest confidences might not have done.

Soon afterward, an opportune attack of nervous prostration had sent Mrs. Harry Dressel abroad; and Justine had been selected as her companion. They remained in Europe for six months; and on their return, Amherst learned with pleasure that Mr. Langhope had asked Miss Brent to take charge of Cicely.

Mr. Langhope's sorrow for his daughter had been aggravated by futile wrath at her unaccountable will; and the mixed sentiment thus engendered had found expression in a jealous outpouring of affection toward Cicely. He had taken immediate possession of the child, and in the first stages of his affliction her companionship had been really consoling. But as time passed, and the pleasant habits of years reasserted themselves, her presence became, in small unacknowledged ways, a source of domestic irritation. Nursery hours disturbed the easy routine of his household; the elderly parlour-maid who had long ruled it resented the intervention of Cicely's nurse; the little governess, involved in the dispute, broke down and had to be shipped home to Germany; a successor was hard to find, and in the interval Mr. Langhope's privacy was invaded by a stream of visiting teachers, who were always wanting to consult him about Cicely's lessons, and lay before him their tiresome complaints and perplexities. Poor Mr. Langhope found himself in the position of the mourner who, in the first fervour of bereavement, has undertaken the construction of an imposing monument without having counted the cost. He had meant that his devotion to Cicely should be a monument to his paternal grief; but the foundations were scarcely laid when he found that the funds of time and patience were almost exhausted.

Pride forbade his consigning Cicely to her step-father, though Mrs. Amherst would gladly have undertaken her care; Mrs. Ansell's migratory habits made it im-

possible for her to do more than intermittently hover and advise; and a new hope rose before Mr. Langhope when it occurred to him to appeal to Miss Brent.

The experiment had proved a success, and when Amherst and Justine met again she had been for some months in charge of the little girl, and change and congenial occupation had restored her to a normal view of life. There was no trace in her now of the dumb misery which had haunted him at their parting: she was again the vivid creature who seemed more charged with life than any one he had ever known. The crisis through which she had passed showed itself only in a smoothing of the brow and deepening of the eyes, as though a bloom of experience had veiled without deadening the first brilliancy of youth.

As he lingered on the image thus evoked, he recalled Mrs. Dressel's words: "Justine is twenty-seven—she's not likely to marry now."

Oddly enough, he had never thought of her marrying—but now that he heard its likelihood questioned, he felt a disagreeable conviction of its inevitableness. Mrs. Dressel's view was of course absurd. In spite of Justine's feminine graces, he had formerly felt in her a kind of elfin immaturity, as of a flitting Ariel with untouchable heart and senses: it was only of late that she had developed the subtle quality which calls up thoughts of love. Not marry? Why, the vagrant fire had just lighted on her—and the fact that she was poor and unattached, with her own way to make, and no setting of pleasure and elegance to embellish her—these disadvantages seemed as nothing to Amherst against the light of personality in which she moved. And besides, she would never be drawn to the kind of man who needed fine clothes and luxury to point him to the charm of sex. She was always finished and graceful in appearance, with the pretty woman's art of wearing her few plain dresses as if they were many and varied; yet no one could think of her as attaching much importance to the upholstery of life. . . . No, the man who won her would be of a different type, have other inducements to offer . . . and Amherst found himself wondering just what those inducements would be.

Suddenly he remembered something his mother had said as he left the house—some-

thing about a distinguished-looking young man who had called to inquire for Miss Brent. Mrs. Amherst, innocently inquisitive in small matters, had followed her son into the hall to ask the parlour-maid if the gentleman had left his name; and the parlour-maid had answered in the negative. The young man was evidently not indigenous: all the social units of Hanaford were intimately known to each other. He was a stranger, therefore, presumably drawn there by the hope of seeing Miss Brent. But if he knew that she was coming he must be intimately acquainted with her movements. . . . The thought came to Amherst as an unpleasant surprise. It made him realize for the first time how little he knew of Justine's personal life, of the ties she might have formed outside the Lynbrook circle. After all, he had seen her chiefly not among her own friends but among his wife's. Was it reasonable to suppose that a creature of her keen individuality would be content to subsist on the fringe of other existences? Somewhere, of course, she must have a centre of her own, must be subject to influences of which he was wholly ignorant. And since her departure from Lynbrook he had known even less of her life. She had spent the previous winter with Mr. Langhope in New York, where Amherst had seen her only on his rare visits to Cicely; and Mr. Langhope, on going abroad for the summer, had established his grand-daughter in a small house at Bar Harbour, where, save for two flying visits from Mrs. Ansell, Miss Brent had reigned alone till his return in September.

Very likely, Amherst reflected, the mysterious visitor was a Bar Harbour acquaintance—no, more than an acquaintance: a friend. And as Mr. Langhope's party had left Mount Desert but three days previously, the arrival of the unknown at Hanaford indicated a singular impatience to rejoin Miss Brent. . . .

As he reached this point in his meditations, Amherst found himself at the street-corner where it was his habit to pick up the Westmore trolley. Just as it bore down on him, and he sprang to the platform, another car, coming in from the mills, stopped to discharge its passengers at the corner. Among them Amherst noticed a slender undersized man in shabby clothes, about whose retreating back, as he crossed the street to signal a

Station Avenue car, there was something dimly familiar, and confusedly suggestive of troubled memories. Amherst leaned out and looked again: yes, the back was certainly like Dr. Wyant's—but what on earth could Wyant be doing at Hanaford, and in a Westmore car?

Amherst's first impulse was to spring out and overtake him. He knew from the surgeons how admirably the young physician had borne himself at Lynbrook; he even recalled Dr. Garford's saying, with his kindly sceptical smile: "Poor Wyant believed to the end that we could save her"—and his own inward movement of thankfulness that the cruel miracle had not been worked.

He owed a great deal to Wyant, and had tried to express his sense of the fact in warm words and a liberal fee; but since Bessy's death he had never returned to Lynbrook, and had consequently lost sight of the young doctor.

Now he felt that he ought to try to rejoin him, to find out why he was at Hanaford, and make some proffer of hospitality; but if the stranger were really Wyant, his choice of the Station Avenue car made it probable that he was on his way to catch the New York express; and in any case Amherst's engagements at Westmore made pursuit of him impossible at the moment.

He consoled himself with the thought that if the physician was not leaving Hanaford he would be certain to call at the house; and then his mind flew back to Justine Brent. But the pleasure of looking forward to her arrival was disturbed by new feelings. A sense of reserve and embarrassment had sprung up in his mind, checking that free mental communion which, as he now perceived, had been one of the unconscious promoters of their friendship. It was as though his thoughts confronted a stranger instead of the familiar presence which had so long dwelt in them; and he began to see that the feeling of intelligence existing between Justine and himself was not the result of actual intimacy, but merely of the charm she knew how to throw over casual intercourse.

When he had left his house, his mind was like a summer sky, all open blue and sunlit rolling clouds; but gradually the clouds had darkened and massed themselves, till they

drew an impenetrable veil over the upper blue and stretched threateningly across his whole horizon.

XXXI

THE celebrations at Westmore were over. Hanaford society, mustering brilliantly for the event, had streamed through the hospital, inspected the clinic, complimented Amherst, recalled itself to Mr. Langhope and Mrs. Ansell, and streamed out again to regain its carriages and motors.

The chief actors in the ceremony were also taking leave of the scene. Mr. Langhope, somewhat pale and nervous after the ordeal, had been helped into the Gaines landau with Mrs. Ansell and Cicely; Mrs. Amherst had accepted a seat in the Dressel victoria; and Westy Gaines, with an *empressment* slightly tinged by condescension, was in the act of placing his electric phaeton at Miss Brent's disposal.

She stood in the pretty white porch of the hospital, looking out across its squares of flower-edged turf at the long street of Westmore. In the warm gold-powdered light of late September the factory town still seemed a blot on the face of nature; yet here and there, on all sides, Justine's quick eye saw signs of humanizing change. The rough banks along the street had been levelled and sodded; young maples, set in regular alignment, already made a long festoon of gold against the dingy house-fronts; and the houses themselves—once so irreclaimably outlawed and degraded—showed, in their white-curtained windows, their flowery white-railed yards, a growing approach to civilized human dwellings.

Glancing the other way, one still met the grim pile of the factories cutting the sky with their harsh roof-lines and blackened chimneys; but even here there were signs of improvement. One of the mills had already been enlarged, another was scaffolded for the same purpose, and young trees and neatly-fenced turf replaced the surrounding desert of trampled earth.

As Amherst came out of the hospital, he heard Miss Brent declining a seat in Westy's phaeton.

"Thank you so much; but there's some one here I want to see first—one of the operatives—and I can easily take a Hanaford car later," she said, holding out her hand

with the smile that ran like colour over her whole face; and Westy, nettled by this unaccountable disregard of her privileges, mounted his chariot alone.

As he glided mournfully away, Amherst turned to Justine. "You wanted to see the Dillons?" he asked.

Their eyes met, and she smiled again. He had never seen her so sunned-over, so luminous, since the distant November day when they had picnicked with Cicely at the swamp's edge. He wondered vaguely if she were more elaborately dressed than usual, or if the festal impression she produced were simply a reflection of her mood.

"Yes; I do want to see the Dillons—how did you guess?" she rejoined gaily; and Amherst felt a sudden impulse to reply: "For the same reason that made you think of them."

The discovery that she remembered the Dillons made him absurdly happy; it re-established between them the mental communion that had been checked by his thoughts of the previous day.

"I suppose I'm rather self-conscious about the Dillons, because they're one of my object lessons—they illustrate the text," he said, laughing, as they went down the steps.

Westmore had been given a half-holiday in honour of the opening of the hospital, and as Amherst and Justine turned into the street, parties of workers were dispersing toward their houses. They were still a dull-eyed stunted throng, to whom air and movement seemed to have been too long denied; but there was more animation in the groups, more light in individual faces; many of the younger men returned Amherst's good-day with a look of personal friendliness, and the women to whom he stopped to speak met him with a volubility that showed the habit of familiar intercourse.

"How much you have done!" Justine exclaimed, as he rejoined her after one of these asides; but the next moment he saw a shade of embarrassment cross her face, as though she feared to have suggested comparisons she had meant to avoid.

He answered quite naturally: "Yes—I'm beginning to see my way now; and it's wonderful how they respond—" and they walked on without a shadow of constraint between them, while he described to her what was already done, and what direction his projected experiments were taking.

The Dillons had been placed in charge of one of the old factory tenements, now transformed into a lodging-house for unmarried operatives. Even its grim brick exterior, hung with creepers and brightened by flower-borders, had taken on a friendly air; and indoors it showed a clean sunny kitchen, a big dining-room with cheerful-coloured walls, and a room where the men could lounge and smoke about a table covered with papers.

The creation of these model lodging-houses had always been a favourite scheme of Amherst's, and the Dillons, incapacitated for factory work, had proved themselves admirably adapted to their new duties. In Mrs. Dillon's small hot sitting-room, among the starched sofa-tidies and pink shells that testified to the family prosperity, Justine shone with enjoyment and sympathy. She had always taken an interest in the lives and thoughts of working-people: not so much the constructive interest of the sociological mind as the vivid imaginative concern of a heart open to every human appeal. She liked to hear about their hard struggles and small pathetic successes: the children's sicknesses, the father's lucky job, the little sum they had been able to put by, the plans they had formed for Tommy's advancement, and how Sue's good marks at school were still ahead of Mrs. Hagan's Mary's.

"What I really like is to gossip with them, and give them advice about the baby's cough, and the cheapest way to do their marketing," she said laughing, as she and Amherst emerged once more into the street. "It's the same kind of interest I used to feel in my dolls and guinea pigs—a managing, interfering old maid's interest. I don't believe I should care a straw for them if I couldn't dose them and order them about."

Amherst laughed too: he recalled the time when he had dreamed that just such warm personal sympathy was her sex's destined contribution to the broad work of human beneficence. Well, it had not been a dream: here was a woman whose deeds spoke for her. And suddenly the thought came to him: what might they not do at Westmore together! The brightness of it was blinding—like the dazzle of sunlight which faced them as they walked toward the mills. But it left him speechless, confused—glad to have a pretext for routing Duplain out of

the office, introducing him to Miss Brent, and asking him for the keys of the buildings.

It was wonderful, again, how she grasped what he was doing in the mills, and saw how his whole scheme hung together, harmonizing the work and leisure of the operatives, instead of treating them as half machine, half man, and neglecting the man for the machine. Nor was she content with Utopian generalities: she wanted to know the how and why of each case, to hear what conclusions he drew from his results, and to what solutions his experiments pointed.

In explaining the mill work, he forgot his constraint, and returned to the free comradeship of mind that had always marked their relation. He turned the key reluctantly in the last door, and paused a moment on the threshold.

"Anything more?" he said, with a laugh meant to hide his eagerness to prolong their tour.

She glanced up at the sun, which still swung free of the tall factory roofs.

"As much as you've time for," she answered. "Cicely doesn't need me this afternoon, and I can't tell when I shall see Westmore again."

The words fell on him with a chill. His smile faded, and he looked away for a moment.

"But I hope Cicely will be here often," he said.

"Oh, I hope so too," she rejoined, with seeming unconsciousness of any connection between the wish and her previous words.

Amherst hesitated. He had meant to propose a visit to the old Eldorado building, which now at last housed the long-desired night-schools and nursery; but since she had spoken he felt a sudden indifference to showing her anything more. What was the use, if she meant to leave Cicely, and drift out of his reach? He could get on well enough without sympathy and comprehension, but his momentary indulgence in them made the ordinary taste of life a little flat.

"There must be more to see?" she continued, as they turned back toward the village; and he answered absently: "Oh, yes—if you like."

He heard the change in his own voice, and knew by her quick side-glance that she had heard it too.

"Please let me see everything that is com-

patible with my getting a car to Hanaford by six."

"Well, then—the night-school next," he said with an effort at lightness; and to shake off the importunity of his own thoughts he added carelessly, as they walked on: "By the way—it seems improbable—but I think I saw Dr. Wyant yesterday in a Westmore car."

She echoed the name in surprise. "Dr. Wyant? Really! Are you sure?"

"Not quite; but if it wasn't he it was his ghost. You haven't heard of his being at Hanaford?"

"No. I've heard nothing of him for a long time."

Something in her tone made him return her side-glance; but her voice, on closer analysis, denoted only indifference, and her profile seemed to express the same negative sentiment. He remembered a vague Lynbrook rumour to the effect that the young doctor had been attracted to Miss Brent. . . Such floating seeds of gossip seldom rooted themselves in his mind, but now the fact acquired a new significance, and he wondered how he could have thought so little of it at the time. Probably her somewhat exaggerated air of indifference simply meant that she had been bored by Wyant's attentions, and that the reminder of them still roused a slight self-consciousness.

Amherst was relieved by this conclusion, and murmuring: "Oh, I suppose it can't have been he," led her rapidly on to the Eldorado. But the old sense of free communion was again obstructed, and her interest in the details of the schools and nursery now seemed to him only a part of her wonderful art of absorbing herself in other people's affairs. He was a fool to have been duped by it—to have fancied it was anything more personal than a grace of manner.

As she turned away from inspecting the blackboards in one of the empty school-rooms he paused before her and said suddenly: "You spoke of not seeing Westmore again. Are you thinking of leaving Cicely?"

The words were almost the opposite of those he had intended to speak; it was as if some irrepressible inner conviction flung defiance at his surface distrust of her.

She stood still also, and he saw a thought move across her face. "Not immediately—

but perhaps when Mr. Langhope can make some other arrangement——”

Owing to the half-holiday, they had the school-building to themselves, and the fact of being alone with her, without fear of interruption, woke in Amherst an uncontrollable longing to taste for once the joy of unguarded utterance.

“Why do you go?” he asked, moving close to the platform on which she stood.

She hesitated, resting her hand on the teacher’s desk. Her eyes were kind, but he thought her tone was cold.

“This easy life is rather out of my line,” she said at length, with a smile that draped her words in vagueness.

Amherst looked at her again—she seemed to be growing remote and inaccessible. “You mean that you don’t want to stay?”

His tone was so abrupt that it called forth one of her rare blushes. “No—not that. I have been very happy with Cicely—but soon I shall have to be doing something else.”

Why was she blushing? And what did her last phrase mean? “Something else——?” The blood hummed in his ears—he began to hope she would not answer too quickly.

She had sunk into the seat behind the desk, propping her elbows on its lid, and letting her interlaced hands support her chin. A little bunch of violets which had been thrust into the folds of her dress detached itself and fell to the floor.

“What I mean is,” she said in a low voice, raising her eyes to Amherst’s, “that I’ve had a great desire lately to get back to real work—my special work. . . . I’ve been too idle for the last year—I want to do some hard nursing: I want to help people who are miserable.”

She spoke earnestly, almost passionately, and as he listened his undefined fear was lifted. He had never before seen her in this mood, with brooding brows, and the darkness of the world’s pain in her eyes. All her glow had faded—she was a dun thrush-like creature, clothed in demi-tints; yet she seemed much nearer than when her smile shot light on him.

He stood motionless, his eyes absently fixed on the bunch of violets at her feet. Suddenly he raised his head, and broke out with a boy’s blush: “Could it have been Wyant who was trying to see you?”

“Dr. Wyant—trying to see me?” She

lowered her hands to the desk, and sat looking at him with open wonder.

He saw the wild irrelevance of his question, and burst, in spite of himself, into youthful laughter.

“I mean— It’s only that an unknown visitor called at the house yesterday, and insisted that you must have arrived. He seemed so annoyed at not finding you, that I thought . . . I imagined . . . it must be some one who knew you very well . . . and who had followed you here . . . for some special reason. . . .”

Her colour rose again, as if caught from his; but her eyes still declared the completeness of her ignorance. “Some special reason——?”

“And just now,” he blurted out, “when you said you might not stay much longer with Cicely—I thought of the visit—and wondered if there was some one you meant to marry. . . .”

A silence fell between them. Justine rose slowly, her eyes screened under the veil she had lowered. “No—I don’t mean to marry,” she said, half-smiling, as she came down from the platform.

Restored to his level, her small shadowy head just in a line with his eyes, she seemed closer, more approachable and feminine—yet Amherst did not dare to speak.

She took a few steps toward the window, looking out into the deserted street. “It’s growing dark—I must go home,” she said.

“Yes,” he assented absently as he followed her. He had no idea what she was saying. The inner voices in which they habitually spoke were growing louder than outward words. Or was it only the voice of his own desires that he heard—the cry of new hopes and unguessed capacities of living? All within him was flood-tide: this was the top of life, surely—to feel her alike in his brain and his pulses, to steep sight and hearing in the joy of her nearness, while all the while thought spoke clear: “This is the mate of my mind.”

He began again abruptly. “Wouldn’t you marry, if it gave you the chance to do what you say—if it offered you hard work, and the opportunity to make things better . . . for a great many people . . . as no one but yourself could do it?”

It was a strange way of putting his case: he was aware of it before he ended. But it

had not occurred to him to tell her that she was lovely and desirable—in his humility he thought that what he had to give would plead for him better than what he was.

The effect produced on her by his question, though undecipherable, was extraordinary. She stiffened a little, remaining quite motionless, her eyes on the street.

"*You!*" she just breathed; and he saw that she was beginning to tremble.

His wooing had been harsh and clumsy—he was afraid it had offended her, and his hand trembled too as it sought hers.

"I only thought—it would be a dull business to most women—and I'm tied to it for life . . . but I thought . . . I've seen so often how you pity suffering . . . how you long to relieve it . . ."

She turned away from him with a shuddering sigh. "Oh, I *hate* suffering!" she broke out suddenly, raising her hands to her face.

Amherst was frightened. How senseless of him to go on reiterating the old plea! He ought to have pleaded for himself—to have let the man in him seek her and take his defeat, instead of beating about the flimsy bush of philanthropy.

"I only meant—I was trying to make my work recommend me . . ." he went on blunderingly, as she remained silent, her eyes still turned away.

The silence continued for a long time—it stretched between them like a narrowing interminable road, down which, with a leaden heart, he seemed to watch her gradually disappearing. And then, unexpectedly, as she shrank to a tiny speck at the dip of the road, the perspective was mysteriously reversed, and he felt her growing nearer again, felt her close to him—felt her hand on his. . . .

"I'm really just like other women, you know—I shall like it because it's your work," she said.

XXXII

EVERY one agreed that, on the whole, Mr. Langhope had behaved extremely well.

He was just beginning to regain his equanimity in the matter of the will—to perceive that, in the eyes of the public, something important and distinguished was being done at Westmore, and that the venture, while reducing Cicely's income during

her minority, might, in some incredible way, actually make for an ultimate increase in her capital. So much Mr. Langhope, always eager to take the easiest view of the inevitable, had begun to let fall in his confidential comments on Amherst; when his newly-regained balance was rudely shaken by the news of his son-in-law's marriage.

The free expression of his anger was baffled by the fact that, even by the farthest stretch of self-extenuating logic, he could find no one to blame for the event but himself.

"Why on earth don't you say so—don't you call me a triple-dyed fool for bringing them together?" he challenged Mrs. Ansell, as they had the matter out together in the small intimate drawing-room of her New York apartment.

Mrs. Ansell, stirring her tea with a pensive hand, met the challenge composedly.

"At present you're doing it for me," she reminded him; "and after all, I'm not so disposed to agree with you."

"Not agree with me? But you told me not to engage Miss Brent! Didn't you tell me not to engage her?"

She made a hesitating motion of assent.

"But, good Lord, how was I to help myself? No man was ever in such a quandary!" he interrupted himself, leaping back to the other side of the argument.

"No," she said, looking up at him suddenly. "I believe that, for the only time in your life, you were sorry then that you hadn't married me."

She held his eyes for a moment with a look of gentle malice; then he laughed, and drew forth his cigarette-case.

"Oh, come—you've inverted the formula," he said, reaching out for the enamelled match-box at his elbow. She let this pass with a slight smile, and he went on, reverting to his grievance: "Why *didn't* you want me to engage Miss Brent?"

"Oh, I don't know . . . some instinct."

"You won't tell me?"

"I couldn't if I tried; and now, after all—"

"After all—what?"

She reflected. "You'll have Cicely off your mind, I mean."

"Cicely off my mind?" Mr. Langhope was beginning to find his charming friend less consolatory than usual. After all, the most magnanimous woman has her cir-

cautious way of saying *I told you so*. "As if any good governess couldn't have done that for me!" he grumbled.

"Ah—the present care for her. But I was looking ahead," she rejoined.

"To what—if I may ask?"

The next few years—when Mrs. Amherst may have children of her own."

"Children of her own?" He bounded up, furious at the suggestion.

"Had it never occurred to you?" she murmured.

"Hardly as a source of consolation!"

"I think a philosophic mind might find it so."

"I should really be interested to know how!"

Mrs. Ansell put down her cup, and again turned her gentle tolerant eyes upon him.

"Mr. Amherst, as a father, will take a more conservative view of his duties. Every one agrees that, in spite of his theories, he has a good head for business; and whatever he does at Westmore for the advantage of his children will naturally be for Cicely's advantage too."

Mr. Langhope returned her gaze thoughtfully. "There's something in what you say," he admitted after a pause. "But it doesn't alter the fact that, with Amherst unmarried, the whole of the Westmore fortune would have gone back to Cicely—where it belongs."

"Possibly. But it was so unlikely that he would remain unmarried."

"I don't see why! A man of honour would have felt bound to keep the money for Cicely."

"But you must remember that, from Mr. Amherst's standpoint, the money belongs rather to Westmore than to Cicely."

"He's no better than a socialist, then!"

"Well—supposing he isn't: the birth of a son and heir will cure that."

Mr. Langhope winced, but she persisted gently: "It's really safer for Cicely as it is—" and before the end of the conference he found himself confessing, half against his will: "Well, since he hadn't the decency to remain single, I'm thankful he hasn't inflicted a stranger on us; and I shall never forget what Miss Brent did for my poor girl. . . ."

It was the view she had wished to bring him to, and the view which, in due course, with all his accustomed grace and adapta-

bility, he presented to the searching gaze of a society profoundly moved by the incident. "Of course, if Mr. Langhope approves—" society reluctantly murmured; and that Mr. Langhope did approve was presently made manifest by every outward show of consideration toward the newly-wedded pair.

Amherst and Justine had been married in September; and after a holiday in Canada and the Adirondacks they returned to Hanaford for the winter. Amherst had proposed a short flight to Europe; but his wife preferred to settle down at once to her new duties.

The announcement of her marriage had been met by Mrs. Dressel with a comment which often afterward returned to her memory. "It's splendid for you, of course, dear, *in one way*," her friend had murmured, between disparagement and envy—"that is, if you can stand talking about the Westmore mill-hands all the rest of your life."

"Oh, but I couldn't—I should hate it!" Justine had energetically rejoined; meeting Mrs. Dressel's admonitory "Well, then?" with the laughing assurance that *she* meant to lead the conversation.

She knew well enough what the admonition meant. To Amherst, so long thwarted in his chosen work, the subject of Westmore was becoming an *idée fixe*; and it was natural that Hanaford should class him as a man of one topic. But Justine had guessed at his other side; a side as long thwarted, and far less articulate, which she intended to wake into conscious life. She had felt it in him from the first, though their talks had so uniformly turned on the subject which palled upon Hanaford; and it had been revealed to her during the silent hours among his books, when she had grown into such close intimacy with his mind.

She did not, assuredly, mean to spend the rest of her days talking about the Westmore mill-hands; but in the arrogance of her joy she wished to begin her married life in the setting of its habitual duties, and to achieve the victory of evoking the secret unsuspected Amherst out of the preoccupied business man chained to his task. Dull lovers might have to call on romantic scenes to wake romantic feelings; but Justine's glancing imagination leapt to the challenge of extracting poetry from the prose of routine.

And this was precisely the triumph that the first months brought her. To mortal eye, Amherst and Justine seemed to be living at Hanaford: in reality they were voyaging on unmapped seas of adventure. The seas were limitless, and studded with happy islands: every fresh discovery they made about each other, every new agreement of ideas and feelings, offered itself to these intrepid explorers as a friendly coast where they might beach their keel and take their bearings. Thus, in the thronging hum of metaphor, Justine sometimes pictured their relation; seeing it, again, as a journey through crowded populous cities, where every face she met was Amherst's; or, contrarily, as a multiplication of points of perception, so that one became, for the world's contact, a surface so multitudinously alive that the old myth of hearing the grass grow and walking the rainbow explained itself as the heightening of personality to the utmost pitch of sympathy.

In reality, the work at Westmore became an almost necessary sedative after these flights into the blue. She felt sometimes that they would have been bankrupted of sensations if daily hours of drudgery had not provided a reservoir in which fresh powers of enjoyment could slowly gather. And their duties had the rarer quality of constituting, precisely, the deepest, finest bond between them, the clarifying element which saved their happiness from stagnation, and kept it in the strong mid-current of human feeling.

It was this element in their affection which, in the last days of November, was unexpectedly put on trial. Mr. Langhope, since his return from his annual visit to Europe, showed signs of diminishing strength and elasticity. He had had to give up his nightly dinner parties, to desert his stall at the Opera: to take, in short, as he plaintively put it, his social pleasures homœopathically. Certain of his friends explained the change by saying that he had never been "quite the same" since his daughter's death; while others found its determining cause in the shock of Amherst's second marriage. But this insinuation Mr. Langhope in due time discredited by writing to ask the Amhersts if they would not pity his loneliness and spend the winter in town with him. The proposal came in a letter to Justine, which she handed to her

husband one afternoon on his return from the mills.

She sat behind the tea-table in the Westmore drawing-room, now at last transformed, not into Mrs. Dressel's vision of "something lovely in Louis Seize," but into a warm yet sober setting for books, for scattered flowers, for deep chairs and shaded lamps in pleasant nearness to each other.

Amherst raised his eyes from the letter, thinking as he did so how well her bright head, with its flame-like play of meanings, fitted into the background she had made for it. Still unobservant of external details, he was beginning to feel a vague well-being of the eye wherever her touch had passed.

"Well, we must do it," he said simply.

"Oh, must we?" she murmured, holding out his cup.

He smiled at her note of dejection. "Unnatural woman! New York *versus* Hanaford—do you really dislike it so much?"

She tried to bring a tone of consent into her voice. "I shall be very glad to be with Cicely again—and that, of course," she reflected, "is the reason why Mr. Langhope wants us."

"Well—if it is, it's a good reason."

"Yes. But how much shall you be with us?"

"If you say so, I'll arrange to get away for a month or two."

"Oh, no: I don't want that!" she said, with a smile that triumphed a little. "But why should not Cicely come here?"

"If Mr. Langhope is cut off from his usual amusements, I'm afraid that would only make him more lonely."

"Yes, I suppose so." She put aside her untasted cup, resting her elbows on her knees, and her chin on her clasped hands, in the attitude habitual to her in moments of inward debate.

Amherst rose, and seated himself on the sofa beside her. "Dear! What is it?" he said, drawing her hands down, so that she had to turn her face to his.

"Nothing. . . . I don't know . . . a superstition. I've been so happy here!"

"Is our happiness too perishable to be transplanted?"

She smiled and answered by another question. "You don't mind doing it, then?"

Amherst hesitated. "Shall I tell you? I feel that it's a sort of ring of Polycrates. It may buy off the jealous gods."

A faint shrinking from some importunate suggestion seemed to press her closer to him. "Then you feel they *are* jealous?" she breathed, in a half-laugh.

"I pity them if they're not!"

"Yes," she agreed, rallying to his tone. "I only had a fancy that they might overlook such a dull place as Hanaford."

Amherst drew her to him. "Isn't it, on the contrary, in the ash-heaps that the rag-pickers prow!"

There was no disguising it: she was growing afraid of her happiness. Her husband's analogy of the ring expressed her fear. She seemed to herself to carry a blazing jewel on her breast—something that singled her out for human envy and divine pursuit. She had a preposterous longing to dress plainly and shabbily, to subdue her voice and gestures, to try to slip through life unnoticed; yet all the while she knew that her jewel would shoot its rays through every disguise. And from the depths of ancient atavistic instincts came the hope that Amherst was right—that by sacrificing their precious solitude to Mr. Langhope's convenience they might still deceive the gods.

Once pledged to her new task, Justine, as usual, espoused it with ardour. It was pleasant, even among greater joys, to see her husband again frankly welcomed by Mr. Langhope; to see Cicely bloom into happiness at their coming; and to overhear Mr. Langhope exclaim, in a confidential aside to his son-in-law: "It's wonderful, the *bien-être* that wife of yours diffuses about her!"

The element of *bien-être* was the only one in which Mr. Langhope could draw breath; and to those who kept him immersed in it he was prodigal of delicate attentions. The experiment, in short, was a complete success; and even Amherst's necessary weeks at Hanaford had the merit of giving a finer flavour to his brief appearances.

Of all this Justine was thinking as she drove down Fifth Avenue one January afternoon to meet her husband at the Grand Central station. She had tamed her happiness at last: the quality of fear had left it, and it nestled in her heart like some wild creature subdued to human ways. And, as her inward bliss became more and more a quiet habit of the mind, the longing to help

and minister returned, absorbing her more deeply in her husband's work.

She dismissed the carriage at the station, and when his train had arrived they emerged together into the cold winter twilight and turned up Madison Avenue. These walks home from the station gave them a little more time to themselves than if they had driven; and there was always so much to tell on both sides. This time the news was all good: the work at Westmore was prospering, and on Justine's side there was a more cheerful report of Mr. Langhope's health, and—best of all—his promise to give them Cicely for the summer. Amherst and Justine were both anxious that the child should spend more time at Hanaford, that her young associations should begin to gather about Westmore; and Justine exulted in the fact that the suggestion had come from Mr. Langhope himself, while she and Amherst were still planning how to lead him up to it.

They reached the house while this triumph was still engaging them; and in the doorway Amherst turned to her with a smile.

"And of course—dear man!—he believes the idea is all his. There's nothing you can't make people believe, you little Jesuit!"

"I don't think there is!" she boasted, falling gaily into his tone; and then, as the door opened, and she entered the hall, her eyes fell on a blotted envelope which lay among the letters on the table.

The parlour-maid proffered it with a word of explanation. "A gentleman left it for you, madam; he asked to see you, and said he'd call for the answer in a day or two."

"Another begging letter, I suppose," said Amherst, turning into the drawing-room, where Mr. Langhope and Cicely awaited them; and Justine, carelessly pushing the envelope into her muff, murmured "I suppose so" as she followed him.

XXXIII

OVER the tea-table Justine forgot the note in her muff; but when she went upstairs to dress it fell to the floor, and she picked it up and laid it on her dressing-table.

She had already recognized the hand as Wyant's, for it was not the first letter she had received from him.

Three times since her marriage he had appealed to her for help, excusing himself on the plea of difficulties and ill-health. The first time he wrote, he alluded vaguely to having married, and to being compelled, through illness, to give up his practice at Clifton. On receiving this letter she made enquiries, and learned that, a month or two after her departure from Lynbrook, Wyant had married the daughter of a Clifton farmer—a pretty piece of flaunting innocence, whom she remembered about the lanes, generally with a young man in a buggy. There had evidently been something obscure and precipitate about the marriage, which was a strange one for the ambitious young doctor. Justine conjectured that it might have been the cause of his leaving Clifton—or perhaps he had already succumbed to the fatal habit she had suspected in him. At any rate he seemed, in some mysterious way, to have dropped in two years from promise to failure; yet she could not believe that, with his talents, and the name he had begun to make, such a lapse could be more than temporary. She had often heard Dr. Garford prophesy great things for him; but Dr. Garford had died suddenly during the previous summer, and the inopportune loss of this powerful friend was mentioned by Wyant among his misfortunes.

Justine was anxious to help him, but her marriage to a rich man had not given her the command of much money. She and Amherst, choosing to regard themselves as pensioners on the Westmore fortune, were scrupulous in restricting their personal expenditure; and her work among the mill-hands brought many demands on the modest allowance which her husband had insisted on her accepting. In reply to Wyant's first appeal, which reached her soon after her marriage, she had sent him a hundred dollars; but when the second came, some two months later—with a fresh tale of ill-luck and ill-health—she had not been able to muster more than half the amount. Finally a third letter had arrived, a short time before their departure from Hanaford. It told the same tale of persistent misfortune, but on this occasion Wyant, instead of making a direct appeal for money, suggested that, through her hospital connections, she should help him to establish a New York practice. His tone was half-whining, half-peremptory, his once precise writing

smear and illegible; and these indications, combined with her former suspicions, convinced her that, for the moment, the writer was unfit for medical work. At any rate, she could not assume the responsibility of recommending him; and in answering, she advised him to apply to some of the physicians he had worked with at Lynbrook, softening her refusal by the enclosure of a small sum of money. To this letter she received no answer. Wyant doubtless found the money insufficient, and resented her unwillingness to help him by the use of her influence; and she felt sure that the note before her contained a renewal of his former request.

An obscure reluctance made her begin to undress before opening it. She felt slightly tired and indolently happy, and she did not wish any jarring impression to break in on the sense of completeness which her husband's coming always put into her life. Her happiness was making her timid and luxurious: she was beginning to shrink from even trivial annoyances.

But when at length, in her dressing-gown, her loosened hair about her shoulders, she seated herself before the toilet-mirror, Wyant's note once more confronted her. It was absurd to put off reading it—if he asked for money again, she would simply confide the whole business to Amherst.

She had never spoken to her husband of her correspondence with Wyant. The mere fact that the latter had appealed to her, instead of addressing himself to Amherst, made her suspect that he had a weakness to hide, and counted on her professional discretion. But his continued importunities would certainly release her from any such hypothetical obligation; and she thought with relief of casting the weight of her difficulty on her husband's shoulders.

She opened the note and read.

"I did not acknowledge your last letter because I was ashamed to tell you that the money was not enough to be of any use. But I am past shame now. My wife was confined three weeks ago, and has been desperately ill ever since. She is in no state to move, but we shall be put out of these rooms unless I can get money or work at once. A word from you would have given me a start in New York—and I'd be willing to begin again as an interne or a doctor's assistant.

"I have never reminded you of what

you owe me, and I should not do so now if I hadn't been to hell and back since I saw you. But I suppose you would rather have me remind you than apply to Mr. Amherst. You can tell me when to call for my answer."

Justine laid down the letter and looked up. Her eyes rested on her own reflection in the glass, and it frightened her. She sat motionless, with a thickly-beating heart, one hand clenched on the letter.

I suppose you would rather have me remind you than apply to Mr. Amherst.

That was what his importunity meant, then! She had been paying blackmail all this time. . . . Somewhere, from the first, in an obscure fold of consciousness, she had felt the stir of an unnamed, unacknowledged fear; and now the fear raised its head and looked at her. Well! She would look back at it then: look it straight in the malignant eye. What was it, after all, but a "bugbear to scare children"—the ghost of the opinion of the many? She had suspected from the first that Wyant knew of her having shortened the term of Bessy Amherst's sufferings—returning to the room when he did, it was almost impossible that he should not have detected what had happened; and his silence at the time had made her believe that he understood her motive and approved it. But, supposing she had been mistaken, she still had nothing to fear, since she had done nothing that her own conscience condemned. If the act were to do again she would do it—she had never known a moment's regret!

Suddenly she heard Amherst's step in the passage—heard him laughing and talking as he chased Cicely up the stairs to the nursery.

If she was not afraid, why had she never told Amherst?

Why, the answer to that was simple enough! She had not told him *because she was not afraid*. From the first she had retained sufficient detachment to view her act impartially, to find it completely justified by circumstances, and to decide that, since those circumstances could be but partly and indirectly known to her husband, she not only had the right to keep her own counsel, but was actually under a kind of obligation not to force on him the knowledge of a fact that he could not alter and could not completely judge. . . . Was there

any flaw in this line of reasoning? Did it not show a deliberate weighing of conditions, a perfect rectitude of intention? And, after all, she had had Amherst's virtual consent to her act! She knew his feeling on such matters—his independence of traditional judgments, his horror of inflicting needless pain—she was as sure of his intellectual assent as of her own. She was even sure that, when she told him, he would appreciate her reasons for not telling him before. . . .

For now of course he must know everything—this horrible letter made it inevitable. She regretted now that she had decided, though for the best of reasons, not to speak to him of her own accord; for it was intolerable that he should think of any external pressure as having brought her to avowal. But no! he would not think that. The understanding between them was so complete that no deceptive array of circumstances could ever make her motives obscure to him. She let herself rest a moment in the thought. . . .

Presently she heard him moving in the next room—he had come back to dress for dinner. She would go to him now, at once—she could not bear this weight on her mind the whole evening. She pushed back her chair, crumpling the letter in her hand; but as she did so, her eyes again fell on her reflection. She could not go to her husband with such a face! If she was not afraid, why did she look like that?

Well—she was afraid! It would be easier and simpler to admit it. She was afraid—afraid for the first time—afraid for her own happiness! She had had just eight months of happiness—it was horrible to think of losing it so soon. . . . Losing it? But why should she lose it? The letter must have affected her brain . . . all her thoughts were in a blur of fear. . . . Fear of what? Of the man who understood her as no one else understood her? The man to whose wisdom and mercy she trusted as the believer trusts in God? This was a kind of abominable nightmare—even Amherst's image had been distorted in her mind! The only way to clear her brain, to recover the normal sense of things, was to go to him now, at once, to feel his arms about her, to let his kiss allay her fears. . . . She rose to her feet with a long breath of relief.

She had to cross the length of the room

to reach his door, and when she had gone half-way she heard him knock.

"May I come in?"

She was close to the fire-place, and a bright fire burned on the hearth.

"Come in!" she said; and as she did so, she turned and dropped Wyant's letter into the fire. Her hand had crushed it into a little ball, and she saw the flames spring up and swallow it before her husband entered.

It was not that she had changed her mind—she still meant to tell him everything. But to hold the letter was like holding a venomous snake—she wanted to exterminate it, to forget that she had ever seen the blotted, repulsive characters. And she could not bear to have Amherst's eye rest on it, to have him know that any man had dared to write to her in that tone. What vile meanings might not be read between Wyant's phrases? She had a right to tell the story in her own way—the true way.

As Amherst approached, in his evening clothes, the heavy locks smoothed from his forehead, a flower of Cicely's giving in his button-hole, she thought she had never seen him look so kind and handsome.

"Not dressed? Do you know that it's ten minutes to eight?" he said, coming up to her with a smile.

She roused herself, putting her hands to her hair. "Yes, I know—I forgot," she murmured, longing to feel his arms about her, but standing rooted to the ground, unable to move an inch nearer.

It was he who came close, drawing her lifted hands into his. "You look worried—I hope it was nothing troublesome that made you forget?"

The divine kindness in his voice, his eyes! Yes—it would be easy, quite easy, to tell him.

"No—yes—I was a little troubled. . . ." she said, feeling the warmth of his touch flow through her hands reassuringly.

"Dear! What about?"

She drew a deep breath. "The letter——"

He looked puzzled. "What letter?"

"Downstairs . . . when we came in . . . it was not an ordinary begging-letter."

"No? What then?" he asked, his face clouding.

She noticed the change, and it frightened her. Was he angry? Was he going to be

angry? But how absurd! He was only distressed at her distress.

"What then?" he repeated, more gently.

She looked up into his eyes for an instant.

"It was a horrible letter——" she whispered, as she pressed her clasped hands against him.

His grasp tightened on her wrists, and again the stern look crossed his face. "Horrible? What do you mean?"

She had never seen him angry—but she felt suddenly that, to the guilty creature, his anger would be terrible. He would crush Wyant—she must be careful how she spoke.

"I didn't mean that—only painful. . . ."

"Where is the letter? Let me see it."

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed, shrinking away.

"Justine, what has happened? What ails you?"

On a blind impulse she had backed toward the hearth, propping her arms against the mantel-piece while she stole a secret glance at the embers. Nothing remained of it—no, nothing.

But suppose it was against herself that his anger turned? The idea was preposterous, yet she trembled at it. It was clear that she must say *something* at once—must somehow account for her agitation. But the sense that she was unnerved—no longer in control of her face, her voice—made her feel that she would tell her story badly if she told it now. . . . Had she not the right to gain a respite, to choose her own hour? . . . Weakness—weakness again! Every delay would only increase the phantom terror. Now, *now*—with her head on his breast!

She turned toward him and began to speak impulsively.

"I can't show you the letter, because it's not—not my secret——"

"Ah?" he murmured, perceptibly relieved.

"It's from some one—unlucky—whom I've known about—who needs help. . . ."

"And whose troubles have been troubling you? But can't we help?"

She shone on him through gleaming lashes. "Some one poor and ill—who needs money, I mean——" She tried to laugh away her tears. "And I haven't any! That's my trouble!"

"Foolish child! And to beg you are ashamed? And so you're letting your tears cool Mr. Langhope's soup?" He had her

in his arms now, his kisses drying her cheek; and she turned her head so that their lips met in a long pressure.

"Will a hundred dollars do?" he asked with a smile as he released her.

A hundred dollars! No—she was almost sure they would not. But she tried to shape a murmur of gratitude. "Thank you—thank you! I hated to ask. . . ."

"I'll write the cheque at once."

"No—no," she protested, "there's no hurry."

But he went back to his room, and she turned again to the toilet-table. Her face was dreadful to look at still—but a light was breaking through its fear. She felt the touch of a narcotic in her veins. How calm and peaceful the room was—and how delicious to think that her life would go on in it, calmly and peacefully, in the old familiar way!

As she swept up her hair, passing the comb through it, and flinging it dexterously over her lifted wrist, she heard Amherst cross the floor behind her, and pause to lay something on her writing-table.

"Thank you!" she murmured again, lowering her head as he passed.

When the door had closed on him, she thrust the last pin into her hair, dashed some drops of cologne on her face, and went over to the writing-table. As she picked up the cheque she saw it was for three hundred dollars.

XXXIV

ONCE or twice, in the days that followed, Justine found herself thinking that she had never known happiness before. The old state of secure well-being seemed now like a dreamless sleep; but this new bliss, on its sharp pinnacle ringed with fire—this thrilling, conscious joy, daily and hourly snatched from fear—this was living, not sleeping!

Wyant acknowledged her gift with profuse, almost servile thanks. She had sent it without a word—saying to herself that pity for his situation made it possible to ignore his baseness. And the days went on as before. She was not conscious of any change, save in the heightened, almost artificial quality of her happiness, till one day in March, when Mr. Langhope announced that he was going for two or three weeks to a friend's shooting-box in the south. The

anniversary of Bessy's death was approaching, and Justine knew that at that time he always absented himself to escape from painful memories.

"Supposing you and Amherst were to carry off Cicely till I come back? Perhaps you could persuade him to break away from work for once—or, if that's impossible, you could take her with you to Hanaford. She looks a little pale, and the change would be good for her."

This was a great concession on Mr. Langhope's part, and Justine saw the pleasure in her husband's face. It was the first time that his father-in-law had suggested Cicely's going to Hanaford.

"I'm afraid I can't break away just now, sir," Amherst said "but it will be delightful for Justine if you'll give us Cicely while you're away."

"Take her by all means, my dear fellow: I always sleep on both ears when she's with your wife."

It was nearly three months since Justine had left Hanaford—and now she was to return there alone with her husband! There would be hours, of course, when the child's presence was between them—or when, again, his work would keep him at the mills. But in the evenings, when Cicely was in bed—when he and she sat alone together in the Westmore drawing-room—in Bessy's drawing-room! . . . No—she must find some excuse for remaining away till she had again grown used to the idea of being alone with Amherst. Every day she was growing a little more used to it; but it would take time—time, and the full assurance that Wyant was silenced. Till then she could not go back to Hanaford.

She found a pretext in her own health. She pleaded that she was a little tired, below par . . . and to return to Hanaford meant returning to hard work; with the best will in the world she could not be idle there. Might she not, she suggested, take Cicely to Tuxedo or Lakewood instead, and thus get quite away from household cares and good works? The pretext rang hollow—it was so unlike her! She saw Amherst's eyes rest anxiously on her as Mr. Langhope uttered his prompt assent. Certainly she did look tired—Mr. Langhope himself had noticed it. Had he perhaps over-taxed her energies, left the household too entirely on her shoulders? Oh, no—it was only the

New York air . . . like Cicely, she pined for a breath of the woods. . . . And so, the day Mr. Langhope left, she and Cicely were packed off to Lakewood.

They stayed there a week: then a fit of restlessness drove Justine back to town. She found an excuse in the constant rain—it was really useless, as she wrote Mr. Langhope, to keep the child imprisoned in an over-heated hotel while she could get no benefit from the outdoor life. In reality, she found the long lonely hours unendurable. She pined for a sight of her husband, and thought of committing Cicely to Mrs. Ansell's care, and making a sudden dash for Hanaford. But the vision of the long evenings in the Westmore drawing-room again restrained her. No—she would simply go back to New York, dine out occasionally, go to a concert or two, trust to the usual demands of town life to crowd her hours with small activities. . . . And in another week Mr. Langhope would be back and the days would resume their normal course.

On arriving, she looked feverishly through the letters in the hall. None from Wyant—that fear was allayed! Every day added to her reassurance. By this time, no doubt, he was on his feet again, and ashamed—unutterably ashamed—of the threat that despair had wrung from him. She felt almost sure that his shame would keep him from ever attempting to see her, or even from writing again.

"A gentleman called to see you yesterday, madam—he would give no name," the parlour-maid said. And there was the sick fear back upon her again! She could hardly control the trembling of her lips as she asked: "Did he leave no message?"

"No, madam: he only wanted to know when you'd be back."

She longed to return: "And did you tell him?" but restrained herself, and passed into the drawing-room with Cicely. After all, the parlour-maid had not described the caller—why jump to the conclusion that it was Wyant?

Three days passed, and no letter came—no sign. She struggled with the temptation to describe Wyant to the servants, and to forbid his admission. But it would not do. They were nearly all old servants, in whose eyes she was still the intruder, the upstart sick-nurse—she could not wholly trust them. And each day she felt a little

easier, a little more convinced that the unknown visitor had not been Wyant.

On the fourth day she received a letter from Amherst. He hoped to return on the morrow, but as his plans were still uncertain he would telegraph in the morning—and meanwhile she must keep well, and rest, and amuse herself.

Amuse herself! That evening, as it happened, she was going to the theatre with Mrs. Ansell. She and Mrs. Ansell, though outwardly on perfect terms, had not greatly progressed in intimacy. The agitated, decentralized life of the older woman seemed futile and trivial to Justine. But on Mr. Langhope's account she wished to keep up an appearance of friendship with his friend, and the same motive doubtless prompted the other's affability. Just now, at any rate, Justine was grateful for her attentions, and glad to go about with her. Anything—anything to get away from her own thoughts! That was the pass she had come to.

At the theatre, in a proscenium box, the publicity, the light and movement, the action of the play, all helped to distract and quiet her. At such moments she grew ashamed of her fears. Why was she tormenting herself? If anything happened, she had only to ask her husband for more money. . . . She never spoke to him of her good works, and there would be nothing to excite suspicion in her asking help again for the friend whose secret she was pledged to keep. . . . But nothing was going to happen. As the play progressed, and the stimulus of talk and laughter flowed through her veins, she felt a complete return of confidence. And then, suddenly, she glanced across the house, and saw Wyant looking at her.

He sat rather far back, in one of the side rows just beneath the balcony, so that his face was partly shaded. But even in the shadow it frightened her. She had been prepared for a change, but not for this ghastly deterioration. And he continued to look at her.

She began to be afraid that he would do something dreadful—point at her, or stand up in his seat. She thought he looked half-mad—or was it her own hallucination that made him appear so? She and Mrs. Ansell were alone in the box for the moment, and she started up uncontrollably, pushing back her chair. . . .

Mrs. Ansell leaned forward. "What is it?"
"Nothing—the heat—I'll sit back for a moment."

But as she withdrew into the back of the box, she was seized by a new fear. If he was still watching her, might he not come to the door of the box and try to speak to her? Her only safety lay in remaining in full view of the audience; and she returned to Mrs. Ansell's side.

The other members of the party came back—the bell rang, the foot-lights blazed, the curtain rose. She lost herself in the mazes of the play. She sat so motionless, her face so intently turned toward the stage, that the muscles at the back of her neck began to stiffen. And then, quite suddenly, toward the middle of the act, she felt an undefinable sense of relief. She could not tell what caused it—but slowly, cautiously, while the eyes of the others were intent upon the stage, she turned her head and looked toward Wyant's seat. It was empty.

Her first thought was that he had gone to wait for her outside. But no—there were two more acts: why should he stand at the door for half the evening?

At last the act ended; the entr'acte elapsed; the play went on again—and still the seat was empty. Gradually she persuaded herself that she had been mistaken in thinking that the man who had occupied it was Wyant. Her self-command returned, she began to think and talk naturally, to follow the dialogue on the stage—and when the evening was over, and Mrs. Ansell set her down at her door, she had almost forgotten her fears.

The next morning she felt calmer than for many days. She was sure now that if Wyant had wished to speak to her he would have waited at the door of the theatre; and the recollection of his miserable face made apprehension yield to pity. She began to feel that she had treated him coldly, uncharitably. They had been friends once, as well as fellow-workers; but she had been false even to the comradeship of the hospital. She should have sought him out and given him sympathy as well as money; had she shown some sign of human kindness, his last letter might never have been written.

In the course of the morning, Amherst telegraphed that he hoped to settle his business in time to catch the two o'clock express, but that his plans were still uncertain.

Justine and Cicely lunched alone, and after luncheon the little girl was despatched to her dancing-class. Justine herself meant to go out when the brougham returned. She went up to her room to dress, planning to drive in the park, and to drop in on Mrs. Ansell before she called for Cicely; but on the way downstairs she saw the servant opening the door to a visitor. It was too late to draw back; and descending the last steps, she found herself face to face with Wyant.

They looked at each other a moment in silence; then Justine murmured a word of greeting, and led the way to the drawing-room.

It was a snowy afternoon, and in the raw ash-coloured light she thought he looked more changed than at the theatre. She remarked, too, that his clothes were worn and untidy, his gloveless hands soiled and tremulous. None of the degrading signs of his infirmity were lacking; and she saw at once that, while in the early days of the habit he had probably mixed his drugs, so that the conflicting symptoms neutralized each other, he had now sunk into open morphia-taking. She felt profoundly sorry for him; yet as he followed her into the room physical repulsion again mastered the sense of pity.

But where action was possible she was always self-controlled, and she turned to him quietly as they seated themselves.

"I have been wishing to see you," she said, looking at him. "I have felt that I ought to have done so sooner—to have told you how sorry I am for your bad luck."

He returned her glance with surprise: they were evidently the last words he had expected.

"You're very kind," he said in a low embarrassed voice. He had kept on his shabby over-coat, and he twirled his hat in his hands as he spoke.

"I have felt," Justine continued, "that perhaps a talk with you might be of more use——"

He raised his head, fixing her with bright narrowed eyes. "I have felt so too: that's my reason for coming. You sent me a generous present some weeks ago—but I don't want to go on living on charity."

"I understand that," she answered. "But why have you had to do so? Won't you tell me just what has happened?"

She felt the words to be almost a mock-

ery; yet she could not say "I read your history at a glance"; and she hoped that her question might draw out his wretched secret, and thus give her the chance to speak frankly.

He gave a nervous laugh. "Just what has happened? It's a long story—and some of the details are not particularly pretty." He broke off, moving his hat more rapidly through his trembling hands.

"Never mind: tell me."

"Well—after you all left Lynbrook I had rather a bad break-down—the strain of Mrs. Amherst's case, I suppose. You remember Bramble, the Clifton grocer? Miss Bramble nursed me—I daresay you remember her too. When I recovered I married her—and after that things didn't go well."

He paused, breathing quickly, and looking about the room with odd, furtive glances. "I was only half-well, anyhow—I couldn't attend to my patients properly—and after a few months we decided to leave Clifton, and I bought a practice in New Jersey. But my wife was ill there, and things went wrong again—damnably. I suppose you've guessed that my marriage was a mistake. She had an idea that we should do better in New York—so we came here a few months ago, and we've done decidedly worse."

Justine listened with a sense of discouragement. She saw now that he did not mean to acknowledge his failing, and knowing the secretiveness of the drug-taker she decided that he was deluded enough to think he could still deceive her.

"Well," he began again, with an attempt at jauntiness, "I've found out that in my profession it's a hard struggle to get on your feet again, after illness or—or any bad setback. That's the reason I asked you to say a word for me. It's not only the money, though I need that badly—I want to get back my self-respect. With my record I oughtn't to be where I am—and you can speak for me better than any one."

"Why better than the doctors you've worked with?" Justine put the question abruptly, looking him straight in the eyes.

His glance dropped, and an unpleasant flush rose to his thin cheeks.

"Well—as it happens, you're better situated than any one to help me to the particular thing I want."

"The particular thing——?"

"Yes. I understand that Mr. Langhope

and Mrs. Ansell are both interested in the new wing for paying patients at Saint Christopher's. I want the position of house-physician there, and I know you can get it for me."

His tone changed as he spoke, till with the last words it became rough and almost menacing.

Justine felt her colour rise, and her heart began to beat confusedly. Here was the truth, then: she could no longer be the dupe of her own compassion. The man knew his power and meant to use it. But at the thought her courage was in arms.

"I'm sorry—but it's impossible," she said.

His face darkened. "Impossible—why?"

She continued to look at him steadily. "You said just now that you wished to regain your self-respect. Well, you must regain it before you can ask me—or any one else—to recommend you to a position of trust."

Wyant half-rose, with an angry murmur. "My self-respect? What do you mean? I meant that I'd lost courage—through ill-luck——"

"Yes; and your ill-luck has come through your own fault. Till you cure yourself you're not fit to cure others."

He sank back into his seat, glowering at her under sullen brows; then his expression gradually changed to half-sneering admiration. "You're a plucky one!" he said.

Justine repressed a movement of disgust. "I am very sorry for you," she said gravely. "I saw this trouble coming on you long ago—and if there is any other way in which I can help you——"

"Thanks," he returned, still sneering. "Your sympathy is very precious—there was a time when I would have given my soul for it. But that's over, and I'm here to talk business. You say you saw my trouble coming on—did it ever occur to you that you were the cause of it?"

Justine glanced at him with frank contempt. "No—for I was not," she replied.

"That's an easy way out of it. But you took everything from me—first my hope of marrying you; then my chance of a big success in my career; and I was desperate—weak, if you like—and tried to deaden my feelings in order to keep up my pluck."

Justine rose to her feet with a movement of impatience. "Every word you say proves

how unfit you are to assume any responsibility—to do anything but try to recover your health. If I can help you to that, I am still willing to do so.”

Wyant rose also, moving a step nearer. “Well, get me that place, then—I’ll see to the rest: I’ll keep straight.”

“No—it’s impossible.”

“You won’t?”

“I can’t,” she repeated firmly.

“And you expect to put me off with that answer?”

She hesitated. “Yes—if there’s no other help you’ll accept.”

He laughed again—his feeble sneering laugh was disgusting. “Oh, I don’t say that. I’d like to earn my living honestly—funny preference—but if you cut me off from that, I suppose it’s only fair to let you make up for it. My wife and child have got to live.”

“You choose a strange way of helping them; but I will do what I can if you will go for a while to some institution——”

He broke in furiously. “Institution be damned! You can’t shuffle me out of the way like that. I’m all right—good food is what I need. You think I’ve got morphia in me—why, it’s hunger!”

Justine heard him with a renewal of pity. “Oh, I’m sorry for you—very sorry. Why do you try to deceive me?”

“Why do you deceive *me*?” You know what I want and you know you’ve got to let me have it. If you won’t give me a line to one of your friends at Saint Christopher’s you’ll have to give me another cheque—that’s the size of it.”

As they faced each other in silence Justine’s pity gave way to a sudden hatred for the poor creature who stood shivering and sneering before her.

“You choose the wrong tone—and I think our talk has lasted long enough,” she said, stretching her hand to the bell.

Wyant did not move. “Don’t ring—unless you want me to write to your husband,” he rejoined.

A sick feeling of helplessness overcame her; but she turned on him bravely. “I pardoned you once for that threat!”

“Yes—and you sent me a cheque the next day.”

“I was mistaken enough to think that, in your distress, you had not realized what you wrote. But if you’re a systematic black-mailer——”

“Gently—gently. Bad names don’t frighten me—it’s hunger and debt I’m afraid of.”

Justine felt a last tremor of compassion. He was abominable—but he was pitiable too.

“I will really help you—I will see your wife and do what I can—but I can give you no money today.”

“Why not?”

“Because I have none. I am not as rich as you think.”

He smiled incredulously. “Give me a line to Mr. Langhope, then.”

“No.”

He sat down once more, leaning back with a weak assumption of ease. “Perhaps Mr. Amherst will think differently.”

She whitened, but said steadily: “Mr. Amherst is away.”

“Very well—I can write.”

For the last five minutes Justine had foreseen this threat, and had tried to force her mind to face dispassionately the contingencies involved in it. After all, why not let him write to Amherst? The very villainess of the deed would rouse an indignation which would be all in her favour, would inevitably dispose her husband to readier sympathy with the motive of her act, as contrasted with the base insinuations of the creature who sought to profit by it. It seemed impossible that Amherst should condemn her when his condemnation involved the fulfilling of Wyant’s calculations: a reaction of scorn would throw him into unhesitating championship of her conduct. All this was so clear that, had she been counselling any one else, her confidence in the course to be taken might have strengthened the feeblest will; but with the question lying between herself and Amherst—with the vision of those soiled hands literally laid, as it were, on the spotless fabric of her happiness, judgment wavered, foresight was obscured—she felt tremulously unable to face the intermediate steps between exposure and vindication. Her final conclusion was that she must, at any rate, gain time: buy off Wyant till she had been able to tell her story in her own way, and at her own hour, and then defy him when he returned to the assault. The idea that whatever concession she made would be only provisional, helped to extenuate the weakness of making it, and enabled her at last, without too painful a sense of falling below her own standards, to

reply in a low voice: "If you will go now, I will send you something next week."

But Wyant did not respond as readily as she had expected. He merely asked, without altering his insolently easy attitude: "How much? Unless it's a good deal, I prefer the letter."

Oh, why could she not cry out: "Leave the house at once—your vulgar threats are nothing to me"—? Why could she not even say in her own heart: *I will tell my husband tonight?*

"You're afraid," said Wyant, as if answering her thought. "What's the use of being afraid when you can make yourself comfortable so easily? You called me a systematic blackmailer—well, I'm not that yet. Give me a thousand and you'll see the last of me—on what used to be my honour."

Justine's heart sank. She had reached the point of being ready to appeal again to Amherst—but on what pretext could she ask for such a sum?

In a lifeless voice she said: "I could not possibly get more than one or two hundred. . . ."

Wyant scrutinized her a moment: her despair must have rung true to him. "Well, you must have something of your own—I saw your jewelry last night at the theatre," he said.

So it had been he—and he had sat there appraising her value like a murderer!

"Jewelry—?" she faltered.

"You had a thumping big sapphire—wasn't it?—with diamonds round it."

It was her only jewel—Amherst's marriage gift. She would have preferred a less valuable present, but his mother had prevailed on her to accept it, saying that it was the bride's duty to adorn herself for the bridegroom.

"I will give you nothing—" she was about to exclaim; when suddenly her eyes rested on the clock. If Amherst had caught the two o'clock express he would be at the house within the hour; and the only thing that seemed of consequence now, was that he should not meet Wyant. Supposing she still found courage to refuse—there was no

knowing how long the humiliating scene might be prolonged; and she must be rid of the creature at any cost. After all, she seldom wore the sapphire—months might pass without its absence being noted by Amherst's careless eye; and if it should be pawned, she might somehow save money to buy it back before he missed it. She went through these calculations with feverish rapidity; then she turned again to Wyant.

"You won't come back—ever?"

"I swear I won't," he said.

He moved away toward the window, as if to spare her; and she turned and slowly left the room.

She never forgot the moments that followed. Once outside the door, she was in such haste that she stumbled on the stairs, and had to pause on the landing to regain her breath. In her room she found one of the housemaids busy, and at first could think of no pretext for dismissing her. Then she bade the woman go down and send the brougham away, telling the coachman to call for Miss Cicely at six.

Left alone, she bolted the door, and as if with a thief's hand, opened her wardrobe, unlocked her jewel-box, and drew out the sapphire in its flat morocco case. She restored the box to its place, the key to its ring—then she opened the case and looked at the sapphire. As she did so, a little tremor ran over her neck and throat, and closing her eyes she felt her husband's kiss, and the touch of his hands as he fastened on the jewel.

She unbolted the door, listened intently on the landing, and then went slowly down the stairs. None of the servants were in sight, yet as she reached the lower hall she was conscious that the air had grown suddenly colder, as though the outer door had just been opened. She paused, and listened again. There was a sound of talking in the drawing-room. Could it be that in her absence a visitor had been admitted? The possibility frightened her at first—then she welcomed it as an unexpected means of ridding herself of her tormentor.

She opened the drawing-room door, and saw her husband talking with Wyant.

(To be continued.)

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

THAT gigantesque species of journalism which plays with Behemoth as with a bird still receives unaccountably solemn attention. Here is Mr. H. G. Wells, for instance, frankly recounting his impressions of America in the course of a six weeks' visit, and from one end of the country to the other, to judge from the newspaper comments, readers are asking if he is fair and accurate and properly equipped for his task. Many of them praise his "philosophic insight," though how they know he has it is by no means clear.

When Continents
Are Surmised

Some condemn him as "superficial," as if any human being in the circumstances could be otherwise; and some actually complain that he is "inconclusive"—fancy having to be conclusive about America in six weeks. It is an odd attitude toward so whimsical a book as "The Future in America" and must embarrass the modest author, who has not in the least the air of a Daniel come to the nation's judgment but of a writer in search of literary incentives. As well apply astronomical tests to verses to the moon. We are still given over to a dreary literalness in these matters and cannot permit any harmless light literary character to record his ferry-boat emotions without harassing ourselves about the truth. Now, for aught I know, Mr. Wells, Professor Münsterberg, Kipling, Max O'Rell and all the other recent nation-tasters may be profoundly and enormously right. I am no connoisseur of hemispheres. The man who stoutly tells me what the matter is with Asia to-day, how Europe is feeling, and whether America ever can be cured always has me under his thumb. Not being stationed on a sign of the Zodiac, I am in no position to reply. And why should one wish to deny by logic, comparative statistics, ethnology, political science, or indeed drag the intellect into the thing at all? Is it not pleasant to sit humbly by and see the populations of the earth "sized up" and hear Europe talking to America as man to man and learn the crisp truth about the Tropic of Capricorn, or the century, or modern

society, or Man? Need we be forever asking how he got his certitudes and if it was the real America that met him in his boarding-house and if he surely grasped the negro problem while talking to those two colored men? Literary travel is not in search of fact but of fluency, and the route always lies away from a land of many things to the land where one swallow makes a summer. Travel refreshes the faith in types. It is a rule of present-day belles-lettres that every country shall be peopled with types. At home men will not stay long in types, splitting up on acquaintance into mere personal and miscellaneous Browns and Robinsons, of small use for the larger literary purposes and refusing absolutely to typify Mankind. As to Woman in General, that great literary science is often rudely shattered by sheer knowledge of one's wife. So off for a new land where everybody is an allegory. It may be safe for philosophers to stay and scrutinize, but for these brave, vivacious international certainties the land must be skimmed and the people merely squinted at; or they, too, will resolve into Browns and Robinsons to the spoiling of good phrases and the blurring of birdseye views. The typical American is seen at once or never. There is no hope for any gigantesque journalist who does not find him on the pier.

It is to get rid of facts, not find them, that they come, and to escape from second thoughts, those sad disturbers of literary traffic. It is not to see a new kind of man but to see the same kind newly. Matthew Arnold writing a generation ago on the evils of English industrialism refers to one of England's "representative industrial men (something in the bottle way)." He sighs at "his ignorance of the situation; his ignorance of what makes nations great, his ignorance of what makes life worth living, his ignorance of everything except bottles—those infernal bottles!" Mr. Wells finds an Oneida man, a maker of chains and spoons, who, he says, "illuminated much to me that had been dark in the American character." "Making a

new world was, he thought, a rhetorical flourish about futile and troublesome activities, and politicians merely a disreputable sort of parasite upon honorable people who make chains and plated spoons." The way to find new types is to forget the old. Then there is progress—how write brightly of the stale old subjects of buzz and boom without the tonic of a change of scene? Seen at home it is even rather dispiriting. "What are you so low about, my man?" asked Mr. Hare of a charming old person, and the reply is still worth quoting: "Why, what wi' faith, and gas, and balloons, and steam ingines a-booming and a-fizzling through t' warld, and what wi' t' arth a-going round once in twenty-four hours I'm fairly muzzled and stagnated." But by crossing the seas even progress may become quite readable. Certainly it is so in this book and so are many other things whether true of Americans or of everybody or of nobody but Mr. Wells.

THE question of our national anthem has again come upon the order of the day. During the Civil War, and while "America," "Hail Columbia" and "The Star Spangled Banner" were already available, a number of patriotic New York merchants undertook to meet, on business principles, the new-felt want for a new national anthem. They advertised for it; words and music both to be considered, a jury of experts in each kind to be consulted, and handsome prizes to be conferred upon the winner. But the well-meant competition was infertile, and the literary and musical cognoscenti had their fun with the products of it.

It seems that the national hymn is not made to order. Like Topsy it "jes grows." The

National
Hymnology

only ordered anthem which has kept its place is the Austrian Hymn of the good Papa Haydn, and the tune, though excellent as the basis for variations on a string quartette, has nothing of Tyrtæan. *Qua* tune, the Russian Hymn is one of the best, but the musical dictionaries are silent as to the name of its composer. Possibly the name of some composer goes with the Italian "Royal March," but none with "Garibaldi's Hymn," to which the New Italy marches more enthusiastically; as Germany more enthusiastically to "Die Wacht am Rhein" than to the official "Heil dir im Siegeskranz." This latter indeed is the tune, "made in England," which serves not only its native land and Ger-

many, but also, under the name of "America," helps to voice the patriotism at least of New England, to which its words exclusively relate. "I must show the English," remarked Beethoven, "what a treasure they have in their 'God Save the King.'" He did not show them; the "Wellington's Victory," which embodied the attempt, being that one of his mature compositions which his worshippers are most willing to let die. As to the English words, they are of course not for export, postulating, as they do, a British tribal God, with their cheerful assumption that the tricks of the enemy are necessarily "knavish" and his politics necessarily worthy of confusion, though indeed the postulation is no plainer than in Mr. Kipling's "Recessional." And one may recur to Mr. Kipling to characterize the words of "God Save the King,"—"they're so blame British."

It seems that the true national anthem must be an "occasional" poem. Allegorical abstractions will not do. France has had several national hymns since the Marseillaise marched up to Paris. But she still marches to the strains of what Carlyle calls "the luckiest musical composition ever promulgated." Perhaps Rouget de l'Isle's inspiration was as much poetical as musical, and the lesson of his unparalleled vogue seems at any rate to be that it is an event and not an abstraction that fills the requirements of a national anthem. Forcely the Willson "abstracted," and quite in the grand manner, the essence of our Civil War. And yet you cannot precisely see musicians "setting" the abstractions, much less multitudes singing the same. The "Star Spangled Banner," on the other hand, celebrates an event, and an event which the patriotic muse could hardly have been expected to celebrate, being an episode of about the most inglorious campaign in which the American arms were ever engaged. And the "Star Spangled Banner" has just become "actual," by the assumption of certain educators to eliminate those of its words which seem to be incompatible with the present Anglo-American "understanding." These educators considered that British susceptibilities might be touched by the statement that

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,

although neither of those fates was exactly that of the British force which captured Washington, what time the American "politics"

were in fact confounded, and American tricks, knavish or otherwise, were in fact frustrated. But militant Americanism has arisen in its might, insisting that hireling and slave shall not be deleted, and that the attempt to delete them is Anglomaniacal. The attempt does at least look rather puerile. It was really not an occasion for the American bard to profess admiration for the motives of the invaders, and to apostrophize them in the language of Mr. George Sampson to Mrs. Wilfer: "Demon—with the highest respect for you—be-

hold your work." It is a more serious trouble with the "Star Spangled Banner," considered as a national anthem, that the average American can neither remember the words nor manage the tune. A musician has made a well meant, but thus far futile, attempt to remedy this last defect by lowering the top notes so as to bring them within the compass of the ordinary voice. But, all the same, when the first strain of it is sounded by a military band we all stand up and rejoice, and it is in no danger of being supplanted.

· THE FIELD OF ART ·

THE FOUNDING OF A NATIONAL MUSEUM OF ART IN WASHINGTON.

WITHIN a year two events of importance to the art of painting in this country have happened by the choice of our National Capital as the final resting place of two notable collections of pictures by American artists. With the collection of Mr. Charles L. Freer, whose gift is posterior to the limit of the donor's life, this paper need not deal, but fifty odd paintings donated by Mr. William T. Evans have been temporarily placed in the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, where, awaiting the erection of a building for a National Museum of Art, foreshadowed in a letter from the President of the United States in accepting Mr. Evans's gift for the nation, they may be considered as having entered upon their beneficent task of informing our people of the state of the arts of our country.

There is ample reason in the choice of Washington as the site for a National Museum of Art. The wise latitude established by the founders of the Republic, which fosters material and political evolution throughout our vast territory, is here circumscribed by the absence of suffrage; creating a zone of calm, propitious as a middle ground where sectional or local interests are forgotten and science or art may assert their claims. Science, indeed, has long enjoyed these privileges and the Smithsonian Institution, under whose protection the newer Museum of Art is

expected to grow, is known throughout the land. It is typical of the way we do things in this country that a National Museum of Art should be entrusted to individual effort, thus avoiding any paternal interest by the Government proper in the protection or encouragement of art as a national asset. Thus have grown by individual gifts the already considerable collections of our Metropolitan Museum in New York City, and so quickly do our people accept the guardianship of public property that not one in a hundred realizes that, while the buildings to hold and the current maintenance of these treasures are at the public charge, not one penny of public money has been spent in their acquisition.

Evidently this is the method which will be followed in Washington; a method that may count upon extensive contributions now that the initiative has been taken, but which has the obvious defect of the difficulty of choice and the wise control of generous but injudicious gifts. The method employed in France at once asserts itself as the most logical to effect a truly representative showing of the art of a country, but it has for us the inherent difficulty that there all works become, through purchase by public funds, the property of the Government. Thus the various commissions appointed to control the national collections have a free hand. Those of the works purchased annually which are at first considered to be of sufficient merit are placed in the Luxembourg gallery in Paris, minor works being distributed among the various provincial museums. Even during the lifetime of the

artists, works found to have outworn their welcome in the Luxembourg gallery may be relegated to less important State collections, until, ten years after the death of the artist, a final revision is made and the paintings or sculptures that in face of changing appreciation are found worthy, find their final resting place in the Louvre. This, however, is a method devised and applied by a country that is old in the arts, and is of far too sophisticated a character to be followed here, as it would presuppose the existence of a tried body of men widely conversant with the art productions of the world, free from personal bias, and catholic in their appreciation, from which to form a proper commission for an authoritative and final judgment. Imagination staggers at the thought of our law makers in Washington in the throes of endeavor to form such a commission from the choice of men likely to be known to them, though, to be just, in widely scattered localities, sometimes in the most unexpected places, men of the character outlined above could be found in this country.

To take another instance in a country where the conditions of art more nearly approach our own than those of France, the writer recalls an interesting afternoon passed with Mr. Henry Tate in his house and gallery at Streatham, a suburb of London, soon after the presentation of his collection to the English nation. Sir Henry Tate, who for this gift was shortly after knighted, was a man of large fortune acquired in the sugar trade, who for many years in the succeeding exhibitions of the Royal Academy had purchased some of the principal pictures of the year. To these he had added notable examples of paintings produced in the Victorian era, restricting his selection to English work exclusively. When this collection had grown to considerable proportions he offered it to the nation. The acceptance was but partial, the donor being informed, in effect, that if he would build at his own expense a suitable gallery upon a site which the nation would provide, a choice from his pictures, to be determined by an appointed commission, would be accepted. As we walked around the gallery adjoining his home that afternoon, Mr. Tate informed me of these details and there was a certain pathos in his voice as he would stop before certain pictures with the reiterated query: "Don't you think that a nice picture? Well the Commission will not accept it." Further, he explained, that

as the National Gallery was closed to the work of living artists it had been his ambition to found a gallery like that of the Luxembourg "where the middle-class to which I belong," he added, not without pride, could become familiar with the work of English artists. The fine gallery at Milbank, where, in addition to the Tate pictures, those purchased by the Royal Academy from the Chantry bequest are now shown, is the outcome of this generous gift and its grudging, but who shall say unwise, acceptance.

For the private collector is fallible, the very task of collection makes him, must make him, a partisan, and his education to the end of his career is, so to speak, incomplete. Not infrequently, and to his credit, this partiality of the collector has preserved for a future generation and a reversal of artistic judgment the work of men unappreciated during their years of production, but in other cases collections, highly cherished and extravagantly lauded, have not withstood the test of years. It is an obvious duty, therefore, if we are to have a national Museum of Art in Washington, to precede the erection of a monumental building by the creation of an authoritative committee in which not only the amateur collectors of art should be represented, but the producing painters and sculptors; for in this country, so far, the truest and surest appreciation of the artist's endeavor has come from his fellows. This could be easily demonstrated by citation of special instances where long neglect, by both public and collectors, has given some of our men for sole encouragement the esteem and support of their fellow practitioners and has enabled them to find in such professional status courage to continue their work, until—in the more fortunate cases only has this happened in the lifetime of the artist—wider recognition has been achieved. Such a committee endowed with power to accept or reject will alone make of the projected museum a worthy national institution, and to this end its selection should be free from every local or sectional choice.

Up to the present time, despite the aggregation of leisured wealth and general culture which has been attracted to Washington as a place of residence in the past few years, despite Mr. Corcoran's generous gift to the city embodied in its handsome gallery and comprehensive collection, despite the learned scientific colony which the Smithsonian has drawn thither, and the presence of the chief

officers of our Government, there has been a deplorable lack of interest in art in our National Capital.

Washington has, however, this year inaugurated a bi-annual exhibition of contemporary painting under the auspices of the Corcoran Gallery of Art which was largely attended, where the pictures shown were of good quality and where, an important factor from the point of view of the artist-contributors, the sales were encouraging. But though it would be well to have a contemporaneous exhibition in the same city as the projected museum, there should be no local control of what should be in every sense national, and representation upon the controlling committee should only be given to Washington in common with every city from Maine to California which has shown enough interest in art to provide a public gallery.

These general considerations sound ungracious in the presence of gifts like those of Mr. Freer and Mr. Evans, but they are made in no such spirit, nor indeed would they be written, at least by me, did they apply to the character of works thus far offered as the nucleus of a national collection.

Mr. William T. Evans has long been known as a collector of American paintings. Beginning about twenty-five years ago with a sincere and generous love of art, his first collection was of a mixed character. We may assume that, like many others, he knew only what pleased him, and in this way, without any general direction, a number of foreign works were purchased by him. Within a very short time, however, the possibilities of a collection exclusively American appealed alike to his judgment and to his patriotism, and his foreign pictures were dispersed at auction. Mr. Evans's determination to collect only native work, taken at the time he made it, was directly beneficial to the progress of our art, for in those days they were few indeed who would look with approval upon indigenous effort. During the Civil War, and in the few years following, our nascent art had met with substantial reward, but, when the time of financial stress followed, pictures which had been acquired at large prices were sold at great loss, and for many years American art, considered as an investment, was not in favor. A work of art should be primarily purchased for intrinsic reasons, but, as a self-respecting artist speaking as representative of his fellows, nothing is of more

importance to these men as citizens who accept the common lot and, as the phrase goes, pay their way, than the fact that in the dispersal of the two prominent collections made of the work of American artists by Thomas B. Clarke and William T. Evans, a handsome profit was realized on the original investment. Instances are numerous enough—and more's the pity—where men find scant reward and little demand for their work during their lifetime—we all remember the difference in value between a Homer Martin then and now—but even to these ill-starred ones production is made easier and their life more hopeful if their fellows' effort finds recompense.

Therefore, Mr. Evans was wiser than some of his contemporaries knew, when in the early eighties he began to form his first collection of American pictures, and hearty recognition is due him as an important factor in the growth of our art. When in the course of time his gallery was filled to overflowing, he was in a measure forced to have recourse to a sale, which, as above noted, had a not only immediately gratifying result, but gave heart of grace to many others who then, or soon after, began collections of like character.

The present donation to the nation is possibly in part due to an approaching plethora of this character, but it is with characteristic generosity that the selection from the works at his house in Montclair has been made by Mr. Evans. The collection given bears strong testimony to one of the notable effects which followed the dispersal of the first collection, where the landscape work of our painters found by far the most hearty support of the public. Of about fifty pictures now shown, though others are to be added, thirty-eight are landscapes. It is necessary to visit the adjoining Congressional Library and the decorations therein to learn that we have a large and active number of painters who depict the human figure, and in this respect the nucleus of the national collection that is to be differs greatly from the Luxembourg collection, or that of the Tate gallery.

Landscape is, however, a comparatively modern art; they didn't know everything down in Tuscany, and before a picture like that of Homer Martin in this collection, with its simple juxtaposition of three or four tones, an undulating hill, a tottering windmill, and a great expanse of sky one must be a more indoctrinated figure painter than the

present writer to refuse hearty admiration. It is a canvas before and almost within which one can breathe, and the magic by which such effects are obtained hardly antedates 1830. Before the largest of the Inness pictures, the sense of the heavy atmosphere and the latent light of a clouded summer afternoon is rendered with an opulence of color which ranks this picture among the best of this great uneven painter, whose "Niagara" also here suffers somewhat by contrast with the precision of form and the on-rush of the water in Church's well-known picture of the same subject, shown in the permanent collection of the Corcoran gallery. The rush of water is otherwise and quite as forcibly expressed by Winslow Homer in the "High-Cliff-Coast of Maine," one of the series in which this master-painter depicts the sea since his desertion of the figure subjects; of which a collection would give to the future an accurate idea of our country in its camping grounds of the Civil War, its cotton fields, its mill towns, its Adirondack camp-life, its suburban life in the days when croquet was in favor and Coney Island was semi-deserted, and finally its coasting and fishing vessels, with tarpaulined crew hand-to-hand with the elements; to say nothing of the long list of water colors with English fisherwomen and Bermuda negroes as subjects. All of these, redolent of our soil, painted in the years when a few painters alone saluted Homer as a master, have not only the value of their keen rendition of phases of our life, vanished or vanishing, but one and all are virile works of art, now dispersed in many directions, but all, it is to be hoped, to be brought

together some day when the present high appreciation which this painter's work has attained, while he is still in full vigor of production, will be heightened by many degrees—meanwhile, as an excuse for this digression, it is pleasant to find one of the earliest of these works here, "A Visit to the Mistress" in *ante-bellum* days. A notable, perhaps the most notable, picture here is the "Visit of Nicodemus to Christ," an easel replica of the subject painted on the wall of Trinity Church, Boston, by John La Farge. Since this painter's work has embellished the walls of so many of our buildings and made their stained glass windows glorious, pictures by his hand have become rare and Mr. Evans was fortunate, as the national collection will be in the future, in the possession of this grave and dignified work. No less than four pictures by Wyant, each in its way reflecting a phase of the talent of this interesting painter, must close this list; for of more immediate contemporaries in the field of art it is not my desire to speak, save to enregister the generally high character of their productions included in this collection, of which indeed this paper has not the pretension to be a review. Undoubtedly, from time to time, its indefatigable founder will feel obliged to add to it, and it thus will take on an even more representative character than it now possesses. A more worthy outlet for the energies of a convinced collector can hardly be imagined, and in each work given Mr. Evans not only amplifies a notable monument to his active participation in the growth of our art, but by his action dignifies the artist represented and our painting as a whole.

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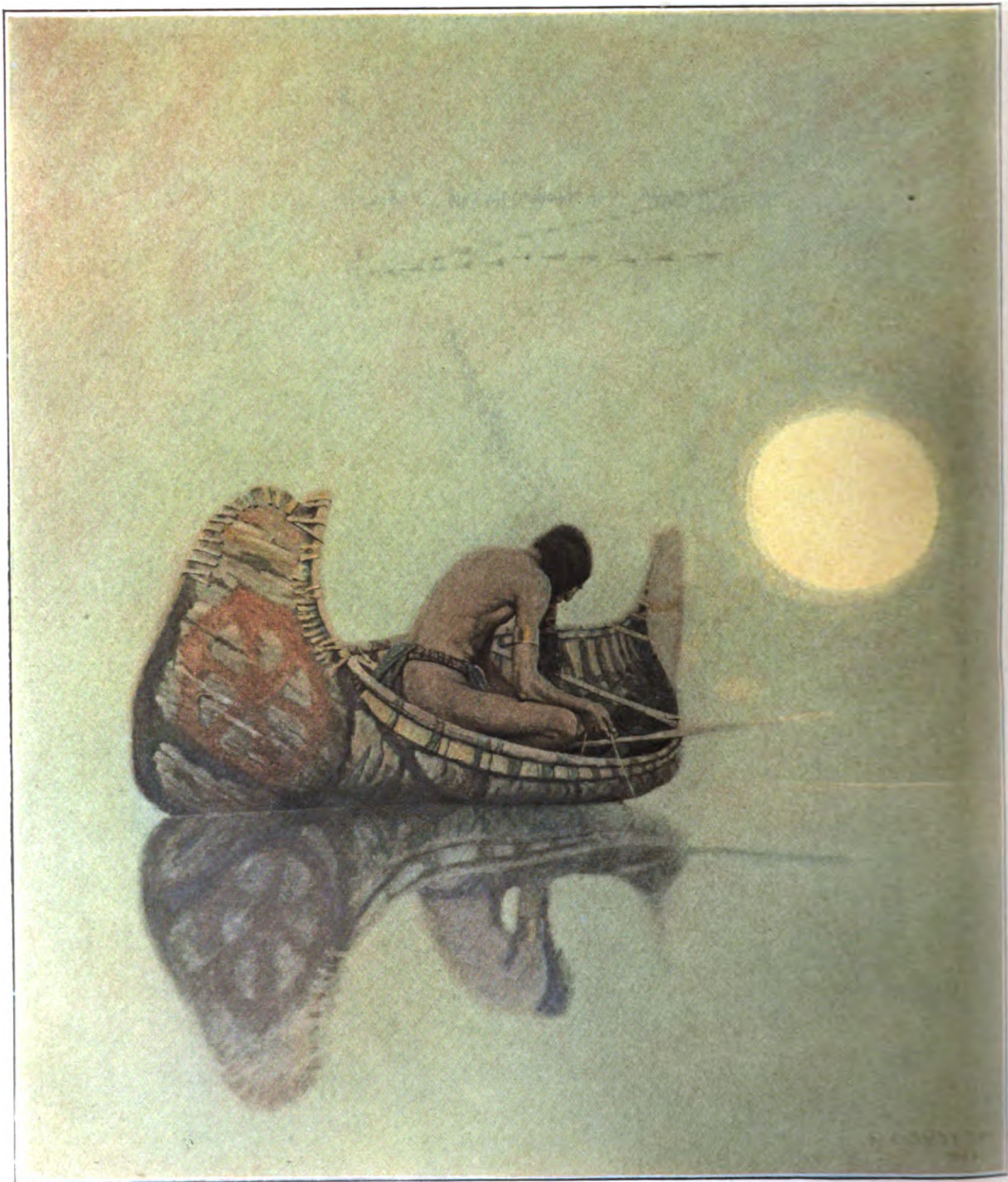
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NO. 4

SMALL COUNTRY NEIGHBORS*

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT



SMALL mammals, with the exception of squirrels, are so much less conspicuous than birds, and indeed usually pass their lives in such seclusion, that the ordinary observer is hardly aware of their presence. At Sagamore Hill, for instance, except at haying time, I rarely see the swarming meadow mice, the much less plentiful pine mice, or the little mole shrews, alive, unless they happen to drop into a pit or sunken area which has been dug at one point to let light through a window into the cellar. The much more graceful and attractive white-footed mice and jumping mice are almost as rarely seen, though if one does come across a jumping mouse it at once attracts attention by its extraordinary leaps. The jumping mouse hibernates, like the woodchuck and chipmunk. The other little animals just mentioned are abroad all winter, the meadow mice under the snow, the white-footed mice, and often the shrews, above the snow. The tell-tale snow, showing all the tracks, betrays the hitherto unsuspected existence of many little creatures; and the commonest marks upon it are those of the rabbit and especially of the white-footed mouse. The shrew walks or trots and makes alternate footsteps in the snow. White-foot, on the contrary, always jumps, whether going slow or fast, and his hind feet leave their prints side by side, often with the mark where the tail has dragged. I think white-foot is the most plentiful of all our furred wild creatures, taken as a

whole. He climbs trees well; I have found his nest in an old vireo's nest; but more often under stumps or boards. The meadow mice often live in the marshes and are entirely at home in the water.

The shrew mouse which I most often find is a short-tailed, rather thick-set little creature, not wholly unlike his cousin the shrew mole, and just as greedy and ferocious. When a boy I captured one of these mole-shrews and found to my astonishment that he was a bloodthirsty and formidable little beast of prey. He speedily killed and ate a partially grown white-footed mouse which I put in the same cage with him. (I think a full-grown mouse of this kind would be an overmatch for a shrew.) I then put a small snake in with him. The shrew was very active but seemed nearly blind, and as he ran to and fro he never seemed to be aware of the presence of anything living until he was close to it, when he would instantly spring on it like a tiger. On this occasion he attacked the little snake with great ferocity, and after an animated struggle in which the snake whipped and rolled all around the cage, throwing the shrew to and fro a dozen times, the latter killed and ate the snake in triumph. Larger snakes frequently eat shrews, by the way.

One of my boys—the special friend of Josiah the badger—once discovered a flying-squirrel's nest, in connection with which a rather curious incident occurred. The little boy had climbed a tree which is hollow at the top; and in this hollow he discovered a flying-squirrel mother with six young ones. She seemed so tame and friendly that the little boy for a moment hardly realized that

*This will appear as a supplementary chapter in the new edition of "Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter," by Theodore Roosevelt.

she was a wild thing, and called down that he had "found a guinea-pig up the tree." Finally the mother made up her mind to remove her family. She took each one in turn in her mouth and flew or sailed down from the top of the tree to the foot of another tree nearby; ran up this, holding the little squirrel in her mouth; and again sailed down to the foot of another tree some distance off. Here she deposited her young one on the grass, and then, reversing the process, climbed and sailed back to the tree where the nest was; then she took out another young one and returned with it, in exactly the same fashion as with the first. She repeated this until all six of the young ones were laid on the bank, side by side in a row, all with their heads the same way. Finding that she was not molested she ultimately took all six of the little fellows back to her nest, where she reared her brood undisturbed.

Among the small mammals at Sagamore Hill the chipmunks are the most familiar and the most in evidence; for they readily become tame and confiding. For three or four years a chipmunk—I suppose the same chipmunk—has lived near the tennis court; and it has developed the rather puzzling custom of sometimes scampering across the court while we are in the middle of a game. This has happened two or three times every year, and is rather difficult to explain, for the chipmunk could just as well go round the court, and there seems no possible reason why he should suddenly run out on it while the game is in full swing. If he is seen every one stops to watch him, and then he may himself stop and sit up to look about; but we may not see him until just as he is finishing a frantic scurry across, in imminent danger of being stepped on.

Usually birds are very regular in their habits, so that not only the same species but the same individuals breed in the same places year after year. In spite of their wings they are almost as local as mammals, and the same pair will usually keep to the same immediate neighborhood, where they can always be looked for in their season. There are wooded or brush-grown swampy places not far from the White House where in the spring or summer I can count with certainty upon seeing wrens, chats, and the ground-loving Kentucky warbler; an attractive little bird, which, by the way, itself looks

much like a miniature chat. There are other places, in the neighborhood of Rock Creek, where I can be almost certain of finding the blue-gray gnat-catcher, which ranks just next to the humming-bird itself in exquisite daintiness and delicacy. The few pairs of mocking-birds around Washington have just as sharply defined haunts.

Nevertheless it is never possible to tell when one may run across a rare bird, and even birds that are not rare now and then show marked individual idiosyncrasy in turning up, or even breeding, in unexpected places. At Sagamore Hill, for instance, I never knew a purple finch to breed until the summer of 1906. Then two pairs nested with us, one right by the house and the other near the stable. My attention was drawn to them by the bold, cheerful singing of the males, who were spurred to rivalry by one another's voices. In September of the same year, while sitting in a rocking-chair on the broad veranda and looking out over the Sound, I heard the unmistakable "ank-ank" of nut-hatches from a young elm at one corner of the house. I strolled over, expecting to find the white-bellied nut-hatch, which is rather common on Long Island. But instead there were a couple of red-bellied nut-hatches, birds familiar to me in the northern woods, but which I had never before seen at Sagamore Hill. They were tame and fearless, running swiftly up and down the tree trunk and around the limbs while I stood and looked at them not ten feet away. The two younger boys ran out to see them; and then we hunted up their picture in Wilson. I find, by the way, that Audubon's and Wilson's are still the most satisfactory large ornithologies, at least for nature-lovers who are not specialists; but of course any attempt at serious study of our birds means recourse to the numerous and excellent books and pamphlets by recent observers.

In May, 1907, two pairs of robins built their substantial nests, and raised their broods, on the piazza at Sagamore Hill; one over the transom of the north hall door and one over the transom of the south hall door. Only one pair of purple finches returned to us this year; and for the first time in many years no Baltimore orioles built in the elm by the corner of the house; they began their nest, but for some reason left it unfinished. The red-winged blackbirds,

however, were more plentiful than for years previously, and two pairs made their nests near the old barn, where the grass stood lush and tall; this was the first time they had ever built nearer than the wood-pile pond, and I believe it was owing to the season being so cold and wet. It was perhaps due to the same cause that so many black-throated green warblers spent June and July in the woods on our place; they must have been breeding, though I only noticed the males. Each kept to his own special tract of woodland, among the tops of the tall trees, seeming to prefer the locusts, and throughout June each sang all day long—a drawling, cadenced little warble of five or six notes, usually uttered at intervals of a few seconds; sometimes while the little bird was perched motionless, sometimes as it flitted and crawled actively among the branches. With the resident of one particular grove I became well acquainted, as I was chopping a path through the grove. Every day the little warbler was singing away in the grove when I reached it, one locust tree being his favorite perch. He paid not the slightest attention to my chopping; whereas a pair of downy wood-peckers, and a pair of great crested fly-catchers, both of which, evidently, were likewise nesting near by, were much put out by my presence. While listening to my little black-throated friend I would continually hear the songs of his cousins, the prairie warbler, the redstart, the black-and-white creeper and the Maryland yellow-throat, not to speak of other birds, towhees, oven-birds, thrashers, vireos, and the beautiful golden-voiced wood thrushes.

The black-throated green warbler has seemingly become a regular summer resident of Long Island, for after discovering them on my place I found that two or three bird-loving neighbors were already familiar with them, and I heard them on several different occasions as I rode through the country roundabout. I already knew as summer residents in my neighborhood the following representatives of the warbler family: The oven-bird, chat, black-and-white creeper, Maryland yellow-throat, summer yellow-bird, prairie-warbler, pine-warbler, blue-winged warbler, golden-winged warbler (very rare), blue yellow-backed warbler, and redstart.

The black-throated green as a breeder and summer resident is a newcomer who

has extended his range southward. But this same summer I found one warbler, the presence of which, if more than accidental, means that a southern form is extending its range northward. This was the Dominican or yellow-throated warbler. Two of my bird-loving friends are Mrs. E. H. Swan, Jr., and Miss Alice Weeks. On July 4th Mrs. Swan told me that a new warbler, the yellow-throated, was living near their house, and that she and her husband had seen him on several occasions. I was rather skeptical and told her I thought that it must be a Maryland yellow-throat. Mrs. Swan meekly acquiesced in the theory that she might have been mistaken; but two or three days afterwards she sent me word that she and Miss Weeks had seen the bird again, had examined it thoroughly through their glasses and were sure it was a yellow-throated warbler. Accordingly on the morning of the 8th I walked down and met them both near Mrs. Swan's house, about a mile from Sagamore Hill. We did not have to wait long before we heard an unmistakably new warbler song; loud, ringing, sharply accented, just as the yellow-throat's song is described in Chapman's book. At first the little bird kept high in the tops of the pines, but after a while he came to the lower branches and we were able to see him distinctly. Only a glance was needed to show that my two friends were quite right in their identification, and that the bird was undoubtedly the Dominican or yellow-throated warbler. Its bill was as long as that of a black-and-white creeper, in sharp contrast to the bills of the other true wood-warblers, and the olive-gray back, yellow throat and breast, streaked sides, white belly, black cheek and forehead, and white line above eye and spot on the side of the neck, could all be plainly made out. The bird kept continually uttering its loud, sharply modulated and attractive warble. It never left the pines, and though continually on the move, it yet moved with a certain deliberation, like a pine warbler, and not with the fussy agility of most of its kinsfolk. Occasionally it would catch some insect on the wing, but most of the time kept hopping about among the pine needles at the ends of the twig-clusters, or moving along the larger branches, stopping from time to time to sing. Now and then it would sit still on one twig for several

minutes, singing at short intervals and preening its feathers.

In one apple tree we find a flicker's nest every year; the young make a queer, hissing, bubbling sound, a little like the boiling of a pot. This year one of the young ones fell out; I popped it back into the hole, whereupon its brothers and sisters "boiled" for several minutes, sounding like the cauldron of a small and friendly witch. John Burroughs, and a Long Island neighbor, John Lewis Childs, came to see me one day, in June, 1907; and I was able to show them the various birds of most interest—the purple finch, the black-throated green warbler, the red-wings in their unexpected nesting place by the old barn, and the orchard orioles and yellow-billed cuckoos in the garden.

At the White House we are apt to stroll around the grounds for a few minutes after breakfast; and during the migrations, especially in spring, I often take a pair of field-glasses so as to examine any bird as to the identity of which I am doubtful. From the end of April the warblers pass in troops—myrtle, magnolia, chestnut-sided, bay-breasted, blackburnian, black-throated blue, Canadian, and many others, with at the very end of the season the black-polls; exquisite little birds, but not conspicuous as a rule, except perhaps the blackburnian, whose brilliant orange throat and breast flame when they catch the sunlight as he flits among the trees. The males in their dress of courtship are easily recognized by any one who has Chapman's book on the warblers. On May 4, 1906, I saw a Cape May warbler, the first I had ever seen. It was in a small pine. It was fearless, allowing a close approach, and as it was a male in high plumage, it was unmistakable.

In 1907, after a very hot week in early March, we had an exceedingly cold and late spring. The first bird I heard sing in the White House grounds was a white-throated sparrow on March 1st, a song sparrow speedily following. The white-throats stayed with us until the middle of May, overlapping the arrival of the indigo buntings; but during the last week in April and first week in May their singing was drowned by the music of the purple finches, which I never before saw in such numbers around the White House. When we sat

by the south fountain, under an apple tree then blossoming, sometimes three or four purple finches would be singing in the fragrant bloom overhead. In June a pair of wood thrushes and a pair of black-and-white creepers made their homes in the White House grounds, in addition to our ordinary home-makers, the flickers, red-heads, robins, cat-birds, song sparrows, chippies, summer yellow birds, grackles, and I am sorry to say, crows. A handsome sap-sucker spent a week with us. In this same year five night herons spent January and February in a swampy tract by the Potomac, half a mile or so from the White House.

At Mount Vernon there are of course more birds than there are around the White House, for it is in the country. At present but one mocking-bird sings around the house itself, and in the gardens, and the woods of the immediate neighborhood. Phoebe birds nest at the heads of the columns under the front portico; and a pair—or rather, doubtless, a succession of pairs—has nested in Washington's tomb itself, for the twenty years since I have known it. The cardinals, beautiful in plumage, and with clear ringing voices, are characteristic of the place. I am glad to say that the woods still hold many gray—not red—foxes; the descendants of those which Washington so perseveringly hunted.

At Oyster Bay on a desolate winter afternoon many years ago I shot an Ipswich sparrow on a strip of ice-rimmed beach, where the long coarse grass waved in front of a growth of blue-berries, beach-plums and stunted pines. I think it was the same winter that we were visited not only by flocks of cross-bills, pine linnets, red-polls and pine grosbeaks, but by a number of snowy owls, which flitted to and fro in ghost-like fashion across the wintry landscape and showed themselves far more diurnal in their habits than our native owls. One fall about the same time a pair of duck-hawks appeared off the bay. It was early, before many ducks had come, and they caused havoc among the night herons, which were then very numerous in the marshes around Lloyd's Neck, there being a big heronry in the woods near by. Once I saw a duck-hawk come around the bend of the shore, and dart into a loose gang of young night herons, still in the brown



Pine Knot.

plumage, which had jumped from the marsh at my approach. The pirate struck down three herons in succession and sailed swiftly on without so much as looking back at his victims. The herons, which are usually rather dull birds, showed every sign of terror whenever the duck-hawk appeared in the distance; whereas, they paid no heed to the fish-hawks as they sailed over head. The little fish-crows are not rare around Washington, though not so common as the ordinary crows; once I shot one at Oyster Bay. They are not so wary as their larger kinsfolk. The soaring turkey buzzards, so beautiful on the wing and so loathsome near by, are seen everywhere around the Capital.

In Albemarle County, Virginia, we have a little place called Pine Knot, where we sometimes go, taking some or all of the children, for a three or four days' outing. It is a mile from the big stock farm "Plain Dealing," belonging to an old friend, Mr. Joseph Wilmer. The trees and flowers are like those of Washington, but their general

close resemblance to those of Long Island is set off by certain exceptions. There are osage orange hedges, and in spring many of the roads are bordered with bands of the brilliant yellow blossoms of the flowering broom, introduced by Jefferson. There are great willow oaks here and there in the woods or pastures, and occasional groves of noble tulip trees in the many stretches of forest; these trees growing to a much larger size than on Long Island. As at Washington, among the most plentiful flowers are the demure little Quaker Ladies, which are not found at Sagamore Hill—where we also miss such northern forms as the wake robin and the other trilliums, which used to be among the characteristic marks of spring-time at Albany. At Pine Knot the red bud, dogwood and laurel are plentiful; though in the case of the last two no more so than at Sagamore Hill. The azalea—its Knickerbocker name in New York was pinkster—grows and flowers far more luxuriantly than on Long Island. The mocassin flower and the china blue Virginia



From the veranda at Pine Knot.

cowslip with its pale pink buds, the blood-red Indian pink, the painted columbine, and many, many other flowers somewhat less showy, carpet the woods. The birds are, of course, for the most part the same as on Long Island, but with some differences. These differences are, in part, due to the more southern locality; but in part I cannot explain them, for birds will often be absent from one place seemingly without any real reason. Thus around us in Albemarle County song sparrows are certainly rare and I have not seen Savannah sparrows at all; but the other common sparrows, such as the chippy, field sparrow, vesper sparrow, and grasshopper sparrow abound; and in an open field, where bindweed morning glories and evening primroses grew among the broom sedge, I found some small grass-dwelling sparrows, which with the exercise of some little patience I was able to study at close quarters with the glasses; as I had no gun I could not be positive about their identification, though I was inclined to believe that they were Henslows sparrows. Of birds of brilliant color there are six species—the cardinal, the summer red-bird and the scarlet tanager, in red, and the blue-bird, indigo bunting, and blue grossbeak, in blue. I saw but one pair of blue grossbeaks; but the little indigo buntings abound, and blue-birds are exceedingly common, breeding in

numbers. It has always been a puzzle to me why they do not breed around us at Sagamore Hill, where I only see them during the migrations. Neither the rosy summer red-birds nor the cardinals are quite as brilliant as the scarlet tanagers, which fairly burn like live flames; but the tanager is much less common than either of the others in Albemarle County, and it is much less common than it is at Sagamore Hill. Among the singers the wood-thrush is not common, but the meadow-lark abounds. The yellow-breasted chat is everywhere and in the spring its clucking, whistling, whooping and calling seem never to stop for a minute. The white-eyed vireo is found in the same thick undergrowth as the chat, and among the smaller birds it is one of those most in evidence to the ear. In one or two places I came across parties of the long-tailed Bewick's wren, as familiar as the house wren but with a very different song. There are gentle mourning doves; and black-billed cuckoos seem more common than the yellow-bills. The mocking-birds are, as always, most interesting. I was much amused to see one of them following two crows; when they lit in a plowed field the mocking-bird paraded alongside of them six feet off, and then fluttered around to the attack. The crows, however, were evidently less bothered by it than they would have been by a king-bird. At Plain

Dealing many birds nest within a stone's throw of the rambling attractive house, with its numerous outbuildings, old garden, orchard, and venerable locusts and catalpas. Among them were Baltimore and orchard orioles, purple grackles, flickers and red-headed woodpeckers, blue-birds, robins, king-birds and indigo buntings. One observation which I made was of real interest. On May 18, 1907, I saw a small party of a dozen or so passenger pigeons, birds I had not seen for a quarter of a century and never expected to see again. I saw them two or three times flying hither and thither with great rapidity, and once they perched in a tall dead pine on the edge of an old field. They were unmistakable; yet the sight was so unexpected that I almost doubted my eyes, and I welcomed a bit of corroborative evidence coming from Dick, the colored foreman at Plain Dealing. Dick is a frequent companion of mine in rambles around the country, and he is an unusually close and accurate observer of birds, and of wild things generally. Dick had mentioned to me having seen some "wild carrier pigeons," as he called them; and, thinking over this remark of his, after I had returned to Washington, I began to wonder whether he too might not have seen passenger pigeons. Accordingly

I wrote to Mr. Wilmer, asking him to question Dick and find out what the "carrier pigeons" looked like. His answering letter runs in part as follows:

"On May 12th last Dick saw a flock of about thirty wild pigeons, followed at a short distance by about half as many, flying in a circle very rapidly, between the Plain Dealing house and the woods, where they disappeared. They had pointed tails and resembled somewhat large doves—the breast and sides rather a brownish red. He had seen them before, but many years ago. I think it is unquestionably the passenger pigeon—*ectopistes migratoria*—described on page 25 of the 5th volume of Audubon. I remember the pigeon roosts as he describes them, on a smaller scale, but large flocks have not been seen in this part of Virginia for many years."

The house at Pine Knot consists of one long room, with a broad piazza, below, and three small bedrooms above. It is made of wood, with big outside chimneys at each end. Wood rats and white-footed mice visit it; once a weasel came in after them; now a flying squirrel has made his home among the rafters. On one side the pines and on the other side the oaks come up to



The fire-place



From a photograph, copyright 1907, by Clinedinst.

Roswell behaves like a gentleman.

the walls; in front the broom sedge grows almost to the piazza and above the line of its waving plumes we look across the beautiful rolling Virginia farm country to the foothills of the Blue Ridge. At night whip-poor-wills call incessantly around us. In the late spring or early summer we usually take breakfast and dinner on the veranda, listening to mocking-bird, cardinal, and Carolina wren, as well as to many more common singers. In the winter the little house can only be kept warm by roaring fires in the great open fireplaces, for there is no plaster on the walls, nothing but the bare wood. Then the table is set near the blazing logs at one end of the long room which makes up the lower part of the house,

and at the other end the colored cook—Jim Crack by name—prepares the delicious Virginia dinner; while around him cluster the little darkies, who go on errands, bring in wood, or fetch water from the spring, to put in the bucket which stands below where the gourd hangs on the wall. Outside the wind moans or the still cold bites if the night is quiet; but inside there is warmth and light and cheer.

There are plenty of quail and rabbits in the fields and woods near by, so we live partly on what our guns bring in; and there are also wild turkeys. I spent the first three days of November, 1906, in a finally successful effort to kill a wild turkey. Each morning I left the house between three and

five o'clock, under a cold, brilliant moon. The frost was heavy; and my horse shuffled over the frozen ruts as I rode after Dick. I was on the turkey grounds before the faintest streak of dawn had appeared in the East; and I worked as long as daylight lasted. It was interesting and attractive in spite of the cold. In the night we heard the quavering screech owls; and occasionally the hooting of one of their bigger brothers. At dawn we listened to the lusty hammering of the big logcocks, or to the curious cough-

ing or croaking sound of a hawk before it left its roost. Now and then loose flocks of small birds straggled by us, as we sat in the blinds, or rested to eat our lunch; chickadees, tufted tits, golden crested kinglets, creepers, cardinals, various sparrows and small woodpeckers. Once we saw a shrike pounce on a field mouse by a haystack; once we came on a ruffed grouse sitting motionless in the road.

The last day I had with me Jim Bishop, a man who had hunted turkeys by pro-



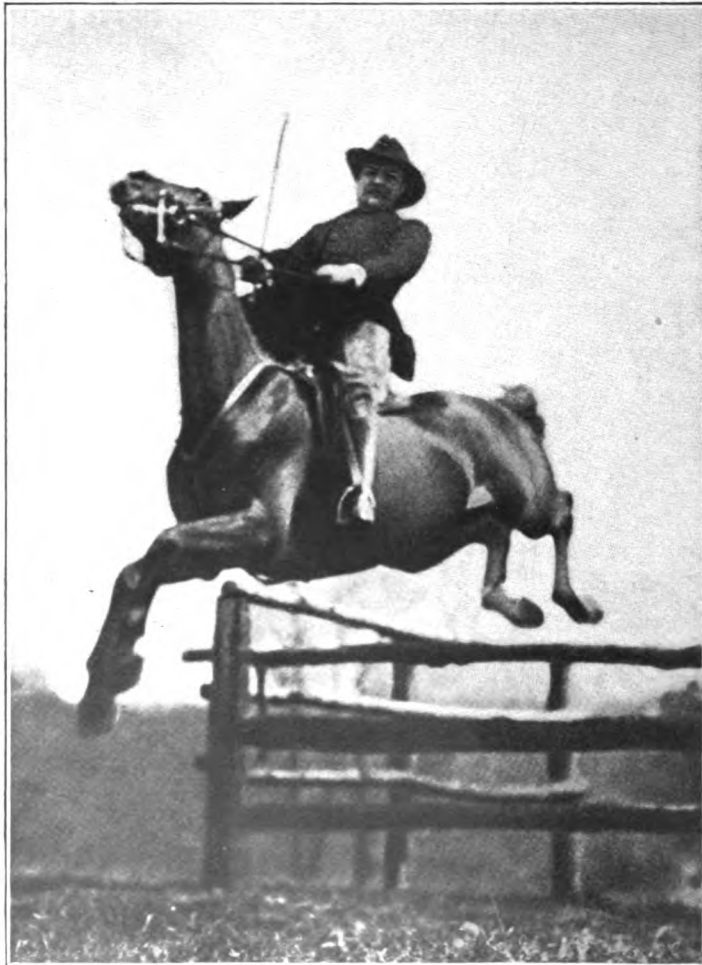
From a photograph, copyright 1907, by Clinedinst.

Audrey takes the bars.

fession, a hard-working farmer, whose ancestors have for generations been farmers and woodsmen; an excellent hunter, tireless, resourceful, with an eye that nothing escaped; just the kind of man one likes to regard as typical of what is best in American life. Until this day, and indeed until the very end of this day, chance did not favor us. We tried to get up to the turkeys on the roosts before daybreak; but they roosted in pines, and, night though it was, they were evidently on the lookout, for they always saw us long before we could make them out, and then we could hear them fly out of the tree-tops. Turkeys are quite as wary as deer, and we never got a sight of them while we were walking through

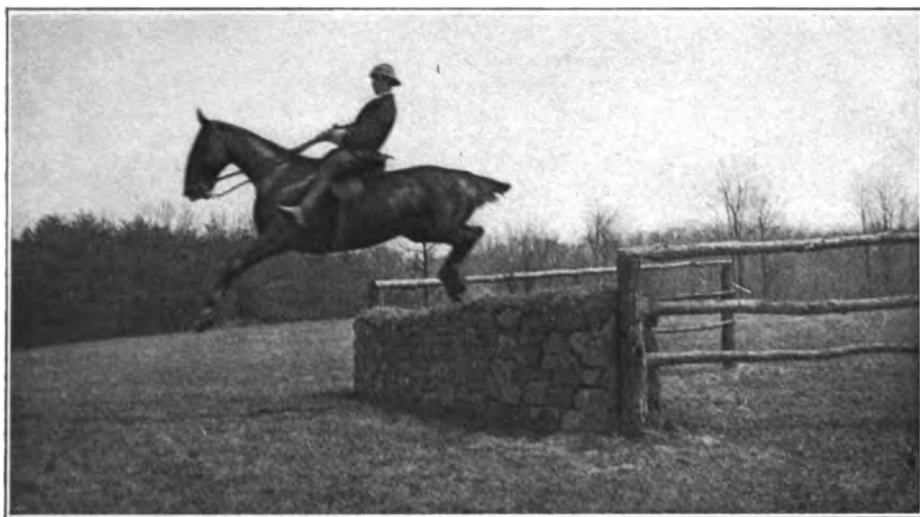
the woods; but two or three times we flushed gangs, and my companion then at once built a little blind of pine boughs, in which we sat while he tried to call the scattered birds up to us by imitating, with marvellous fidelity, their yelping. Twice a turkey started toward us, but on each occasion the old hen began calling some distance off and all the scattered birds at once went toward her. At other times I would slip around to one side of a wood while my companion walked through it; but either there were no turkeys or they went out somewhere far away from us.

On the last day I was out thirteen hours. Finally, late in the afternoon, Jim Bishop marked a turkey into a point of pines which



From a photograph, copyright 1907, by Underwood.

Roswell fights for his head.



The stone wall.

stretched from a line of wooded hills down into a narrow open valley on the other side of which again rose wooded hills. I ran down to the end of the point and stood behind a small oak, while Bishop and Dick walked down through the trees to drive the turkeys toward me. This time everything went well; the turkey came out of the cover not too far off and sprang into the air, heading across the valley and offering me a side shot at forty yards as he sailed by. It was just the distance for the close-shooting ten-bore duck gun I carried; and at the report down came the turkey in a heap, not so much as a leg, or wing moving. It was an easy shot. But we had hunted hard for three days; and the turkey is the king of American game birds; and besides I knew he would be very good eating indeed when we brought him home; so I was as pleased as possible when Dick lifted the fine young gobbler, his bronze plumage iridescent in the light of the westerling sun.

Formerly we could ride across country in any direction around Washington; and almost as soon as we left the beautiful, tree-shaded streets of the city we were in the real country. But as Washington grows, it naturally—and to me most regrettably—becomes less and less like its former, glorified-village, self; and wire fencing has destroyed our old cross-country rides. Fortunately there are now many delightful bridle trails in Rock Creek Park; and we have fixed up

a number of good jumps at suitable places—a stone wall, a water jump, a bank with a ditch, two or three post-and-rails, about four feet high, and some stiff brush-hurdles, one of five feet seven inches. The last, which is the only formidable jump, was put up to please two sporting members of the administration, Bacon and Meyer. Both of them school their horses over it; and my two elder boys, and Fitzhugh Lee, my cavalry aide, also school my horses over it. On one of my horses, Roswell, I have gone over it myself; and as I weigh two hundred pounds without my saddle I think that the jump, with such a weight, in cold blood, should be credited to Roswell for righteousness. Roswell is a bay gelding; Audrey a black mare; they are Virginia horses. In the spring of 1907 I had photographs taken of them going over the various jumps. Roswell is a fine jumper, and usually goes at his jumps in a spirit of matter-of-fact enjoyment. But he now and then shows queer kinks in his temper. On one of these occasions he began by wishing to rush his jumps, and by trying to go over the wings instead of the jumps themselves. He fought hard for his head; and as it happened that the best picture we got of him in the air was at this particular time, it gives a wrong idea of his ordinary behavior, and also, I sincerely trust, a wrong idea of my hands. Generally he takes his jumps like a gentleman.



A fine old chateau.

CHÂTEAU AND COUNTRY LIFE IN FRANCE

By Mary King Waddington

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. L. BLUMENSCHNEIN

FIRST PAPER



MY first experience of country life in France, about thirty years ago, was in a fine old chateau standing high in pretty, undulating, wooded country close to the forest of Villers-Cotterets, and overlooking the great plains of the Oise—big green fields stretching away to the sky-line, broken occasionally by little clumps of wood, with steeples rising out of the green, marking the villages and hamlets which, at intervals, are scattered over the plains, and in the distance the blue line of the forest. The chateau was a long, perfectly simple, white stone building. When I first saw it, one bright November afternoon, I said to my husband as we drove up, "What a charming old wooden house!" which remark so astonished him that he could hardly explain that it was all stone, and that no big houses (nor small, either) in France were built of wood. I,

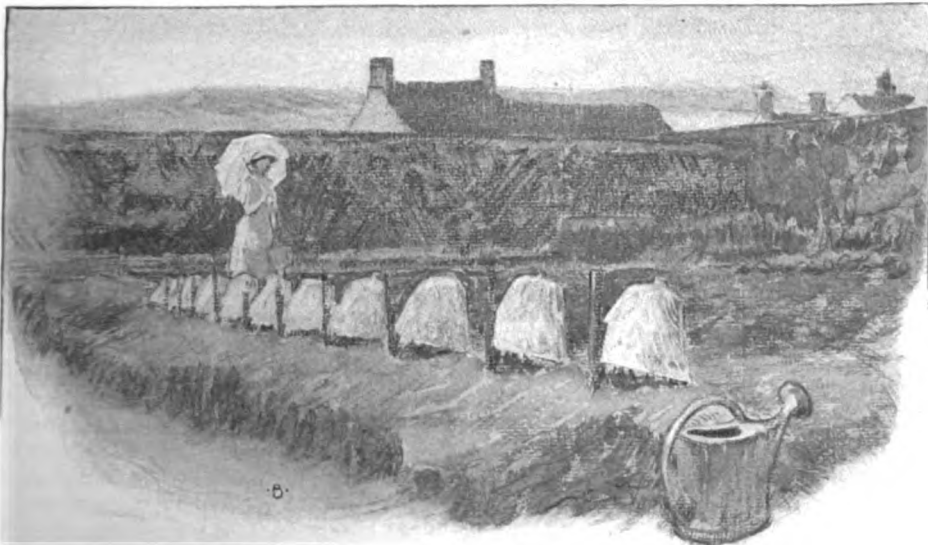
having been born in a large white wooden house in America, couldn't understand why he was so horrified at my ignorance of French architecture. It was a fine old house, high in the centre, with a lower wing on each side. There were three drawing-rooms, a library, billiard-room, and dining-room on the ground-floor. The large drawing-room, where we always sat, ran straight through the house, with big glass doors opening out on the lawn on the entrance side, and on the other into a long gallery which ran almost the whole length of the house. It was always filled with plants and flowers, open in summer, with awnings to keep out the sun; shut in winter with glass windows, and warmed by one of the three *calorifères* of the house. In front of the gallery the lawn sloped down to the wall, which separated the place from the highroad. A belt of fine trees marked the path along the wall and shut out the road completely, ex-

cept in certain places where an opening had been made for the view.

We were a small party for such a big house: only the proprietor and his wife (old people), my husband and myself. The life was very simple, almost austere. The old people lived in the centre of the château, W. and I in one of the wings. It had been all fitted up for us, and was a charming little house. W. had the ground-floor—a bedroom, dressing-room, *cabinet de travail*, dining-room, and a small room, half reception-room, half library, where he had a large bookcase filled with books, which he gave away as prizes, or to school libraries. The choice of the books always interested me. They were principally translations, English and American—Walter Scott, Marryat, Fenimore Cooper, etc. The bedroom and *cabinet de travail* had glass doors opening on the park. I had the same rooms upstairs, giving one to my maid, for I was nervous at being so far away from anyone. M. and Mme. A. and all the servants were at the other end of the house, and there were no bells in our wing (nor anywhere else in the house except in the dining-room). When I wanted a work-woman who was sewing in the *lingerie* I had to go up a steep little winding staircase which connected our wing with the main building, and walk the whole length of the gallery to the *lingerie*, which

was at the extreme end of the other wing. I was very fond of my rooms. The bedroom and sitting-room opened on a balcony with a lovely view over wood and park. When I sat there in the morning with my *petit déjeuner*—cup of tea and roll—I could see all that went on in the place. First the keeper would appear, a tall, handsome man, rather the northern type, with fair hair and blue eyes, his gun always over his shoulder, *sacoche* at his side, swinging along with the free, vigorous step of a man accustomed to walk all day. Then Hubert, the coachman, would come for orders, two little fox-terriers always accompanying him, playing and barking, and rolling about on the grass. Then the farmer's wife, driving herself in her gig, and bringing cheese, butter, milk, and sometimes chickens when our *basse-cour* was getting low. A little later another lot would appear, people from the village or canton, wanting to see their deputy and have all manner of grievances redressed. It was curious sometimes to make out, at the end of a long story, told in peasant dialect, with many digressions, what particular service *notre député* was expected to render. I was present sometimes at some of the conversations, and was astounded at W.'s patience and comprehension of what was wanted—I never understood half.

We generally had our day to ourselves



I used to walk about the park and gardens.—Page 398.

We rode almost every morning—long, delicious gallops in the woods, the horses going easily and lightly over the grass roads; and the days W. was away and couldn't ride, I used to walk about the park and gardens. The kitchen garden was enormous—almost a park in itself—and in the season I eat pounds of white grapes, which ripened to a fine gold color on the walls in the sun. We

The first evenings at the château made a great impression upon me. We dined at 7:30, and always sat after dinner in the big drawing-room. There was one lamp on a round table in the middle of the room (all the corners shrouded in darkness). M. and Mme. A. sat in two arm-chairs opposite to each other, Mmè. A. with a green shade in front of her. Her eyes were very bad; she

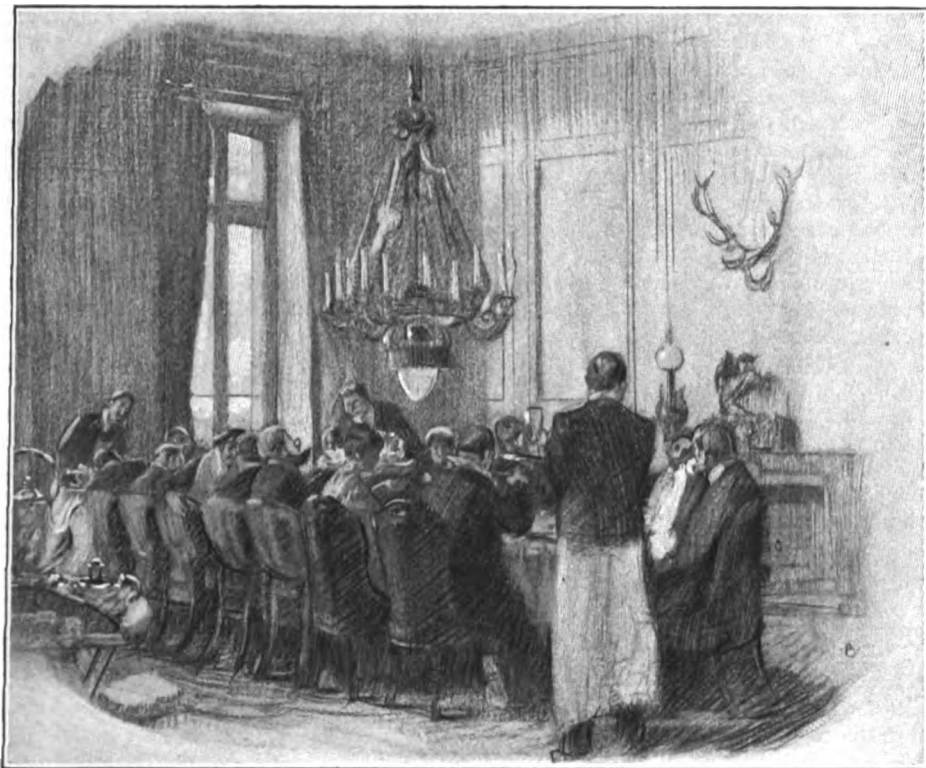


I loved to hear her play Beethoven and Handel.

rarely saw M. and Mme. A. until twelve-o'clock breakfast.

Sometimes when it was fine we would take a walk with the old people after breakfast, but we generally spent our days apart. M. and Mme. A. were charming people, intelligent, cultivated, reading everything and keeping quite in touch with all the literary and Protestant world, but they had lived for years entirely in the country, seeing few people, and living for each other.

could neither read nor work. She had been a beautiful musician, and still played occasionally, by heart, the classics. I loved to hear her play Beethoven and Handel, such a delicate, old-fashioned touch. Music was at once a bond of union. I often sang for her, and she liked everything I sang—Italian *starnelli*, old-fashioned American negro songs, and even the very light modern French *chansonnette*, when there was any melody in them. There were two other arm-



There were all sorts and kinds.—Page 405.

chairs at the table, destined for W. and me. I will say W. never occupied his. He would sit for about half an hour with M. A. and talk politics or local matters with him, but after that he departed to his own quarters, and I remained with the old people. I felt very strange at first, it was so unlike anything I had ever seen, so different from my home life, where we were a happy, noisy family party—someone (two generally) always at the piano, everybody laughing, talking, and enjoying life, and always a troop of visitors, cousins innumerable and friends.

It was a curious atmosphere. I can't say dull exactly, for both M. and Mme. A. were clever, and the discussions over books, politics, and life generally, were interesting, but it was serious, no vitality, nothing gay, no power of enjoyment. They had had a great grief in their lives in the loss of an only daughter, which had left permanent traces. They were very kind and did their best to make me feel at home, and after the first few evenings I didn't mind. M. A. had

always been in the habit of reading aloud to his wife for an hour every evening after dinner—the paper, an article in one of the reviews, anything she liked. I liked that, too, and as I felt more at home used to discuss everything with M. A. He was quite horrified one evening when I said I didn't like Molière, didn't believe anybody did (particularly foreigners), unless they had been brought up to it. It really rather worried him. He proposed to read aloud part of the principal plays, which he chose very carefully, and ended by making a regular *cours de Molière*. He read charmingly, with much spirit, bringing out every touch of humor and fancy, and I was obliged to say I found it most interesting. We read all sorts of things beside Molière—Lundis de Ste.-Beuve, Chateaubriand, some splendid pages on the French Revolution, Taine, Guizot, Mme. de Staël, Lamartine, etc., and sometimes rather light memoirs of the Régence and the light ladies of the eighteenth century, who apparently mixed up politics,

religion, literature, and lovers in the most simple style. These last readings he always prepared beforehand, and I was often surprised at sudden transitions and unfinished conversations which meant that he had suppressed certain passages which he judged too improper for general reading.

He read, one evening, a charming *feuilleton* of George Sand. It began: "Le Baron avait causé politique toute la soirée," which conversation apparently so exasperated the baronne and a young cousin that they wandered out into the village, which they immediately set by the ears. The cousin was an excellent mimic of all animals' noises. He barked so loud and so viciously that he started all the dogs in the village, who went nearly mad with excitement, and frightened the inhabitants out of their wits. Every window was opened, the *curé*, the *garde champêtre*, the schoolmaster, all peering out anxiously into the night, and asking what was happening. Was it tramps, or a travelling circus, or a bear escaped from his showman, or perhaps a wolf?

I have wished sometimes since, when I have heard various barons talking politics, that I, too, could wander out into the night and seek distraction outside.

It was a serious life in the big château. There was no railway anywhere near, and very little traffic on the highroad. After nightfall a mantle of silence seemed to settle on the house and park—that absolute silence of great spaces where you almost hear your own heart beat. W. went to Paris occasionally, and usually came back by the last train, getting to the château at midnight. I always waited for him upstairs in my little *salon*, and the silence was so oppressive that the most ordinary noise—a branch blowing across a window-pane, or a piece of charred wood falling on the hearth—sounded like a cannon shot echoing through the long corridor. It was a relief when I heard the trot of his big mare at the top of the hill, quite fifteen minutes before he turned into the park gates. He has often

told me how long and still the evenings and nights were during the Franco-Prussian War. He remained at the château all through the war with the old people. After Sedan almost the whole Prussian army passed the château on their way to Versailles and Paris. The big white house was seen from a long distance, so, as soon as it was dark, all the wooden shutters on the side of the highroad were shut, heavy curtains drawn, and strict orders given to have as little light as possible. He was sitting in his library one evening about dusk, waiting for the man to bring his lamp and shut the

shutters, having had a trying day with the peasants, who were all frightened and nervous at the approach of the Germans. He was quite absorbed in rather melancholy reflections when he suddenly felt that someone was looking in at the window (the library was on the ground-floor with doors and windows opening on the park). He rose quickly, going to the window, as he thought someone in the village wanted to speak to him, and was confronted by a

Pickelhaube and a round German face flattened against the window-pane. He opened the window at once, and the man poured forth a torrent of German, which W. fortunately understood. While he was talking W. saw forms, their muskets and helmets showing out quite distinctly in the half-light, crossing the lawn and coming up some of the broad paths. It was a disagreeable sight, which he was destined to see many times.

It was wonderful what exact information the Germans had. They knew all the roads, all the villages and little hamlets, the big châteaux, and most of the small mills and farms. There were still traces of the German occupation when I went to that part of the country; on some of the walls and houses marks in red paint—"4 *Pferde*. 12 *Männer*." They always wanted food and lodging, which they usually (not always) paid for. Wherever they found horses they took them, but M. A. and W. had sent all theirs away except one saddle-horse.



"Monsieur A."

which lived in a stable, in the woods near the house. In Normandy, near Rouen, at my brother-in-law's place, they had German

five, with a *sous-officier*, who always asked to see either the proprietor or someone in authority. He said how many men and horses he wanted lodged and fed, and announced the arrival, a little later, of several officers to dine and sleep. They were always received by M. A. or W., and the same conversation took place every time. They were



officers and soldiers quartered for a long time. They instantly took possession of horses and carriages, and my sister-in-law, toiling up a steep hill, would be passed by her own carriage and horses filled with German officers. However, on the whole, W. said, the Germans, as a victorious invading army, behaved well (much better than the French would have done under similar circumstances), the officers always perfectly polite, and keeping their men in good order. They had all sorts and kinds at the château. They rarely remained long—used to appear at the gate in small bands of four or

told the servant would show them their rooms, and the dinner would be served at any hour they wished. They replied that they would have the honor of waiting upon

Peasant women.

the ladies of the family as soon as they made a little *toilette* and removed the dust of the route, and that they would be very happy to dine with the family at their habitual hour. They were then told that the ladies didn't receive, and that the family dined alone. They were always annoyed at that answer. As a rule they behaved well, but occasionally there would be some rough specimens among the officers.

W. was coming home one day from his usual round just before night-fall, when he heard loud voices and a great commotion in the hall—M. A. and one or two German officers. The old man very quiet and dignified, the Germans most insulting, with threats of taking him off to prison. W. interfered at once, and learned from the irate officers what was the cause of the quarrel.

They had asked for champagne (with the usual idea of foreigners that champagne flowed through all French châteaux, and M. A. had said there was none in the house. They knew better, as some of their men had seen champagne bottles in the cellar. W. said there was certainly a mistake—there was none in the house. They again became most insolent and threatening—said they would take them both to prison. W. suggested, wouldn't it be better to go down the cellar with him? Then they could see for themselves there was none. Accordingly they all adjourned to the cellar and W. saw at once what had misled them—a quantity of bottles of eau de Seidlitz, rather like champagne bottles in shape. They pointed triumphantly to these and asked what he meant by saying there was no champagne, and told their men to carry off the bottles. W. said again it was not champagne—he didn't believe they would like it. They were quite sure they had found a prize, and all took copious draughts of the water—with disastrous results, as they heard afterward from the servants.

Later, during the armistice and Prussian occupation, there were soldiers quartered

all around the château, and, of course, there were many distressing scenes. All our little village of Louvry, near our farm, had taken itself off to the woods. They were quite safe there, as the Prussians never came into the woods on account of the sharp-shooters. W. said their camp was comfortable enough—they had all their household utensils, beds, blankets, donkeys, and goats, and

could make fires in the clearing in the middle of the woods. They were mostly women and children, only a very few old men and young boys left. The poor things were terrified by the Germans and Bismarck, of whom they had made themselves an extraordinary picture. "Mon-sieur sait que Bismarck tue tous les enfants pour qu'il n'y ait plus de Français." (Mon-sieur knows that Bismarck kills all the chil-



"Madame A."

dren so that there shall be no more French.) The boys kept W. in a fever. They had got some old guns, and were always hovering about on the edge of the wood, trying to have a shot at a German. He was very uncomfortable himself at one time during the armistice, for he was sending off parties of recruits to join one of the big *corps d'armée* in the neighborhood, and they all passed at the château to get their money and *feuille de route*, which was signed by him. He sent them off in small bands of four or five, always through the woods, with a line to various keepers and farmers along the route, who could be trusted, and would help them to get on and find their way. Of course, if anyone of them had been taken with W.'s signature and recommendation on him, the Germans would have made short work of W., which he was quite aware of; so every night for weeks his big black Irish horse Paddy was saddled and tied to a certain tree in one of the narrow alleys of the big park—the branches so thick and low that it was difficult to pass in broad daylight, and at night impossible, except for him who knew every inch of the ground. With five minutes' start, if the alarm had



Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein.



Ferdinand. — Page 409.

been given, he could have got away into his own woods, where he knew no one would follow him.

Hubert, the old coachman, used often to talk to me about all that troubled time. When the weather was dark and stormy he used to stay himself half the night, starting at every sound, and there are so many sounds in the woods at night, all sorts of wild birds and little animals that one never hears in the daytime—sometimes a rabbit would dart out of a hole and whisk round a corner; sometimes a bog buse (sort of eagle)

fly out of a tree with great flapping of wings; occasionally a wild-cat with bright-green eyes would come stealthily along and then make a flying leap over the bushes. His nerves were so unstrung that every noise seemed a danger, and he had visions of Germans lying in ambush in the woods, waiting to pounce upon W. if he should appear. He said Paddy was so wise, seemed to know that he must be perfectly quiet, never kicked nor snorted.

It was impossible to realize those dreadful days when we were riding and walk-

ing in the woods, so enchanting in the early summer, with thousands of lilies of the valley and periwinkles growing wild, and a beautiful blue flower, a sort of orchid. We used to turn all the village children into the woods, and they picked enormous bunches of lilies, which stood all over the château in big china bowls. I loved the wood life at all seasons. I often made the round with W. and his keepers in the autumn when he was preparing a *battue*. The men were very keen about the game, knew the tracks of all the animals, showing me the long narrow rabbit tracks, running a long distance toward the quarries which were full of rabbit holes, and the little delicate hoof-marks of the *chevreuil* (roe-deer) just where he had jumped across the road. The wild boar was easy to trace—little twigs broken, and ferns and leaves quite crushed, where he had passed. The wild boars and stags never stayed very long in our woods—went through merely to the great forest of Villers-Cotterets—so it was most important to know the exact moment of their passage, and there was great pride and excitement when one was taken.

Another interesting moment was when the *coupe de l'année* was being made. Parts of the woods were cut down regularly every year, certain squares marked off. The first day's work was the marking of the big trees along the alleys which were to remain—a broad red ring around the trunks being very conspicuous. Then came the thinning of the trees, cutting off the top branches, and that was really a curious sight. The men climbed high into the tree, and then hung on to the trunk with iron clamps on their feet, with points which stuck into the bark, and apparently gave them a perfectly secure hold, but it looked dangerous to see them swinging off from the trunk with a sort of axe in their hands, cutting off the branches with a swift, sharp stroke. When they finally attacked the big trees that were to come down it was a much longer affair, and they made slow progress. They knew their work well, the exact moment when the last blow had been given, and they must spring aside to get out of the way when the tree fell with a great crash.

There were usually two or three big *battues* in November for the neighboring farmers and small proprietors. The breakfast always took place at the keeper's house.

We had arranged one room as a dining-room, and the keeper's wife was a very good cook; her *omelette au lard* and *civet de lièvre*, classic dishes for a shooting breakfast, were excellent. The repast always ended with a *galette aux amandes* made by the *chef* of the château. I generally went down to the kennels at the end of the day, and it was a pretty sight when the party emerged from the woods, first the shooters, then a regiment of *rebatteurs* (men who track the game), the game cart with a donkey bringing up the rear—the big game, *chevreuil* or boar, at the bottom of the cart, the hares and rabbits hanging from the sides. The sportsmen all came back to the keeper's lodge to have a drink before starting off on their long drive home, and there was always a great discussion over the entries in the game book and the number of *pièces* each man had killed. It was a very difficult account to make, as every man counted many more rabbits than the trackers had found, so they were obliged to make an average of the game that had been brought in. When all the guests had departed, it was killing to hear the old keeper's criticisms.

Another important function was a large breakfast to all the mayors, *conseillers d'arrondissement*, and rich farmers of W.'s canton. That always took place at the château, and Mme. A. and I appeared at table. There were all sorts and kinds—some men in dress coats and white gloves, some very rough specimens in corduroys and thick-nailed shoes, having begun life as *garçons de ferme* (ploughboys). They were all intelligent, well up in politics, and expressed themselves very well, but I think, on the whole, they were pleased when Mme. A. and I withdrew and they went into the gallery for their coffee and cigars. Mme. A. was extraordinarily easy—talked to them all. They came in exactly the same sort of equipage, a light, high, two-wheeled trap with a hood, except the Mayor of La Ferté, our big town, who came in his victoria.

I went often with W. to some of the big farms to see the sheep-shearing and the dairies, and cheese made. The farmer's wife in France is a very capable, hard-working woman—up early, seeing to everything herself, and ruling all her carters and ploughboys with a heavy hand. Once a week, on market day, she takes her cheeses to the market town, driving herself in her

high gig, and several times I have seen some of them coming home with a cow tied to their wagon behind, which they had bought at the market. They were always pleased to see us, delighted to show anything we wanted to see, offered us refreshment—bread and cheese, milk and wine—but never came to see me at the château. I made the round of all the châteaux with Mme. A. to make acquaintance with the neighbors. They were all rather far off, and we rarely found anyone at home. I loved the long drives, almost always through the forest, which was quite beautiful in all seasons, changing like the sea. It was delightful in midsummer, the branches of the big trees almost meeting over our heads, making a perfect shade, and the long, straight green alleys stretching away before us, as far as we could see. When the wood was a little less thick, the afternoon sun would make long zigzags of light through the trees and trace curious patterns upon the hard white road when we emerged occasionally for a few minutes from the depths of the forest at a cross-road. It was perfectly still, but summer stillness, when one hears the buzzing and fluttering wings of small birds and insects and is conscious of life around one.

The most beautiful time for the forest is, of course, in the autumn. October and November are lovely months, with the changing foliage, the red and yellow almost as vivid as in America, and always a foreground of moss and brown ferns, which grow very thick and high all through the forest. We used to drive sometimes over a thick carpet of red and yellow leaves, hardly hearing the horses' hoofs or the noise of the wheels, and when we turned our faces homeward toward the sunset there was really a glory of color in wood and sky. It was always curiously lonely—we rarely met anything or anyone, occasionally a group of wood-cutters or boys exercising dogs and horses from the hunting stables of Villers-Cotterets. At long intervals we would come to a keeper's lodge, standing quite alone in the middle of the forest, generally near a *carrefour* where several roads met. There was always a small clearing—garden and kennels, and a perfectly comfortable house, but it must be a lonely life for the women when their husbands are off all day on their rounds. I asked one of them once, a pretty, smiling young woman who

always came out when the carriage passed, with three or four children hanging to her skirts, if she was never afraid, being alone with small children and no possibility of help, if any drunkards or evilly disposed men came along. She said no—that tramps and vagabonds never came into the heart of the forest, and always kept clear of the keeper's house, as they never knew where he and his gun might be. She said she had had one awful night with a sick child. She was alone in the house with two other small children, almost babies, while her husband had to walk several miles to get a doctor. The long wait was terrible. I got to know all the keepers' wives on our side of the forest quite well, and it was always a great interest to them when we passed on horseback, so few women rode in that part of France in those days.

Sometimes, when we were in the heart of the forest, a big stag with wide-spreading antlers would bound across the road; sometimes a pretty roebuck would come to the edge of the wood and gallop quickly back as we got near.

We had a nice couple at the lodge, an old cavalry soldier who had been for years coachman at the château and who had married a Scotchwoman, nurse of one of the children. It was curious to see the tall, gaunt figure of the Scotchwoman, always dressed in a short linsey skirt, loose jacket, and white cap, in the midst of the chattering, excitable women of the village. She looked so unlike them. Our peasant women wear, too, a short thick skirt, loose jacket, and worsted or knit stockings, but they all wear *sabots* and on their heads a turban made of bright-colored cotton; the older women, of course—the girls wear nothing on their heads. They become bent and wrinkled very soon—old women before their time—having worked always in the fields and carried heavy burdens on their backs. She kept much to herself and rarely left the park. But all the women came to her with their troubles. Nearly always the same story—the men spending their earnings on drink and the poor mothers toiling and striving from dawn till dark to give the little ones enough to eat. She was a strict Protestant, very taciturn and reserved, quite the type of the old Calvinist race who fought so hard against the "Scarlet Woman" when the beautiful and unhappy Marie

Stuart was reigning in Scotland and trying to rule her wild subjects. I often went to see her and she would tell me of her first days at the chateau, where everything was so different from what she was accustomed to.

She didn't tell me what Mme. A. did—that she was a very handsome girl and all the men of the establishment fell in love with her. There were dramas of jealousy when she finally decided to marry the coachman. Our *chef* had learned how to make various English cakes in London, and whenever he made buns or a plum-pudding he used to take some to her. She was a great reader, and we always kept the *Times* for her, and she and I sympathized with each other—two Anglo-Saxons married in France.

Some of the traditions of the château were quite charming. I was sitting in the lodge one day talking to Mme. Antoine, when the baker appeared, with what seemed to me an extraordinary provision of bread. I said, "Does he leave the bread for the whole village with you?" "It is not for me, madame, it is for the *traiteurs* (tramps) who pass on the road," and she explained that all the chateaux gave a piece of bread and two *sous* to any wayfarer who asked for food. She cut the bread into good thick slices, and showed me a wooden bowl on the chimney, filled with two-*sous* pieces. While I was there two men appeared at the big gates, which were always open in the day. They were strong young fellows carrying their bundles, and a sort of pitchfork slung over their shoulders. They looked weary and footsore, their shoes worn in holes. They asked for something to drink and some tobacco, didn't care very much for the water, which was all that Mme. Antoine had to give them, but thanked her civilly enough for the bread and *sous*.

The park wall was a fine vantage-ground to see all (and that wasn't much) that went on on the highroad. The *diligence* to Meaux passed twice a day, with a fine rattle of old wheels and chains, and cracking of whips. It went down the steep hill well enough, but coming up was quite another affair. All the passengers and the driver got out always, and even then it was difficult to get the heavy, cumbersome vehicle up the hill, in winter particularly, when the roads were muddy and slippery. The driver knew us all well, and was much interested in all that went on at the château. He often brought

parcels, and occasionally people from the village who wanted to see W.—sometimes a blind piano-tuner who came from Villers-Cotterets. He was very kind to the poor blind man, helped him down most carefully from the diligence, and always brought him through the park gates to the lodge, where he delivered him over to Antoine. It was curious to see the blind man at work. Once he had been led through the rooms, he was quite at home, found the pianos, fussed over the keys and the strings, exactly as if he saw everything. He tuned all the pianos in the country, and was much pleased to put his hands on one that wasn't fifty years old. I had brought down my new Erard.

Sometimes a country wedding passed, and that was always a pretty sight. A marriage is always an important affair in France in every class of life. There are long discussions with all the members of the two families. The *curé*, the notary, the *patron* (if the young man is a workman), are all consulted, and there are as many negotiations and agreements in the most humble families as in the *grand monde* of the Faubourg St. Germain. Almost all French parents give a *dot* of some kind to their children, and whatever the sum is, either five hundred francs or two thousand, it is always scrupulously paid over to the notary. The wedding-day is a long one. After the religious ceremony in the church, all the wedding party—members of the two families and a certain number of friends—adjourn to the hotel of the little town for a breakfast, which is long and most abundant. Then comes the crowning glory of the day—a country walk along the dusty highroad to some wood or meadow where they can spend the whole afternoon. It is pretty to see the little procession trudging along—the bride in all her wedding garments, white dress, white shoes, wreath, and veil; the groom in a dress coat, top-hat, white cravat and waistcoat, with a white ribbon bow on his sleeve. Almost all the girls and young women are dressed in white or light colors; the mothers and grandmothers (the whole family turns out) in black with flowers in their bonnets. There is usually a fiddler walking ahead making most remarkable sounds on his old cracked instrument, and the younger members of the party take an occasional gallop along the road. They are generally very gay; there is much laughing,

and, from time to time, a burst of song. It is always a mystery to me how the bride keeps her dress and petticoat so clean, but she does, with that extraordinary knack all French-women seem to have of holding up their skirts. They passed often under the wall of the château, for a favorite resting-place was in our woods at the entrance of the *allée verte*, where it widens out a little; the moss makes a beautiful soft carpet, and the big trees give perfect shade. We heard sounds of merriment one day when we were passing and we stopped to look on, from behind the bushes, where we couldn't be seen. There was quite a party assembled. The fiddler was playing some sort of country-dance and all the company, except the very old people, were dancing and singing, some of the men indulging in most wonderful steps and capers. The children were playing and running under the trees. One stout man was asleep, stretched out full length on the side of the road. I fancy his *piquette*, as they call the ordinary white wine of the country, had been too much for him. The bride and groom were strolling about a little apart from the others, quite happy and lover-like, his arm around her waist, she blushing and giggling.

The *gendarmes* passed also very regularly. They always stopped and talked, had a drink with Antoine, and gave all the local news—how many *braconniers* (poachers) had been caught, how long they were to stay in prison, how some of the farmers' sheep had disappeared, no one knew how exactly—there were no more robbers. One day two of them passed, dragging a man between them who had evidently been struggling and fighting. His blouse was torn, and there was a great gash on his face. We were wildly excited, of course. They told us he was an old sinner, a poacher who had been in prison various times, but these last days, not contented with setting traps for the rabbits, he had set fire to some of the hay-stacks, and they had been hunting for him for some time. He looked a rough customer, had an ugly scowl on his face. One of the little hamlets near the château, on the canal, was a perfect nest of poachers, and I had continual struggles with the keepers when I gave clothes or blankets to the women and children. They said some of the women were as bad as the men, and that I ought not to encourage them to come up to

the house and beg for food and clothing; that they sold all the little jackets and petticoats we gave them to the canal hands (also a bad lot) for brandy. I believe it was true in some cases, but in the middle of winter, with snow on the ground, we were hardly warm in the house with big fires everywhere.

I couldn't send away women with four or five children, all insufficiently clothed and fed, most of them in cotton frocks with an old worn knit shawl around their shoulders, legs and arms bare and chapped, half frozen. Some of them lived in caverns or great holes in the rocks, really like beasts. On the road to La Ferté there was a big hole (there is no other word for it) in the bank where a whole family lived. The man was always in prison for something, and his wife, a tall, gaunt figure, with wild hair and eyes, spent most of her time in the woods teaching her boys to set traps for the game. The *curé* told us that one of the children was ill, and that there was literally nothing in the house, so I took one of my cousins with me, and we climbed up the bank, leaving the carriage with Hubert, the coachman, expostulating seriously below. We came to a rickety old door which practically consisted of two rotten planks nailed together. It was ajar; clouds of black smoke poured out as we opened it, and it was some time before we could see anything. We finally made out a heap of filthy rags in one corner, near a sort of fire made of charred pieces of black peat. Two children, one a boy about twelve years old, was lying on the heap of rags, coughing his heart out. He hardly raised his head when we came in. Another child, a girl, some two years younger, was lying beside him, both of them frightfully thin and white; one saw nothing but great dark eyes in their faces. The mother was crouched on the floor close to the children. She hardly moved at first, and was really a horrifying object when she got up; half savage, scarcely clothed—a short petticoat in holes and a ragged bodice gaping open over her bare skin, no shoes or stockings; big black eyes set deep in her head, and a quantity of unkempt black hair. She looked enormous when she stood up, her head nearly touching the roof. I didn't feel very comfortable, but we were two, and the carriage and Hubert within call. The woman was civil enough when she saw I had not come empty-handed. We took her some soup,

bread, and milk. The children pounced upon the bread like little wild animals. The mother didn't touch anything while we were there—said she was glad to have the milk for the boy. I never saw human beings living in such utter filth and poverty. A crofter's cottage in Scotland, or an Irish hovel with the pigs and children all living together, was a palace compared to that awful hole. I remonstrated vigorously with W. and the Mayor of La Ferté for allowing people to live in that way, like beasts, upon the high-road, close to a perfectly prosperous country town. However, they were vagrants, couldn't live long anywhere, for when we passed again, some days later, there was no one in the hole. The door had fallen down, there was no smoke coming out, and the neighbors told us the family had suddenly disappeared. The authorities then took up the matter—the holes were filled up, and no one was allowed to live in them. It really was too awful—like the dwellers in caves of primeval days.

We didn't have many visits at the château, though we were so near Paris (only about an hour and a half by the express), but the old people had got accustomed to their quiet life, and visitors would have worried them. Sometimes a Protestant *pasteur* would come down for two days. We had a nice visit once from M. de Pressensé, father of the present deputy, one of the most charming, cultivated men one could imagine. He talked easily and naturally, using such beautiful language. He was most interesting when he told us about the Commune, and all the horrors of that time in Paris. He was in the Tuileries when the mob sacked and burned the palace; saw the *femmes de la halle* sitting on the brocade and satin sofas, saying, "C'est nous les princesses maintenant"; saw the entrance of the troops from Versailles, and the quantity of innocent people shot who were merely standing looking on at the barricades, having never had a gun in their hands. The only thing I didn't like was his long *extempore* (to me familiar) prayers at night. I believe it is a habit in some old-fashioned French Protestant families to pray for each member of the family by name. I thought it was bad enough when he prayed for the new *ménage* just beginning their married life (that was us), that they might be spiritually guided to do their

best for each other and their respective families; but when he proceeded to *name* some others of the family who had strayed a little from the straight and narrow path, hoping they would be brought to see, by Divine grace, the error of their ways, I was horrified, and could hardly refrain from expressing my opinion to the old people. However, I was learning prudence, and when my opinion and judgment were diametrically opposed to those of my new family (which happened often) I kept them to myself. Sunday was strictly kept. There was no Protestant church anywhere near. We had a service in the morning in M. A.'s library. He read prayers and a short sermon, all the household appearing, as most of the servants were Swiss and Protestants. In the afternoon Mme. A. had all the village children at the château. She had a small organ in one of the rooms in the wing of the dining-room, taught them hymns and read them simple little stories. The *curé* was rather anxious at first, having his little flock under such a dangerous heretic influence, but he very soon realized what an excellent thing it was for the children, and both he and the mothers were much disappointed when anything happened to put off the lesson. They didn't see much of the *curé*. He would pay one formal visit in the course of the year, but there was never any intimacy.

We lived much for ourselves, and for a few months in the year it was a rest and change from Paris, and the busy, agitated life, social and political, that one always led there. I liked the space, too, the great high, empty rooms, with no frivolous little tables and screens or stuff on the walls, no photograph stands nor fancy vases for flowers, no *bibelot* of any kind—large, heavy pieces of furniture which were always found every morning in exactly the same place. Once or twice, in later years, I tried to make a few changes, but it was absolutely useless to contend with a wonderful old servant called Ferdinand, who was over sixty years old, and had been brought up at the château, had always remained there with the various owners, and who knew every nook and corner of the house and everything that was in it. It was years before I succeeded in talking to him. I used to meet him sometimes on the stairs and corridors, always running, and carrying two or three pails and brooms. If he could, he dived into any

open door when he saw me coming, and apparently never heard me when I spoke, for he never answered. He was a marvellous servant, cleaned the whole house, opened and shut all the windows night and morning (almost work enough for one man), lit the *calorifères*, scrubbed and swept and polished floors from early dawn until ten o'clock, when we left the *salon*. He never lived with the other servants, cooked his own food at his own hours in his room, and his only companion was a large black cat, which always followed him about. He did W.'s service, and W. said that they used always to talk about all sorts of things, but I fancy master and servant were equally reticent and understood each other without many words.

I slipped one day on the very slippery wooden steps leading from W.'s little study to the passage. Baby did the same, and got a nasty fall on the stone flags, so I asked W. if he would ask Ferdinand to put a strip of carpet on the steps (there were only four). W. gave the order, but no carpet

appeared. He repeated it rather curtly. The old Ferdinand made no answer, but grumbled to himself over his broom that it was perfectly foolish and useless to put down a piece of carpet, that for sixty years people and children, and babies, had walked down those steps and no one had ever thought of asking for carpets. W. had really rather to apologize and explain that his wife was nervous and unused to such highly polished floors. However, we became great friends afterward, Ferdinand and I, and when he understood how fond I was of the *château*, he didn't mind my deranging the furniture a little. Two grand pianos were a great trial to him. I think he would have liked to put one on top of the other.

The big library, quite at one end of the house, separated from the drawing-room we always sat in by a second large *salon*, was a delightful, quiet resort when anyone wanted to read or write. There were quantities of books, French, English, and German—the classics in all three languages, and a fine collection of historical memoirs.

A BLUEBIRD'S NEST

By Margaret Sherwood



AS I sat thinking, while the sky was gray, there flashed before me suddenly a picture in vivid color: the soft blue of the Bay of Naples, with white sails far and near, and the lovely contours of shore-line and cliff about Sorrento. The scent of the roses in the garden above the cliff was in my nostrils, the soft, eternal plashing of Mediterranean waters in my ears. What brought the sweetness of that moment back to me so poignantly? I wondered, as I took up my brush again and added a splash of green to my canvas. Here came Helen's voice calling softly:

"Do look at the bluebirds building in the hole in this apple-tree!"

Italy vanished and I saw what really was before me, an orchard of knotted old New England apple-trees, and, flashing across the soft, clouded sky, a pair of vivid wings.

A bluebird and his wife were certainly making a home in a hollow limb. Helen tiptoed to me, her finger on her lips, and, sitting together on the grass, we watched them at their work. Now and then there was joyous flight and sudden pursuit into the upper air; and then the lovers were back again, collecting blades of grass and bits of straw, with quick fluttering and soft little chirps.

"They put me to shame," said Helen, and she ran away, soon bringing back the linen cover that she was making for the cushion of the old Windsor chair. She and the birds worked side by side, and some of the long linen ravellings became part of the home in the tree.

All day long, in the golden May weather, there was for us the flash of bright wings against the green, or against the less intense blue of the sky, of which they seemed to form a part. Fascinated, we watched the building of the nest. Were we not building

our own? This old farmhouse, with apple-trees pressing closely about it and straggling down the southern slope to the brook that flowed toward the west, we had found as birds of passage find the special spot among the twigs that they know for home. Here we had paused with a feeling that we had discovered a refuge too remote for pursuit. Never had an automobile ventured down this rough, fern-bordered road, and the railway station was five miles away. In color the house was like the under side of the apple leaves; branches, fragrant with blossom, reached the low dormer windows; petals, white or rose-tinted, drifted across our threshold. We had inherited it all from an elderly maiden cousin whom I had visited in my boyhood: the sparsely furnished dainty rooms with their cream-tinted walls; the marble-cased fireplace in the parlor where we make crackling fires of dead apple branches on the chilly spring evenings; even Deborah, the maid, who served us noisily and well, forever playing the "pipes of Pan" upon the kitchen floor. Our only and consuming fear was that we should be too happy, and should find that the angry gods envied our lot.

"There are plenty of inconveniences, really," Helen would say consolingly. "The stairs are too steep."

"I keep hitting my head against the ceiling," I would add.

"It's very hard to make Deborah cook more than enough for one maiden lady; you don't want your wife to go hungry, do you?"

"She may have to, for my pictures won't sell," I would say grimly.

"Aunt Malvina may discover us any day," Helen would suggest, "and as she is my legal guardian, maybe she could carry me off." So we tried to cheat the gods with a pretence of flaws in our too perfect lot.

My lady, swinging in a gossamer hammock that hung between two of our trees, suddenly looked up at me one day, idly touching her slippered feet to the green below.

"Do you remember how blue the sky was by the cypress at the top of the cliff where we stood for a minute the day you first came to Villa Altamont?"

Did I remember! Withington had invited me to call with him upon some friends who had a villa just beyond Sorrento, and I had gone unwillingly enough. Now the

long white dusty road came back to me; the yellow plaster walls of the villa, the ilex avenue and the sculptured fountain where one tall naiad stood with water dripping over her and maidenhair fern growing about her feet. And I came from out the eternal shadow of those ilexes into the glory of southern sunshine and found her there, my lady of the olive-trees, whom I had not dreamed of finding again, but whom I had resolved to paint as I had seen her, for men to worship.

"Yes, I remember," I said, looking up from my book.

"You speak as if you did not care," she said mournfully.

I looked at her.

"Oh!" said Helen, smiling.

For how could I speak? Hollow words have no power to express the many-sided beauty of that moment. One needs eyes and ears and finger-tips and cheeks that the soft salt breeze with its mingled fragrances can touch in order to apprehend it, for the sun was warm on leaf and flower, and the villa garden stretched to the sea.

"It was three weeks," said Helen softly, "and you came every other day. How Aunt Malvina glared!"

"What made you think of it now?" I asked.

"I don't know," she answered dreamily, looking up at the apple branches, which had always for us a hint of Italy's olives against a deeper sky.

I did, but I said nothing; only, in my heart I blessed the birds, the flashing of whose blue wings had power to bring back a past wherein happiness had seemed great except when measured by the greater happiness of the present.

Our new neighbors seemed to disappear soon after this. I wondered whether I, or the picture I was trying to paint, or Deborah in her pink calico dress had frightened them away. Once or twice I saw them at a distance, but they looked away over their blue shoulders as if interested in anything in the world rather than that hole in the apple-tree. There was loud chirping of robins, cheeping of tiny wrens that were building in the porch, flashing of yellow warblers like sudden rays of sunshine across the green and gray, and now and then the swift, sudden flaming of tanager wings. I watched and waited but the bluebirds never came,

and at length I broke the news to Helen that they had abandoned the nest. She made no answer, but slipped her hand into mine and drew me toward the tree. Following directions, I looked long and carefully, and saw at last, on a soft brown bed, two pale-blue eggs.

"There!" said Helen triumphantly. "The mother bird steals in when you are away. She is afraid of being caught by you as we are by Aunt Malvina, and with less reason!"

"But where do you watch her?"

"From the dormer window of my room; there is just space enough between the blossoms."

Looking at the excited face turned up to mine, I wondered if the mother bluebird put half the hope into that little nest that my lady was putting there.

Presently there were five blue eggs within the nest, and our neighbor grew bolder as she began to sit. Always as she came she would cling at her house door to take a last look at me and see if my character had changed since the last scrutiny, when she had dubiously decided that I was to be trusted. Now and then came her mate, fluttering to the moss-grown, shingled roof of the house, or to a high branch near, and I grew to love the companionship of the beating wings and the feet that came and went, making no noise, nor could I work properly unless I was sure that my two friends were safe and unafrighted.

"I've been making the salad," said Helen one day as she stood with her hand on my shoulder. "Deborah flatly refuses to do it, saying that she isn't going to begin at her age taking up with popish ways. Oh," with no apparent connection, "do you remember the look of the water that day we were yachting off Sicily?"

"What day?" I asked hypocritically. "There were so many."

"The day you did the poem," said Helen reproachfully.

"I did several that voyage."

"You never told me!" she cried, and her hand dropped from my shoulder. "What were they about?"

"The same subject," I answered as well as I could with the brush between my teeth. As I heard nothing more save the sound of light footsteps on the grass I judged that my lady was satisfied, and I worked on,

sailing again, with that soft motion, the Mediterranean waters that stretched in gently undulating color as far as the eye could see. Helen was standing by the railing in her white linen gown and sailor hat, and I leaned forward suddenly to give her a poem I had written about her, full of the love I dared not speak. So vivid was the remembered picture that when I lifted my eyes and saw Helen coming back to me in her pale-blue gown from her visit to the nest I had to pause to think which was the dream lady, which the real one.

"Do *you* remember," I asked, "how you came back with my poem and held it out to me saying, 'I am not sure that it is quite clear?'"

"You made me betray myself shamelessly," said Helen, blushing after two years. "It was as if I had asked you if you had written it about me."

"How red you got!" I remarked.

"Who wouldn't," she demanded, standing at her full height, "after the way you explained?"

"It was the only honorable thing to do," I maintained.

"And why?" she demanded, coming a step nearer.

"Because, while you were reading my verses, Withington had told me that you were an heiress, and had had the face to congratulate me; and though I was only a poor artist, I was honest then as now."

Helen seated herself lightly upon my knee.

"As if," she said, "things, mere tangible things, have any right to come between people who care! I never should have dreamed that you were such a materialist!"

"It is surprising," I admitted meekly, "in an artist."

"You ran away," accused Helen, grasping the lapel of my painting-jacket as if to keep me from repeating the offence.

"Sometimes that is the braver part."

"You made me love you and then you disappeared."

I put down my brush and folded my arms with Helen inside them.

"What would you have done," I asked, "if Withington had confessed that he had foreseen this, and had invited us on that yachting trip, thinking that a match between a penniless artist and an heiress would be a good thing?"

"I presume," admitted Helen, "that I

should have done what you did. But think of the day when we landed in Palermo and they told me you were not coming back because of pressing business. Pressing business in Sicily!"

"It was riding a donkey eight hours a day," I explained. "I thought perhaps he could understand."

"Oh, how I hated it!" wailed Helen. There were actually tears in her eyes. "The beauty, the utter beauty and the desolation of it all! I thought I could never bear to look at water or sky or anything blue again."

"It is well that you do not have to see your own eyes," I murmured.

Then, at her feet in the deep grass, I made what amends I could, and I know that I was forgiven, for she kissed my hair lightly, and it was as if a petal had fallen there.

"How could I know?" I pleaded. "If you had not thrown my verses overboard perhaps I should not have gone ashore."

"What could you expect when I had practically asked you to say that you had written the verses to me, and you had told me they were about a lady in a dream? Besides, Aunt Malvina was looking. But quick, see!"

The mother bird, frightened by our voices, had flown off the nest and had called her loyal spouse to the rescue. Bolder than she, he came to a nearer twig and studied us, his head on one side, then on the other, as we sat breathless. Then the man bird flew to the hole and clung there, his brave back shining out from the soft brown of the bark as he studied the nest to see if any real danger threatened his nervous lady. Satisfied, he flew to the dead twig from which she trustfully watched him. Was there anything peremptory in the twitching of his tail? Meekly and gladly the gray-blue wife flew back and two blue eyes were turned to me.

"Surely chivalry antedated King Arthur!" said Helen.

"And by this token," I confessed, "I know that I should have stayed upon the yacht to protect you from Aunt Malvina."

"She was rather terrible," admitted Helen.

"Hist, did you see that?" I asked, on the afternoon of the next day.

"What?" whispered my wife. We were

beginning to have the noiseless ways and alert eyes of the two-footed and four-footed creatures about us. Helen was sitting on the grass at my side, while I wrestled with the soul of an old apple-tree which I was vainly trying to fix on the canvas. And I ask you, gentle reader, how anyone with mere paint and brush could render up all the fragrance of its falling blossoms, the murmur of the golden bees among the leaves, the music of the breeze, and the changing light and shadow?

"Only a disappearing bit of blue, the wings of the father of the family getting dim with distance."

"Why did you ask?" asked Helen, looking up from "Love Among the Ruins." "Do you know, I don't believe anybody else ever had your skill in getting all the look of experience in a tree, all the expression of lichen and stem."

"The world doesn't think so," I answered truthfully. "Who buys my cypresses, or my poplars? That bird reminded me of something," and I went on working over an old twig.

"Of what?"

"Oh, a fool journey that I made once."

"Before you knew me or after?"

"After, of course. I never did foolish things until I knew you. It was after the donkey-riding in Sicily. I was in the railway station at Rome and a newspaper brought me good news of the failure of the Colorado Quicksilver Company, and I knew that your fortune was gone. Suddenly the whole station became full of you; I saw your face, coming toward me, going, and the thought that, after all, you were not utterly beyond my reach nearly turned my brain. Then I spied something that I was sure was a part of you, a pale, soft-blue gown, your very color, and I followed it."

"As if any self-respecting American girl would wear a pale-blue travelling dress!" said my lady disdainfully. "Why did you never tell me this before?"

"Ashamed," I confessed. "And besides, my dear, there are a thousand things I have never told you. Do you realize that we are not yet fairly acquainted?"

"I know a great many more things about you," said Helen, nodding sagely, "than you dream."

"It was a will-o'-the-wisp journey; we went north and north. I watched all the

stations jealously, but the blue gown did not alight. All the air was filled with you; the blue hills of the distance were you when they faded away into the sky. The gleam of the Mediterranean was you."

Helen nestled closer.

"Then at Genoa the creature alighted."

"Poor boy!" said Helen, leaning her head against my knee.

"It was a yellow-headed English girl in a ball dress!" I said spitefully. My lady only laughed.

"Then you went on into Switzerland?"

"Yes, cursing the day that I was born. How was I ever to find you?"

"Telegram," she suggested, "or letters."

"Not to a lady who had thrown my love into the sea," I answered loftily.

Just here we were interrupted by so pretty a bit of comedy among the leaves that we straightway forgot our checkered past. The father bluebird had lighted on a dead twig and had called to his wife, with a soft little chirp, to join him. She flew to his side, and then he fed her with a long worm, the two beaks meeting, the two blue backs gleaming against the green.

"There is so much to be learned about life from the birds," said Helen absent-mindedly.

"You will observe," I remarked majestically, "that I was entirely right in my attitude. It has always been the duty of the man of the family to provide the worms."

"I like the worms you provide," said Helen quickly, for she was always aware of my mood even before it was written on my face, and she knew that my conscience smote me for not having found a fitter habitation for my daintily bred lady. That sloping roof and the rough door-yard haunted me with a sense of duty undone.

"To be sure it is only for the summer," I was thinking to myself.

"And everyone knows," said Helen, answering the unspoken words, "that tall grass is prettier than turf, especially when there are daisies growing in it, and that candles are much more lovely than electricity."

"Hello," I said, "that faded old paint is all scaling off."

"It makes a much better background for the climbing roses," insisted Helen, and she was right, for they were deep red.

But I was glad that my lady was content, for this old house, with its eloquent, worn

thresholds and many-paned windows and low rooms through which life had come and gone, had grown very dear to me. I should have been loath to leave the great meadow to the east where the grasses swayed a little more luxuriantly each day in the wind; and the tall elm down the road, falling now in a cascade of green that just stopped short of foam, the drooping branches all a-ripple with young leaves; and the pool below the house where the young things of spring-time were still calling to each other in sweet, cool little voices.

"Whatever happens, we mustn't go away before wild strawberries are ripe," I said one night as we were eating supper out of doors. There was a mahogany card-table that just suited this purpose, and, though there was room on it for only three doilies, it sufficed to hold our blue plates and cups and saucers and old-fashioned silverspoons.

"Not until the bluebirds are hatched," said Helen; and, looking toward her, I knew that the fluttering heart of the bird had filled her with hope deeper than its own.

"Who made the sandwiches?" I asked, for they were of cream cheese and walnuts, and fit to eat upon the Delectable Mountains.

"I did," said Helen. "Who made this new dressing for the lettuce?"

"I did," I answered triumphantly. "We used to do it in the studio."

"Well, anyhow, I made the bread," grumbled Deborah from behind my chair as she drew near with the tea-cups. "It's well you've got me round, for you two hev no more sense about housekeeping than them two birds."

"You compliment us, Deborah," I told her, for even then the father bluebird was boldly gathering crumbs from our feast and carrying them home to his lady.

It was near the end of a golden day of earliest June; against our moss-grown roof the deep blue of sky began to glow with sunset, and I caught the outline of Helen's brown-gold head against the glory as I had seen it once before. I saw again that green Alpine meadow that I had found one day as I climbed the mountains above Lausanne to the Tour de Gorge, founded by the good Queen Bertha in the years when the fairy-

stories were true. I had flung myself face downward on the grass of this meadow that began high in the blue heaven and seemed to stretch upward into the ragged edge of kingdom come. The far tinkle of cow-bells was soft in my ears, the cool air comforted my tired pulses. Below, the lake was wide and blue, and beyond, above, were the white peaks. Through the stillness came a voice; the tinkling of the cow-bells died away, and I rose, and stood, trembling.

Yes, it was Helen, coming straight toward me over that meadow that reached into heaven, and I took off my hat while she was still a long way off. So we met and in the silence read each other's faces. Then followed the foolish chattering of many voices and the frown upon the awful face of Aunt Malvina who, when she saw me, bowed majestically from out her plate-armor of silk and jet, but vouchsafed no word. Once, when she was at Helen's side, a sharp sentence reached me:

"Now that you are penniless you must avoid him more than ever," but I did not mind, for I was tramping over the slopes with my beloved and was with her when the sun went down. Lake and white mountain-tops were flushed with rose, and, while the land at our feet was green, the land afar off was touched with faint blue and amethyst, even as it was now.

There came a day when the wee bluebirds chipped the shell and five yawning mouths appeared in the dun-colored nest at the bottom of the hole in the old apple-tree. The man bird made great rejoicing at the coming of his first-born; the mother bird, wan but happy, fluttered from the nest and stretched her tired wings. The next day she took a longer flight; the third day she went and did not return. All that afternoon my thought wandered from my work, for either Helen or the father bird was continually flitting past me with an anxious face, and not all my pretence of not seeing could keep them from my mind. Coming home late that evening, after a long walk, I saw against the dusky shadows of the house and trees, something like a great firefly moving with trailing light. It paused by the bluebird's tree, and I saw that it was Helen, with a brass candlestick in her hand, peering into the nest. The light shone out in the darkness on her fair hair and pale blue gown, as she shaded her eyes with her hand.

"Dear," she said in a scared whisper, "the mother bluebird is really gone; something must have happened to her."

"Nonsense," I answered, "she is only taking a little vacation after her long sitting on the nest," but my conscience smote me. "What's happening to the flock?"

"Look!" said Helen triumphantly, and, gazing into the hole, I saw the brave, frightened eyes and the bright back of the father bluebird, awkwardly hovering his family.

"If she is dead now, just when those little creatures were alive under her wings, I cannot bear it," cried Helen, and I was silent, for I knew not what pain, beyond the understanding of a man, was tugging at her heart. Overhead stars were shining from out a dusky sky, and from our open windows streamed light that showed how green was the grass under our feet.

"It was under the stars in the old villa garden at Lausanne that I first told you of my love."

"The sky was deeper blue and the stars were golden," said Helen.

"And the fragrance of young grapes came on the moist night air from the vineyard below."

"Say the words over," whispered Helen, laying her hand upon my shoulder, and I did her bidding, but what they were no one but herself and the bluebird shall ever know.

The next morning my breakfast waited; sunshine poured through the window on blue cups and saucers, but the chair at the head of the table was empty, and my wife, like the bluebird's, was gone. Grumbling, I poured out my own coffee and got speedily to work, but I made a daub of my picture, and all the while I kept listening, listening with strained ears. He made me nervous, that devoted lover. Now there was a swift dip of wings from the apple-trees; now he was clinging to the side of the hole, his head on one side, peering anxiously in; all the while he was working bravely to get breakfast for his family, but never a gleam of blue wings or of blue hem comforted him or me.

"Cheer up; your lady is only taking a bit of vacation," I reassured him, but I am not skilled in lying, and the quick glance of his bright eyes convicted me. In my heart of hearts I was sure that the gray-blue mother bird was dead. Squirrel or cat, what had done the deed? And where had I been

with my foolish right arm that went on painting, painting, while the tragedy had been accomplished?

At ten o'clock I, too, went searching; I could stand it no longer. Far by the edge of the brook, and along the old rail fences, I saw Helen going, wearily now, for she had been busy since sunrise. I could hear her calling to the lost bird, chirping, coaxing; I could see the bent head, and I knew that she had given up hope and was watching to see if she could but find the little breathless body and give it Christian burial. She was walking now along the gray-green fields of young oats when suddenly I saw her stop and listen; then she sprang forward, an incarnate joy. A minute later I was at her side; a mist made grayer the gray-blue eyes which matched the color of the little creature she held in her hands.

"It is, it is our bluebird! Look, its foot was caught in this old cloth upon the fence!"

Faint and almost exhausted, the little creature nestled in Helen's breast, but it seemed uninjured. Even the leg it had tried so hard to pull away from the tangled shreds of cloth was unbroken. So intent were we upon reviving this frightened fugitive that we failed to notice the half-forgotten, but all too familiar chuck, chuck, chucking of something down our solitary road. When Helen, all startled, looked up, the hated white machine was close upon us; it came to an abrupt standstill, and the old familiar glare of Aunt Malvina's eyes fell upon us as her goggles dropped.

"Why, Helen Merivale!" cried that lady.

"Helen Morton!" corrected my wife.

"Humph!" said Aunt Malvina. "Mr. Withington told me you were somewhere hereabouts."

With her goggles hanging about her neck and her long gray cloak catching on the rails, Aunt Malvina was actually climbing the fence, while the chauffeur grinned delightedly.

"I suppose you are aware," she remarked in her deepest voice, "that, as you will not be twenty-one for two months yet, I am your lawful guardian."

"Hush!" whispered Helen, with uplifted forefinger, "you will scare the bluebird. No, I think my husband is my lawful guardian now."

"You left me rather suddenly." Her voice broke slightly.

"We were dreadfully sorry," confessed Helen, "but there was no other way. I've worried a great deal about it."

"Are you aware, sir," said the elder lady sternly, turning upon me, "that you have given me a rather anxious time since you ran away with my niece and ward?"

"It would be inexcusable," I murmured, "if you had not given us such an anxious time before."

There was a grim quiver at the corner of Aunt Malvina's mouth.

"Well, you have impertinence enough to succeed," she remarked.

"Yet, as you have often reminded me, I have not succeeded."

"You haven't?" shrieked the old lady, treading down the tender grain. "Didn't you know that that foolish poplar-tree picture of yours is the talk of all Paris? Didn't you know that the Duc de Something or Other had offered five thousand dollars for it?"

I shook my head; the picture was in Withington's hands. I had told him to do as he pleased with it, and we had avoided the mails.

"There!" cried Helen in triumph; "worms, and more to be found."

"Child, have you gone crazy?" demanded Aunt Malvina.

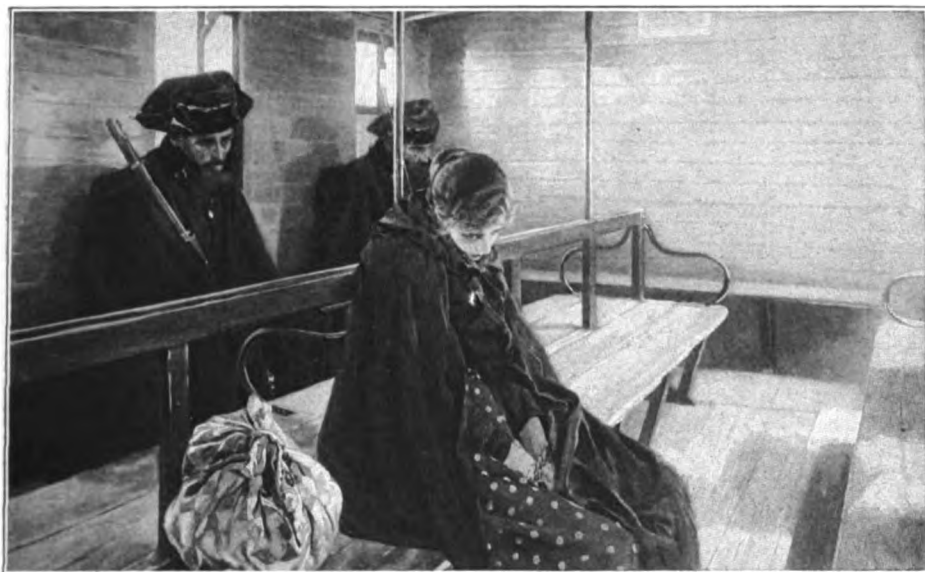
"Come home with us; come home, quick!" cried Helen. Holding the bluebird to her bosom with one hand, she dragged Aunt Malvina with the other, and so walked at the edge of the grain to the lichen-covered bars.

"The tables are turned!" said Helen. "It's no longer the penniless artist and the rich girl; it's a case of the penniless girl and the artist who is going to be something better than rich—great."

"I've hunted up and down the whole country. Where have you been living, child?"

The older woman's eyes were dim.

"Come and I'll show you," said Helen, tugging. So we led Aunt Malvina into our gray-green paradise. The mother bluebird, released, fluttered weakly toward her nest, and, as she paused by the open hole, her mate flew joyously to her side, dropping into her mouth the dangling worm he carried. A minute later I heard her soft chirp, as five little wriggling heads were gathered under her tired wings.



"Another Marguerite."

A GREAT SPANISH ARTIST

JOAQUIN SOROLLA-Y-BASTIDA

By Charles M. Kurtz

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY SOROLLA-Y-BASTIDA



SPAIN always has been a country of artistic ideals. The traveller in the Peninsula finds evidence of this in the early Roman remains, in the marvellous works of the Moors and in the architectural monuments of later date. The superior taste which establishes agreeable relationship between ornament and plain surface is found nowhere better exemplified than in Spanish architecture.

No painter in all the history of art more strongly has appealed to artists and amateurs of his own and succeeding periods than has Velasquez. He was one of the first of the Realists and was as much an Impressionist as Manet. He was a great interpreter, and, while a most serious painter, his work shows the joy which he found in it. Ribera (Spagnoletto) was a painter of won-

derful strength, Goya was a technician and colorist of remarkable charm, Fortuny was a master of brilliant technique—and to-day there is a group of Spanish painters who produce work worthy of the country's artistic traditions—strong, forceful, splendid in color, fine in technique, individual and distinctly national. No other country has produced a stronger group of painters than Sorolla-y-Bastida, Zuloaga, Anglada-Camarasa, Ramon Casas, and a dozen others who might be named.

At the Chicago International Exposition of 1893, contemporary Spanish painting made its début in the United States. The Spanish Art Exhibit, as a whole, was not remarkable for high artistic quality, but the works of three men stood high above the average and suffered nothing in comparison with the works of the strong painters of other countries. These three artists were

Joaquin Sorolla-y-Bastida, Ramon Casas and Santiago Rusiñol.

Perhaps the picture in the Spanish Section which attracted more attention than any other was "Another Marguerite," by Sorolla—a large canvas with figures of almost life size, painted in a broad, simple, but very adequate manner and marking a

the woman a black dress with white spots and a dark shawl. The painting is remarkable for its *chiaro-oscuro*. The effect of direct warm sunlight falling on the benches at the right, and the cool reflections on the end of the car from the windows at the left, are realistic in the extreme. As a study of gradations of light and shadow, of values,

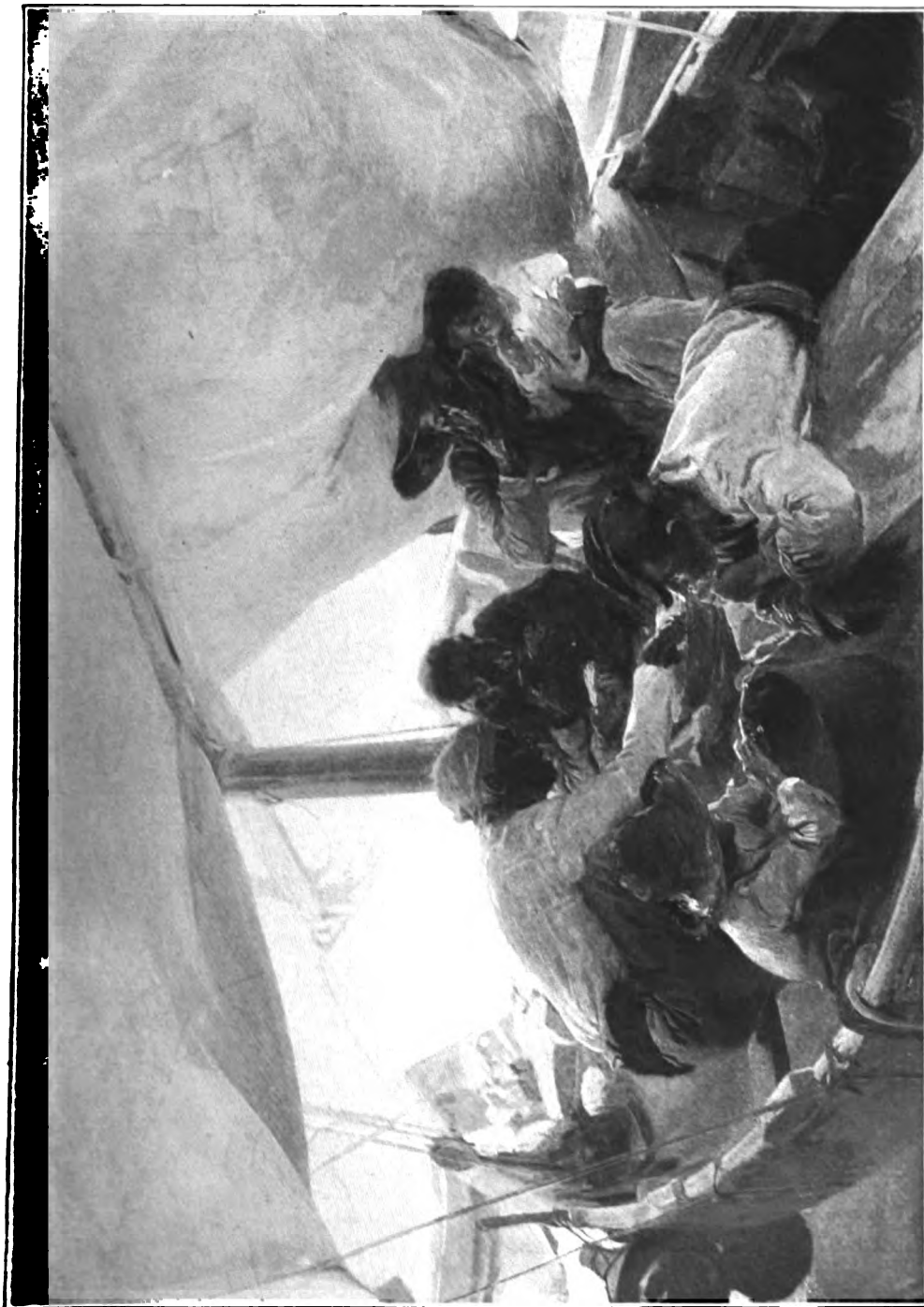


In the Laboratory.

new and very distinctive individuality in the world of art. The painting was purchased for the permanent collection of the Saint Louis Museum of Fine Arts, and a reproduction of it is given herewith. It represents a young woman, with downcast head and an expression of deep suffering in her face, sitting, with wrists manacled, in a Spanish third-class railway carriage. Armed guards occupy the seat behind her. Beside her is a bundle with an orange and white checkered covering, containing her poor belongings. The sides of the compartment are painted a dull yellow, the guards wear dark blue cloaks with dark red facings, and

of fine tone and harmonious color, the work is exceptional. And yet, admirable as is this picture, it now must be regarded mainly as an expression of the promise given of the splendid work to follow it—work to place the painter in the same artistic rank with Sargent and Zorn.

The year following the Chicago Exposition, the writer spent several months in Spain, and had the pleasure of meeting Señor Sorolla in his studio. The first sight of the artist—an exceedingly earnest-looking man slightly above medium height, with clear, searching eyes—satisfied the impression of him gained from study of his work. Here



Luncheon on a Fishing-boat.

A Great Spanish Artist

was a man of ideals, of strong decision, indefatigable energy—such energy as one scarcely expects to find in a Spaniard—and of decided individuality.

At that time the artist had two large apartments crowded with pupils, and a studio beyond filled with his own work—studies and sketches apparently almost in-

Grand Prix for his large canvas, "Triste Herencia" (Sad Inheritance). He also was decorated on that occasion with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Later, his painting, "The Return of the Fishermen," was purchased by the French Government and is now in the Luxembourg.

The "Triste Herencia" is not a cheerful



Portrait of the Artist's Daughter, Maria.

numerable, representing genre, portraits, bits of landscape and stretches of sea beach and water. More versatility in choice of subject and manner of expression I never had seen in the work of an artist. And everything I saw proclaimed the man in love with his art—to whom hard work was also great joy.

Year after year since that visit I have seen Sorolla's work in the Salons and other European exhibitions where always it has stood out from its surroundings as exceptionally distinguished, and always has seemed to show a certain artistic advancement upon his work which had been shown before.

At the Paris Exposition of 1900, Sorolla's work fairly dominated the Spanish Art Section. He was represented by six important pictures and was awarded the

picture, but it is a work of wonderful impressiveness. It represents a number of gaunt, afflicted children—some of them blind, others crippled, still others nervous wrecks and some bearing marks of disease—naked, in charge of a tall priest in a black robe, who has taken them down to the sea to bathe. Some already are in the water, others are on the sandy beach. There is blazing sunshine, and the sharply accentuated anatomy of the thin figures gives unusual opportunity for the exercise of the artist's vigorous technique in the representation of flesh in sunshine and shadow. The pink figures with their blue shadows, the burning yellow sand, the crisp blue water with its sparkling surf, all contribute to a work of wonderful charm, despite the repellent features of its subject. This picture at the present time is owned in America.



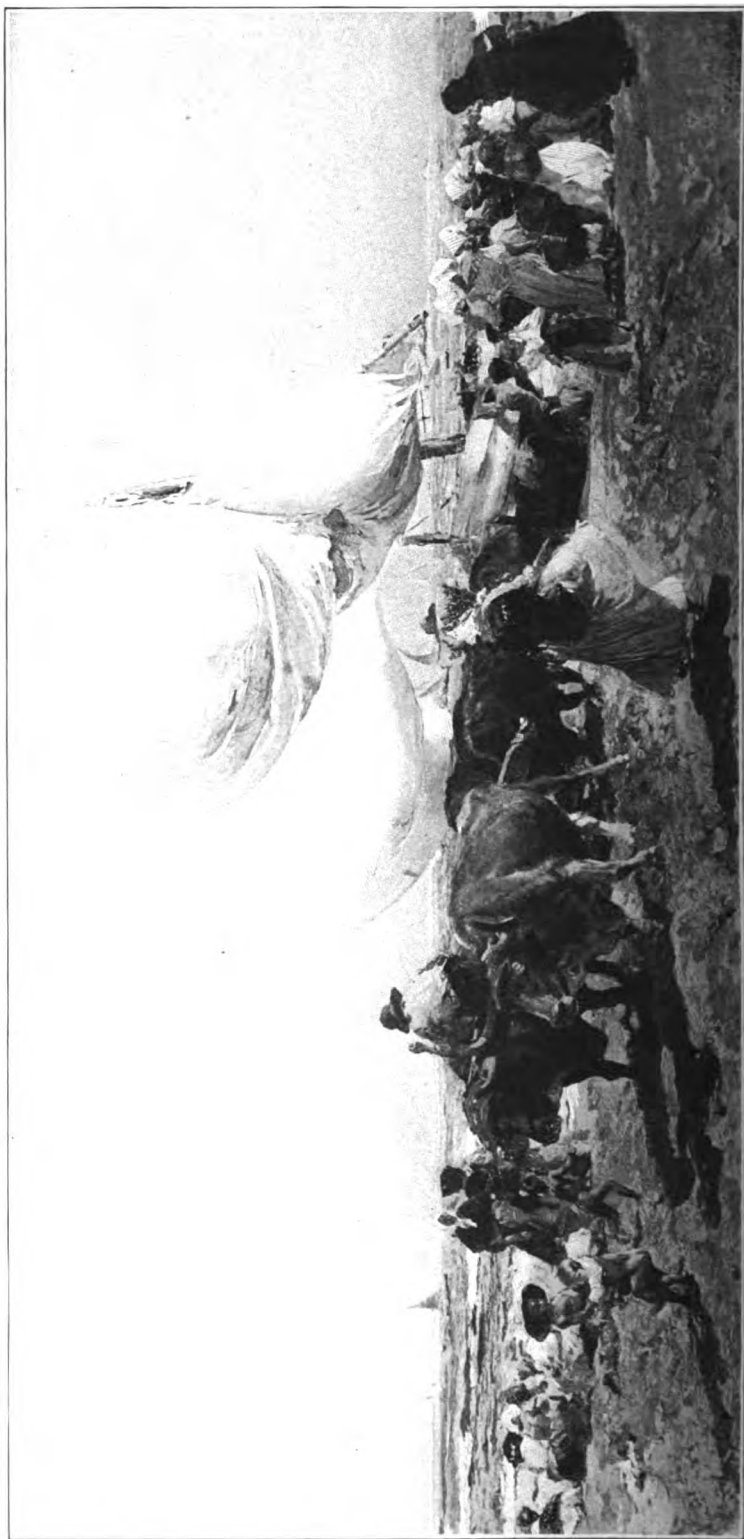
Portrait of Franzen, the Photographer.



Portrait of Madame E——.



The Young King of Spain with His Mother as Regent.



The Beach at Valencia.

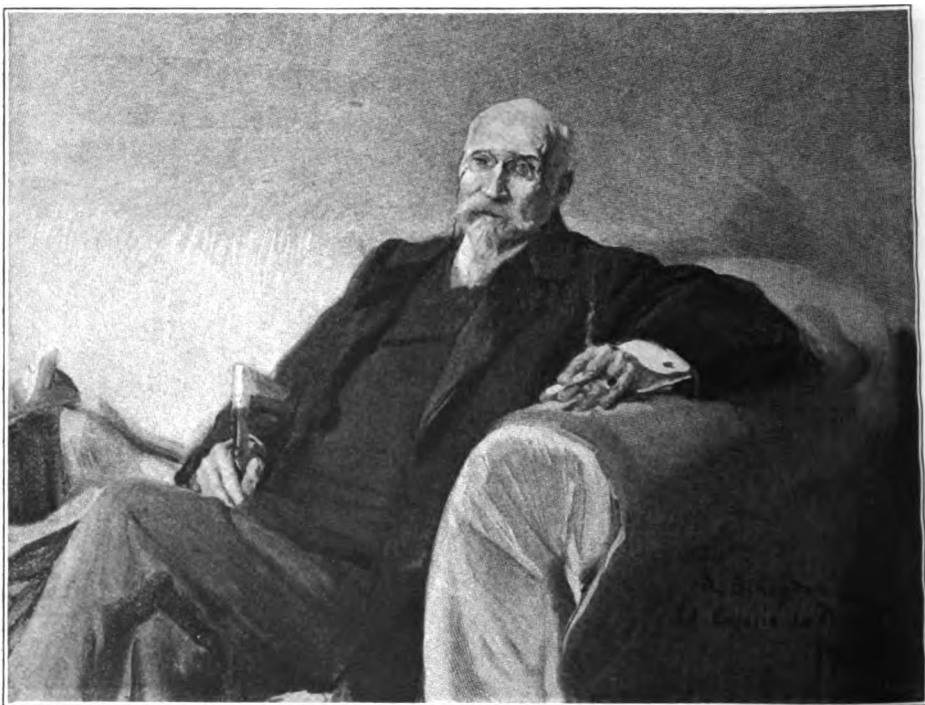


Portrait of Madame Sorolla.

A Great Spanish Artist

No other living painter surpasses Sorolla in his representations of light and atmosphere. He is especially fond of outdoor subjects—views along the coast, fisher-people, boatmen, boats with sails filled by the breeze, women with skirts blown by the wind, naked children playing in the surf, sturdy oxen with ropes attached, pulling up fishing boats on the sands. In his genre

are seen clearly, and are expressed with great facility, rapidity and truthfulness. In his interiors, where something more of finish is required, and especially in his portraits, where not only likeness is demanded but interpretation of character is essential, while his work still is broad and simple, it has in it something more of reserve; a suggestion of something recognized as due to the per-



Portrait of José Echegaray, Author and Statesman.

pictures he studies mostly the common people and paints them to the life. Indeed, all his work is instinct with vitality. He seems to imbibe something of the essence of whatever he studies and to involve it in his representation.

No other painter seems to cover such tremendous range of subjects, or to show such variety in his technique. He is both Realist and Impressionist. In his outdoor pictures one feels that Sorolla works with absolute freedom. The luminosity of the sky, the sparkle of sunshine on water, the opalescent color playing through the lights and shadows on white sails, the vigor of movement in men and animals, all appeal to him strongly,

sonality of the sitter as well as to that of the artist—a point which many of the modern portrait painters appear to ignore. And yet Sorolla's portraits have the effect of having been painted at a single sitting—indeed, it is almost certain that the last painting covers the entire canvas—but when one comes to study one of them, one cannot help feeling that such a degree of completeness, of adequacy—of realization and spiritualization combined—only could be reached through successive studies and paintings until the artist has come to absorb something of the character of his sitter, making it for a time a part of himself, so that he sees the world through his subject's eyes and some-



Portrait of Maria Guerrero, the Actress

what combines his or her feeling with his own expression. In other words, he seems to study his sitters as an actor studies his parts, or as an author imagines himself in the place of the characters of his tale.

This is something only possible to a man of deep sympathy and of keen ability to interpret, but such a man is Sorolla. In all his portrayals in which humanity is in-

ish railway carriage, showing a group of sleeping women huddled together. It is a picture that in technique is related to "Another Marguerite," but in some respects it is stronger. "The Wounded Fisherman" is another work of the same class, but is still finer in quality.

One of the freshest and breeziest of the outdoor subjects is "Luncheon on a Fishing



Young Amphibians.

involved, one feels the nearness of the artist's spirit. It is not alone the lovely color of the flesh in sunlight and shadow, and of the sparkle of the water on their wet bodies, that attracts the artist to a representation of chubby urchins disporting themselves in the surf. His picture conveys also a sense of the joy he finds in the enjoyment of these human amphibians, and in portraying it.

Among Sorolla's figure compositions, one of the most effective is a group of men in a laboratory watching with keen interest the details of an experiment. This work, as an expression of absorbed attention, might be compared with Rembrandt's "Lesson in Anatomy." "The Wearisome Journey" is another composition in a third-class Span-

Boat"—a group of fisher-people making their repast under difficulties on board a small boat in a turbulent sea. The sunshine is dazzling on the water and one feels the moisture in the air. The figures are in the shadow of a sail-cloth stretched above the deck and swollen by the wind, showing exquisite reflected lights.

A composition of vastly different character and treatment from any of the others which have been referred to is a view in a handsome park with a number of courtiers and ladies in gay costumes indulging in a bit of frivolity in the immediate foreground. In this work there is a good deal that is suggestive of Watteau in subject and Fortuny in technique.



A Wounded Fisherman.

Sorolla's forceful "Portrait of Franzen, the Photographer," as a character study might hang with the "Æsop" or "Menippus" of Velasquez. It is quite as human and is far more intimately personal. There is in it the effect of an instantaneous expression that yet reveals the man. One notes that this is not an ordinary photographer who merely "takes pictures for money," but a man who, like Sorolla himself, is

Velasquez. In the "Portrait of Madame Sorolla," there is more the suggestion of Whistler, in the exquisite refinement both in the technique and in the subdued, subtle scheme of coloring.

The portraits of "The young King with His Mother as Regent," is a work of fine quality—simple, dignified, majestic. The mother presents her son in all confidence. The young King's expression has in it some-



The Painter Gomar.

in love with his profession, in which he endeavors to involve all the art that he can put into it.

The "Portrait of José Echegaray" presents one of the foremost men of Spain—statesman, philosopher, scientist, writer of poems, novels and plays. He has been Minister of Finance in Spain since 1895. In 1904 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. Here one sees the man of genial temperament, yet of firm character; analytical yet sympathetic; resourceful, yet not unduly strenuous in his activity. And here the artistic treatment admirably comports with the type of person represented. The same remark holds good in regard to the "Portrait of Benito Perez Galdos," novelist and statesman, and also the "Portrait of Maria Guerrero, the Actress." In this latter work one feels strongly the influence of

thing of diffidence, but also a great deal of decision.

It is interesting to compare the technique in "Another Marguerite" and that which one finds, for instance, in "The Artist's Daughter, Maria." There is a world of difference in the expression of freedom, of sureness, of spontaneity in the two works. This last portrait has in it the same qualities we admire in the work of Sargent when Sargent is at his very best. It is worthy also of the best traditions of the older Spanish art. He is indeed a remarkable painter who at one moment recalls Velasquez, at another Goya, and again Fortuny or Sargent or Whistler, and yet who always pre-eminently is himself! Undoubtedly Sorolla has been influenced by many painters, but he has thoroughly digested and assimilated such influence.



A Wearisome Journey.



Portrait of Benito Perez Galdos, Novelist and Statesman.

At the Petit Gallery in Paris last year there was an exhibition of Sorolla's paintings and studies which attracted great attention. No other artist ever had been represented so comprehensively in a single exhibition. People were bewildered by the amazing display, involving such great variety and high artistic quality. It seemed scarcely possible that the five hundred works shown could be the production of one man within a comparatively short period! Yet this was only a part of what Sorolla had done during the past few years. He is represented by many works in public and private collections in Europe. He is a rapid worker, and as he is also devoted, constant, and apparently tireless, his production is large—which is an advantage to the world.

Señor Sorolla was born in Valencia in 1862, of humble parents. Left an orphan in early childhood, he was adopted by an uncle who was a locksmith. Showing remarkable talent for drawing as a child, he was allowed to enter a drawing school for artisans, and subsequently became a pupil of the Fine Arts Academy at Valencia. He

was represented by a picture at a local exhibition in Valencia in 1883, and the next year contributed to the National Exhibition at Madrid, his work there receiving a medal. Then the Provincial Deputation of his native city provided him means to go to Rome. He studied there for a time, later went to Paris and thence to Assisi, painting constantly, but without producing any work of remarkable note. He returned to Spain, and in 1892 achieved his first great success with the painting, "Another Marguerite." Since that time his career has been a succession of triumphs marked by the award of medals, decorations, purchases for public galleries, government commissions and that growing demand for his work which has brought generous material reward.

At the present time Sorolla seems to be at the height of his power. In the prime of life, his ambition is stimulated by his successes, and every problem overcome strengthens and incites him to greater efforts. Despite his great accomplishments, he is still the earnest, eager student, finding fresh inspiration in every subject that presents itself appealingly.

FOR THE FAITH

By Henry B. Fuller

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

I

S.S. GIGANTIC, June 27.

MY DEAREST ELLA:
We land at Southampton to-morrow and already my "budget" is giving me cause for thought. While, on the one hand, I have saved several valuable days out of a short vacation and have paid no more for a poor berth on a quick boat than I should have had to pay for



a good berth on a slow boat, yet, on the other hand, the question of incidentals, and more especially of fees, begins to loom large. Such modest disbursements as I made four years ago seem quite out of date to-day; more, much more, would appear to be expected—may I not even say, demanded? I shall think twice before joining again in the Junerush on a fashionable ship; I am altogether out of my class. I should have chosen a cheaper line, or else have put my pride in my pocket and gone second cabin. I feel sure that, in order to meet the expectations of my stewardess, I shall have to dispense with cabs during the whole of my fortnight in England.

Yes, the pace is desperate, yet almost everybody aboard seems determined to keep up with it. You may ask by whom it is set. If I mention the name of Mrs. William Gold Starr surely I need add little more. This woman, with her daughter, occupies the principal *suite de luxe* on the promenade deck. Her pile of trunks upon the pier was simply terrifying, and her expenditures on board must be lavish to the verge of criminality. Imagine whether a modest school-teacher can compete with such a dominant figure for the attentions of the ship's ser-

vants. Whether on deck or in the saloon, all these creatures eye one with a pitying patience. "You poor young woman," they seem to be saying, "how completely you are out of place!" The table-steward seems already to have sensed the smallness of his *douceur*, and has begun to glide over me rather lightly in favor of worthier ones on the other side of the board. Dear Elizabeth—whom no one can accuse of looking for slights—feels as I do, and Candace agrees with us both.

"The old order changeth," she says, with a meek *moue*.

As for Mrs. Starr, she is "society" incarnate; no further word is needed. If you happened to hear Dr. Allen's sermon, delivered the Sunday before I left home, you have her characterized most completely. I hope his observations have reached far beyond the limits of Stoneham Falls; they deserve to be copied throughout the whole upper Naugatuck Valley. And it would do no harm if a good loud echo from that notable pronouncement were to reach New York itself. I won't profess to understand how the husbands of these women rake their money together, but the way the women themselves publicly throw these dollars about is extravagant and demoralizing to the last degree. With such artificial and insolent standards of value in vogue, how, I ask you, are the poor to live—and travel?

Mrs. Starr—whom I have not met, as you can readily conceive—scarcely impresses me as a woman of cultivation or of any great natural fineness. However, she appears to possess in abundance the self-confidence that boundless wealth can bestow. I have heard, vaguely, that she is seeking rest abroad after an exhausting social season; but she is the reverse of fragile, and I venture to prophesy that, once on the other side, she will plunge into things as heartily as ever she did at home. That she will endeavor to combine physical rehabilitation with psychical refreshment would be im-

mensely too much to expect. You may trust the enormously rich to miss their best opportunities.

"Yes, indeed," says Candace.

The daughter is a presentable girl of nineteen; she seems to have been discreetly brought up and tastefully turned out. Shall I seem too bitter if I say that, besides being well-dressed and well-mannered, she is likely to be well-manipulated? If so—though I have an idea that she counts as one rather heavy battalion in a coming social campaign of some magnitude—I am willing to add that she will probably remain decently unconscious of her mother's manœuvrings.

Another battalion—and a heavier one—is a cousin or nephew, a stalwart young blond of twenty-two. Whether Providence is on his side remains to be seen. He is one of a set, if I may so express it. There are nine or ten of them: some blond, some dark; some younger, a few slightly older; but all of them uniformly stalwart—except one little fellow who is to sit at the back and steer. They are going to row on the Thames; they will represent their university in a competition for a "cup," as it is expressed, and seem confident of success.

I confess I have always thought of the Thames in connection with Windsor and Runnymede and Stoke Poges; but this is a world of change (as Candace remarked at luncheon to-day), and possibly a set of bare-legged boys from oversea pulling through a howling, cosmopolitan mob on an English river will fit in better now than ever before. You may imagine whether I, as an educator, can approve of such a degradation of learning as is involved in college athletics. First, a well-balanced curriculum becomes a mere appendix to a scheme of physical culture. And next, physical culture itself—if half the intelligence from the smoking-room be true—degenerates into a saturnalian rout of cigarette-rolling, wine-bibbing, card-playing, and general carousing. How much better, all round, a month of mountain-climbing in the Tyrol!

These boys, of course, "run" the ship; they are in evidence at all times and carry things with a high hand. A common interest in their success is assumed, and to-night's dinner is to be turned into a "banquet" in anticipation of their victory. Meanwhile Mrs. William Gold Starr is not minimizing her relationship to one of these young he-

roes. On the contrary, she is turning the connection to its fullest account—and nobody, I venture to say, better understands how to "set a squadron in the field." I cannot picture her as inconspicuous at Henley, the place where the race is to be rowed. She will hardly permit the aristocracy to neglect her.

"Their best people exist only for ours," says Elizabeth sweetly.

I can scarcely dwell upon this floating pilgrimage of pomp and luxury, of low ideals and foolish ambitions and general wrong-headedness, without a reference to one more passenger; for the *Gigantic* carries no less a personage than Leander M. Coggs-well. If, as I assume, you are a constant reader of Joel Rawson's editorials in the *Palladium*, you will realize that our cup is indeed full and running over—that, in addition to the presence among us of the least desirable example of the social leader, the worst type of plutocrat our country has produced is intimately manifest to us in the flesh. You may recall Joel's paragraph of last month which described Coggs-well as a blend of prestidigitator and pirate—an expression that was copied as far as Waterbury and Hartford. I should think such a trenchant bit of coinage would make Wall Street wince.

Well, Leander M. Coggs-well is finely housed and served, as I need not pause to say, and he draws a great deal of attention when he strolls about—which is very infrequently—on deck. Cruel and selfish and ravenous as you may call him, and insolently defiant of law and right, he is nevertheless really imposing. I don't know that I have been more impressed by a mere fellow-creature since Professor Hence spoke to us at the Lyceum on "Menaces to Our Civilization."

Mr. Coggs-well—whom I have given a wide berth—is, of course, a very large man. A small one, if thin, is insignificant; if plump, like Joel Rawson, he runs the risk of being slightly absurd—Joel is more effective, as you must acknowledge, in his editorials than in his speeches. But in big-ness mere bulk may be disregarded. It is not that Leander Coggs-well is large, but that he is also lean. Or shall I say, spare? Or shall I even say, gaunt? Large as he is, he seems to have reduced himself to a working minimum; with his black eyes and his

yellow skin, he is like a half-famished panther. He eats next to nothing, and I hear that his digestion is all but ruined. Is this retribution? For the tale of those whom he has stripped to the bone would be a long one. Shall I mention any other name than that of Judge Amos Wright, in Stoneham Falls itself, who put the whole of that thirty-five hundred dollars into one of Cogswell's Dakota railroads and never saw a cent of it again?

However, one's physical digestion may break down, yet one's moral digestion hold out in all its original hardihood. There are men who can bolt any act of greed, of cruelty, of injustice—whether done by themselves or by others—and never feel a pang, never experience the slightest disquiet. Oh, who, with a conscience, can hope to be either happy or successful!

But a truce to these moralizings. Our magnate certainly looks older and more worn than a man of fifty-eight has any right to look; his face is sadly drawn and he is nearly bald already. Doubtless the report that he is going abroad to avoid a nervous breakdown may have some foundation in fact. He has wrecked his health, and for what? For a heap of dollars—dollars as superfluous to him as they were necessary to those he snatched them from. Many, too many, of them will be dispensed abroad, and the problem of travel-culture for persons of moderate means will become more acute than ever.

I ought to stop now and help poor Candace arrange the details of our first few days ashore. There she sits opposite me, at her Louis Quinze desk—a mate to mine—busy as a bee with our plans for Salisbury and Winchester and Wells, and blissfully forgetful of furnishings whose unchastened luxuriousness is little short of disgusting. I only hope her next winter's lectures on the "Christian Architecture of England" will be as successful as they deserve to be. But before I go to get ready for to-night's feast—oh, how maddening it is to be paying for so much more than one wants, or needs!—I might pen a few words about still another of our company.

This, as you may be prepared to hear, is a young man. He mentioned incidentally, this forenoon, in the course of a long discursive talk over the port rail, that he was twenty-eight. If he really is two years older

than I am, well and good—for I had at once set him down as a mere skittish juvenile. No, I won't call him skittish; the epithets to describe him must be drawn from a higher vocabulary, and even from another language. Turn to the fiction shelves of your blessed library and consult the volumes you deal out so sparingly and discreetly to the fit and qualified. I mean the ones in which the hero is described, in cutting italics, as *insouciant* and *débonnaire* and *dégaîé*. Well, that's Egerton Thorpe. These words don't give any idea of his eyes and hair and mustache, but he is light and has a sufficiency of color. I will go no further than to say that on a six-day boat he is entertaining, and that on a ten-day boat he might be indispensable. He has a fluent and babbling irresponsibility all his own. Judge, then, of my surprise when I learned that he was a nephew of no less a person than the great Cogswell. Yet how close a relationship is that? And how many nephews are like their uncles?

Well, this young Mr. Thorpe saw fit to compliment me on my looks. Philippa has some color of her own, as you know, and it doesn't flee away before the sea winds; neither do her loose locks lie flatter than another girl's. So he may have been excusable, and certainly he was as deft about it as you please. All the same, I chose to find him a shade forth-putting, and I gave him to understand that I had been praised before for my looks and had lived through it. He also had a discerning word of approval for my cloak, and that I didn't resent. If you think it would please Aunt Hattie, tell her—though I doubt whether a token of appreciation from any mere man would much affect that stern artist. All the same, I pooh-poohed the cloak; I was in my business clothes, I said.

"And what is your business, if I may ask?"

"My business," I replied, "is to make the best of myself—and of a few dozen other people."

"You have certainly succeeded with yourself to admiration," he returned—and I won't say that he seemed either bold or patronizing. "But the others—some of them must present pretty knotty problems. Style and good looks are not at all common, unfortunately."

"I am not concerned about their style and

their looks," I retorted. "I'm after their minds and their moral natures."

He hesitated and gave his little mustache a twist or two. "Then you are not a——"

"No," I declared, "I am not a dress-maker going to Paris to bring back the fall models. I'm the instructor in history and literature at the academy in Stoneham Falls, Connecticut. What are you?"

He hesitated again—as if, after *that*, he needed to rally and reorganize his forces. In a moment or two:

"I'm a trained nurse," he said lightly. "But a great dressmaker clears her tens of thousands a year."

"Huh!" I answered; "you won't be able to make mere money talk with *me*! So your uncle," I went on, "is really quite ill, then?"

"Yes. The doctors finally united and pushed him off from dry land."

"I dare say he has done well to heed them."

"It would take more than a few doctors to frighten Uncle Leander. There was a month or two he found he could spare, and he came. He will find plenty to do."

"And you came along to help him in his business? When you call yourself a 'trained nurse' you mean you are his private secretary or his confidential——"

Egerton Thorpe laughed. "If I had been of any great use in his 'business' I should have been left on shore. However, I know a few things better than he does. I shop for him."

"Do you spend a great deal of money?" I asked boldly. "I presume you have plenty to spend."

"Money, yes. But not money alone, young lady. Gumption; taste. No one has the monopoly of that, you know," he said, looking again at my cloak.

"I've heard something about those doings," I declared. "So it's you who are largely to blame? Why can't you leave all those old things where they belong, among the people who created them? Such men as you and your uncle are brigands, plunderers, butchers—just another Black Band. What is the snatching away of works of art compared with the having created them in the first place?"

"The next best thing," he rejoined—not, as I am bound to admit, ungently. "We can't have artists to order, you know."

"I'm glad you realize that," I retorted.

"But some of the money spent in ravaging Europe might be spent in training a line of art-workers at home. That would spare the Old World and beautify the New."

Well, dear Ella, I won't go on. You get a fair idea of the kind of people I have been condemned to spend a week among. I have touched on only a few, but there are dozens more. No faith, no convictions, no adequate ideals, no belief in anything beyond the brute power of money. Are we rotten before we are ripe? Must the best among us despair of the republic? My spirits are low to-day; I trust they may rise upon land.

Show mother anything in this that you think might interest her. I hope the trustees will relent and give you that Cyclopædia, after all. Elizabeth begins her black-letter work at the British Museum within a week. Best love to all.

Your true friend,

PHILIPPA J. HODGES.

II

VENICE, July 30.

DEAR ELLA:

I'm sure I intended writing you again long before this, but you will understand that every hour has had its tasks and has been crowded to the utmost. Since we have decided, however, to give Venice three whole days, I am glad to take up my pen in your behalf.

Every moment here is packed with interest and beauty; this afternoon, for example, we had a regatta almost beneath our very windows. I thought the occasion extremely picturesque, but two or three young Englishmen were most disparaging—neither the "form" nor the "time" at all impressed them. And truly, it was all far below the standards set up at Henley.

Henley, fatal name! You doubtless read the newspaper accounts of our mortifying collapse on that celebrated course. To have three men keel over in the boat within fifty yards of the goal was painful, indeed—unless one saw, as I did, Nemesis manifestly at work. We conceived the thing in the wrong spirit and went at it in the wrong fashion. For our men the race was an end in itself; for their opponents it was but the ordered conclusion of a year of normal athletic life. We stood high, for a moment, by straining on tiptoe, but the man who stands high

when simply planted on his heels is the man who lasts—and counts. Young Bassett is spending his summer in the Tyrol, after all. He was the first of our crew to give way as the result of our presumptuous and vain-glorious endeavor. He was in a dreadful state for a fortnight, and may thank his lucky stars if he comes to be his earlier self before autumn.

His aunt, or grandaunt—I don't know just what the relationship is—was as conspicuous there, in her own way, as he in his. She had a house-boat, a showy and flaunting affair, which we saw from the opposite side of the river. Such things are immensely expensive—only the very wealthy or the very ambitious (or both) attempt them. Our one day on the Thames, simple as were our arrangements, cost us cruelly, and all we had was the most modest lodging a mile from the course.

I was told that Mrs. Starr entertained several male members of the aristocracy and that her daughter received a vast deal of very marked attention. I gathered that the procedure, the etiquette, of house-boat life was quite elaborate and exacting, and that to entertain the British peerage successfully upon its native heath was something of an achievement—that even the attempt was evidence of a gallant spirit. Of course, I can't say how well Mrs. William Gold Starr succeeded. I hope she did better in her boat than young Bassett did in his.

Leander M. Coggsell was also on the course at Henley—as a member of Mrs. Starr's party. In fact, as I have recently discovered—though it's rather late in the day to make the statement—they are related; half brother and sister, or something like that. And here Elizabeth asks:

"What sort of a reporter would *you* make—coming in with the facts a month behind?"

But Elizabeth may go on with her biography of Giorgione. It is plain, now, why they all sat together in the saloon—though I supposed, then, that it was the result of the captain's desire to mass all his wealth and social prestige at one table. And we may easily imagine Coggsell at Mrs. Starr's own table in the small saloon of the *Water-lily*—a triton among the minnows, a plutocratic magnate among the impecunious incapables of Burke's big red-and-gold book! Fancy him, as I did, giving "tips," as they

are called, to the avid aristocrats crowded around him, just as you feed crumbs to your goldfish.

You catch, now, the general outline of Mrs. Starr's social campaign in England. Do those people love sport? Then she pushes forward her nephew. Do they admire beauty and esteem dollars? Then she advances Miss Gladys a square or two. Do they crave hints from the lips of a crafty and energetic plutocrat? Then the black knight of "high finance" is made to take his zigzag course across the board. Oh, what sordid hopes, what mean ambitions, what groveling ideals crowd the whole ignoble game! Could such things satisfy you or me as an aim in life? But let me drop all these degrading and debilitating considerations and pitch upon something with a tone more tonic.

While Elizabeth was enjoying her precious Early English fortnight at the British, Candace and I did the universities and several of the cathedral towns. Winchester, to which we were able to give four whole hours, was wonderfully satisfying. To me, the most striking things about the cathedral were the chantries, Bishop Gardiner's among them. A grisly old prelate, that; but he had convictions and lived up to them. At Oxford, where we thought it really necessary to remain over night, we made a special point of the Martyrs' Memorial. Poor Ridley and the rest! They, too, had convictions and suffered for them. Upon returning to London we visited Smithfield. It is now brutally modern and prosaic, but we prized the opportunity of standing on the spot where other martyrs were glad to die for the faith that was in them.

As for France, I pass over Paris; but be sure we visited Amiens and Rheims. It was all the age of faith incarnate, when men alike built and battled on conviction; yes, and women too. For at Rheims I thought less of soaring vaults and pinnacles than of poor Joan of Arc placing the crown on the head of that none too worthy king.

When in Provence it was hard to keep from casting an eye on Languedoc and giving a thought to the Albigenes. I have always had an immense sympathy for those light-hearted heretics; but I have also felt no less an interest in Pope Innocent, who was prepared to uphold the purity of belief, as he understood it, by any means whatso-

ever. Is it Gibbon who says somewhere that there are epochs when the settlement of a point of doctrine seems of more importance than the depopulation of a province? Perhaps you can find the passage in one of those five volumes—so seldom disturbed!—behind the Franklin stove. If the remark, however, refers to an earlier age don't accuse me of misquoting. But whether quoting or misquoting, I place Innocent the Third among the figures of my Pantheon; and if I have time at Rome, I shall run up to Segni and try to find the palace where that masterful soul was reared.

And now about Italy, the thrice-blessed. O Ella, how can I begin? And if I begin, how can I ever end? Let me but say that my earliest expectations are already more than realized. These first arose, if you will know, in London—yes, as early as that—in the Quattrocento room of the National Gallery: Lippi, Bellini, Angelico, and dozens more, illustrious or obscure, that I will not pause to mention. Oh, those honest, sober, faithful creatures! No falsity, no frivolity, but such a complete dedication to deep and direct earnestness. They believed, if ever men did, in the seriousness and sanctity of the work they were called upon to do. Quaintness, oddity, naïveté, awkwardness, if you like, but an endless depth of faith, of conviction. And what I found in the London gallery I have been finding, for the past week, here. Milan, Bergamo, Verona, Padua—they all tell the same tale of firm and triumphant belief. Can *we* believe? Can our lips frame a creed, or our forces act upon it? We falter; we hesitate. The more science tells us, the more our hearts fail within us.

But I am taking a heavy and emphatic tone for one who has just returned from a lightsome evening in the Piazza. There was moonshine and music and a great throng, native and foreign, and a gentleman came along and offered me an ice. Have I mentioned a Mr. Thorpe—Egerton Thorpe? Well, it was Mr. Thorpe who offered me the ice. He dropped down in Venice only yesterday from Cortina, in the Dolomites. The rest of his party, all and several, especially young George Bassett, are in the Salzkammergut, recovering from their English campaign and hobnobbing, doubtless, with the Important Ones at Ischl. Mr. Thorpe said he had come to Venice for "a day's shop-

ping." That means, I soon discovered, a week's search for carved and coffered ceilings. His uncle's predatory habits cannot be quieted down. Are we in the midst of another Renaissance, with the despot and the art patron once more in intimate fusion?

My young man mentioned Henley, and said that he had seen our little party in the crowd. He had tried to overtake us, but had failed. He was sorry no occasion had arisen that made it possible for me to meet the ladies of his party—implying, rather remotely, that it was a delicate task for a man to promote acquaintance between women.

"Yes," I retorted, "there is always the risk of confronting a great lady with her dressmaker."

He laughed lightly and easily, and I was glad enough to have it that way. Then he went on and gave us the details of his campaign against the doomed Venetian palaces.

"How much longer is this shameful pillage going to last?" I demanded. "I would almost rather that you employed such rapacity in 'business.'"

Candace was aghast, but I signified to her to go on with her ice.

"You are hard on business," he replied. "But business, according to the most recent authorities, is war. Pillage is involved in both."

"War, eh? Is it, indeed? Then it would be better if several millions of our simple-minded Americans came to understand it so. Some of the softer-hearted among us—'recent authorities' in their own feeble way—think that business might be, not war, but co-operation, even co-ordination."

"Not yet; not for a long time," he submitted.

"You are posted, then? You are an 'authority' yourself?"

"Well, I know about how things run. I have had some fair chances to learn."

"And I suppose that, pretty soon, you will be putting your knowledge into practice?"

"Pretty soon, if ever. My uncle tells me I am close to the last call."

"Which means that he will presently take you in hand and re-create you in his own image?"

"Possibly so, and possibly not. Nobody has found me too tractable yet."

I told him that I didn't find him very

wild, and said that perhaps somebody would take him in hand some time and tame him without much trouble. Candace clattered her spoon in her empty dish, and I let her clatter.

I was willing enough to hear something about his aunt and cousin—I render these relationships but approximately—and I treated Candace by silent suggestion so successfully that she fell low enough to make one or two inquiries. Yes, the ladies were now resting in Austria from their previous rest in England. Mrs. Starr was cultivating Serene Transparencies, and Miss Gladys was tolerating the various mountain spas by reason of hopes held out that more brilliant scenes might presently dawn in Italy.

"Of course it all depends on poor Geordie," said Egerton Thorpe. "He isn't coming on any too fast. Neither is my uncle."

"I hope he eats more on shore than he ate on the steamer," I observed. "I never saw a big man eat so little."

"He is eating very little still. What he does is to drink. I never knew there were so many doctors, or so many kinds of water. They hurry him from place to place, from spring to spring, and the faster he travels the yellower he gets. He ought to have let go a little sooner. But it's always one deal more. This last one was too big and too hard."

"I read about it," I said. "It was also too outrageous." This was the affair, Ella, that kept Joel Rawson frantic for a week. "Why, he took that Kansas railroad away from the other man by main force. He didn't even have a majority of the stock!"

"What are stockholders? He got a majority of the directors. Business is war."

"You still stick to it, do you? But when you come to it, what are directors?"

"You have the right idea," he acquiesced jovially. "It's always the one man in the end."

Did you ever hear of more atrocious doctrine for a republic? And then to praise my "idea," and thus make me almost an accomplice! I could have taken that young man by both shoulders—right before the crowd—and given him a good shaking.

But what I really did do was something quite different. He asked me to go with him to-morrow to see one or two of his

palaces, and I have promised to. Dearest Ella, do not condemn me, do not despise me. . . .

Yours ever,
PHILIPPA J. HODGES.

III

PISA, August 19.

DEAR ELLA :

I am not going to tell you about the Leaning Tower; no, nor about all the other wonders and rarities I have seen during the past three weeks. Rome, Florence, Orvieto, Spoleto, Assisi, Arezzo, Perugia—you shall cull my impressions of these various places from my diary after my return home. I have kept it most faithfully; no evening, however tired I may have been, has passed without its page. Also, my monograph on the Guelphs and Ghibellines—in which your devoted Philippa tries to reduce an utter jungle to something remotely resembling order—is pretty well sketched out. I am not sparing myself, as you may judge.

Elizabeth, who is less robust and seasoned, gave way a little at Assisi and spent the day in bed. Candace was quite willing to stay by her, so I was able to visit the church there a second time, and even to double back to Spello for the Pinturicchios in the cathedral.

We have decided to give a whole week to the towns of northern Tuscany. We shall take them rather slowly and easily—not more than one a day. If my first impressions of Italian painting—received in London, as you recall—were confirmed in Lombardy and Venice, think how much more completely they have been strengthened in Umbria and Val d'Arno. Such faith, such humility, such firm devotion to the truth as they saw it!

The other day a mysterious invitation came to me to attend an entertainment given by the American consul in his villa at the Bagni di Lucca. As we were then at Lucca itself, I decided to go. If it had been a summons to a reception at the embassy in Rome I should have had to think twice; but even a girl who carries all her clothes in two portmanteaus need not fear an informal little garden-party in the provinces. The summer colony all turned out—Americans, English, Italians—and really your Philippa looked about as well as any of them.

You will be surprised, as I was, to find that our steamer friends, the Starrs and the Coggsells, were present. I had no idea they would show themselves so patriotic; for too many people of wealth and social prominence affect to ignore our representatives abroad—at least anybody below an ambassador. Both Mrs. Starr and Mr. Coggsell were very much stared at, and very much courted; but I will do them the justice to say that they did not make themselves too large for the occasion. The great Leander developed a faculty for meeting other people on terms of apparent equality; and his sister, whom I met briefly, really betrayed traces of a latent motherliness that life in a different sphere would doubtless have brought to a fuller development. She has rather pleasant eyes when one gets close to her. She remembered seeing me on the steamer, and appeared to be interested in a plan of tour so different from her own. "Our own plans," she sighed, "have been upset completely."

The girl Gladys was very beautifully turned out, but had a strained and apprehensive look that compared none too favorably with the repose and self-containment of several English girls who were present. The boy "Geordie" was on hand, too; he has had his ups and downs, and, on the whole, has bettered but little. These young people, never having seen Italy, and having tired of the Alps, had insisted upon descending to Maggiore, and had then in due course moved on to Tuscany. It is a lively fortnight at Florence, I gather, that has put young Bassett back, and they are now talking of sea air for him—at Viareggio, possibly. For Mr. Coggsell himself, now yellower than ever, Montecatini is proposed, though he is very impatient, they say, to get back to London. He has the purchase of a steamship line on his mind. Think of that—in his condition!

Miss Gladys was very much admired, especially by the Anglophile Italians, of whom there were several at Mr. and Mrs. McKeever's party. One in particular, the Marchese Sansalvo, made himself impossible to be overlooked, either by Miss Starr or by anybody else. He was a handsome, robust man of thirty-three or thereabouts, and very ingratiating and assiduous. Your Philippa never claimed to be a person of great social experience, but she set Master

Federigo down as an expert. Mind, I do not say, a specialist; for few of the Italians really seem to "jell." I mean to say merely that our noble appeared to be very practised and efficient in his own environment—an environment in which cosmopolitan garden-parties are an important element—and might be counted upon to hold his own in his native Italy, however compromised and corrupted that Italy may have come to be. Doubtless he would be ground exceeding small if unfortunate enough to be caught in the mills of the gods now dominant throughout America. His title is genuine, Mrs. McKeever assured me; what is more, his family have a page in the *Almanach de Gotha*. Mrs. Starr's face and manner never beclouded *that* fact for an instant.

And so the marriage mart goes on! Isn't it deplorable? Isn't it disgraceful?

Of course there was a good deal of whispered gossip in circulation about the Starrs. One reason why they left the Tyrol was, it seems, a young Austrian baron. He was very impetuous, and, as he possessed some independent means, vastly self-important. I gather that he became a trifle obstreperous and that Mrs. Starr found it advisable to carry her daughter off. I don't know whether or not he is expected to follow.

O Ella, isn't it depressing! Isn't it ignoble!

Mr. Egerton Thorpe was also at the garden-party—perhaps I have mentioned him in previous letters. He has dropped carved ceilings and has taken up terra cottas. These artistic activities are still in behalf of his uncle; the nephew has turned himself into a sieve and is *screening* Tuscany for Della Robbias. I met him early in the week at Pistoja, where he was hunting down *bimbi* and the like, just as a dog scents out truffles; and I encountered him again here, only this forenoon, in the Campo Santo.

"How long are you going to stay?" I asked him.

"As long as you do," he replied.

"And I am going to stay as long as *you* do," I returned. "Orcagna and Gozzoli are not to be ripped from these walls if I can help it. Neither is this blessed old place going to be transported bodily to Long Island."

He laughed. "I assure you, my uncle doesn't like Orcagna at all and hasn't any particular fondness even for Benozzo Goz-



I signified to her to go on with her ice.—Page 438.

Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

zoli. They are perfectly safe here. So is the building. So are the monuments. So are the cypresses."

"I see," said I. "Orcagna—or whoever did those great things—is too severe, too given to the stern realities. And Gozzoli is too *intime* and *naïf*. You must have pomp and splendor——"

"Such as Della Robbias give?"

"Oh, leave those poor things alone! Let the land that originated them keep them a little longer. They were born here, and they belong here. Restrain yourself. I'd much rather you went back to America and learned to rob your fellow-citizens."

He laughed again—sometimes the very bluntness of the truth takes from it all its effect and makes offence impossible. "Come, a man with the weight of half the world on his shoulders must have his diversions and distractions," he said.

"There are other diversions besides out-and-out robbery," I returned.

"Yes; there are—garden-parties; but they don't go far. All the same, I was glad to see you at that one."

"It was a pleasant break in the routine work of my trip," I acknowledged. "And it was interesting to meet—finally—the ladies of your party. Mrs. Starr was quite civil."

"She didn't mistake you for a dressmaker, either, did she? Well, there wasn't the slightest danger."

"I looked as dowdy as that, then?" I asked sharply. "My father was a poor country doctor, and I'm travelling with all my things in two portmanteaus; but he managed to do some good in his day and generation, and I myself——"

"Come," he said quickly, "no more of that. You looked better than anybody else there"—privately, I think I did—"and you've got about four times too much spunk. Do you want to drive me out of town?"

Well, when the thing was put as plumply as that to me, I didn't. So, after we had left the Campo Santo, I let him accompany me through a few of those quiet streets (keeping on the shady side, for the day has been most oppressive), and along some of the cooler reaches (though they were all warm enough) of the Lungarno. How delightful this town must be in May or in October! But a poor school-teacher cannot choose; she must take the exhausting mid-summer as it comes.

We saw several churches here and there (they, at least, were cool), and indulged in a good deal of gossip which, I fear, contributed little of value to the cause of culture. Mr. Thorpe told me about the Viennese baron, a fiery young particle who had rather presumed on his rank and his independent fortune; and he referred once or twice to the marchese. Sansalvo, it seems, was educated at Oxford, and is thought to be a rather good fellow. But I believe the girl would do better to marry some bright young business man at home. If unhappiness comes she will have that mistakenly ambitious mother to blame.

We sail on the 20th of next month, and I shall be back among you at the Falls on the 20th. This will be two or three days after the opening of the academy; but the board (some of whom have been abroad) will understand what the fall rush is and will be indulgent. The coming three weeks we shall give to Bavaria, Switzerland, the Rhine, and the Low Countries. I especially wish to see Cologne and Antwerp. The weather will become cooler as we go north, for one thing; the last month, unusually warm, has been trying for all three of us.

No more this evening; my diary still waits. Joel Rawson, in his last, asks if the tyranny of Privilege—with a large P—is any more oppressive in the Old World than it has become in the New. What a question for mid-August! I will discuss it with him on my return. Good-night.

Yours affectionately,
PHILIPPA.

IV

VILLA DEI PLATANI, SAN REMO, October 13.

Your last letter, my dear Ella, is utterly ridiculous. There is no cause for your becoming hysterical. There is no reason for your going off in a panic. If my own mother can take things calmly and sensibly, why can't you?

I am not at death's door. Never mind what Candace and Elizabeth tell you. I am much better than when they left for home. Dr. Rubino, who is quite a pleasant old fellow when you get accustomed to him, has been letting me sit up for a week, and for the last few days he has allowed me to read and write a little. I am getting along perfectly well. All I need, he says, is rest and

good air and cheerful company. The rest and the air I am getting in abundance. As for the company—and its cheerfulness—you shall hear.

Briefly, almost everybody in the house is on the shelf. Mr. Coggs well gained nothing at Montecatini, nor did George Bassett especially pick up at Viareggio. Besides, neither place was very attractive to people who have been almost everywhere and who have always commanded the best. There was talk of Nice and of Cannes; but either of these, in our present state, would have been quite as far the other way, and they compromised by taking a villa for a few months here.

Mrs. Starr has been most kind to me, despite very exigent concerns of her own; the motherliness I detected at the Bagni is even more abundant than I guessed. She is treating me like a real daughter, and yet her own daughter and that daughter's future have become a very grave problem on her hands. My peculiar position in the household must make comment cautious, but I may venture a few words for your eye alone.

Federigo Sansalvo has looked in on us once or twice; he is an important factor in the problem. That the villa is little better than a sanatorium does not seem to intimidate him in the least. He grows on one, though he is a good deal of a puzzle. Are the Italians complex, or are they simple? Are they sophisticated, or are they naïf? I give it up. And to complicate matters still further, a very nice English boy has dropped down upon us from the Alps of Dauphiny, where he has been at his autumn mountaineering. He is another factor.

He was one of the crew at Henley—that is, he was a substitute member; he would have rowed if any of his side had fallen out during training—only none of them did! He, too, has intentions of the most obvious nature, and if Mrs. Starr is deeply concerned, poor Gladys herself has been brought by internal debate to the verge of nervous collapse. Young Willoughby is only twenty-two, and is in every way delightfully suitable, except that, being a convinced Briton, he would budge little or less for an American wife, and that he has no title. His family is immensely old—so old, in fact, that a title has been more than once refused, as likely to add nothing to its lustre. That, of

course, is all very well for those who know; but how many *do* know? How is the world in general going to apprehend your choiceness unless you are ticketed for its eye?

That is where Sansalvo has the advantage; I have already spoken of his page in the *Almanach*. And he has a further advantage in his age; a man of thirty-three or thereabouts seems able to exercise a peculiar fascination over a girl of nineteen. Compared with him, Willoughby is only a boy—sound and handsome and promising, but a boy all the same. The poor girl has almost succumbed in the struggle. She frankly gave up and went to bed yesterday afternoon, and patient Rubino (in the absence of the American and English doctors, who are only beginning to return) has one more problem on his very busy hands.

George Bassett is strengthening slowly after his unfortunate overestimate of his powers; and Mr. Coggs well (who recently overestimated *his* in a personal chase Volterra-ward on the track of Luca della Robbia) is gradually recovering, and is able to eat a few simple things very carefully. But neither is markedly cheerful, and, in fact, the only capable and inspiring person about the place—except the youngest footman—is John Egerton Thorpe.

Mr. Thorpe is very cheery and resourceful and is doing all he can to transform our hall of gloom into a house of mirth. I have learned that it was to him I stood indebted for my invitation to the garden-party at the Bagni. That, however, is a very slight obligation indeed if, as I am coming more and more to surmise, it is also to him that I am indebted for the shelter and comfort of this villa. Mrs. Starr, true, is very kindly; but could she be, I ask myself, an out-and-out angel on her own account?

This morning I was taking an hour upon the terrace, and pretty soon John Thorpe came lounging along to the chair where they had propped me up for the pleasant autumn sun and the reviving breeze from the sea. He looked me over in a slow, leisurely way—it almost amounted to an inspection. I stood it, assuming that he had earned the right.

"Well, well," he said presently; "to think that you should have fallen by the wayside, too! How do you explain it? Why did it happen?"

"I suppose I must have overestimated

my powers, as others have done. *I'm* not cast-iron, either."

"But what were you really trying to do?"

"I presume I was trying to help America become the greatest ever. We need culture, and I was doing my best to cultivate myself, and to aid those who depend on me for instruction and guidance."

He gave me another long look and twisted his lips in a whimsical smile.

"Do you imagine you are the only one who is trying to make America the greatest ever? Others may be busy in the vast work, too, with as full a faith that it can be done, and as full a determination that it shall be done. Others are suffering in the cause; you are not the only martyr."

Well, Ella, I lay there and let him talk to me. He made out a pretty good case for the various people that I may have seemed to disparage so busily through this summer's correspondence, and I was perfectly willing to let him have his say. I was made to see that the culture I had pursued to my own undoing was but one element of many in a nation's greatness, and that other elements must not be overlooked.

I was told—by a man who appeared to believe what he was saying—that commercial dominance is one of these, and social splendor and distinction another, and the development of a high and noble spirit by means of youthful emulation a third; and that all these various objects, and others, might be followed up with as full a faith and as strong a conviction as any pursuits of my own. I was asked to perceive that a sort of financial centralization is necessary if we are to rule the world, and a higher degree of social finish and elegance if we are to assimilate ourselves satisfactorily to older societies; and I was instructed that youth, no less than love, helps to make the world go round, and that the generous and honorable competition of the young man with his fellows helps to keep this same old world sound and sweet. Ella, that "*insouciant*" and "skittish" Egerton Thorpe leaned over my chair and talked to me like a book for nearly an hour. Do you wonder that I have changed his name to John?

You will now perceive, perhaps, that it is not as a mere buccaneer of business that Leander Coggsell has imperilled his nerves, his digestion, and his reputation. No; he is a great opener-up of new fields and of new

careers, a masterful unifier of the nation's forces in the modern warfare known as "trade." A man of such transcendent abilities must have adequate opportunities, if only for the satisfaction of his own nature and its powers; and he takes or makes such opportunities as the condition of his country offers.

You may even see that it is no mere personal ambition which has brought Mrs. Starr and Gladys to the point of nervous prostration as they hesitate between two international marriages, either of which, in the light of recent experiments, may be laden with peril and disaster. No; it is a high desire to bring American life into conformity with the best models exhibited by the Old World, and to cast glamour upon the simple civility of a virgin continent; and all the risks and penalties of this high enterprise they willingly assume.

Nor is it any mere vainglorious ambition that has brought a likable young fellow within the shadow of permanent invalidism. Not at all. "Poor Geordie," as John Thorpe still calls the lad, was probably thinking far less of himself than of his college, his town, his native country. Theirs was to be the glory. All these are the views I have listened to to-day. They are plausible and ingenious and I hope, for my own comfort, that they may be taken as just and true.

No more for the present. I am improving daily. The sea air, the abundant sunlight, the best of care—these will soon make Philippa herself again. Another month will see me back at the Falls.

October 15.

Ella, I may as well blurt it out: John Thorpe has asked me to marry him. If he was fluent last Wednesday, in behalf of others, judge whether he was eloquent to-day on his own account! *Now* is the time to ask me: Are you better? are you worse? Really, I can't say! I shall merely declare that I am very badly confused and that the need of a general readjustment is pressing, indeed.

I had a long talk to-day with Mr. Coggsell—the first of any moment. He scaled his grand bulk down to my infinitesimal capacity and became as human as you please. He even told me, among other things, that he was a native of our town. I pointed out that his numerous biographies



Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

He looked me over in a slow, leisurely way.—Page 443.

—*mémoires pour servir!*—were at variance with this statement. Then he qualified: he had been born on a farm *near* Stoneham Falls and been carried over into Fairfield County at the age of one. Think of Leander M. Coggs well at the age of one! He fell into reminiscences of his early days in the Naugatuck Valley; this return upon the past may mark—for him—the beginning of the end. He has conquered the metropolis and the country at large; now, I suppose, his career may be reviewed, with some justice, as a whole. We cannot have an omelette without breaking a few eggs; we cannot bring a vast new country under the plough without turning under, at the same time, a certain number of innocent flowers; nor can a man seat himself at the apex of an enormous fortune without the charge of many minor injustices from a chorus of out-spoken enemies. The old gentleman—whom I at last view not as a sociological abstraction, but as a human creature like the rest of us—has probably had his beliefs and convictions, after all, and has in some degree suffered and sacrificed himself for them.

I was glad to have him purr on about the Falls. I asked him what he meant to do for his native town, and suggested the customary library. He has promised it. You shall have a new building to replace that shabby old wreck, and you shall also have a lot of good books to fill it. John Thorpe, furthermore, is desirous that I should give due heed, on the credit side, to the museum in the city itself. This, with its collections, will go to the public in the end, and the poor old invalid's earnest pursuit of Tuscan terra cottas must stand a proof of his desire to make his galleries—and his gifts—all the more complete.

Gladys, I think, understands the situation between John and me. She looks at me with great eyes, as if to say, "Oh, you happy woman, to have the question put be-

fore you so simply!" Yes, she and her mother are placing a joint oblation on the shining altar of social success; possibly they cherish the idea that, by some radical shifting of the poles, the social centre of gravity will be so altered that the newer generation may enjoy, in its mother's native seat, that distinction which she herself is now made to seek abroad.

One may even poetize a little the somewhat touching figure of Geordie Bassett. What was he, in fact, but another stout and generous youth going from Croton to contend at Olympia? What, indeed, are all of us but pilgrims from Magna Græcia to the elder country; candidates for the Violet Crown; runners fired with the ambition to hand on the torch, by one means or another, to the newer land where illumination is so needed and desired? I think I shall make this thought into a paper, though doubtless my teaching days are over.

John, who is sitting by, waiting for me to finish, says that the last call has come. He means that his uncle has a company out in Colorado, and that this company needs a secretary or treasurer, or something of the kind.

"What is the name of the town where we are going to live?" I ask him.

"I don't know—yet," he replies.

"Then I don't suppose you can tell whether it has a woman's club or not?"

"Hardly," he laughs. "Why?"

"Because if it hasn't got one, it soon will have. And I think I could give you the name of its first president."

"Do, by all means," he urges.

However, that bit of information I hold back from him for the present. But as I am not to see you for another month, I may tell you, confidentially, that the name of that distinguished official is quite likely to be

Yours very happily,

PHILIPPA.

THE FRUIT OF THE TREE

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION BY ALONZO KIMBALL

BOOK IV—(Continued)

XXXV



AMHERST, his back to the threshold, sat at a table, writing: Wyant stood a few feet away, staring down at the fire.

Neither had heard the door open; and before they were aware of her entrance, Justine had calculated that she must have been away for at least five minutes, and that in that space of time almost anything might have been said between them.

For a moment the power of connected thought left her; then her heart gave a bound of relief. She said to herself that Wyant had doubtless made some allusion to his situation, and that her husband, conscious only of a great debt of gratitude, had at once sat down to draw a cheque for him. The idea was so reassuring that her hopes revived.

Wyant was the first to see her. He made an abrupt movement, and Amherst, rising, turned and put an envelope in his hand.

"There, my dear fellow——"

As he turned he caught sight of his wife and came forward.

"I caught the twelve o'clock train after all—you got my second wire?"

"No," she faltered, pressing her left hand, with the little case in it, close to the folds of her dress.

"I was afraid not. There was a bad storm at Hanaford, and they said there might be a delay."

At the same moment she found Wyant advancing with extended hand, and realized that he had concealed the fact of having already seen her. She accepted the cue, and shook his hand, murmuring: "How do you do?"

Amherst looked at her, perhaps struck by her manner.

"You have not seen Dr. Wyant since Lynbrook?" he said in a low tone.

"No," she answered, thankful to have this pretext for her emotion.

"I have been telling him that he should not have left us so long without news—especially as he has been very ill, and things have gone rather badly with him. But I hope we can help now. He has heard that Saint Christopher's is looking for a house-physician for the paying patients' wing, and as Mr. Langhope is away I have given him a line to Mrs. Ansell."

"Extremely kind of you," Wyant murmured, passing his hand over his forehead.

Justine stood silent. She wondered that her husband had not noticed that tremulous degraded hand. But he was always so unheeding of externals—and he had no medical experience to sharpen his perceptions.

Suddenly she felt impelled to speak. "I am sorry Dr. Wyant has been—unfortunate. Of course you will want to do everything to help him; but would it not be better to wait till Mr. Langhope comes back?"

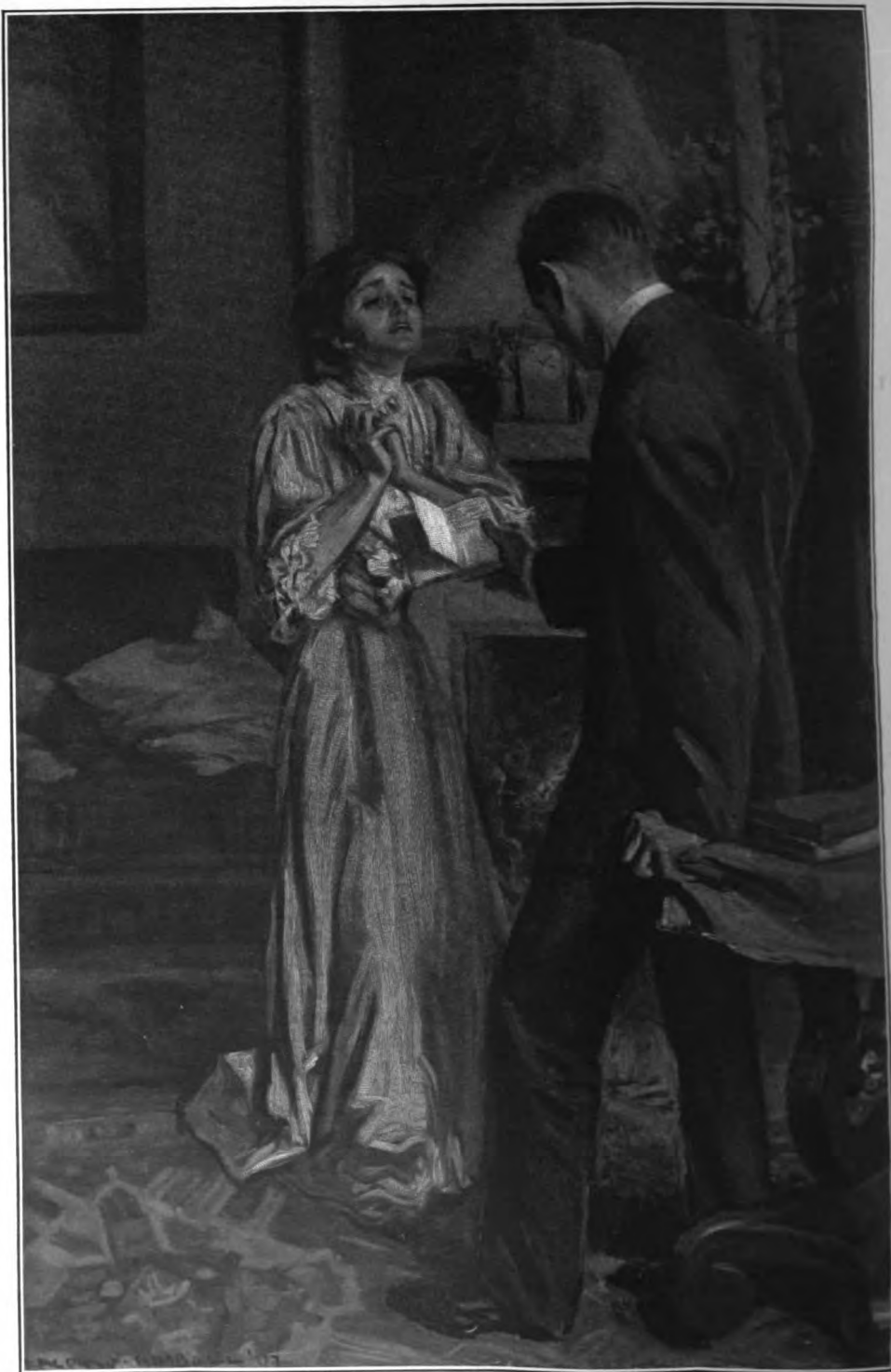
"Dr. Wyant thinks the delay might make him lose the place. It seems the board meets tomorrow. And Mrs. Ansell really knows much more about it. Isn't she the secretary of the ladies' committee?"

"I'm not sure—I believe so. But surely Mr. Langhope should be consulted."

She felt Wyant's face change: his eyes settled on her in a hard threatening stare.

Amherst looked at her also, and there was surprise in his glance. "I think I can answer for my father-in-law. He feels as strongly as I do how much we all owe to Dr. Wyant."

He seldom spoke of Mr. Langhope as his father-in-law; and the chance designation seemed to mark a closer tie between them, to exclude Justine from what was after all a family affair. For a moment she felt tempted to accept the suggestion, and let the



Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"There—read that. The book was at Lynbrook—in your room—and I came across it by chance the very day. . . ."—Page 452.

responsibility fall where it would. But it would fall on Amherst—and that was intolerable.

"I think you ought to wait," she insisted.

An embarrassed silence fell upon the three.

Wyant broke it by advancing toward Amherst. "I shall never forget your kindness," he said; "and I hope to prove to Mrs. Amherst that it is not misplaced."

The words were well chosen, and well spoken; Justine saw that they produced a good effect. Amherst grasped the physician's hand with a smile. "My dear fellow, I would willingly do more. Be sure to call on me again if you want help."

"Oh, you've put me on my feet," said Wyant gratefully.

He bowed slightly to Justine and turned to go; but as he reached the threshold she moved after him.

"Dr. Wyant—you must give back that letter."

He stopped short with a whitening face.

She felt Amherst's eyes on her again; and she said desperately, addressing him: "Dr. Wyant understands my reasons."

Her husband's glance turned abruptly to Wyant. "Do you?" he asked after a pause.

Wyant looked from one to the other. The moisture came out on his forehead, and he passed his hand over it again. "Yes," he said in a dry voice. "Mrs. Amherst wants me farther off—out of New York."

"Out of New York? What do you mean?"

Justine interposed hastily, before the answer could come. "It is because Dr. Wyant is not in condition—for such a place—just at present."

"But Dr. Wyant assures me he is quite well."

There was another silence; and again Wyant broke in, this time with a slight laugh. "I can explain what Mrs. Amherst means; she intends to accuse me of the morphine habit. And I can explain her reason for doing so—she wants me out of the way."

Amherst turned on the speaker; and, as she had foreseen, his look was terrible. "You haven't explained that yet," he said.

"Well—I can." Wyant waited another moment. "I know too much about her," he declared.

There was a faint exclamation from Justine, and Amherst strode toward Wyant. "You infernal blackguard!" he cried out.

"Oh, gently——" Wyant muttered, flinching back from his outstretched arm.

"My wife's wish is sufficient. Give me back that letter."

Wyant straightened himself. "No, by God, I won't!" he retorted furiously. "I didn't ask you for it till you offered to help me; but I won't let it be taken back without a word, like a thief that you'd caught with your umbrella. If your wife won't explain I will. She's afraid I'll talk about what happened at Lynbrook."

Amherst's arm fell to his side. "At Lynbrook?"

Behind him there was a sound of inarticulate appeal—but he took no notice.

"Yes. It's she who used morphia—but not on herself. She gives it to other people. She gave an overdose to Mrs. Amherst."

Amherst looked at him confusedly. "An overdose?"

"Yes—purposely, I mean. And I came into the room at the wrong time. I can prove that Mrs. Amherst died of morphia-poisoning."

"John!" Justine gasped out, pressing between them.

Amherst gently put aside the hand with which she had caught his arm. "Wait a moment: this can't rest here. You can't want it to," he said in an undertone.

"Why do you care . . . for what he says . . . when I don't?" she breathed back with trembling lips.

"You can see I am not wanted here," Wyant threw in with a sneer.

Amherst remained silent for a moment; then he turned his eyes once more to his wife.

Justine lifted her face: it looked small and spent, like an extinguished taper.

"It's true," she said.

"True?"

"I *did* give . . . an overdose . . . intentionally . . . when I knew there was no hope, and when the surgeons said she might go on suffering for weeks. She was very strong . . . and I couldn't bear it . . . you couldn't have borne it. . . ."

There was another silence; then she went on in a stronger voice, looking straight at her husband: "And now will you send this man away?"

"Yes," said Amherst. He glanced at Wyant without moving. "Go," he said.

Wyant, instead, moved a step nearer. "Just a minute, please. It's only fair to hear my side. Your wife says there was no hope; yet the day before she . . . gave the dose, Dr. Garford told her in my presence that Mrs. Amherst might live."

Again Amherst's eyes addressed themselves slowly to Justine; and she forced her lips to articulate an answer.

"Dr. Garford said . . . one could never tell . . . but I know he didn't believe in the chance of recovery . . . no one did. . . ."

"Dr. Garford is dead," said Wyant grimly.

Amherst strode up to him again. "You scoundrel—leave the house!" he commanded.

But still Wyant stood his ground. "Not till I've finished. I can't afford to let myself be kicked out like a dog because I happen to be in the way. Every doctor knows that, in cases of spinal lesion, recovery is becoming more and more frequent—if the patient survives the third week there's every reason to hope. Those are the facts as they would appear to any surgeon. If they're not true, why is Mrs. Amherst afraid of having them stated? Why has she been paying me for nearly a year to keep them quiet?"

"Oh——" Justine moaned.

"I never thought of talking till luck went against me. Then I asked her for help—and reminded her of certain things. After that she kept me supplied pretty regularly." He thrust his shaking hand into an inner pocket. "Here are her envelopes . . . Quebec . . . Montreal . . . Saranac . . . I know just where you went on your honeymoon. She had to write often, because the sums were small. Why did she do it, if she wasn't afraid? And why did she go upstairs just now to fetch me something? If you don't believe me, ask her what she's got in her hand."

Amherst did not heed this injunction. He stood motionless, gripping the back of a chair, as if his next gesture might be to lift and hurl it at the speaker.

"Ask her——" Wyant repeated.

Amherst turned his head slowly, and his dull gaze rested on his wife. His face looked years older—lips and eyes moved as heavily as an old man's.

As he looked at her, Justine moved for-

ward without speaking, and laid the little morocco case in his hand. He held it there a moment, as if hardly understanding her action—then he tossed it on the table at his elbow, and walked up to Wyant.

"You hound," he said—"now go!"

XXXVI

WHEN Wyant had left the room, and the house-door had closed on him, Amherst spoke to his wife.

"Come upstairs," he said.

Justine followed him, scarcely conscious where she went, but moving already with a lighter tread. Part of her weight of misery had been lifted with Wyant's going. She had suffered less from the fear of what her husband might think than from the shame of making her a vowel in her defamer's presence. And her faith in Amherst's comprehension had begun to revive. He had dismissed Wyant with scorn and horror—did not that show that he was on her side already? And how many more arguments she had at her call! Her brain hummed with them as she followed him up the stairs.

In her bedroom, he closed the door and stood motionless, the same heavy half-paralyzed look on his face. It frightened her and she went up to him.

"John!" she said timidly.

He put his hand to his head. "Wait a moment——" he said; and she waited, her heart sinking again.

The moment over, he seemed to recover his power of movement. He crossed the room and threw himself into the armchair near the hearth.

"Now tell me everything," he said.

He sat thrown back, his eyes fixed on the fire, and the vertical line between his brows forming a deep scar in his white face.

Justine moved nearer, and touched his arm beseechingly. "Won't you look at me?"

He turned his head slowly, as if with an effort, and his eyes rested reluctantly on hers.

"Oh, not like that——"

He seemed to make a stronger effort at self-control. "Please don't heed me—but say what there is to say," he said in a level voice, his gaze again on the fire.

She stood before him, her arms hanging down, her clasped fingers twisting restlessly.

"I don't know that there is much to say—beyond what I have told you."

There was a slight sound in Amherst's throat, like the ghost of a derisive laugh. After another interval he said: "I wish to hear the exact circumstances."

She seated herself on the edge of a chair near by, bending forward, with hands interlocked and arms extended on her knees—every line reaching out to him, as though her slight body were an arrow winged with pleadings. It was a relief to speak at last, even face to face with the stony image that sat in her husband's place; and she told her story, detail by detail, omitting nothing, exaggerating nothing, speaking slowly, clearly, with precision, aware that the bare facts were her strongest argument.

Amherst, as he listened, shifted his position once, raising his hand so that it screened his face; and in that attitude he remained when she had ended.

As she waited for him to speak, Justine realized that her heart had been alive with tremulous hopes. All through her narrative she had counted on a murmur of perception, an exclamation of pity: she had felt sure of melting the image. But Amherst said no word.

At length he spoke, still without turning his head. "You have not told me why you kept this from me."

A sob formed in her throat, and she had to wait to steady her voice.

"No—that was my wrong—my weakness. When I did it I never thought of being afraid to tell you—I had talked it over with you in my own mind . . . so often . . . before. . . ."

"Well?"

"Then—when you came back . . . it was harder . . . though I was still sure you would approve me. . . ."

"Why harder?"

"Because at first—at Lynbrook—I *could not* tell it all over, in detail, as I have now . . . it was beyond human power . . . and without doing so, I could not make it all clear to you . . . and so should only have added to your pain. If you had been there you would have done as I did. . . . I felt sure of that from the first. But coming afterward, you couldn't judge . . . no one who was not there could judge . . . and I wanted to spare you. . . ."

"And afterward?"

She had shrunk in advance from this question, and she could not answer it at once. To gain time she echoed it. "Afterward?"

"Did it never occur to you, when we met later—when you first went to Mr. Langhope——?"

"To tell you then? No—because by that time I had come to see that I could never be quite sure of making you understand. No one who was not there could know what it was to see her suffer."

"You thought it all over, then—decided definitely against telling me?"

"I did not have to think long. I felt I had done right—I still feel so—and I was sure you would feel so, if you were in the same circumstances."

There was another pause. Then Amherst said: "And last September—at Hanaford?"

It was the word for which she had waited—the word of her inmost fears. She felt the blood mount to her face.

"Did you see no difference—no special reason for telling me then?" he went on.

"Yes——" she faltered.

"Yet you said nothing."

"No."

Silence again. Her eyes strayed to the clock, and some dim association of ideas told her that Cicely would soon be coming in.

"Why did you say nothing?"

He lowered his hand and turned toward her as he spoke; and she looked up and faced him.

"Because I regarded the question as settled. I had decided it in my own mind months before, and had never regretted my decision. I should have thought it morbid . . . unnatural . . . to go over the whole subject again . . . to let it affect a situation that had come about . . . so much later . . . so unexpectedly. . . ."

"Did you never feel that, later, if I came to know—if others came to know—it might be difficult——?"

"No; for I didn't care for the others—and I believed that, whatever your own feelings were, you would know I had done what I thought right."

She spoke the words nobly, proudly, and for the first time the hard lines of his face relaxed, and a slight tremor crossed it.

"If you believed this, why have you been letting that cur blackmail you?"

"Because when he began I saw for the first time that what I had done might be turned against me by—by those who disliked your marriage. And I grew afraid for my happiness. That was my weakness . . . it is what I am suffering for now. . . ."

"*Suffering!*" he echoed bitterly, as though she had presumed to apply to herself a word of which he had the grim monopoly. He rose and took a few aimless steps; then he halted before her.

"That day—last month—when you asked me for money . . . was it . . . ?"

"Yes——" she said, her head sinking.

He laughed. "You couldn't tell me—but you could use my money to bribe that fellow to conspire with you!"

"I had none of my own. . . ."

"No—nor I either! You used *her* money.—God!" he groaned, turning away with clenched hands.

Justine had risen also, and she stood motionless, her hands clasped against her breast, in the drawn shrinking attitude of a fugitive suddenly overtaken by a blinding storm. He moved back to her with an appealing gesture.

"And you didn't see—it didn't occur to you—that your doing . . . what you did . . . was an obstacle—an insurmountable obstacle—to our ever . . . ?"

She cut him short with an indignant cry. "No! No! for it was *not*. How could it have anything to do with what . . . came after . . . with you or me? I did it only for Bessy . . . it concerned only Bessy!"

"Ah, don't name her!" broke from him violently; and she drew back, cut to the heart.

There was another pause, during which he seemed to fall into a kind of dazed irresolution, his head on his breast, as though unconscious of her presence. Then he roused himself and went toward the door.

As he passed her she sprang after him. "John—John! Is that all you have to say?"

"What more is there?"

"What more? Everything!—What right have you to turn from me as if I were a murderer? I did nothing but what your own reason, your own arguments, have justified a hundred times! I made a mistake in not telling you at once—but a mistake is not a crime. It can't be your real feeling that turns you from me—it must be the dread of what other people would think!

But when have you cared for what other people thought? When have your own actions been governed by it?"

He moved another step without speaking, and she caught him by the arm. "No! you sha'n't go—not like that!—Wait!"

She turned and crossed the room. On the lower shelf of the little table by her bed a few books were ranged: she stooped and drew one hurriedly forth, opening it at the fly-leaf as she went back to Amherst.

"There—read that. The book was at Lynbrook—in your room—and I came across it by chance the very day. . . ."

It was the little volume of Bacon which she was thrusting at him. He took it with a bewildered look, as if scarcely following what she said.

"Read it—read it!" she commanded; and mechanically he read out the words he had written.

"*La vraie morale se moque de la morale. . . . We perish because we follow other men's examples. . . . Socrates called the opinions of the many *Lamiae*.—Good God!*" he exclaimed, flinging the book from him with a gesture of abhorrence.

Justine watched him with panting lips, her knees trembling under her. "But you wrote it—you wrote it! I thought you meant it!" she cried, as the book spun across a table and dropped to the floor beyond.

He looked at her coldly, almost apprehensively, as if she had grown suddenly dangerous and remote; then he turned and walked out of the room.

The striking of the clock roused her. She rose to her feet, rang the bell, and told the maid, through the door, that she had a headache, and was unable to see Miss Cicely. Then she turned back into the room, and darkness closed on her. She was not the kind to take grief passively—it drove her in anguished paces up and down the floor. She walked and walked till her legs flagged under her; then she dropped stupidly into the chair where Amherst had sat. . . .

All her world had crumbled about her. It was as if some law of mental gravity had been mysteriously suspended, and every firmly-anchored conviction, every accepted process of reasoning, spun disconnectedly through space. Amherst had not understood her—worse still, he had judged her as

the world might judge her! The core of her misery was there. With terrible clearness, she saw the suspicion that had crossed his mind—the suspicion that she had kept silence in the beginning because she loved him, and feared to lose him if she spoke.

And what if it were true? What if her unconscious guilt went back even farther than his thought dared track it? She could not now recall a time when she had not loved him. Every chance meeting with him, from their first brief talk at Hanaford, stood out embossed and glowing against the blur of lesser memories. Was it possible that she had loved him during Bessy's life—that she had even, sub-consciously, blindly, been urged by her feeling for him to perform the act?

But she shook herself free from this morbid horror—the rebound of health was always prompt in her, and her mind instinctively rejected every form of moral poison. No! Her motive had been normal, sane and justifiable—completely justifiable. Her fault lay in having dared to rise above conventional restrictions, her mistake in believing that her husband could rise with her. These reflections steadied her, but they did not bring much comfort. For her whole life was centred in Amherst, and she saw that he would never be able to free himself from the traditional view of her act. In looking back, and correcting her survey of his character in the revealing light of the last hours, she perceived that, like many men of emancipated thought, he had remained subject to the old conventions of feeling. And he had probably never given much thought to women till he met her—had always been content to deal with them in the accepted currency of sentiment. After all, it was the currency they liked best, and for which they offered their prettiest wares!

But what of the intellectual accord between himself and her? She had not been deceived in that! He and she had really been wedded in mind as well as in heart. But until now there had not arisen in their lives one of those searching questions which call into play emotions rooted far below reason and judgment, in the dark primal depths of inherited feeling. It is easy to judge impersonal problems intellectually, turning on them the full light of acquired knowledge; but too often one must still grope one's way through the personal diffi-

culty by the dim taper carried in long-dead hands. . . .

But was there then no hope of lifting one's individual life to a clearer height of conduct? Must one be content to think for the race, and to feel only—feel blindly and incoherently—for one's self? And was it not from such natures as Amherst's—natures in which independence of judgment was blent with strong human sympathy—that the liberating impulse should come?

Her mind grew weary of revolving in this vain circle of questions. The fact was that, in their particular case, Amherst had not risen above prejudice and emotion; that, though her act was one to which his intellectual sanction was given, he had turned from her with instinctive repugnance, had dishonoured her by the most wounding suspicions. The tie between them was forever stained and debased.

Justine's long hospital-discipline made it impossible for her to lose consciousness of the lapse of time, or to let her misery thicken into mental stupor. She could not help thinking and moving; and she presently lifted herself to her feet, turned on the light, and began to prepare for dinner. It would be terrible to face her husband across Mr. Langhope's pretty dinner-table, and afterward in the charming drawing-room, with its delicate old ornaments and intimate luxurious furniture; but she could not continue to sit motionless in the dark: it was her innermost instinct to pick herself up and go on.

While she dressed, she listened anxiously for Amherst's step in the next room; but there was no sound, and when she dragged herself downstairs the drawing-room was empty, and the parlour-maid, after a decent delay, came to ask if dinner should be postponed.

She said no, murmuring some vague pretext for her husband's absence, and sitting alone through the succession of courses which composed the brief but carefully-studied *menu*. When this ordeal was over she returned to the drawing-room, and took up a book. It chanced to be a new volume on labour problems, which Amherst must have brought back with him; and it carried her thoughts instantly to Westmore. Would this disaster poison their work at the mills as well as their personal relation? Would

he think of her as carrying contamination even into the task their love had illumined?

The hours went on without his returning, and at length it occurred to her that he might have taken the night train to Hanaford. Her heart contracted at the thought: she remembered—though every nerve shrank from the analogy—his sudden flight at another crisis in his life, and she felt obscurely that if he escaped from her now she would never recover her hold on him. But could he be so cruel—could he wish any one to suffer as she was suffering?

At ten o'clock she could endure the drawing-room no longer, and went up to her room again. She undressed slowly, trying to prolong the process as much as possible, to put off the period of silence and inaction which would close in on her when she lay down on her bed. But at length the dreaded moment came—there was nothing more between her and the night. She crept into bed and put out the light; but as she slipped between the cold sheets a trembling seized her, and after a moment she drew on her dressing-gown again and groped her way to the lounge by the fire.

She pushed the lounge closer to the hearth and lay down, still shivering, though she had drawn the quilted coverlet up to her chin. She lay there a long time, with closed eyes, in a mental darkness torn by sudden flashes of memory. In one of these flashes a phrase of Amherst's stood out—a word spoken at Westmore, on the day of the opening of the Emergency Hospital, about a good-looking young man who had called to see her. She remembered Amherst's boyish burst of jealousy, his sudden relief at the thought that the visitor might have been Wyant. And no doubt it *was* Wyant—Wyant who had come to Hanaford to threaten her, and who, baffled by her non-arrival, or for some other unexplained reason, had left again without carrying out his purpose.

It was dreadful to think by how slight a chance her first draught of happiness had escaped that drop of poison; yet when she realized it, her inward cry was: "If it had happened, my dearest need not have suffered!" . . . Already she was feeling Amherst's pain more than her own, understanding that it was harder to bear than hers because it was at war with all the reflective part of his nature.

As she lay there, her face pressed into the cushions, she heard a sound through the silent house—the opening and closing of the outer door. She turned cold, and lay listening with strained ears. . . . Yes; now there was a step on the stairs—her husband's step! She heard him turn into his own room. The throbs of her heart almost deafened her—she only distinguished, confusedly, that he was moving about within, so close to her that it was as if she felt his touch. And then her door opened, and he entered.

He stumbled slightly in the darkness before he found the switch of the lamp on the writing-table; and as he bent over it she saw that his face was flushed, and that his eyes had a strange excited light which, in any one less abstemious, might almost have suggested a recourse to stimulants.

"Are you awake?" he asked.

She started up against the cushions, her black hair streaming about her small ghostly face.

"Yes."

He walked over to the lounge and dropped into the low chair beside it.

"I've given that cur a lesson he won't forget," he exclaimed, breathing hard, the redness deepening in his face.

She turned on him in joy and trembling. "John!—Oh, John! You didn't follow him? Oh, what happened? What have you done?" she gasped.

"No. I didn't follow him. But there are some things that even the powers above can't stand. And so they managed to let me run across him—by the purest accident—and I gave him something to remember."

He spoke in a strong clear voice, that had a brightness like the brightness in his eyes. She felt its heat in her veins—the primitive woman in her glowed at contact with the primitive man. But reflection chilled her the next moment.

"But why—why? Oh, how could you? Where did it happen—oh, not in the street?"

As she questioned him, there rose before her the terrified vision of a crowd gathering—the police, newspapers, a hideous publicity. He must have been mad to do it—and yet he must have done it because he loved her!

"No—no. Don't be afraid. The powers looked after that too. There was no

one about—and I don't think he'll talk much about it."

She trembled, fearing yet adoring him. Nothing could have been more unlike the Amherst she had fancied she knew, than this act of irrational anger which had magically lifted the darkness from his spirit; yet, magically also, it gave him back to her, made them one flesh once more. And suddenly the pressure of opposed emotions became too strong, and she burst into tears.

She wept painfully, violently, with the resistance of strong natures unused to emotional expression; till at length, through the tumult that possessed her, she felt her husband's quieting touch.

"Justine," he said, speaking once more in his natural voice.

She raised her face from her hands, and their eyes met.

"Justine—this afternoon—I said things I did not mean to say. . . ."

Her lips parted, but her throat was still full of sobs, and she could only look at him while the tears ran down.

"I believe I understand now. . . ." he continued, in the same quiet tone.

Her hand shrank from his clasp, and she began to tremble again. "Oh, if you only *believe* . . . if you're not sure . . . don't pretend to be. . . ."

He sat down beside her on the lounge and drew her into his arms. "I am sure," he whispered, holding her close, and pressing his lips against her face and hair.

"Oh, my husband—my husband! You've come back to me?"

He answered her with more kisses, murmuring through them: "Poor child—poor child—poor Justine. . . ."

With her face against him she yielded to the childish luxury of murmuring out unjustified fears. "I was afraid you had gone back to Hanaford. . . ."

"Tonight? To Hanaford?"

"To tell your mother. . . ."

She felt a sudden contraction of the arm embracing her, as though a throb of pain had stiffened it.

"I shall never tell any one," he said abruptly; but as he felt in her a responsive shrinking he gathered her close again, whispering through the hair that fell about her cheek: "Don't talk, dear . . . let us never talk of it. . . ." And in the clasp of his arms

her terror and anguish subsided, giving way, not to the deep peace of tranquillized thought, but to a confused well-being that lulled all thought to sleep.

XXXVII

BUT thought could never be long silent between them; and Justine's triumph lasted but a day.

With its end she saw what it had been made of: the ascendancy of youth and sex over his subjugated judgment. Her first impulse was to try and maintain it—why not use the protective arts with which love inspired her? She who lived so keenly in the brain could live as intensely in her feelings; her quick imagination tutored her looks and words, taught her the spells to weave about shorn giants. And for a few days she and Amherst lost themselves in this self-evoked cloud of passion, both clinging fast to the visible, the papable in their relation, as if conscious already that its finer essence had fled.

Amherst made no allusion to what had passed, asked for no details, offered no reassurances—behaved as if the whole episode had been effaced from his mind. And from Wyant there came no sound: he seemed to have disappeared from life as he had from their talk.

Toward the end of the week, Amherst announced that he must return to Hanaford; and Justine at once declared her intention of going with him.

He seemed surprised, disconcerted almost; and for the first time the shadow of what had happened fell visibly between them.

"But ought you to leave Cicely before Mr. Langhope comes back?" he suggested.

"He will be here in two days."

"But he will expect to find you."

"It is almost the first of April. We are to have Cicely with us for the summer. There is no reason why I should not go back to my work at Westmore."

There was in fact no reason that he could produce; and on the morrow they returned to Hanaford together.

With her perceptions strung to the last pitch of sensitiveness, she felt a change in Amherst as soon as they re-entered Bessy's house. He was still scrupulously considerate, almost too scrupulously tender; but

with an undertone of lassitude, like a man who tries to maintain his habitual bearing under the stupefying approach of illness. And she began to hate the power by which she held him. It was not thus they had once walked together, free in mind though so linked in habit and feeling; when their love was not a deadening drug, but a vivifying element that cleared thought instead of stifling it. There were moments when she felt that open alienation would be easier to bear, because it would be nearer the truth. And at such moments she longed to speak, to beg him to utter his mind, to go with her once for all into the depths of the subject they continued tacitly to avoid. But at the last her heart always failed her: she could not face the thought of losing him, of hearing him speak estranging words to her.

They had been at Hanaford for about ten days when, one morning at breakfast, Amherst uttered a sudden exclamation over a letter he was reading.

"What is it?" she asked, in a tremor.

He had grown very pale, and was pushing the hair from his forehead with the nervous gesture habitual to him in moments of painful indecision.

"What is it?" she repeated, her fear growing.

"Nothing——" he began, thrusting the letter under the pile of envelopes by his plate and taking up his fork again; but she continued to look at him anxiously, imploringly, till she drew his eyes to hers.

"Mr. Langhope writes that they've appointed Wyant to Saint Christopher's," he said abruptly.

"Oh, the letter—we forgot the letter!" she cried.

"Yes—we forgot the letter."

"But how dare he——?"

Amherst said nothing, but the silence between them seemed full of ironic answers, till she brought out, hardly above her breath: "What shall you do?"

"Write at once—tell Mr. Langhope he's not fit for the place."

"Of course——" she murmured.

He went on tearing open his other letters, and glancing at their contents. She leaned back in her chair, her cup of coffee untasted, listening to the recurrent crackle of torn paper as he tossed aside one letter after another.

Presently he rose from his seat, and as

she followed him from the dining-room she noticed that his breakfast had also remained untasted. He gathered up his letters and walked toward the smoking-room; and after a moment's hesitation she joined him.

"John," she said, from the threshold.

He was just seating himself at his desk, but he turned to her with an obvious effort at kindness which made the set look of his face the more noticeable.

She closed the door and went up to him.

"If you write that to Mr. Langhope—Dr. Wyant will—will tell him," she said.

"Yes—we must be prepared for that."

She was silent, and Amherst flung himself down on the leather ottoman against the wall. She stood before him, clasping and unclasping her hands in speechless distress.

"What would you have me do?" he asked at length, almost irritably.

"I only thought . . . he told me he would keep straight . . . if he only had a chance," she faltered.

Amherst lifted his head slowly, and looked at her. "You mean—I am to do nothing? Is that it?"

She moved nearer to him with wide beseeching eyes. "I can't bear it . . . I can't bear that others should come between us," she broke out passionately.

He made no answer, but she could see a look of distress cross his face, and coming still closer, she sank down on the ottoman, laying her hand on his. "John . . . oh, John, spare me . . ." she whispered.

For a moment his hand lay passive under hers; then he drew it out, and enclosed her trembling fingers.

"Very well—I'll give him a chance—I'll do nothing," he said, suddenly putting his other arm about her.

The reaction caught her by the throat, forcing out a dry sob or two; and as she pressed her face against him, he raised it up and gently kissed her.

But even as their lips met she felt that they were sealing a treaty with dishonour. That his kiss should come to mean that to her! It was unbearable—worse than any personal pain—the thought of dragging him down to falsehood through her weakness.

She drew back and rose to her feet, putting aside his detaining hand.

"No—no! What am I saying? It can't

be—you must tell the truth.” Her voice gathered strength as she spoke. “Oh, forget what I said—I didn’t mean it!”

But again he seemed sunk in inaction, like a man over whom some baneful lethargy is stealing.

“John—John—forget what I said!” she repeated urgently.

He looked up at her. “You realize what it will mean?”

“Yes—I realize. . . . But it must be. . . . And it will make no difference between us . . . will it?”

“No—no. Why should it?” he answered apathetically.

“Then write—tell Mr. Langhope not to give him the place. I want it over.”

He rose slowly to his feet, without looking at her again, and walked over to the desk. She sank down on the ottoman and watched him with burning eyes while he drew forth a sheet of note-paper and began to write.

But after he had written a few words he laid down his pen, and swung his chair about so that he faced her.

“I can’t do it in this way,” he exclaimed.

“How then? What do you mean?” she said, starting up.

He looked at her. “Do you want the story to come from Wyant?” he asked.

“Oh——” She began to tremble again.

“You mean to tell Mr. Langhope yourself?”

“Yes. I mean to take the next train to town and tell him.”

The trembling increased so much that she had to rest her hands against the edge of the ottoman to steady herself. “But if . . . if after all . . . Wyant should not speak?”

“Well—if he shouldn’t? Could you bear to owe our safety to him?”

“Safety!”

“It comes to that, doesn’t it, if we’re afraid to speak?”

She sat silent, letting the truth of this sink into her till its bitter strength poured courage into her veins.

“Yes—it comes to that,” she confessed.

“Then you feel as I do?”

“That you must go——?”

“That this is intolerable!”

The words struck down her last illusion, and she rose and went over to the writing-table. “Yes—go,” she said.

He stood up also, and took both her hands, not in a caress, but gravely, almost severely.

“Listen, Justine. You must realize exactly what this means—may mean. I am willing to go on as we are now . . . as long as we can . . . because I love you . . . because I would do anything to spare you pain. But if I speak I must say everything—I must follow this thing up to its uttermost consequences. That’s what I want to make clear to you.”

Her heart sank again with a foreboding of new peril. “What consequences?”

“Can’t you see for yourself—when you look about this house?”

“This house——?”

He dropped her hands and took an abrupt turn across the room.

“I owe everything to her,” he broke out, “all I am, all I have, all I have been able to give you—and I must go and tell her father that you. . . .”

“Stop—stop!” she cried, lifting her hands as if to keep off a blow.

“No—don’t make me stop. We must face it,” he said doggedly.

“But this—this isn’t the truth! You put it as if—almost as if——”

“Yes—don’t finish.—Has it occurred to you that *he* may think that?” Amherst said with a terrible laugh.

But at that she recovered her native courage, as she was apt to do when an extreme call was made on it.

“No—I don’t believe it! If he *does*, it will be because you think it yourself. . . .” Her voice sank, and she lifted her hands and pressed them to her temples. “And if you think it, nothing matters . . . one way or the other. . . .” She paused, and her voice regained its strength. “That is what I must face before you go: what you think, what you believe of me. You’ve never told me that,” she said with sudden energy.

Amherst, at the challenge, remained silent, while a slow red crept to his cheekbones.

“Haven’t I told you by—by what I’ve done?” he said slowly.

“No—what you’ve done has covered up what you thought; and I’ve helped you cover it—I’m to blame too! But it was not for this that we . . . that we had that half year together . . . not to sink into connivance and evasion! I don’t want another hour of stolen happiness. I want the truth from you, whatever it is.”

He stood motionless, staring moodily at

the floor. "Don't you see that's my misery . . . that I don't know myself?"

"You don't know . . . what you think of me?"

"Good God, Justine, why do you try to strip life naked? I don't know what's been going on in me these last weeks——"

"You must know what you think of my motive . . . for doing what I did. . . ."

She saw in his face how he shrank from the least allusion to the act about which their torment revolved. But he forced himself to raise his head and look at her. "I have never—for one moment—questioned your motive—or failed to see that it was justified . . . under the circumstances. . . ."

"Oh, John—John!" she broke out, in the wild joy of hearing herself absolved; but the next instant her subtle perceptions felt the unconscious reserve under his admission.

"Your mind justifies me—not your heart; isn't *that* your misery?" she said.

He looked at her almost piteously, as if, in the last resort, it was from her that light must come to him. "On my soul, I don't know . . . I can't tell . . . it's all dark in me. I know you did what you thought best . . . if I had been there, I believe I should have asked you to do it . . . but I wish to God. . . ."

She interrupted him sobbingly. "Oh, I ought never to have let you love me! I ought to have seen that I was cut off from you forever. I have brought you wretchedness when I would have given my life for you! I don't deserve that you should forgive me for that."

Her sudden outbreak seemed to restore his self-possession. He went up to her and took her hand with a quieting touch.

"There is no question of forgiveness, Justine. Don't let us torture each other with vain repinings. Our business is to face the thing, and we shall be better for having talked it out fully. I shall be better, for my part, for having told Mr. Langhope. But before I go, I want to be sure that you understand the view he may take . . . and the effect it will probably have on our future."

"Our future?" She started. "No, I don't understand."

Amherst paused a moment, as if trying to choose the words least likely to pain her. "Mr. Langhope knows that my marriage

was . . . unhappy; through my fault, he no doubt thinks. And if he chooses to infer that . . . that you and I may have cared for each other . . . before . . . and that it was *because* there was a chance of recovery that you——"

"Oh——"

"We must face it," he repeated inflexibly. "And you must understand that, if there is the faintest hint of this kind, I shall give up everything here, as soon as it can be settled legally—God, how Tredegar will like the job!—and you and I will have to go and begin life over again . . . somewhere else."

For an instant a mad hope swelled in her breast—the vision of escaping with him into new scenes, a new life, away from the coil of memories that bound them down as in a net. But the reaction of reason came at once—she saw him cut off from his chosen work, his career destroyed, his honour clouded, above all—ah, this was what wrung them both!—his task undone, his people flung back to the depths he had lifted them from. And all through her doing—all because she had clutched at happiness with too rash a hand! The thought stung her to passionate activity of mind—made her resolve to risk anything, dare anything, before she involved him farther in her own ruin. She felt her brain clear gradually, and the thickness dissolve in her throat.

"I understand," she said in a low voice, raising her eyes to his.

"And you're ready to accept the consequences? Think again before it's too late."

She paused. "That is what I should like . . . what I wanted to ask you . . . the time to think."

She saw a slight shade cross his face, as if he had not expected this failure of courage in her; but he said quietly: "You don't wish me to go today?"

"Not today—give me one more day."

"Very well."

She laid a timid hand on his arm. "Please go out to Westmore as usual—as if nothing had happened. And tonight . . . when you come back . . . I shall have decided."

"Very well," he repeated.

"You'll be gone all day?"

He glanced at his watch. "Yes—I had meant to be; unless——"

"No; I would rather be alone. Good-bye," she said, letting her hand slip softly along his coat-sleeve as he turned to the door.

XXXVIII

AT half-past six that afternoon, just as Amherst, on his return from the mills, put the key into his door at Hanaford, Mrs. Ansell, in New York, was being shown into Mr. Langhope's library.

As she entered, her friend rose from his chair by the fire, and turned on her a face so disordered by emotion that she stopped short with an exclamation of alarm.

"Henry—what has happened? Why did you send for me?"

"Because I couldn't go to you. I couldn't trust myself in the streets—in the light of day."

"But why? What is it?—Not Cicely—?"

He struck both hands upward with a comprehensive gesture. "Cicely—every one—the whole world!" His clenched fist came down on the table against which he was leaning. "Maria, my girl might have been saved!"

Mrs. Ansell looked at him with growing disturbance. "Saved—Bessy's life? But how? By whom?"

"She might have been allowed to live, I mean—to recover. She was killed, Maria; that woman killed her!"

Mrs. Ansell, with another cry of bewilderment, let herself drop helplessly into the nearest chair. "In heaven's name, Henry—what woman?"

He seated himself opposite to her, clutching at his stick, and leaning his weight heavily on it—a white dishevelled old man. "I wonder why you ask—just to spare me?"

Their eyes met in a piercing exchange of question and answer, and Mrs. Ansell tried to bring out reasonably: "I ask in order to understand what you are saying."

"Well, then, if you insist on keeping up appearances—my daughter-in-law killed my daughter. There you have it." He laughed silently, with a tear on his reddened eyelids.

Mrs. Ansell groaned. "Henry, you are raving—I understand less and less."

"I don't see how I can speak more plainly. She told me so herself, in this room, not an hour ago."

"She told you? Who told you?"

"John Amherst's wife. Told me she'd killed my child. It's as easy as breathing—if you know how to use a morphia-needle."

Light seemed at last to break on his hearer. "Oh, my poor Henry—you mean—she gave too much? There was some dreadful accident?"

"There was no accident. She killed my child—killed her deliberately. Don't look at me as if I were a madman. She sat in that chair you're in when she told me."

"Justine? Has she been here today?" Mrs. Ansell paused in a painful effort to readjust her thoughts. "But *why* did she tell you?"

"That's simple enough. To prevent Wyant's doing it."

"Oh—" broke from his hearer, in a long sigh of fear and intelligence. Mr. Langhope looked at her with a smile of miserable exultation.

"You knew—you suspected all along?—But now you must speak out!" he exclaimed with a sudden note of command.

She sat motionless, as if trying to collect herself. "I know nothing—I only meant—why was this never known before?"

He was upon her at once. "You think—because they understood each other? And now there's been a break between them? He wanted too big a share of the spoils? Oh, it's all so abysmally vile!"

He covered his face with a shaking hand, and Mrs. Ansell remained silent, plunged in a speechless misery of conjecture. At length she regained some measure of her habitual composure, and leaning forward, with her eyes gravely bent on his face, said in a quiet tone: "If I am to help you, you must try to tell me just what has happened."

He made an impatient gesture. "Haven't I told you? She found that her accomplice meant to speak, and rushed to town to forestall him."

Mrs. Ansell reflected. "But why—with his place at Saint Christopher's secured—did Dr. Wyant choose this time to threaten her—if, as you imagine, he's an accomplice?"

"Because he is a drug-taker, and she didn't wish him to have the place."

"She didn't wish it? But that does not look as if she were afraid. She had only to hold her tongue!"

Mr. Langhope laughed sardonically.

"It's not quite so simple. Amherst was coming to town to tell me."

"Ah—he knows?"

"Yes—and she preferred that I should have her version first."

"And what is her version?"

The furrows of pain deepened in Mr. Langhope's face. "Maria—don't ask too much of me! I can't go over it again. She says she wanted to spare my child—she says the doctors were keeping her alive, torturing her uselessly, as a . . . a sort of scientific experiment. . . . She forced on me the hideous details. . . ."

Mrs. Ansell waited a moment.

"Well! May it not be true?"

"Wyant's version is different. *He* says Bessy would have recovered—he says Garford thought so too."

"And what does she answer? She denies it?"

"No. She admits that Garford was in doubt. But she says the chance was too remote—the pain too bad . . . that's her cue, naturally!"

Mrs. Ansell, leaning back in her chair, with hands meditatively stretched along its arms, gave herself up to silent consideration of the fragmentary statements cast before her. The long habit of ministering to her friends in moments of perplexity and distress had given her an almost judicial keenness in disentangling and coördinating facts incoherently presented, and in seizing upon the thread of motive that connected them; but she had never before been confronted with a situation so poignant in itself, and bearing so intimately on her personal feelings; and she needed time to free her thoughts from the impending rush of emotion.

At last she raised her head and said: "Why did Mr. Amherst let her come to you, instead of coming himself?"

"He knows nothing of her being here. She persuaded him to wait a day, and as soon as he had gone to the mills this morning she took the first train to town."

"Ah——" Mrs. Ansell murmured thoughtfully; and Mr. Langhope rejoined, with a conclusive gesture: "Do you want more proofs of panic-stricken guilt?"

"Oh, guilt—" His friend revolved her large soft muff about a drooping hand. "There's so much still to understand."

"Your mind does not, as a rule, work so

slowly!" he said with some asperity; but she paid no heed to his tone.

"Amherst, for instance—how long has he known of this?" she continued.

"A week or two only—she made that clear."

"And what is his attitude?"

"Ah—that, I conjecture, is just what she means to keep us from knowing!"

"You mean she's afraid——?"

Mr. Langhope gathered his haggard brows in a frown. "She's afraid, of course—mortally—I never saw a woman more afraid. I only wonder she had the courage to face me."

"Ah—that's it! Why *did* she face you? To extenuate her act—to give you her version, because she feared his might be worse? Do you gather that that was her motive?"

It was Mr. Langhope's turn to hesitate. He furrowed the thick Turkey rug with the point of his ebony stick, pausing once or twice to revolve it gimlet-like in a gap of the heavy pile.

"Not her avowed motive, naturally."

"Well—at least, then, let me have that."

"Her avowed motive? Oh, she'd prepared one, of course—trust her to have a dozen ready! The one she produced was—simply the desire to protect her husband."

"Her husband? Does *he* too need protection?"

"My God, if he takes her side——! At any rate, her fear seemed to be that what she had done might ruin him; might cause him to feel—as well he may!—that the mere fact of being her husband makes his situation as Cicely's step-father, as my son-in-law, intolerable. And she came to clear him, as it were—to find out, in short, on what terms I should be willing to continue my present relations with him as though this hideous thing had not been known to me."

Mrs. Ansell raised her head quickly.

"Well—and what were your terms?"

He hesitated. "She spared me the pain of proposing any—I had only to accept hers."

"Hers?"

"That she should disappear altogether from my sight—and from the child's, naturally. Good heaven, I should like to include Amherst in that! But I'm tied hand and foot, as you see, by Cicely's interests; and I'm bound to say she exonerated him completely—completely!"

Mrs. Ansell was again silent, but a swift flight of thoughts traversed her drooping face. "But if you are to remain on the old terms with her husband, how is she to disappear out of your life without also disappearing out of his?"

Mr. Langhope gave a slight laugh. "I leave her to work out that problem."

"And you think Amherst will consent to such conditions?"

"He's not to know of them."

The unexpectedness of the reply reduced Mrs. Ansell to a sound of inarticulate interrogation; and Mr. Langhope continued: "Not at first, that is. She had thought it all out—foreseen everything; and she wrung from me—I don't yet know how!—a promise that when I saw him I would make it appear that I cleared him completely, not only of any possible complicity, or whatever you choose to call it, but of any sort of connection with the matter in my thoughts of him. I am, in short, to let him feel that he and I are to continue on the old footing—and I agreed, on the condition of her effacing herself somehow—of course on some other pretext."

"Some other pretext? But what conceivable pretext? My poor friend, he adores her!"

Mr. Langhope raised his eye-brows slightly. "We haven't seen him since this became known to him. *She* has; and she let slip that he was horror-struck."

Mrs. Ansell looked up with a quick exclamation. "Let slip? Isn't it much more likely that she forced it on you—emphasized it to the last limit of credulity?" She sank her hands to the arms of the chair, and exclaimed, looking him straight in the eyes: "You say she was frightened? It strikes me she was dauntless!"

Mr. Langhope stared a moment; then he said, with an ironic shrug: "No doubt, then, she counted on its striking me too."

Mrs. Ansell breathed a shuddering sigh. "Oh, I understand your feeling as you do—I'm deep in the horror of it myself. But I can't help seeing that this woman might have saved herself—and that she's chosen to save her husband instead. What I don't see, from what I know of him," she musingly proceeded, "is how, on any imaginable pretext, she will induce him to accept the sacrifice."

Mr. Langhope made a resentful move-

ment. "If that's the only point your mind dwells on——!"

Mrs. Ansell looked up. "It doesn't dwell any where as yet—except, my poor Henry," she murmured, rising to move toward him, and softly laying her hand on his bent shoulder—"except on your distress and misery—on the very part I can't yet talk of, can't question you about. . . ."

He let her hand rest there a moment; then he turned, and drawing it into his own tremulous fingers, pressed it silently, with a clinging helpless grasp that drew the tears to her lids.

Justine Brent, in her earliest girlhood, had gone through one of those emotional experiences that are the infantile diseases of the heart. She had fancied herself beloved of a youth of her own age; had secretly returned his devotion, and had seen it reft from her by another. Such an incident, as inevitable as the measles, sometimes, like that mild malady, leaves traces out of all proportion to its actual virulence. The blow fell on Justine with tragic suddenness, and she reeled under it, thinking darkly of death, and renouncing all hopes of future happiness. Her ready pen often beguiled her into recording her impressions, and she now found an escape from despair in writing the history of a damsel similarly wronged. In her tale, the heroine killed herself; but the author, saved by this vicarious sacrifice, lived, and in time even smiled over her manuscript.

It was many years since Justine Amherst had recalled this youthful incident; but the memory of it recurred to her as she turned from Mr. Langhope's door. For one stealing moment, death seemed the easiest escape from what confronted her; but though she could no longer medicine her despair by turning it into fiction, she knew at once that she must somehow transpose it into terms of action, that she must always escape from life into more life, and not into its negation.

She had been carried into Mr. Langhope's presence by that expiatory passion which still burns so high, and draws its sustenance from so deep down, in the unsleeping hearts of women. Though she had never wavered in her conviction that her act had been justified, her ideas staggered under the sudden realization of its conse-

quences. Not till that morning had she seen those consequences in their terrible, unsuspected extent, had she understood how one stone rashly loosened from the laboriously erected structure of human society may produce remote fissures in that clumsy fabric. She saw that, having hazarded the loosening of the stone, she should have held herself apart from ordinary human ties, like some priestess set apart for the service of the temple. And instead, she had seized happiness with both hands, taken it as the gift of the very fate she had herself precipitated! She remembered some old Greek saying to the effect that the gods never forgive the mortal who presumes to love and suffer like a god. She had dared to do both, and the gods were bringing ruin on that deeper self which had its life in those about her.

So much had become clear to her when she heard Amherst declare his intention of laying the facts before Mr. Langhope. His few broken words lit up the farthest verge of their lives. She saw that his retrospective reverence for his wife's memory, which was as far as possible removed from the strong passion of the mind and senses that bound him to herself, was indelibly stained and desecrated by the discovery that all he had received from the one woman had been won for him by the deliberate act of the other. This was what no reasoning, no appeal to the calmer judgment, could ever, in his inmost thoughts, undo or extenuate. It could find appeasement only in the deliberate renunciation of all that had come to him from Bessy; and this renunciation, so different from the mere sacrifice of material well-being, was bound up with consequences so far-reaching, so destructive to the cause which had inspired his whole life, that Justine felt the helpless terror of the mortal who has launched one of the heavenly bolts.

She could think of no way of diverting it but the way she had chosen. She must see Mr. Langhope first, must clear Amherst of the least faint association with her act or her intention. And to do this, she must exaggerate, not her own compunction—for she could not depart from the exact truth in reporting her feelings and convictions—but her husband's first instinctive movement of horror, the revulsion of feeling her avowal had really produced in him. This

was the most painful part of her task, and for this reason her excited imagination invested it with special expiatory value. If she could purchase Amherst's peace of mind, and the security of his future, by confessing, and even over-emphasizing, the momentary estrangement between them, there would be a bitter joy in such payment!

Her hour with Mr. Langhope proved the correctness of her intuition. She could save Amherst only by effacing herself from his life: those about him would be only too ready to let her bear the full burden of obloquy. She could see that, for a dozen reasons, Mr. Langhope, even in the first shock of his dismay, unconsciously craved a way of exonerating Amherst, of preserving intact the relation on which so much of his comfort had come to depend. And she had the courage to make the most of this desire, to fortify it by isolating Amherst's point of view from hers; so that, when the dreadful hour was over, she had the solace of feeling that she had completely freed him from any conceivable consequence of her act.

So far, the impetus of self-sacrifice had carried her straight to her goal; but, as frequently happens with such atoning impulses, it left her stranded just short of any subsequent plan of conduct. Her next step, indeed, was clear enough: she must return to Hanaford, explain to her husband that she had felt impelled to tell her own story to Mr. Langhope, and then take up her ordinary life till chance offered her a pretext for fulfilling her promise. But what pretext was likely to present itself? No symbolic horn would sound the hour of fulfillment; she must be her own judge, and hear the call in the depths of her own conscience.

XXXIX

WHEN Amherst, returning late that afternoon from Westmore, learned of his wife's departure, and read the note she had left, he found it, for a time, impossible to bring order out of the confusion of feeling produced in him.

His mind had been sufficiently agitated before. All day, through the routine of work at the mills, he had laboured inwardly with the difficulties confronting him; and his mental disturbance had been increased by the fact that his situation bore an ironic

likeness to that in which, from a far different cause, he had found himself at the other great crisis of his life. Once more he was threatened with the possibility of having to give up Westmore, at a moment when concentration of purpose and persistency of will were at last beginning to declare themselves in tangible results. Before, he had only given up dreams; now it was their fruition that he was asked to surrender. And he was immovable in his resolve to withdraw absolutely from Westmore if the statement he had to make to Mr. Langhope was received with the least hint of an offensive mental reservation. All forms of moral compromise had always been difficult to Amherst, and like many men absorbed in large and complicated questions, he craved above all clearness and peace in his household relation. The first months of his second marriage had brought him, as a part of richer and deeper joys, this enveloping sense of a clear moral medium, in which no subterfuge or equivocation could draw breath. He had felt that henceforth he could pour into his work all the combative energy, the powers of endurance, resistance, renovation, which had once been unprofitably dissipated in the vain attempt to bring some sort of harmony into his married life. Between himself and Justine, apart from their love for each other, there was the wider passion for their kind, which gave back to them an enlarged and deepened reflection of their personal feeling. In such an air it had seemed that no petty egotism could hamper their growth, no misintelligence obscure their love; yet all the while this pure happiness had been unfolding against a sordid background of falsehood and intrigue from which his soul turned with loathing.

Justine was right in assuming that Amherst had never thought much about women. He had vaguely regarded them as meant to people that hazy domain of feeling designed to offer the busy man an escape from thought. His second marriage, leading him to the blissful discovery that woman can think as well as feel, that there are beings of the ornamental sex in whom brain and heart have so enlarged each other that their emotions are as lucid as thought, their thoughts as warm as emotions—this discovery had had the effect of making him discard his former summary conception of woman as a bundle of inconsequent im-

pulses, and admit her at a stroke to full mental equality with her lord. The result of this act of manumission was, that in judging Justine, he could no longer allow for what was purely feminine in her conduct. It was incomprehensible to him that she, to whom truth had seemed the essential element of life, should have been able to draw breath, and find happiness, in an atmosphere of falsehood and dissimulation. His mind could assent—at least in the abstract—to the reasonableness of her act; but he was still unable to understand her having concealed it from him. He could enter far enough into her feelings to allow for her having kept silence on his first return to Lynbrook, when she was still under the strain of a prolonged and terrible trial; but that she should have continued to do so when he and she had discovered and confessed their love for each other, threw an intolerable doubt on her whole course.

He stayed late at the mills, finding one pretext after another for delaying his return to Hanaford, and trying, while he gave one part of his mind to the methodical performance of his task, to adjust the other to some definite view of the future. But all was darkened and confused by the sense that, between himself and Justine, complete communion of thought was no longer possible. It had, in fact, never existed; there had always been a locked chamber in her mind, and he knew not yet what other secrets might inhabit it.

The shock of finding her gone when he reached home gave a new turn to his feelings. She had made no mystery of her destination, leaving word with the servants that she had gone to town to see Mr. Langhope; and Amherst found a note from her on his study table.

"I feel," she wrote, "that I ought to see Mr. Langhope myself, and be the first to tell him what must be told. It was like you, dearest, to wish to spare me this, but it would have made me more unhappy; and Mr. Langhope might wish to hear the facts in my own words. I shall come back tomorrow, and after that it will be for you to decide what must be done."

The brevity and simplicity of the note were characteristic: in moments of high tension, Justine was always calm and direct. And it was like her, too, not to make any covert appeal to his sympathy, not to

seek to entrap his judgment by caressing words and plaintive allusions. The quiet tone in which she stated her purpose matched the firmness and courage of the act, and for a moment Amherst was shaken by a deep revulsion of feeling. Her heart was level with his, after all—if she had done wrong she would bear the brunt of it alone. It was so exactly what he himself would have felt and done in such a situation that faith in her flowed back through all the dried channels of his heart. But an instant later the current set the other way. The wretched years of his first marriage had left in him a residue of distrust, a tendency to dissociate every act from its ostensible motive. He had been too profoundly the dupe of his own enthusiasm not to retain this streak of uneasy scepticism, and it now moved him to ask if Justine's sudden departure had not been prompted by some other cause than the one she avowed. Had that alone actuated her, why not have stated it to him, and asked his consent to her plan? Why let him leave the house without a hint of her purpose, and slip off by the first train as soon as he was safe at Westmore? Might it not be that she had special reasons for wishing Mr. Langhope to *hear her own version first*—that there were questions she wished to parry herself, explanations she could trust no one to make for her? The thought plunged Amherst into deeper misery. He knew not how to defend himself against these disintegrating suspicions—he only felt that, once the accord between two minds is broken, it is less easy to restore than the passion between two hearts. He dragged heavily through his solitary evening, and awaited with dread and yet impatience a message announcing the hour of his wife's return.

It would have been easier—far easier—when she left Mr. Langhope's door, to go straight out into the darkness and let it close in on her for good.

Justine felt herself yielding to the spell of that perfidious suggestion as she walked along the lamplit pavement, hardly conscious of the turn her steps were taking. The door of the house which a few weeks before had been virtually hers, had closed on her without a question. She had been suffered to go out into the darkness without being asked whither she was going, or

under what roof her night would be spent. The irony of the contrast between her past and present sounded through the tumult of her thoughts like the evil laughter of temptation. The house at Hanaford, to which she was returning, would look at her with the same alien face—nowhere on earth, at that moment, was a door which would open to her like the door of home.

In her painful self-absorption she followed the side street toward Madison Avenue, and struck southward down that peaceable thoroughfare. There was a physical relief in rapid motion, and she walked on, still hardly aware of her direction, toward the clustered lights of Madison Square. Should she return to Hanaford, she had still several hours to dispose of before the departure of the midnight train; and if she did not return, hours and dates no longer had any existence for her.

It would be easier—ininitely easier—not to go back. To take up her life with Amherst would, under any circumstances, be painful enough; to take it up under the tacit restriction of her pledge to Mr. Langhope, seemed more than human courage could face. As she reached the square, she had almost reached the conclusion that such a temporary renewal was beyond her strength—beyond what any standard of duty exacted. The question of an alternative hardly troubled her. She would simply go on living, and find an escape in work and material hardship. It would not be difficult for so inconspicuous a person to slip back into the obscure anonymous mass of humanity.

She paused for a moment on the edge of the square, vaguely seeking a direction for her feet that might permit the working of her thoughts to go on uninterrupted; and as she stood there, her eyes fell on the bench near the corner of Twenty-sixth Street, where she had sat with Amherst on the day of his flight from Lynbrook. He too had dreamed of escaping from insoluble problems into the clear air of hard work and simple duties; and she remembered the words with which she had turned him back. The cases, of course, were not identical, since he had been flying in anger and wounded pride from a situation for which he was in no wise to blame; yet, if even at such a moment she had insisted on charity and forbearance, how could she now show less self-denial than she had exacted of him?

"If you go away for a time, surely it ought to be in such a way that your going does not seem to cast any reflection on Bessy. . . ." That was how she had put it to him, and how, with the mere change of a name, she must now, for reasons as cogent, put it to herself. It was just as much a part of the course she had deliberately planned, to return to her husband now, and take up their daily life together, as it would, later on, be her duty to drop out of that life, when her doing so could no longer involve him in the penalty to be paid.

She stood a little while looking at the bench on which they had sat that morning, and giving thanks in her heart for the past strength which was now helping to build up her failing courage: such a patchwork business are our best endeavours, yet so faithfully does each weak upward impulse reach back a hand to the next.

Justine's explanation of her visit to Mr. Langhope was not wholly satisfying to her husband. She did not conceal from him that the scene had been painful, but she gave him to understand, as briefly as possible, that Mr. Langhope, after his first movement of uncontrollable distress, had seemed able to make allowances for the pressure under which she had acted, and that he had, at any rate, given no sign of intending to let her avowal make any change in the relation between the two households. If she did not—as Amherst afterward recalled—put all this specifically into words, she contrived to convey it in her manner, in her allusions, above all in her recovered composure. She had the demeanour of one who has gone through a severe test of strength, but come out of it in complete control of the situation. There was something slightly unnatural in this prompt solution of so complicated a difficulty, and it had the effect of making Amherst ask himself what, to produce such a result, must have been the gist of her communication to Mr. Langhope. If the latter had shown any disposition to be cruel, or even unjust, Amherst's sympathies would have rushed instantly to his wife's defence; but the fact that there was apparently to be no question of them left his reason free to compare and discriminate, with the final result that the more he pondered on his father-in-law's attitude the less intelligible it became.

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A few day's after Justine's return he was called to New York on business; and before leaving he told her that he should of course take the opportunity of having a talk with Mr. Langhope.

She received the statement with the gentle composure from which she had not departed since her return from town; and he added tentatively, as if to provoke her to a clearer expression of feeling: "I shall not be satisfied, of course, till I see for myself just how he feels—just how much, at bottom, this has affected him—since my own future relation to him will, as I have already told you, depend entirely on his treatment of you."

She met this without any sign of disturbance. "His treatment of me was very kind," she said. "But would it not, on your part," she continued hesitatingly, "be kinder not to touch on the subject so soon again?"

The line deepened between his brows. "Touch on it? I sha'n't rest till I've gone to the bottom of it! Till then, you must understand," he summed up with decision, "I feel myself only on sufferance here at Westmore."

"Yes—I understand," she assented; and as he bent over to kiss her for goodbye, a tenuous impenetrable barrier seemed to lie between their lips.

It was Justine's turn to await with a passionate anxiety her husband's home-coming; and when, on the third day, he reappeared, her dearly-acquired self-control gave way to a tremulous eagerness. This was, after all, the turning-point in their lives: everything depended upon how Mr. Langhope had "played up" to his cue, had kept to his side of their bond.

Amherst's face showed signs of emotional havoc: when feeling once broke out in him, it had full play, and she could see that his hour with Mr. Langhope had struck to the roots of life. But the resultant expression was one of invigoration, not defeat; and she gathered at a glance that her partner had not betrayed her. She drew a tragic solace from the immediate success of her achievement; yet it flung her into her husband's arms with a passion of longing to which, as she instantly, intuitively felt, he did not as completely respond.

There was still, then, something "between" them: somewhere the mechanism

of her scheme had failed, or its action had not produced the result she had counted on.

As soon as they were alone in the study she said, as quietly as she could: "You saw your father-in-law? You talked with him?"

"Yes—I spent the afternoon with him. Cicely sent you her love. . . ."

She coloured quickly, and murmured: "And Mr. Langhope?"

"He is perfectly calm now, of course—perfectly impartial.—This business has made me feel," Amherst added abruptly, "that I have never been quite fair to him. I never thought him a magnanimous man."

"He has proved himself so now," Justine murmured, her head bent low over a bit of needlework; and Amherst affirmed energetically: "He has been more than that—generous!"

She looked up at him with a smile. "I am so glad, dear; so glad there is not to be a shadow between you. . . ."

"No," Amherst said, his voice flagging slightly. There was a pause, and then he went on with renewed emphasis: "Of course I made my point quite clear to him."

"Your point?"

"That I stand or fall by his judgment of you."

Oh, if he had but said it more tenderly! But he delivered it with the quiet resolution of a man who contends for an abstract principle of justice, and not for a passion grown into the fibres of his heart!

"You are generous too," she faltered, her voice thickening a little.

Amherst frowned; and she perceived that any hint, on her part, of recognizing the slightest change in their relations, was still like pressure on a painful bruise.

"There is no need for such words between us," he said impatiently; "and Mr. Langhope's attitude," he added, with an effort at a lighter tone, "has made it unnecessary, thank heaven, that we should ever revert to the subject again."

He turned to his desk as he spoke, and plunged into perusal of the letters that had accumulated in his absence.

There was a temporary excess of work at Westmore, and during the days that followed he threw himself into it with a zeal that showed Justine how eagerly he sought any pretext for avoiding confidential moments. The perception was painful enough,

yet not as painful as another disaster awaited her. She too had her Westmore: the supervision of the day nursery, the mothers' club, the various other organizations where both Amherst and Westmore were trying to put some social unity into the lives of the mill-hand, and when, on the day after his return from New York, she presented herself, as usual at the Westmore office, where she was in the habit of holding a brief consultation with him before starting on her rounds, she was at once aware of a new tinge of constraint in his manner. It hurt him, then, to see her at Westmore—hurt him more than to live with her, at Hanaford, under Bessy's roof! For it was there, at the mills, that his real life was led, the life with which Justine had been most intimately identified, the life that had been made possible for both by the magnanimity of that other woman whose presence was now forever between them. . . .

Justine made no sign. She resumed her work as though unconscious of any change; but whereas in the past they had always found pretexts for seeking each other out, to discuss the order of the day's work, or merely to warm their hearts by the exchange of a word or two, now each went a separate way, sometimes not meeting till they regained the house at night-fall.

And as the weeks passed in this way, she began to understand that, by a strange inversion of probability, the relation between Amherst and herself was to be the means of holding her to her compact with Mr. Langhope—if indeed it were not nearer the truth to say that it had rendered such a compact unnecessary. Amherst had done his best to take up their life together as though there had been no break in it; but slowly the fact was being forced on her that by remaining with him she was subjecting him to intolerable suffering—was coming to be the personification of the very thoughts and associations from which he struggled to escape. Happily her promptness of action had preserved Westmore to him, and in Westmore she believed that he would in time find a refuge from even the memory of what he was now enduring. But meanwhile her presence kept the thought alive; and, had every other incentive lost its power, this would have been enough to rouse her flagging purpose. Fate had,

ironically enough, furnished her with an unanswerable reason for leaving Amherst; the impossibility of their keeping up such a relation as now existed between them would soon become too patent to be denied.

Meanwhile, as summer approached, she knew that external conditions would also call upon her to act. The visible signal for her withdrawal would be Cicely's next visit to Westmore. The child's birthday fell in early June; and Amherst, some months previously, had asked that she should be permitted to spend it at Hanaford, and that it should be chosen as the date for the opening of the first model cottages at Hopewood.

It was Justine who had originated the idea of associating Cicely's anniversaries with some significant moment in the annals of the mill colony; and struck by the happy suggestion, he had at once applied himself to hastening on the work at Hopewood. The eagerness of both Amherst and Justine that Cicely should be identified with the developing life of Westmore had been one of the chief influences in reconciling Mr. Langhope to his son-in-law's second marriage. Husband and wife had always made it clear that they regarded themselves as the mere trustees of the Westmore revenues, and that Cicely's name should, as early as possible, be associated with every measure taken for the welfare of her people. But now, as Justine knew, the situation was changed; and Cicely would not be allowed to come to Hanaford until she herself had left it. The manifold threads of divination that she was perpetually throwing out in Amherst's presence told her, without word or sign on his part, that he also awaited Cicely's birthday as a determining date in their lives. He spoke confidently, and as a matter of course, of Mr. Langhope's bringing his granddaughter at the promised time; but Justine could hear a note of challenge in his voice, as though he felt that Mr. Langhope's sincerity had not yet been put to the test.

As the time drew nearer it became more difficult for her to decide just how she should take the step she had determined on. She had no material anxiety for the future, for although she did not mean to accept a penny from her husband after she had left him, she knew it would be easy for her to take up her nursing again; and she knew also that her hospital connections would enable her to find work in a part of the coun-

try far enough distant to remove her entirely from his life. But she had not yet been able to invent a reason for leaving that should be sufficiently cogent to satisfy him, without directing his suspicions toward the truth. As she revolved the question in her anxious mind, she suddenly recalled an exclamation of Amherst's—a word spoken as they entered Mr. Langhope's door, on the fatal afternoon when she had found Wyant's letter awaiting her.

"There's nothing you can't make people believe, you little Jesuit!"

She had laughed in pure joy at his praise of her; for every bantering phrase had then been a caress. But now the words returned with a sinister meaning. She knew they were true as far as Amherst was concerned: in the arts of casuistry and equivocation a child could have outmatched him, and she had only to exert her will to dupe him as deeply as she pleased. Well! The task was odious, but it was needful: it was the bitterest part of her expiation that she must deceive him once more to save him from the results of her former deception. This decision once reached, every nerve in her became alert for an opportunity to do the thing and have it over; so that, whenever they were alone together, she was in an attitude of perpetual tension, her whole mind drawn up for its final spring.

The decisive word came, one evening toward the end of May, in the form of an allusion on Amherst's part to Cicely's approaching visit. Husband and wife were seated in the drawing-room after dinner, he with a book in hand, she bending, as usual, over the needlework which served at once as a pretext for lowered eyes, and as a means of disguising her fixed preoccupation.

"Have you worked out a plan?" he continued, laying down his book. "It occurred to me that it would be rather a good idea if we began with a sort of festivity for the kids at the day nursery. You could take Cicely there early, and I could bring out Mr. Langhope after luncheon. The whole performance would probably tire him too much."

Justine listened with suspended thread. "Yes—that seems a good plan," she agreed.

"Will you see about the details, then? You know it's only a week off."

"Yes, I know." She hesitated, and then

took the spring. "I ought to tell you, John—that I—I think I may not be here. . . ."

He raised his head abruptly, and she saw the blood mount under his fair skin. "Not be here?"

She met his look as steadily as she could. "No. I think of going away for a while."

"Going away? Where? What is the matter—are you not well?"

There was her pretext—he had found it for her! Why should she not simply plead ill-health? Afterward, she would find a way of elaborating the details and making them plausible. But suddenly, as she was about to speak, there came to her the feeling which, up to one fatal moment in their lives, had always ruled their intercourse—the feeling that there must be truth, absolute truth, between them. Absolute, indeed, it could never be again, since he must never know of the condition exacted by Mr. Langhope; but that, at the moment, seemed almost a secondary motive compared to the deeper influences that were inexorably forcing them apart. At any rate, she would trump up no trivial excuse for the step she had resolved on; there should be truth, if not the whole truth, in this last decisive hour between them.

"Yes; I am quite well—at least my body is," she said quietly. "But I am tired, perhaps; my mind has been going round too long in the same circle of ideas." She paused for a brief space, and then, raising her head, and looking him straight in the eyes: "Has it not been so with you?" she asked.

The question drew a startled glance from Amherst. He rose from his chair and took a few steps toward the hearth, where a small fire was crumbling into embers. He turned his back to it, resting an arm on the mantel-shelf; then he said, in a somewhat unsteady tone: "I thought we had agreed not to speak of all that again."

Justine shook her head with a fugitive half-smile. "I made no such agreement. And besides, what is the use, when we can always hear each other's thoughts speak, and they speak of nothing else?"

Amherst's brows darkened. "That is not the case with mine," he began, almost harshly; but she raised her hand with a silencing gesture.

"I know you have tried your best that it should not be so; and perhaps you have succeeded better than I. But I am tired, horribly tired—I want to get away from everything!"

She saw a look of pain in his eyes. He continued to lean against the mantel-shelf, his head slightly lowered, his unseeing gaze fixed on a remote scroll in the pattern of the carpet; then he said, in a low tone: "I can only repeat again what I have said before—that I understand why you did what you did."

"Thank you," she answered, in the same tone.

There was another pause, for she could not trust herself to go on speaking; and presently he asked, with a tinge of bitterness in his voice: "That does not satisfy you?"

She hesitated. "It satisfies me as much as it does you—and no more," she replied at length.

He looked up hastily. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. We can neither of us go on living on that diet just at present." She rose as she spoke, and crossed over to the hearth. "I want to go back to my nursing—to go out to Michigan, to a town where I spent a few months the year before I first came to Hanaford. I have friends there, and can get work easily. And you can tell people that I was ill, and needed a change."

It had been easier to say than she had imagined, and her voice held its clear note till the end; but when she had ceased, the whole room began to reverberate with her words, and through the clashing they made in her brain she felt a sudden uncontrollable longing that they should provoke in him a cry of protest, of resistance. Oh, if he refused to let her go—if he caught her to him, and defied the world to part them—what then of her pledge to Mr. Langhope, what then of her resolve to pay the penalty alone?

But in the space of a heart-beat she knew that peril—that longed-for peril!—was past. Her husband had remained silent—he neither moved toward her, nor looked at her; and she felt in every slackening nerve that in the end he would let her go.

(To be concluded.)



SPANISH IMPRESSIONS

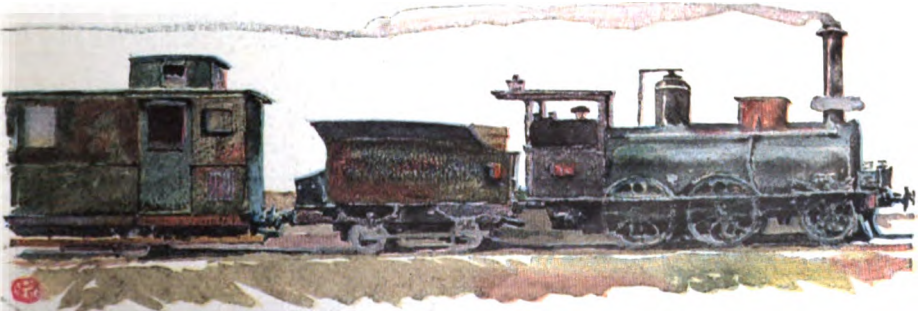
By Edward Penfield

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THROUGH the partly opened window of the second-class carriage, bleak, treeless stretches of sun-baked country slowly moved before us, as the train from Gibraltar rocked and swayed over a broad-gauge track, creeping in a very leisurely way up through old Spain. A shepherd in a lonely waste watched his flocks, and beyond arose a craggy formation like a

miniature repetition of grim old Gibraltar, crowned, as all prominences seemed to be, with a monastery.

As we passed out of this, a comparatively fertile stretch would appear like magic, planted in vineyards or low, gnarled olive-trees; but before our eyes were accustomed to this luxuriance we were dragged through rocky gorges and the crevasses of a moun-



Our engine.



The Puerta del Sol at night.

tain pass, an ideal rendezvous for bandits. The stations were many, and shrill-voiced women carrying huge water-jars and glasses peered into the window, shouting "*Aqua-a-a*" (water). As in the song of old, we

Stopped twenty minutes at every station,
Giving passengers ample time for meals;

and our conductor, a pompous person in a gorgeous uniform of gold braid, opened the doors of the coaches so that the passengers might get out and walk about.

Passing a group of black-haired men, with their heads tied in gay handkerchiefs and wearing flat-brimmed sombreros, I walked forward to inspect our engine and inquire, if possible, the cause of our slow progress and many delays; but an oval brass plate on the side of the cab of the locomotive, bearing the name of a German maker, explained it all—the date was 1869; and instead of berating the poor engineer, I inwardly complimented him for the remarkable preservation of his engine, and turned and rejoined my travelling companion.

There is a saying among the Spanish that the cool air of night, while too gracious to

blow out a candle, will freeze a sentry in his box. We were reminded of the truth of this as the chill of evening drifted through the window, and as I closed it, I could see, in the gathering darkness, two *guardia civil* take their places in a compartment prepared for them in the forward part of our train. At each station the clink of their sabres could be heard in the still night air as they descended, and with my face pressed against the window glass, I could see them, walking up and down the earthen platform in their long picturesque cloaks, the butt of a polished musket occasionally sticking out from the long folds, catching the glint from the stars above.

Tucked away in my leather bag in the rack overhead was a little red guide-book, which will, if you read it, describe the many interesting places we visited much more completely than I could ever do; so I will say no more here than that when at last we reached Madrid most of our sight-seeing was over, and we were content to stand at night in the Puerta del Sol and watch the passing throng of soldiers, monks, toreadors, and girls in black mantillas. We found a



In the Salon des Actualités,

concert-hall on the Carrera de S. Jerónimo, where the Spanish dancing-girl, in her gorgeous, heavily embroidered, long-fringed shawl, went through her sinuous, snake-like motions on a small stage. In front sat the pianist, violinist, and stage-manager, all in one, sharply silhouetted against the brightly lighted scenery.

Madrid kept us for a while, until my companion, the Historian, discovered a beautiful old garden, part of a mosque in an ancient town of romance, fifty miles away. One evening, soon after his discovery, we stepped from the railroad train into a very jolly omnibus, passed over the Tagus on

an old Roman bridge, and entered the city's gates. After a climb up steep hills and through narrow streets we found ourselves at our hotel, in close proximity to "our garden"—for so we began to call it, as the Historian and I sat over our coffee and rolled and puffed Spanish cigarettes. On the following morning he led the way through narrow streets and past low, yellow-tiled, white-washed houses, a glimpse through some of whose fantastically grilled iron gates showed a *patio*, or inner court, with a small fountain standing in the centre, giving out the cooling sound of dripping water. Up a hilly, narrow street, and turning first to the left, and then to the right, we began to descend



One of the gates of the city.

slightly until we neared the wall which limited the town, as the Moors built it around the old Roman city.

Here was an old mosque, in the entrance of which the Christians had placed, arrogantly or victoriously, whichever way you will, the sign of the Virgin and the child Jesus as soon as the Moors were driven out. Whatever remained of the beautiful Arabesque interior has been rudely whitewashed away and the altar was in a sad state of repair. Beside this, and through a short cloister, was the garden, both presided over by an old woman who now came down one of the garden paths with a bunch of huge keys dangling by her side. She had a face that showed hard work, but held a kindly look, although a quizzical and shrewd expression crept over it when she talked.

Away back in the garden, which extended to the city wall, was her abode, a thick-walled house, two stories high, with a yellowish tiled roof. Two great oaken doors, thickly studded with large-headed iron nails,

led into the house, and several green bird-cages and the Japanesque shadows of rambling branches and quivering foliage of small quince and pomegranate trees relieved the monotony of the white walls.

The lower floor contained two rooms, the kitchen and living-room. The latter was comparatively bare. Square red tiles were on the floor, and were fitted into the stairway leading to two bedrooms above. On the wall, over a square and well-scrubbed table, was an old picture of two saints, one in a very red cloak and the other in an equally vivid blue mantle—perhaps taken from the old mosque at some time during its occupation by the Catholics. The table had an under shelf with a large circular hole cut into it to receive the brazier of charcoal in cold weather, and together with a settee and several low-seated chairs formed the furnishings of this room.

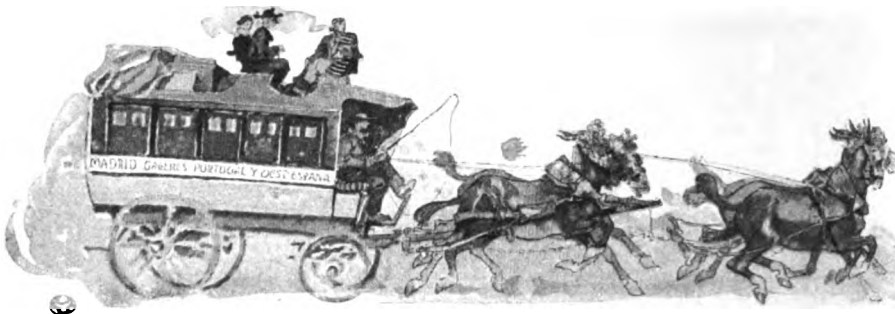
Near the table a low, faded green door led to the kitchen, which perhaps was more interesting and truly Spanish. Against one



Drawn by Edward Penfield.

Norveta.





A diligence.

of the walls was a wooden stand holding two large semi-porous water-jars, and beside this was the storage place for charcoal. Over these, and reaching the entire length of the room, was a long shelf upon which Andrea had formed a collection of the most curious bottles—but no doubt they all had their uses. The hearth stretched across the farther end of the room, slightly raised under a projecting hood, and the smoke curled in long, lazy ribbons, streaking its way up the once whitened wall. As many small deep-blue stew-pots hugged the bright glow of the charcoal as were able to crowd around it, each seeming to say: "Don't push me; I was here before you."

There was a well in the garden, overgrown

with grape-vines, under which the clothes were washed; and the water was afterward made to flow through narrow canals to irrigate the garden. A fountain had been planned for the far end, but had been abandoned, and from somewhere the water flowed slowly into its basin. Small fruit-trees grew beside the narrow paths and well-known flowers, such as geraniums, fleur-de-lis, and ragged sailors, filled flower-pots and were ranged along the walks.

By an arrangement of the Historian's (a few *pesetas* a day) all this beautiful spot was ours to work in as long as we chose, with only the interruption of travellers who came to the place, and from whose gratuities Andrea derived her living; but they were few,



The women who come to the fountain.

mostly French, and an occasional Englishman; and one day twenty or more young ladies (I believe they were French, although some spoke Spanish), dressed in long blue cloaks with orange-red collars, and accompanied by two nuns, paid us a visit. They were a jolly crowd of girls, and the nuns, who were not old, answered our mild jests as merrily as the others, as they passed our easels in the shade of the old mosque.

How blue the sky seemed as we worked and compared it with the earth, bathed and

of coarse gray material, the garb of the "home" where he was spending his declining years. He delighted in doing what little work was done toward keeping the garden in order—hoeing the paths, trimming and tying up the small bushes, and smoking a loosely rolled cigarette between times in the shade of the old wall.

Norveta's hair-dresser came twice a week and left her with a heavily pomaded and perfumed coiffure. She liked to sit with folded arms and watch us work. When I



The kitchen.

drenched in a flood of sunshine that purpled the shadows and yellowed the ground! The ragged sailors and fleur-de-lis danced in jolly blues and the geraniums and quince blossoms flamed in scarlet dashes, and it filled me with despair, as I tried to put it down on canvas.

Andrea was a busy woman, cooking in the kitchen and washing at the well, and then there was Norveta, her daughter, and that imp, Norveta's son, a boy of five, who would stand beside us and squeeze the tubes of paint when we were not looking. Andrea's brother sometimes came. He was a very old man and wore a neat, roomy suit

was away she mimicked me—the way I tried to drink water from the earthen jar, Spanish fashion, by holding it up before me and endeavoring to let the stream run down my throat (but more often it danced on my nose or spattered on my chin); and when I worked in the garden alone she gave me most realistic imitations of the Historian. But Andrea did most of the work, beside showing strangers through the mosque and garden, and when she passed by with the keys she would hold out what they had given her. When the amount was small she held it between two outstretched fingers and made a grimace of disgust, but a silver

peseta she was very proud of and would shove way down in her long pocket as she nodded in silent satisfaction.

There was a road which ran out of the city to the country beyond and passed our garden. We could sit on the wall at this point, for it was low, and look down on the steady stream of traffic going in and out of the city's gate. Here the poor, patient little donkey or his half-brother, the mule, could be seen patiently picking his way or plodding through dust with his heavy burden, half-fed, beaten, and abused, and sadly compensated by a gorgeous harness of very wide leather hung with gay pompons and rows and rows of tinkling bells about the neck. I noticed that the upper portion of all the animals was shaved, from a line just back of the ear down and passing over the haunches, where fantastic designs were often indulged in—depending, I suppose, on the cleverness of the barber. I do not understand the reason of this custom—the hair is certainly a protection, both from the vicious flies of the country and the galling straps of the heavy harness. To the many inquiries that were made of drivers, horse-dealers at the fairs, and innkeepers no satisfactory answer could be given. Perhaps a shaven hide makes the usual grooming process unnecessary. Is it the custom among any people to give the right answer when laziness is the true reason?

A short distance down the road was a fountain where women, with water-jars braced against their hips, met and gossiped in the morning, as the diligence with its team of five mules rattled lickety-split down

the road; for a Spanish driver is most generous with the lash.

After the day's work we liked to sit on the wall overlooking the road and the town and watch the sunset glow of gold and rose fade from the sky and the twinkling lights in the city below shine out one by one. Then would the Historian point out the wonderful story told by this old Spanish town. The climate is kind to masonry, and many relics of the old Roman city were still in a state of

usefulness. About these the swarthy Moor had built his city in substantial and gorgeous style; so that the Spaniard of to-day has had little reason to build his own walls, but has passed within the halls of the Moham-medan, and lives care-free, with his cigarette quietly sending up long curling ribbons of smoke to intertwine with the heavily carved ebony rafters above, still flaked with the old ivory and pearl of a dazzling past.

When the still night air enveloped the city the *seréno* walked abroad with his heavy blanket wound about his throat, holding his spear and lantern. Around his waist

was a huge leathern belt, with rows of narrow pockets filled with keys. The old key-hole joke has found no place in Spanish humor, for when a householder approaches his home in the quiet, chilly hours three sharp claps of the hands bring the *seréno*. He peers into the face of the *señor* for recognition, looks down into the key pocket for the right key, gently leads him to his domicile, and quietly opening the door, with a low bow ushers him in, and with a softly-spoken "*Buenas noches*," re-locks the portal and mournfully calls out the hour—"*Dos horas, seréno*"—perhaps.



The *seréno*.

VENTURES AND CONSUMMATIONS

By George Cabot Lodge

I

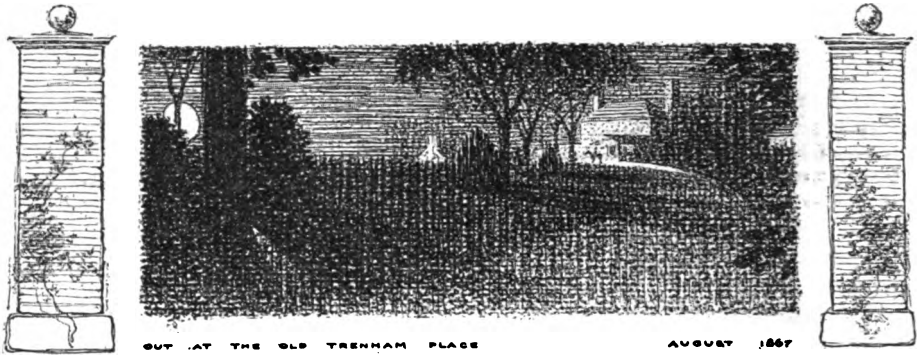
THEY are gone! . . . they have all left us one by one:
Swiftly, with undissuadable strong tread;
Cuirassed in song, with wisdom helmeted,
They are gone before us into the dark, alone.
Upward their wings rush radiant to the sun;
Seaward the ships of their emprise are sped;
Onward their starlight of desire is shed;
Their trumpet-call is forward;—they are gone!
Let us take thought and go!—we know not why
Nor whence nor where—let us take wings and fly!
Let us take ship and sail, take heart and dare!
Let us deserve at last, as they have done,
To say of all men living and dead who share
The soul's supreme adventure—*We* are gone!

II

Let us go hence! . . . However dark the way,
Let us at all adventure hasten hence!
Too well we know what secret excellence,
So long unrealized, brooks no more delay
Of who would make love perfect and display
The soul's inherent high magnificence!
Haste! lest we lose the clear ambitious sense
Of what is ours to gain and to gainsay!
Let us go hence! lest dreadfully we die,
Die at the core of life where love is great,
Where thought is grave, audacious and serene;
Let us go hence!—all vast achievements lie
Hence, and the truth's transcendent virtues wait
Up the dark distance, radiant though unseen!

III

O great departures from the thrift and care
Of a less love, of a less truth than we
Can hardly, in the last extremity
Of all our powers, believe that we may share!—
Nobler prosperities that wait us where
We go—if we have strength and will to be
Mariners of whatever wreck-strewn sea,
Waifs on whatever ways shall take us there!—
O great departures! O prosperities!
Ventures and consummations!—you are hence:
Hence from the safe denials and pieties
Which life is eased and ruined and pleased of:
For the strong heart conceives no bounds of love;
The soul no measure of magnificence!



THE RIVALS OF MR. KILCAMMON

By Harrison Robertson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE



I

It was the night of the Tournament Ball. Out at the old Trenham place, two or three miles from the town of Mavistoc, in Middle Tennessee, a boy of sixteen, whose most notable features were his hands and feet, jumped from his horse, rang the door-bell, and impatiently entered the house before the leisurely Wesley had opened the door.

"Say, Wesley," he spoke imperiously, in a voice undergoing the change from treble to falsetto, "here's a note I want you to take to Miss Helen."

It was written on a sheet of foolscap, which had been folded several times, the upper right-hand corner being turned down with scrupulous exactness.

"I brought it myself," the boy added, "because every nigger on the place is afraid to go out o' doors after dark on account of all this here talk about the Ku-Klux."

Wesley seemed a little startled for an instant, but after that began with sage solemnity: "Oh, yes, Klu-Kluxes! Well, suh, dey is a passel er gabble gwine on 'bout Klu——"

The boy cut him short with an order to "go on with that note"; to which he responded with an interrogatory if he wasn't going as fast as his legs could carry him. "En how kin I, p'intedly, go any faster, Mr. Wollie?"

Whereupon that young man spoke up sharply: "See here, Wesley, you ought to know by this time my name's Mr. Kilcammon!"

The negro's usually grave face wrinkled with a grin as he turned and walked slowly toward the door. "Listen at dat boy," he chuckled, shaking his head from side to side. "Dey ain't no'h'n' ez funny ez a young rooster when he fus' begins tryin' to crow."

He met Helen Trenham at the door and handed the note to her.

"I—I had to bring it myself, Miss Helen," Mr. Kilcammon explained, with an uncertain smile.

"Is that you, Wollie? I didn't know you were here." She greeted him in a full, soft voice, which to more than Mr. Kilcammon was one of her greatest charms. "Excuse

me and I'll read it"; and she unfurled the manifolded missive, which she found as here worded and constructed:

Compliments of Mr. Wolworth P. Kilcammon to Miss Helen Trenham and would be pleased if she would favor him with the Honor of permitting me to Escort you to the ball and also home again.

I am,

Most respectfully,

Yr Obdt Servt

WOLWORTH P. KILCAMMON.

"Why, Wollie, what a courtly note you write!" she said. "And I'm sorry, but I have promised to go to the ball with Captain Gifford."

"Cap'n Gifford always seems to be a lucky dog," sombrely.

"But why not join us?" Helen smiled. "Your old sweetheart, Jessie Barrows, is to be with us."

"What! that little thing? Pshuh! that was when we was just little boys and girls!"

Jessie Barrows was Helen's California cousin, whom she had not seen for several years until Jessie's arrival that afternoon.

She came down the stairs with Judge Trenham, and in the hall they met Captain Gifford, late of the C. S. A., a young man who might have been anywhere between the ages of thirty and forty, well-formed, suave, with fine eyes, a mellow voice, and just a suggestion of effeminacy, contributed, perhaps, by his straight nose and his thick hair, worn long enough to accommodate his occasional habit of running his fingers through it.

For several minutes after they had joined Helen and Mr. Kilcammon the captain, who had bent over Miss Barrows's hand with a courtliness whose like she did not remember to have seen before, spoke, while addressing his remarks to all, more directly to her.

"It's too bad you did not arrive in time to see the tournament to-day," he was saying now.

"Yes; and I was so disappointed! Please tell me what a tournament is?"

"In *our* tournament to-day," Gifford added, to the judge's explanatory answer to Miss Barrows's question, "the winner won the title of 'Knight of the Red Mask,' along with the Red Mask itself, by wearing which to-night he will be entitled to choose any lady present with whom to open the ball in the introductory lancers; which afore-said lady, by virtue thereof, is to be honored

as the authoritatively installed and only genuine 'Queen of Beauty and the Ball!'" Gifford laughed.

"And did you ride in the tournament to-day, Captain Gifford?" the girl asked.

"Now, that's unfair! All the riders wore masks to-day—even the horses were hooded—and no one is supposed to know who the victor and the vanquished are until the ball this evening, when everybody will unmask."

Then was Mr. Kilcammon's opportunity, and he embraced it with a sullen gusto. "Oh, I can tell you about the cap'n!" he proclaimed, with an exultant look at Helen. "I bet he won't deny he didn't come out any better than third. Can't no masks fool anybody that keeps their eyes open!"

Gifford joined in the laughter which this provoked, and then the judge remarked that it was strange no one seemed to know who the successful rider was.

"And Jessie," Helen spoke with animation, "foolish as it may seem, it was really very exciting, particularly at the last, when this gentleman and Phil—of course I recognized Phil—had taken the same and highest number of rings, and it was necessary to order another round to decide between them. The crowd cheered the two as they appeared for the final run. The stranger forced his horse to the top of his speed and dashed at the first ring. It rattled over his lance; so did the second; then the third and fourth were also taken. I was sitting immediately behind the post from which the fifth ring hung, and just before he reached it I thoughtlessly raised my parasol; his horse swerved, and he missed the ring, but got his horse in hand in time to take the last ring. I was extremely mortified, for it did look as if I had intentionally caused the accident in the interest of my brother. I could see that Phil, too, was cut up about what I had done, and he became nervous and excited. He rode furiously, and took the first four rings, but when he came to the fifth, where I was sitting, he passed it deliberately without even trying for it. He missed the next ring, and that ended the contest, although the stranger insisted they should have another round. But Phil would not think of it, and galloped away from the grounds at once. Poor Phil! He had set his heart on winning to-day."

A little later Phil Trenham, booted and

spurred, strode in. He was a slender young fellow, a year or two older than his sister, with a smooth, olive skin, a small head, flashing eyes, a quick, nervous manner, and in talking ejected his words with the rapidity of a volley of bullets. To judge from his appearance, he was in a frame of mind hardly more pleasant than that of Mr. Wollie Kilcammon himself.

"Oh, I am so sorry, Phil!" was Helen's gentle greeting. "Are you very angry?"

"Not with you, dear," he answered, as his arm rested for an instant around her waist.

"Phil," Helen said solicitously a few moments later, "you haven't had supper yet; won't you come and let me give you something? You'll be late—and you have to dress yet for the ball."

"Oh, don't mind me. I don't know that I shall go at all," moodily.

"But you must go," Gifford insisted. "You forget that it falls to you and me to act as a committee on the part of the conquered 'knights' to escort the hero of the Red Mask to the lady he shall select as his 'Queen.' You must see this thing through with me, old boy."

"You are still vexed, Phil," Helen said anxiously.

"Not about the tournament, Helen. I don't mind being beaten by a rider like that. If I seem a little out of humor it is because one of those infernal carpet-baggers—that fellow Rankin, you know," turning to Gifford—"stopped me in town half an hour ago, and had the impudence to offer to buy a ticket to the ball."

"The presumptuous adventurer!" exclaimed the judge.

"And what did you say to the scoundrel?" inquired Gifford.

"Nothing. I knocked him down."

II

MAVISTOC and vicinity were unusually excited that night; for they had indulged in no dissipation so extravagant as a large ball

since the outbreak of the war. It is true that more than two years had passed since Appomattox, but the men of Mavistoc had taken such an active part in the struggle that the war was to the people of that region far more a terrible reality than a memory. Such conditions in no way conduced to social relaxation. But the women of the place wished to raise a fund to buy a piece of ground for a cemetery in which to reinter the Confederate dead who had fallen by

the hundreds on Mavistoc's historic battle-field. Hence the tournament and the Tournament Ball.

Although the ball was a public affair, given in the town hall, ample precautions were taken against the attendance of undesirable persons. It was in charge of committees of "arrangements" and "invitation," which were formidable both in numbers and in social standing; and one of the provisions of these committees was that a ticket of admission could be sold to no one who had not either ridden in the tournament or received a formal

invitation from the proper committee.

Rodney Holt had been a young officer in the Union army, and had camped a week with his command near Mavistoc about four years prior to the evening on which he found himself at the Mavistoc ball. Riding along the turnpike one day, in front of the Trenham place he had seen Helen Trenham for the first time. Mounted on a spirited mare, the young girl was dashing at full speed across the lawn at a gate closed against an adjoining woodland. But the mare refused to take it, and with ears laid back, swerved from it. Her rider wheeled, evidently for another run, and in doing so passed near Holt, who had stopped to look on.

"I would not try that," Holt suggested; "it is too high for her."

The girl glanced toward him, not having seen him before. There was some surprise, but more disdain, in her eyes, and her only answer was a touch of the whip to the mare.



Wesley.

About fifty yards from the gate she again turned the mare's head in that direction, but the animal knew what was expected of her and rebelled. She would stand for a moment looking at the gate and trembling; then, as her rider, with will more resolute than her own, urged her forward, she would plunge and rear so frantically that Holt felt strongly tempted to go to her and forcibly lift the girl from the saddle. Suddenly, however, the mare, in obedience to her determined rider, gave a wild sniff and bounded toward the gate. Her effort to leap it was beautiful, but one of her hoofs struck the top rail, and she went down. Holt, leaving his own horse in the road, ran to the gate at once, but when he reached it the girl was already on her feet, and, a little pale, but apparently perfectly calm, was holding the bridle and commanding the mare to rise.

"Don't," Holt said quietly; "both her fore legs are broken."

The girl seemed to stop breathing as she dropped the bridle and bent over the mare; then she shivered as if from a sudden wind, and sank upon her knees with a sob.

Holt waited a little; then he went up to her. "You had better go into the house," he said, "and let me put her out of her pain. Nothing can be done for her."

The girl sprang up with an inarticulate protest upon her lips, whirling and confronting Holt as if to ward off a blow. But in another moment her eyes, flashing upon him with indignation, filled with tears; she turned again to the mare and softly stroked her sheeny neck; then she took the shapely head of the helpless creature between her hands and kissed the white star on her forehead. When next her eyes met Holt's they were as clear as his own, and her hand was steady as she held it out for his pistol. "Give it to me," she said coldly; "no one else shall do it."

She did it well, without an apparent tremor; then she flung the pistol from her, as if it had been searing hot, covered her face

with her hands, and, reeling, seemed about to fall, when Holt caught her by the arm. "You must let me take you to the house," he said.

His touch seemed to bring back all her strength. She straightened up at once, glancing at his uniform rather than at him with the same disdain that had shot from her eyes when she had first seen him in the road. "Thank you," calmly; "it is not necessary."

She started to the gate, but seeing the pistol, picked it up and handed it to him before he could prevent her. "Thank you for this, also," she forced herself to say; and then turned her back on him. Holt was quick enough to open the gate for her, and she swept through it and up to the house without looking at him again.

It had all been but a few seconds; but it was long enough for Holt to receive such an impression as no woman had ever made upon him before—an impression which he carried with him afterward through march and camp and battle.



Captain Gifford, late of the C. S. A.

Something over two years after his return home the death of his father left Holt without near family ties, and, settling up his estate, he again turned to the South, with no more definite plans than to go into business there and perhaps to seek out the girl he had seen four years before at the old farmhouse near Mavistoc. Of course it was a romantic piece of folly; but Holt was still young.

Shortly after reaching Mavistoc, on leaving Nashville one day, between which and Mavistoc he, like many others, went to and fro frequently, the realization of Holt's long-cherished dream of again meeting Helen Trenham was most unexpectedly anticipated by a chance collision in the Nashville depot with Alice Dawson, whom he had known as a visitor to friends in Pennsylvania, and who, as he was about boarding the train, almost shoved into his arms, with a hurried word of presentation, the girl who had been so much in his thoughts.

The hour he spent with Helen Trenham between Nashville and Mavistoc was not altogether as he would have had it. The suddenness of so unforeseen and fortuitous a meeting exhilarated him at first to a point of almost mental irresponsibility, he thought later. But when the subject of the changes in the South resulting from the war came up, her expressions regarding the Northern newcomers, whom she indiscriminately

a water-power in the bend of the river that wound through his land.

Business had kept him well occupied during his first month here, and he had made no effort to seek a more intimate acquaintance with Helen Trenham.

He could not help noting that the people in and around Mavistoc looked rather askance at him, and he felt that in what relations he had with them there was a con-



Phil Trenham, booted and spurred, strode in.—Page 479.

classed as "carpet-baggers," were so full of feeling and so extreme that they brought him abruptly from the clouds, and during the remainder of the journey his talk was irreproachably commonplace. However, it was but a short time before the train reached Mavistoc, and he had assisted her to her carriage and bowed himself formally from her presence.

Within a few days afterward he had bought a farm out on the road on which he had first seen Helen Trenham. It was about a mile beyond the Trenham place, and although this proximity to the Trenhams' perhaps had something to do with his selection, he was materially influenced in making his choice by the possibilities of

strait entirely out of accord with the traditional "Southern hospitality" of which he had heard much. So he wisely concluded not to try to force matters. He would trust to time to set him right before the community. After that he would take his chances with the rest of them as far as Helen Trenham was concerned.

Perhaps this course would in the end have resulted as he wished, if it had not been for the tournament. Perhaps it would have resulted thus in spite of the tournament, if it had not been for the masks. If it had not been for the masks he would never have thought of participating in the joust of these strangers. But the masks offered him security from discovery, and he

felt that with all the contestants masked there was really no impropriety in his trying his skill against them.

And so it ended in Holt's yielding to his not too carefully weighed impulse to don a mask and join in the tourney. But when he had defeated his competitors and won the "Red Mask" he found himself in a dilemma which he had not anticipated. Such a contingency had been so remote

remove his mask after the lancers, but with the lancers Holt's part in the programme would be ended, and while there would, of course, be much curiosity to learn his identity, there was no real reason why he should not leave that curiosity ungratified and slip away, still under the protection of his mask.

Nevertheless, he was far from feeling satisfied with himself. "I wonder," he thought as he wandered from the ballroom, where



Helen.

that he had not given it a thought, for there were no better horsemen anywhere than these dashing Tennessee centaurs. When he entered the tournament he had no intention of going to the ball; but when, to his surprise, the "Red Mask" was his, he understood that his presence at the ball was more than anything necessary to the success of that affair. Clearly, therefore, having gone so far, there was nothing for him to do but go further. So to the ball he went, rebuking himself for the situation into which his own indiscretion had forced him.

He went, however, with the determination not to unmask. He was aware, it is true, that everyone would be expected to

all eyes were turned upon him, into one of the quieter adjoining apartments, "if men of old did more foolish things for that other Helen than I am doing for this."

III

HOLT, thinking himself safe from observation here, lifted his mask for a moment and fanned his face with his handkerchief, for the ballroom was close and the mask increased the heat. Quick as was his action, he was not quick enough to escape recognition by an anxious-eyed boy who looked in just then in quest of Helen Trenham.

As Holt left the room Jessie Barrows and Captain Gifford entered, followed soon by Mr. Kilcammon, with Helen on the proudly projecting angle of his arm. It was evident that he was affected by some unusual excitement. A few minutes before he had discovered the identity of the wearer of the Red Mask, and had hurried away, impatient to reveal his discovery to some of the dignitaries of the Committee of Arrangements; but meeting Helen Trenham, he had forgotten all else. For the fact that she took his arm and walked through the crowded ballroom under his protection, with apparently as much pleasure as if he had been Captain Gifford himself, exalted him to an elevation beneath which all else faded into obscurity. For the moment he was oblivious of the existence of Holt, and even of Captain Gifford. But the disagreeable propinquity of one of these persons was suddenly recalled to his sublimated senses as he beheld Captain Gifford and Miss Barrows directly in his path. He immediately made a motion to turn aside and retreat with his prize; but Helen was bent upon joining the couple, whereupon Mr. Kilcammon, not yet at the end of his resources, abruptly paused. "Now tell me, before we go over there," he said somewhat dictatorially, nodding toward Gifford, "when you're going to dance with me?"

"Why," Helen smiled, "I can give you the lancers. Will that do?"

"Won't it, though!" delighted. "And that's going to be right away." After which he offered no further resistance to joining Captain Gifford and Miss Barrows. In truth, he had an air as if he were capable just then of any extreme of condescension.

"Has anybody seen Phil?" inquired Judge Trenham in a troubled tone, as he came up to the group a moment later. "I understand that fellow Rankin is outside looking for him."

"I am hunting you, Louis," young Trenham, who had followed his father, said to Gifford. "This is the lancers, and we'd better find our man."

"Well, we shall not have far to go; there he is now," Gifford answered, nodding in the direction of the ballroom, across which Holt could be seen making his way.

Phil and Gifford met Holt near the doorway. "Sir," said Phil, bowing before Holt

and speaking with something of the grandiose ceremony that was characteristic of his father, "to us falls the pleasant duty, under the rules of our tournament, of conducting you to the lady with whom you would dance the lancers."

"If you would but designate her," added Gifford, also bowing.

Holt acknowledged these courtesies with an inclination which, if less stately than that of Phil and less graceful than that of Gifford, was attributable in part to the preoccupation of his mind in settling a question which the appearance of the two young men made it necessary for him to decide at once. With whom should he dance the lancers? Should he single out Helen Trenham as the "Queen"? She was the queen. That could not be disputed. There was no one present comparable to her. Why should he not dance with her—touch her hand—hear her voice—look into her eyes? He did not propose to unmask, and therefore no sectional prejudices would be ruffled. Some day, when she should know him better, it might be another happiness to tell her what happiness it had given the unknown wearer of the Red Mask to open with her the Tournament Ball. Glancing quickly at Helen, he answered with sudden resolution:

"Certainly, gentlemen, if Miss Trenham will favor me."

Phil and Gifford, on either side of him, escorted him to Helen Trenham, and a rapid murmur ran through the observant spectators as her name was caught up and passed in an undertone from one to another.

"Miss Trenham," Gifford said in his blandest manner, "this gentleman, as is his fortune under the regulations of the evening, begs the privilege of dancing the lancers with you."

"If entirely agreeable to Miss Trenham," qualified Holt, as he bowed.

Helen, with a smile, returned Holt's bow, and saying, "The gentleman does me too much honor," took his proffered arm.

Mr. Kilcammon was aghast as he saw his own prospect of dancing the lancers with Helen so rapidly vanishing. Stepping impetuously forward, he objected in a voice high with indignation.

"But, Miss Helen, this is my dance! You promised it to me—you know you did!"

"My dear Mr. Kilcammon," Gifford in-



"That there man, ain't nobody but one of them Yankee carpet-baggers!"

terposed, smiling broadly, "no other engagement is permitted to interfere with the rules."

"Wollie," Helen asked soothingly, "will it not suit you as well to wait till the next dance?"

"But, I say, Miss Helen," he protested, hotly, "you wouldn't dance with him, no-how, if you knew who he was!"

"Come, Wollie," Phil said, taking him by the arm to draw him out of the way, "you don't know what you are talking about."

"I reckon I do know what I'm talkin' about, too!" the boy cried shrilly. "That there man," pointing to Holt, "ain't nobody but one of them Yankee carpet-baggers! I saw him with his mask off this very night!"

There was a hush among the guests, which was quickly broken by Phil. "A carpet-bagger? Impossible!" he exclaimed incredulously.

"Wollie, I'm astonished at you!" was the judge's stern reproof.

Helen looked in bewilderment from one

to another, and almost unconsciously withdrew her hand from Holt's arm.

Then Holt removed his mask, saying, calmly: "My name is Rodney Holt. If the fact that my residence until a few weeks ago was in Pennsylvania makes me a carpet-bagger, then I must plead guilty to the charge."

For a moment there was silence. Helen's lips parted, but no words came from them. Her eyes sought Holt's with a look of startled reproach, which gave way to one of cold resentment. Then Phil snatched his mask from his face and quickly stepping in front of Holt, said fiercely:

"The boy was right, then!"

"Come, Helen," Judge Trenham commanded with authority as he offered his daughter his arm.

"Mr. Holt will excuse me," Helen said, with a stiff little bow, taking her father's arm.

"We'll settle this later," Holt was coolly informed by Gifford, after which the captain turned his attention to wide-eyed Jessie Barrows.

"We'll settle it now," Phil cried, dashing his mask to the floor and confronting Holt furiously.

"O Phil!" Helen pleaded, turning anxiously from her father to her brother.

"Philip!" the judge ordered sonorously; "remember where you are, sir."

"You are right, father," Phil answered. "You," glaring at Holt, "shall hear from me to-morrow!"

IV

A WEEK had passed, and Holt was not slow in forming a pretty fair idea of the estimation in which he was held, after the incident of the ball, by the people of Mavistoc. He had left the ball shortly after Helen Trenham had declined to dance with him, and as he made his way through the throng he would have known, though his eyes had been closed, that men scowled at him ominously and that Madonna-faced women drew their skirts aside for him to pass. During the week that followed he realized fully that now, at least for a time, there could be nothing but ostracism for him in the community of which he had wished to become a respected member. With the exception of the postmaster, who was himself a Northern man, and the negroes whom Holt had put to work on his place, he had exchanged words with no one who had not evinced toward him chilling disapproval and suspicion. Once a group of small boys, undeterred by the considerations which made their seniors more circumspect, jeered at him openly as he rode through the town; and at another time, as he dismounted to get his mail, a florid-faced young man, who had served on one of the ball committees, had seized a whip from a buggy and started toward Holt in a threatening manner, when older by-standers interposed and led the rash youngster away.

Holt had seen none of the Trenhams again; but early on the morning after the ball he had received and ignored a challenge from Phil. Even if Holt had held the "Code" in more respect it is doubtful if he would have cared to fight in defence of the piece of harmless folly which he had perpetrated, and which had been so seriously misconstrued.

But the challenge from Phil Trenham was not the only one which Holt ignored.

For a negro, clad in the voluminous cast-off uniform of a Federal soldier, and disclosing himself as the Reverend Tobe Dunnaway, appeared as the bearer of a formidable-looking paper, which might have suggested a legal document if it had been legal cap instead of foolscap, and if the upper right-hand corner had not been carefully turned down. Holt opened it, and deciphering the stilted and involved phraseology, learned that he had insulted a lady at the Tournament Ball while she was under the protection of Mr. Wolworth P. Kilcammon, who, demanding the only satisfaction which a gentleman could accept under such circumstances, awaited an apology or the name of his representative with whom further communication could be held. Holt inquired of the Reverend Tobe Dunnaway who Mr. Wolworth P. Kilcammon was, and being enlightened on that point, carefully placed Mr. Kilcammon's cartel in his pocket for preservation among his most valued curios.

Meanwhile Holt went on with his preparations for building his modest cedar-ware factory. However different from what he desired they should be were his relations with the people of Mavistoc, he harbored no thought of abandoning the field on which he had made such an inauspicious beginning. After the ball there was more reason than ever for his remaining at Mavistoc and demonstrating by his course that he was not the adventurer he had been assumed to be. Even Helen Trenham should in time come to understand that it would not be considered an affront for him to ask her to dance with him.

To no one was this sensational incident of the Tournament Ball of more concern than to Mr. Wolworth P. Kilcammon. Holt having failed to give Mr. Kilcammon "satisfaction," there was no recourse left to that gentleman but to post him as "a coward and a poltroon." Mr. Kilcammon accordingly drew up one of his impressive manuscripts, in which, after reciting the transmission and declination of his demand for redress, he formally branded Rodney Holt as "a Coward and a Poltroon." And that was a proud hour in the life of Mr. Kilcammon when, surcharged with the tidings which were not only to console beauty in distress, but to demonstrate his own adequacy as beauty's champion, he

hastened to Helen Trenham and showed her this conclusive paper.

But in some way—he was not able to say in what—his reception by her was not what he had expected. He was not sure, but he had an impression that there was a lack of that cordiality in her manner which had always marked it before. Indeed, much to his astonishment and displeasure, she took occasion to say to him that if he really wished to serve her he would neither concern himself nor speak about what had

feeling that he must do something, and do it at once, he did not know what to do. It was fully an hour now before he could go to sleep after getting in bed. Aunt Viny, the cook, began to deliver ominous auguries based upon his decreased consumption of hot biscuits and waffles. The frequency with which he surreptitiously applied his father's razor to that part of his face corresponding to that of Captain Gifford's which was concealed by a flowing mustache, was significant of some new impulse of fierce



Mr. Kilcammon accordingly drew up one of his impressive manuscripts. —Page 486.

happened at the ball; whereupon, retaining possession of his poster and excusing herself, she sent him away with a melancholy feeling of undeserved inappreciation, his heart aching with a dull suspicion that Captain Gifford had taken an unfair advantage of him and poured some poisonous slander into the ears of the only woman he could ever love.

The unpropitious aspect which Mr. Kilcammon was compelled to acknowledge his suit had assumed—and that, too, at the very juncture when his prospects of success ought to have been most dazzling—plunged him into a state of restless desperation which only engulfed him the more deeply because,

determination. But more significant, perhaps, than any of these things was the espionage which he set upon Captain Gifford. For whatever the cause of his trouble was, Mr. Kilcammon was convinced that his older and taller and more hirsute rival was at the bottom of it. Accordingly he began to keep a sharper eye than ever upon the captain's movements; and especially did he dedicate himself to the task of seeing that Gifford should be as little as possible alone with Helen Trenham.

So it happened that the first time after the establishment of this espionage that Gifford rode by the Kilcammon place toward the Trenhams', the dust stirred up by his horse

had not settled before Mr. Kilcammon, with rapid strides and compressed lips, was hot upon his trail.

He had not run more than two hundred yards when he came in sight of Gifford and Phil Trenham, sitting on their horses beneath the trees, leisurely engaged in conversation. There being no pressing reason why Mr. Kilcammon should continue his journey to the Trenhams' while Captain Gifford was loitering in the shade, and being troubled with no scruples against eavesdropping, he crept through the undergrowth at the roadside until he reached a position where he could hear much that was being said. One of the first things that he made out was, to his satisfaction, that Gifford was not going to the Trenhams' now that he had met Phil. What he heard next, however, was not so much to Mr. Kilcammon's liking. Indeed, as, with expanding eyes and mouth, he gradually realized its full import, he was anything but pleased; for Gifford and Phil were discussing a plan, which had evidently been considered before their present meeting, to "settle" with Rodney Holt. No direr disaster could befall Mr. Kilcammon than that Captain Gifford, of all human beings, should participate in any such plan. The only consolation which this newly impending trouble had for Mr. Kilcammon was that the scheme, as revealed in the discussion of Gifford and Phil, was to be carried out in strict secrecy, with the disclosure of no one who was to take part in it. Perhaps Helen would not know, therefore, of her indebtedness to Gifford for avenging her. But, again, perhaps she would. Gifford, Mr. Kilcammon believed, would stop at nothing to further his suit; and it would be very easy for him to hint to Helen what he might conceal from all others.

Then it was that the very secrecy of Gifford's and Phil's plan suggested a brilliant idea to Mr. Kilcammon. He stole away softly, and, hastening home, went straight to his room, where he spread out a fresh sheet of paper and proceeded to work with the frenzy of inspiration and desperation, his knees drawn strenuously together, and his tongue forcing a resolute bulge into his flushed cheek.

Never before had one of Wolworth P. Kilcammon's laboriously prepared letters been constructed in so short a time; for in

less than an hour after sitting down to his task he had completed it, even to the proper plicature of the upper right-hand corner.

V

BETWEEN eight and nine o'clock that evening Wesley raised one of the windows in order to close the lattice blinds of what was known as the "sitting-room" at the Trenhams'. The full moon was shining. "Whut dat!" he exclaimed. "Fer de lan' sake! ef 'tain't dat onery nigger preacher, Tobe Dunnaway!" reassured. "When I sees dat triflin' varmint I 'lows dat de short-is' way fum de meetin'-'ouse is by de nighis' hen-'ouse."

The Reverend Tobe Dunnaway, stopping just beyond the trellis of honeysuckles, remarked, after asking and answering solicitous inquiries as to individual and family health:

"I des come over fer to fetch dis-yer letter to Miss Helen fum Wollie Kickammon. Wollie, he wuz in sicher stew he say he gwiner give me a bee-gum hat if I bring de letter, en I made up my mine I gwiner have dat bee-gum, Klu-Kluxes er no Klu-Kluxes. Say, Brer Trenham," with a new impetus of interest, "whut is all dish yer talk I hear tell on 'bout Miss Helen weedin' sich er wide row at dat-ar ball de yuther night?"

"Heh? Ain't you heerd how dat wuz?" Wesley replied, with responsive animation. "Law, chile, Miss Helen she sutny is too proud fer to dance wid Mr. Anybody en Mr. Ev'ybody. Dat man at de ball—dey calls him Mr. Red Mas' er Mr. Blue Mas', er sumpn lak dat—no wonder he wanter dance wid Miss Helen! He wanter dance wid Miss Helen so bad he come up to her en he say, 'Lady,' he say, 'you mighty han'-some en you mighty proud, but ef you'll dance des one set wid me I'll crown you de Queen er de Worl'.' En den he lif' up de crown en start fer to put it on her head; den Miss Helen, mon! she fling up her head lak a race-hawss, she did, en she say, mighty stiff en mighty ca'm, 'You mistaken in de lady, suh!' En wid dat she des fahly——"

"Wesley, what are you doing here?"

It was Helen who had entered the room in time to hear the conclusion of this miraculous narrative. "Close the window, and be sure you never repeat that absurd story!"

"No'm," Wesley answered, crestfallen. Then, giving the letter to her, he sidled out of the room through a door opening into the yard.

Helen was more affected by his tale than Wesley had suspected. It was bad enough to figure in a vulgar scene at a public ball; it was inexpressibly humiliating to be the subject, not only of the neighborhood's gossip, but of the servants' tattle. Why did that man ever come to Mavistoc? Why did he force her to do that—wretched thing? "I hate him!" was her thought, throwing herself into a chair and crumpling Wollie Kilcammon's letter unconsciously with tightening fingers.

After a little she aroused herself, and began, somewhat indifferently at first, to read it:

Compliments of Mr. Wolworth P. Kilcammon to Miss Helen Trenham.

From the Cold way you ackted the last time I was at your house you did not seem satisfied with what I had done to Revenge you. But it was not my fault if that fellow would not fight—He is a coward and a Poltroon—But I have not been idle—There is nothing I would not do for you—even I would risk my own life for you—So do not be discouraged—You shall be Revenged and this very night—Your friends are going to tend to the case of Rodney Holt this very night—before day-break—It is a secret and you must ast me no Questions—But I Promise you shall be Revenged—An eye for an eye and the knife to the hilt—If you don't believe me ask Phil in the morning. But you must not mention my name to any one. It is a secret and a Oath—If you want to prove it, watch and you will see the Ku-Klux go up the road towards Holt's house this very night—No more at present as it is time for us to Ackt—

I Remain

Most Respectfully

Yr. obedient servant,
WOLWORTH P. KILCAMMON.

Helen's expression, at first of indifference, then of perplexity, was of startled horror as she finished reading the letter. Her friends would attend to the case of Rodney Holt that night—a secret—Phil—the Ku-Klux. Impossible! They would not do such a thing! They must not!

But if they should attempt it? How could they be prevented? She arose, and hastening to a window, looked nervously out. It was early yet—it could not be too

late. But what could she do? Pshaw! this fear of hers was foolish. They could not mean to commit this crime. It was all the wild fancy of a boy.

But Phil? Where was he? He was hot-blooded and headstrong. He had been at home but little since the night of the ball. That very evening he had come in for a few minutes and had hurried away again, hardly remaining long enough to drink a cup of coffee. She recalled now that he seemed affected by some unusual excitement. Could he have contemplated—

At that instant the door through which Wesley had departed a few moments before was thrown open and Wesley himself, his eyes dilated with fright, rushed into the room. "Lawdy-mussy, Miss Helen, I done seed um! I done seed um!" He spoke rapidly and tremulously. "My lan'! is I done forgot to fasten dat do'?" turning back quickly

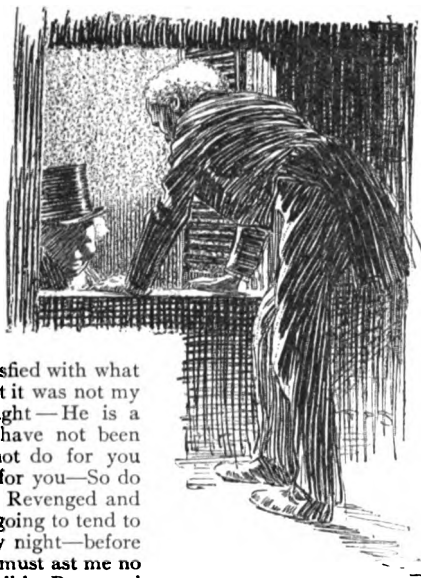
and springing both lock and bolt. "But dey ain't no bolts ner bars kin keep dem out when dey wanter come in."

"What is the matter?" Helen inquired in astonishment.

"Bless de lamb! ain't I done tole you yit? Hit's de Klu-Kluxes, Miss Helen—I done seed um wid my own eyes!"

"Where?—when?" Helen asked.

"Des now, when I wuz watchin' Tobe. Tobe, when he come to de watermillion patch he sorter stop en look jubously at dat las' little runt watermillion; den all at oncet he look up de road, en de nex' minute dat nigger wuz zoonin' th'ough de cawn-fiel', lippity-clip, lak a country-dawg gittin' outn town. Den I looks up de road to see whut de matter, en, name er Gawd! dah



"Whut is all dish yer talk I hear?"—Page 488.

dey wuz—Klu-Kluxes sho's you bawn—mighty nigh ez tall ez de stable roof, a-ridin' 'long de road, en breavin' smoke fum dey noses, en dey eyes shinin' lak jackerlantuns, en——"

"How many were there?" Helen interrupted.

"I seed two un um."

"Were they going up the road toward—toward Mr. Holt's, or the other way?"

"Dey wuz gwine de yuther way. I reckon dey wuz gwine to Shady Holler, caze soon's I see um I drapt down in de fence-cornerder, en ez dey pass by, one un um I hear him say to de yuther, he say, 'Is you done sho dey all know de meetin'-place is Shady Holler?'"

Helen walked to the window and back, wringing her hands absently. Then, apparently after a brief hesitation, she said: "Go to your cabin."

She was left in agitated indecision. Something must be done, and at once. Holt must be warned; but how? There was no one whom she could consult. Judge Trenham had driven to Mavistoc, and would not return until late; but if he had been at home Helen would have shrunk from seeking his advice in such an emergency involving a "carpet-bagger," and especially Rodney Holt. Even Jessie Barrows was absent, spending the night with other friends. It would be unsafe to rely upon any of the negroes to take a note to Holt, for they would hardly venture out of their cabins at night since the reported appearance of Ku-Klux in the country; and if any of Wesley's associates could be prevailed upon to start on the errand, there could be no assurance that he would not shirk it or procrastinate it until too late. Whatever was to be done, therefore, Helen realized must be done by herself.

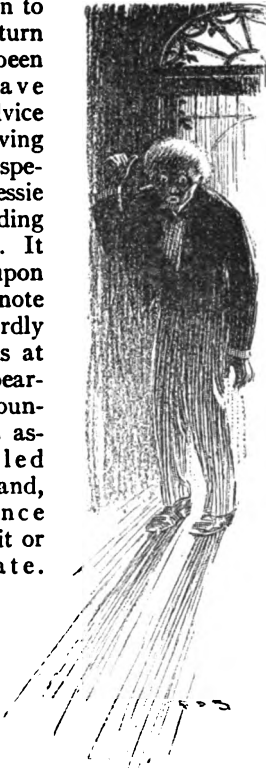
She hurried to her own room and threw open her writing-desk. She placed a chair beside it; but she hesitated, with

a slight recoil of aversion before seating herself. Then she glanced at the clock, pressed her hands for a second to her burning cheeks, sat down, wrote half a dozen anonymous lines, threw a long cloak over her shoulders and a heavy veil over her head, and hastened down-stairs and out of the house.

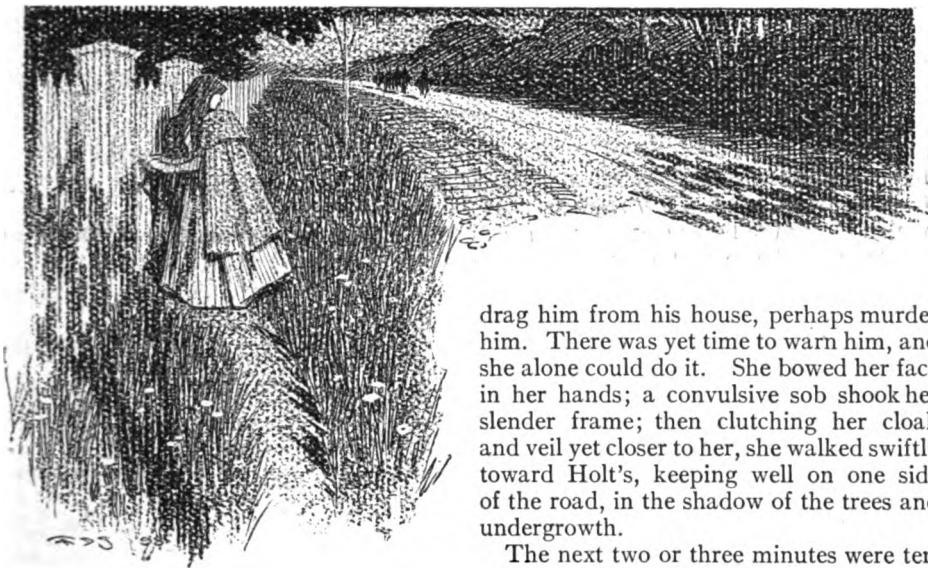
She walked fast—she felt that she could not walk too fast if she was not to waver in her purpose—and going directly to Wesley's cabin, was about to call him to accompany her when it rushed upon her that the mission which she was undertaking was one that every consideration for herself dictated should best be performed in secret. She was overwhelmed with a sense of humiliation that she was about to do clandestinely what she would not have her servants suspect. She passed and left Wesley's cabin as if it had been a plague-spot, and at the moment her heart was filled with bitter resentment against Holt.

Reaching the public road, she turned in the direction of Holt's, a mile away. Her steps were rapid, her cloak was drawn closely about her, and her head was bent forward, as if she were facing a strong wind, although the night was still. She had gone about half the distance when she was startled into a nervous ejaculation by a brown shadow which shot across the road at her feet. It was only a fox but the suddenness of the apparition set her heart to beating painfully, and she stopped and pressed her hand tightly to her breast.

She started on again, but before she had gone more than twenty steps, and before she had recovered from the shock which the fox had given her, she stopped abruptly as she heard the hoof-beats of horses up the road, in front of her. They were fearfully distinct to her alarmed sense of hearing, and it soon became evident that they were rapidly approaching. It seemed for a little as if she had lost the power of motion; then she ran from the road to one side and concealed herself among the



"Klu-Kluxes sho's you bawn."



Glancing over her shoulder she saw that they were so near.—Page 492.

bordering bushes until the horsemen came up and passed. These she recognized as the physician of the neighborhood and a boy who had probably summoned him to a professional call. Her heart was beating audibly, and she had scarcely dared to breathe until the danger of discovery by them was over; but when it was over, the apprehension of her true situation, alone at night on this country road, pressed upon her with new and dismaying force. She shrank farther back into the bushes. The rustle of a falling leaf caused her to start timorously, and at the fluttering of a bird she drew her veil spasmodically closer about her face.

What was she to do? Should she turn back, leaving her warning undelivered? If she should be seen and recognized? How could she go on, alone, and to his house, of all men's? She had intended slipping to the door, ringing, leaving the note and hurrying away before anyone could answer the bell; but suppose someone should see her? Why should she risk everything—anything—for him? It was impossible! She would return home at once.

She stepped hastily from her hiding-place and started homeward, but she had gone but a few yards before she suddenly halted again. They would overpower Holt,

drag him from his house, perhaps murder him. There was yet time to warn him, and she alone could do it. She bowed her face in her hands; a convulsive sob shook her slender frame; then clutching her cloak and veil yet closer to her, she walked swiftly toward Holt's, keeping well on one side of the road, in the shadow of the trees and undergrowth.

The next two or three minutes were terribly long to her. As short as was the distance to Holt's and as rapidly as she was lessening it, it seemed to her that she would never reach her destination. Her senses were preternaturally acute, and the slightest sound smote her ominously, notwithstanding that she bent her head forward, muffled as it was, determined to hear nothing, see nothing, that could retard or prevent the completion of her mission.

But attempt to shut out all sounds as she would, she gradually became conscious of the rhythmical clank of—was it—could it be the tramp of metal-shod horses galloping over the macadamized road?

She stopped sharply and listened. The sound was distinct now. The noise was made not by one or two, but probably a dozen horses, and they seemed to be coming toward her over the road behind her. She grew faint as she realized that in that direction lay Shady Hollow, and she scanned with straining eyes the turnpike, which stretched back like a white line of fog in the moonlight. She did not look long, for she soon discovered a dark shadow moving along the white line, which confirmed too well her fears that a body of mounted men was nearing her. With a low moan that might have been the voice of both terror and prayer, she turned and ran on toward Holt's. Once she stumbled and almost fell, but she caught herself and rushed on the faster. Again a thorn-bush pulled at her cloak, but she tore on with a despera-

tion that rent the garment to the hem. The clatter of the horses was becoming appallingly close, and glancing over her shoulder, she saw that they were so near that their ghastly disguises were vividly visible. The sight almost drove hope from her, and she felt that in a few steps more she would sink to the ground. But a few steps more revealed to her the lights gleaming in Holt's windows, and she fled on toward them with new courage. In another half-minute she had reached and passed through the gate, and even as she heard with sharp distinctness the guarded voices of the night-riders as they closed in behind her, she saw before her the figure of a man standing against one of the illuminated windows.

VI

HOLT was seated at a table in a room on the ground-floor of his house, looking over some drawings of the factory he proposed building, when the stillness of the night was broken by a noise like the tramp of cavalry. Crossing to one of the windows and looking out, he saw a woman running toward the gate, followed, not more than two hundred yards down the road, by a body of mounted men.

The woman came on through the gate and fled up the walk toward the house. Holt hastened to the door opening from the hall, and as he reached it the front door of the house, not yet locked for the night was flung ajar and the woman, her face concealed by a veil, ran in and, seeing him, suddenly stopped, catching at the balustrade of the stairway as if to prevent herself from sinking to the floor.

"Escape at once!" he heard her say breathlessly as he hurried to her.

"What is the matter?" he asked, drawing her into the room and assisting her to a chair. He was sensitive of the pitiable tremors which moved her as he supported her; he felt that she shrank from him, although for the moment she was so weak from fright and exhaustion that she would have fallen without his help.

"Oh!" she cried; "can you not understand? They are coming to—to take you!"

"What do you mean? Impossible!" Holt answered incredulously.

All her strength seemed to return to her.

Springing from her chair, she seized him by the arm and led him to the window. "Look!" she appealed to him; "do you not see them?"

"Those men are coming here!" he exclaimed. "Why do they pursue you?"

"It is not I—it is you they want! You have not a moment to lose!"

Holt began to apprehend. "This is outrageous," he answered, "and I shall not try to avoid them. But you? They must not find you here."

"Don't mind me! They won't harm me! Go, go!" she besought him earnestly.

"And leave you to that mob? I won't think of it!"

"Then take me away—quick!"

"Come, then; perhaps, I can get you out this way."

He started with her to the hall door, thinking it possible to leave the house from the rear before any of the men in front should enter. But he was too late. Before he reached the door it was opened from the hall, then closed again, and two masked figures swathed in robes, stood confronting him.

"Not so fast, please," one of them said. "We have a little business with you first," removing his mask and disclosing the smooth, dark face of Phil Trenham.

If Holt was surprised he did not betray it, as he simply replied: "I am not aware of having any business with Mr. Trenham."

"Perhaps you would prefer to hear of that business without the presence of a lady," Phil suggested, with a glance toward Helen.

Holt followed his glance; then going over to Helen, he spoke gently to her in an undertone. "Will you not step into the next room?" he asked. "It is best that you should."

"No, no! I will remain here," she replied decisively.

"But you may be recognized," Holt insisted, "and think what that might mean for you."

"Yes, yes! I have thought of all that. But I will stay."

There was a determination in her voice which convinced Holt that it would be a waste of time to urge her further, and leaving her, he again addressed Phil:

"You can have nothing to say to me which a lady cannot hear."

"As you please," Phil answered. "You

know very well why I am here. At the ball you insulted my sister. I demanded satisfaction. You refused it. Outside are a dozen men, every one of whom hates a carpet-bagger and a coward. As you declined to settle this affair like a man, you must settle it like a craven. What do you say to a rawhide, a coat of tar and feathers, and if that be insufficient, a rope and the limb of a tree?"

"So that is the entertainment to which you have called to invite me?" Holt said, with the trace of a smile.

"Ah! you catch my meaning, do you? Well, you shall have one more chance. Fight me here and now, and the score shall be wiped out. If you consent, those men outside shall be sent away at once."

"Very well," Holt answered; "it is easier to fight one man than a dozen. But I protest against it as foolish, barbarous, and causeless."

"All right. Louis," he turned to Gifford, who had also unmasked, "you may go now and send the boys home.

And you need not return. Holt and I can attend to this matter alone."

"Please have your friend remain," Holt objected. "I prefer a witness to this business."

"Just as you like. What is your choice of weapons?" Phil asked curtly.

"It is immaterial."

"Will pistols suit you?"

"If you have one to spare."

"Let me have yours, Louis," Phil said, taking Gifford's revolver. "This is irregular," to Holt; "but you refused to fight regularly. However, if you have a friend in reach I am willing to wait until you can send for him."

"It is not necessary," Holt answered indifferently.

"As you please. These are exactly alike," Phil said, placing his own pistol and that of Gifford on a table. "Examine them if you wish, and take your choice."

Holt picked up the pistol which happened to be the nearer to him, and stood, looking in an inquiring way at Phil.

That young man took the other pistol from the table, and receding a few paces, explained: "We will stand at opposite sides of the room, with our pistols thus," dropping his, muzzle downward, to his side. "Captain Gifford will count three; or, better still," as there sounded the slight whir which preceded by two or three minutes the striking of the clock, "I see your clock there



"I shall not fight, Mr. Trenham."—Page 494.

is on the point of striking ten. Captain Gifford or yourself will count the strokes, and on the tenth stroke we may begin firing and continue as long as there is a load in our pistols. If that does not suit you, name any conditions you prefer."

"I am satisfied!" Holt assented.

"This is horrible! You must not!" It was a low cry of fear, supplication, and command which came from Helen.

Holt went to her again and said gently, but imperatively: "You must withdraw. It will be safer in every way."

"No, no!" she answered quickly. "I will not leave this room unless you promise me not to fight that boy."

"I must fight the boy or a mob," he said, as if to end the discussion. "Come," courteously but peremptorily, "I cannot permit you to remain in here longer." He took

her by the arm to lead her to the door of the adjoining room. But she drew back, and he held her with a closer grasp as he felt her falter, it seemed from weakness.

For a little she was silent, her head drooping over her stirring breast, her hands gripping each other convulsively. Then the clock began striking slowly, and the voice of Gifford counting the strokes rang out clearly.

"The lady will stand out of the way!" called Phil sharply.

Helen, with a quick movement, turned her back to the others and suddenly raising her face to Holt, for one fleeting instant lifted her veil. "If his sister entreats you?" she almost sobbed.

Holt's hand dropped like lead from her arm, as her tearful eyes flashed upon him. It was but a glimpse of those eyes that he caught, but he stood staring at the veiled head like one stupefied.

It was as if he was aroused by the click of Phil's pistol and the voice of Gifford as he counted, "Six."

"Of course it shall be as you wish," he said to Helen softly. "Be seated, please," placing a chair for her.

His eyes lingered on her reverentially as she obeyed him. Then, as Gifford called out "Eight," Holt stepped quickly to the table and threw the revolver upon it. "I shall not fight Mr. Trenham," he declared. His voice had rather the ring of a victor just from battle.

Phil uncocked his pistol. "Coward!" and his curving lips vividly expressed the intensity of his scorn. "I am sick of this, and I am done with it. I am going now to turn you over to men who know how to deal with your kind! Come on, Louis!"

He strode toward the hall-door, but before he reached it Helen had glided forward and stood confronting him, her back against the closed door. "You shall not!" she said in a low voice, vibrant with the intensity of the strain upon her.

Holt hurried to her. "Say nothing, and come with me," he urged her, with something of the tone he might have used in speaking to a frightened child. But she neither answered him nor looked at him.

Phil, thus checked, gazed at Helen for a second in surprised silence. Then he broke into a boyish laugh. "We can't force a barricade like that, Louis," he said. "Here—we'll go out by the other door."

He started across the room, but Helen rushed after him and laid a detaining hand on his arm. "You shall not send those men here!" she panted.

Phil looked down on her and smiled. "Sorry to disoblige you, madam," he replied, "but those men will be in this room in just about sixty seconds."

"Then—" her words seemed to choke her; she receded a step, but immediately, as if by a supreme effort, drew herself rigidly erect before him—"then they shall find *me* here!" flinging aside her veil and fully revealing her deadly pale face.

"You!" was the only utterance that Phil's lips could find in his astonished horror, followed by Gifford's amazed "Helen!"

Recovering somewhat from the first stunning effect of Helen's revelation, Phil's face was a purple distortion of passion, as with fierce intensity he demanded:

"What does this mean?"

"It means," Helen answered, standing straight and defiant, "that I discovered your foolish plans and came here to give warning of them."

"And you did this to prevent your brother from punishing the man who had insulted you!"

"To prevent him from committing a mad crime."

"It was on *my* account that you came, then!" sneered Phil. "And you show your consideration for me, for father, by threatening to expose yourself here and bring disgrace upon yourself and your family!"

Helen, impulsively throwing her arms around his neck, spoke with quick tenderness. "O Phil, do not talk so!" she pleaded. "Give up this wild scheme! Send those men away and take me home!"

"Helen," Phil responded more softly, "you are excited. You don't know what you are doing. Let Louis take you home, and leave me to settle this matter in the way I think best for your own and my honor."

"You will promise to send those men away and attempt no violence yourself?"

"Send the men away? Yes. But you must leave the rest to me."

Helen withdrew from him, and with a resolution which it would have been impossible to doubt, said, "Then I refuse to go."

"Let me entreat, Miss Trenham," Holt begged earnestly.

"Very well." The boy was now quivering and white. "There is only one end for such dishonor, and I am going to kill you both."

As he drew his pistol Holt sprang toward him, but Gifford was ahead of the Pennsylvanian. Seizing young Trenham before his trembling finger could press the trigger, and clutching his throat with one hand, with the other he wrenched the revolver from his grasp, bending him against the wall with a force that could have snapped his neck like a twig.

Phil was powerless. He made no attempt to resist; indeed, he seemed to have no thought or desire to resist Gifford, but, as the captain released him, stood with hanging head against the wall.

"Philip," Gifford spoke, almost in his usual suave tones, "I am amazed at you. If you forget that this is your sister, I cannot permit you to forget that it is the lady whom I have asked to be my wife."

Phil raised his eyes to Gifford's sullenly, but was silent. "It should not be necessary," Gifford continued, "for Miss Trenham to offer any explanation of her conduct to anyone, but the explanation she has chosen to make to you is certainly ample. Now be off with you, old chap; get the boys away, and," turning to Helen, "I hope Miss Trenham will grant me the pleasure of seeing her home?"

He bent over her hand and touched it with his lips, while her eyes grew mistily grateful.

An hour later Holt arose from the chair on which he had been sitting motionless since he had been left alone. "He has asked her to be his wife," he said, gathering up the drawings which had been ly-

ing upon the table; "but she is not yet his wife. She is worth trying for, and I shall try."

VII

It was three years later that Mavistoc had its second and last Tournament Ball. Holt was again present; but it was by formal invitation of the management. He was talking to Judge Trenham and Helen. Near by Gifford was saying fine things to Jessie Barrows. The musicians struck up the lancers, and soon the new winner of the Red Mask came forward. Flanked on both sides by his escort, he went straight to Jessie Barrows and bore her off triumphantly, after one fierce glance at Gifford.

"Did you recognize him, Louis?" the judge called.

"Sh!" Gifford laughed. "It was none other than my relentless rival, Wolworth P. Kilcammon."

"And it is the lancers, Miss Trenham." Holt turned to Helen with a smiling look of entreaty and inquiry.

"Yes, Helen," the judge said in his stately manner, "and I think you owe it to Mr. Holt, if he will dance it with you now."

She answered Holt's smile with another in the quick glance she gave him. "I wonder if he will?" she challenged him with a bright bravado, but her eyes fell and the color stole into her face.

Holt almost sprang to her side, and as he led her away to the dancers he stooped and said something which the judge did not hear. But the judge's eyes were following them, and the judge's eyes were better than his ears. "Well," he sighed, stroking his beard, "he's a mighty fine fellow, even if he was born on the wrong side of the Ohio River."



THE FLEET

OFF THE COAST OF VIRGINIA

By Samuel McCoy

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. J. AYLWARD

"Seeing honour is our lives' ambition, and our ambition after death to have an honourable memory of our life."—Captain John Smith.

IN the darkness before dawn
I awoke from out my sleep,
Where I slept upon the land,
And I knew that sleep was gone;
For I heard the restless deep
Run swift along the sand,
Ebb, and return once more;
And I felt the cool, soft breeze
Blowing upon my face
And I rose and sought the shore,
Where the recurrent seas,
Like horses, ran their race;
The gray robes of the fog
Heaved with the heaving swells,
And darkness lay around;
But I heard some old sea-dog,
Close inshore, call, "Six bells!"
And I heard the muffled sound
Of oars, and, farther out,
A rattling anchor chain
And the wash against some hulk,
And, fainter still, a shout . . .
And the Fleet slept again.

But a gray, shadowy bulk,
A phantom from the wrack,
Which broke to let it through,
Took sudden shape and came
Upon the ground-swell's back
Straight toward me, and I knew,
Like a familiar name,
The pinnace, English-built,
Three hundred years ago!
Her banked oars rose and dipped

(To an ancient, deep-sea lilt)
As a boat-crew *used* to row!
And like one the oars were shipped
As they ran her on the beach;
And I saw the leathern skin
And the earrings and the queues
Of the tars who manned her—each
Hailing *me* as of their kin;
And I knew what mighty cruise
These rough mates were landing from;
And my blood rushed to my cheek
And I blessed them on my knees;
As a soldier at the drum
Thrills, I thrilled at sight of these
And I wept, and could not speak!

*Do you ask me whence they came?
And American you too?
They the men of Sunken Fleets,
Men that swept the seas like flame,
English-brave and English-true!
From the cliffs where Cornwall meets
The Atlantic's endless foam,
From the old sea-towns of Devon
And the shifting sands of Dee,
Where the petrel has her home,
And the storm cloud splits with levin,
Came these bullies of the sea!*

And they passed me close at hand,
And their captains, whom at first
Had been hidden from my view,
Paced along the wet sea-sand
Arm in arm, with many a burst



Drawn by W. J. Aytemrd.

And I knew what mighty cruise
These rough mates were landing from.

The Fleet Off the Coast of Virginia

Of laughter which the salt breeze blew
Toward me, from their bearded throats.
(Never more shall be such gain
As I count this, to have seen
All the captains of the boats
First to dare the unmapped main
And court danger like a queen!)

*Do you ask me who they were,
And American you, too?
These were they who laughed at death
And laid down their lives for Her,
Greatest England ever knew,
Maiden Queen, Elizabeth!
And they named the land they found
For the Virgin Queen, Good Bess,
Great Virginia, the proud!
Slight indeed or risk or wound
For such lands and loveliness!*

First of all among the train,
Named like a trumpet-call to charge,
Was Sir Walter *Raleigh*, Knight,
"Shepherd of the Ocean Plain,"
First to crave the sandy marge
Of Virginia, first whose sight
Foretold the great state to be;
And his fine hands rested on
Two friends' shoulders — two whose
deeds
Shall be sung unceasingly :
Drake, who struck th' Armada down!
Grenville, whose great sea-fight leads
All the fights on sea or shore!
These the Three Great Admirals
(Laughing like three clear-eyed boys)

Who shall live forever more!
On whose names the sailor calls
In the gale or battle-noise!

And there passed among the van
Old Sir Thomas Gates, the dam
Of the foundling colony;
Sir George Somers, Gentleman,
Who was on the shore a lamb,
But a lion on the sea;
Robert Hunt, the old sea-saint;
Tanned with each sea wind that blows,
Mate Bartholomew Gosnold—
Sailormen without a taint,
Better men as friends than foes—
God gave them the sea to hold!

Last of all the Atlantic's brood,
Came from out the sea-fog's pall,
Voyager and fighting-man,
Captain *John Smith*, plain and rude.
Last and greatest of them all—
First and true American!

So, before the fog had fled
At the dawn, they passed from sight
And their bold staves died away,
But still rang within my head
Each adventure and sea fight
That shall *never* pass away!
"Be of good cheer," one had said
As he bade his men good-by,
"Heaven's as near by sea as land!"
And the old fire is not dead,
And the brave shall never die,
While the land they found shall stand!



Drawn by W. J. Ayling.

**These were they who laughed at death
And laid down their lives for Her.**

"LISTENING" ON THE STAGE

By James L. Ford



AN extremely beautiful woman, famous, if the constant reiteration of her in newspaper columns and name on clacking tongues can make one famous, and ardent in her expressions of love for the broad land in which she had already passed nearly a fortnight, was making her first bid for popularity on the American stage. Her advent had been preceded by indiscriminate publication of her many portraits and much puffery of her "intellectual acting," and now an audience that filled every seat in the theatre, and had undoubtedly paid for a great many of them, was rewarding her efforts with applause that was loud, and, to the inexperienced ear at least, genuine and spontaneous. But after the final curtain had fallen on a performance that had many of the outward and visible signs of a great success, and the electrician—that god of the *avant scène* to whom all machine-made stars turn pleadingly on first nights—had pumped the last call out of the audience and reluctantly turned on the lights, a veteran of our stage who had been studying the actress with keen attention from the moment of her first entrance, turned to his companion and said, positively, almost explosively:

"She'll never do in the world. She hasn't learned to listen! And listening is nine-tenths of acting!"

The woman of whom these words were spoken has disappeared from our stage; the applause that greeted her has long since died away, the talk of her "intellectual acting" is no longer heard in the land, and the public has turned back to its old favorites and to one or two new ones. And of these old and new favorites, some are beautiful and others are ugly; some have good voices and others bad; some rant and others speak too low, but we may be quite sure that not one among them all has won a secure place on our stage without mastering the art of listening, for that is the one absolute essential in the art of legitimate acting.

Very few laymen, and, strange as it may seem, not very many actors have ever considered the supreme importance that listening plays on the stage; yet, broadly speaking, listening and the use of the voice constitute the entire technique of the art of acting; just as form (including perspective), and color may be said to constitute that of painting. And of the two, listening is the more important, because it survives in pantomime, a most difficult form of acting which does away with the use of the voice.

The reason why listening plays a part of such paramount value on the stage is that if an actor is not deeply interested in what is going on in the mimic world in which he has been cast, he cannot look for any real interest on the part of his audience; and the only way in which he can denote that interest is by the intensity with which he listens to everything that has any bearing whatever on his life and actions, and the skill with which he expresses the feelings bred of what he hears.

Listening is an art that is not properly taught in the schools in which modern actors are trained, for while voice culture has the place of high honor that it deserves in the curriculum of every academy on Broadway, if you ask either teacher or pupil about the still more important business of listening the chances are that you will receive no reply save a wondering shake of the head.

So much has been said about "temperament," "mentality," "facial expression," and "personality" that it is a very easy matter for a school-girl to persuade herself that she has in her the makings of a great actress. All she needs is what she calls a "few lessons."

One young woman, indeed, told me that she had been studying the art of expressing various emotions by means of a series of contortions of visage, all more or less hideous to behold, but that she had not been taught anything about listening. In short, although she had learned how to make her various emotional grimaces it had never

occurred to her that unless she could show cause for these curious expressions of joy or grief or rage or whatever they were called in her "Complete Hand-book of Acting," her audience would not understand what she was driving at. But if she had been taught to listen with a natural interest and attention, the emotions called forth by what she heard would be certain to betray themselves convincingly on her face. Like many another unfortunate, this deluded young woman had begun to learn at the wrong end and had been taught the effect, not the cause of emotion.

Despite the fact that not one teacher in a dozen realizes its importance, there is no ear-mark by which hopelessly bad acting is more quickly recognized than an inability to listen to what is happening on the stage. Certainly no actress who is thinking about herself or preparing for her "facial expression" or wondering whether the critics are going to call her "intellectual" or not, will find time to pay attention to what is said to her. Lovers may come and go, parents plead and command, messengers appear before her with tidings of death and disaster—and all without awakening in her any indication whatever of interest. And we may be quite sure that if she is not interested in the fate of her stage loves and kindred the audience will not be either.

I remember once watching a very pretty young woman, of whom much was then expected, in a scene in which other players, among them the late Mrs. Gilbert, took part. Both she and Mrs. Gilbert were presumed to have a deep interest in what certain of the characters were saying, and I remember to this day the manner in which the elder actress—in many respects one of the best of our time—listened while she knitted, pausing now and then to drop her needles while she looked up with a look of keenest attention on her face, and then resuming her work with a deprecatory shake of the head or a half-smile and a gentle nod which told more plainly than words her full understanding of what she heard. She was not doing this to obtrude herself on the attention of the audience, but simply because she knew that without the interest which she showed the picture in which she had a part would be incomplete. Standing by her chair was the young woman of whom I have spoken. She, too, was presumed to

have a keen interest in what went on about her, but she might as well have been deaf and dumb for all that her face and manner revealed. She did not even look at those who were speaking. On the contrary, her gaze was turned upon the audience and one could see by the complete lack of all expression on her placid face that what interested Mrs. Gilbert was no sort of concern of hers. In professional parlance she was "waiting for her cue." Imagine anyone in real life "waiting for a cue"! Imagine a young woman standing with a look of bovine contentment on her face while someone tells her that her lover has committed suicide, that her sister is engaged, and that the house is on fire! Never once during the evening did that young woman gain the confidence or good-will or interest of the audience, despite the unusual possibilities of her part. Not appearing to care about anything, she could not make her audience care, and her beauty and rather remarkable vocal gifts went for nothing. And, like the beautiful woman from beyond the seas who was so accurately "sized up" by the veteran of the American stage, this young woman has long since passed from the public ken; the papers have ceased to print her pictures and the voices of the unknowing and injudicious admirers that were once lifted in praise of her "Art" are hushed forever.

A survival of pantomimic listening may still be found in those familiar circus-ring scenes in which the ring-master, the horse, the "little lady," and the clown take part, and in which the clown, the one really essential factor, must be a good listener or the audience will not be entertained, while the horse, who does not listen at all, could easily be dispensed with.

In the old-fashioned minstrel show it was absolutely necessary that the interlocutor should be a good listener and that he should be able to assume a profound interest in the questions propounded to him by the endmen. Sometimes, when the jokes hung fire, he had to arouse and compel the interest of the audience by artfully repeating the question in the thoughtful manner of one who had listened to every word and was revolving the problem in his own mind.

"Do I know why a chicken goes across the street? No, Mr. Johnson, I confess that I do not know why a chicken goes across the street. Won't you be good

enough to enlighten us and explain to us why it is that a chicken goes across the street."

And the more serious he is, the more impressive his utterances, and the deeper his apparent interest in the motive of the chicken's migrations, the greater will be the delight and the laughter when the audience learns that the chicken crosses merely to get to the other side. But eliminate the element of listening from this little dialogue and reduce it simply to the question and answer, unsupported by the interlocutor's crafty art, and the joke would fall flat.

After all, it was in the old-fashioned variety theatres that the art of listening reached its highest state of cultivation, and it was not until that art began to decline that variety became metamorphosed into "vaudeville" and the famous old teams began to die out and to be replaced by imitators, monologue artists, impersonators, and others who did not need to listen because there was nothing for them to hear except their own voices.

It was a keenly critical audience that filled the variety theatres in those days—an audience that demanded so much entertainment for its money that it was no easy matter for an unknown team to get an engagement even in the cheap East Side houses that cultured Fifth Avenue affects to despise. And if it was difficult to secure a hearing in those days it was even more difficult to maintain the foothold so hardly gained; nor did it take young performers long to learn the necessity of packing into their ten or fifteen minute acts the greatest possible amount of action, music, dancing, repartee, or whatever elements went for entertainment. The street chestnut vender, heaping his half-pint measure full to overflowing and pressing it down with generous hand, was their model. It would not do for one of the team to remain idle while the other furnished the entertainment nor would it do for one to interfere with his mate, so they studied the art of aiding or "feeding" one another, by intently eager listening. Sometimes the listening was accompanied by a look of appreciation and sometimes with manifestations of disgust or envy, but it never failed to stimulate the interest of the audience.

They learned, moreover, to keep their audience constantly in mind, for the one

who played the part of the listener was unconsciously putting himself in the place of an auditor, and this gave him no chance to think about himself or his "facial expression" or the movements of his body or his lessons in "voice culture" or any of the things that so obviously fill the minds of our young dramatic students, to the utter ruin of all histrionic effort. And, as in the course of time each member of the team found his true *metier*, it generally came to pass that there was one funny man and one feeder, but so smoothly did they work together that the public knew them as the funny Russell Brothers or Ward and Vokes or MacIntyre and Heath, giving equal credit to both and seldom distinguishing between the two. In fact, very few people know to this day that Heath is the feeder of his firm, and Johnny Russell of his, and Vokes of his. If they knew they might make unjust discriminations, whereas it is only variety actors themselves who know enough to give credit to the feeder, whose art is even rarer than that of his partner, the comedian.

Indeed, there are very few laymen who know that it takes two men to be funny—one to read the comic lines or do the comic thing and the other to listen with the proper expression of wonder or delight or rage and perhaps to suggest the act or ask the retort-provoking question.

The self-satisfied dramatic school product of to-day scorns the idea of feeding another actor in order to give a scene its proper value and the art seems to have fallen into decay in modern vaudeville, for I do not at the moment recall a single variety team of the first rank that has not graduated into the legitimate. There are still, to be sure, a great many fine entertainers or monologists or impersonators, such as Vesta Victoria, Vesta Tilley, Chevalier, Beatrice Herford, Cissy Loftus, and many others who do not depend on one another and neither feed nor are fed when they make their effects. Entertainers of this sort are almost certain to fail when they essay legitimate acting, and, as every rule has its exceptions, I may mention Nat Goodwin and David Warfield, both of whom were formerly imitators or impersonators, but who are now in the very first ranks of the legitimate.

To recite the deeds of the old feeders of the variety business would be to relate the

beginnings of some of the most popular actors of to-day, but it is worth our while to record the fact that two of the very best farcical entertainments that ever gained a permanent place in the esteem of New York playgoers were literally founded on the art of feeding as the variety stage understood it. One of these entertainments was Harrigan and Hart's Theatre Comique and the other Weber and Fields' Music Hall.

The Harrigan and Hart farces were the best in point of local color and character work that the town has ever seen. They were performed by a company made up almost entirely of variety teams like Wild and Gray, Goss and Fox, Tiernan and Cronin, the Sparks Brothers, and others, not one of whom who had not been trained to listen. And it was largely because of their knowledge of this art that men who had previously been classified simply as "knock-about" or "black-face" comedians quickly developed into actors of no mean skill.

Weber, Fields, and Bernard were also trained listeners when they began to appeal to Broadway audiences, and the delight that their impersonations gave to the public is a matter of too recent history to require mentioning.

Perhaps the very best example of legitimate comic acting that our stage has seen in many years was that afforded by Weber, Fields, and Sam Bernard—all from the variety stage—in their famous "Skindicate" scene in which each actor had the benefit of two "feeders" for everything that he said or did.

One night, many years ago, when Weber and Fields were dressing after their turn in an East Side variety house, a card was brought to them bearing the name of Joseph Jefferson, and a moment later the most distinguished actor on the legitimate stage of America was ushered into the presence of the delighted young variety actors. He complimented them both on the superior quality of their work, told Fields how much he had enjoyed his comedy, and then turning to Weber, said: "You certainly have learned how to listen, and you look so serious while you are doing it that you double the value of your partner's work. That is acting, my boy."

This was high praise, indeed, coming from one who was not only the acknowledged dean of the dramatic profession, but

also one of its very best listeners, and it left a lasting impression on the mind of the young performer to whom it was addressed, proving conclusively that he who was sometimes called "a mere feeder" was really the master of a most creditable and necessary art and one worthy of careful study and serious consideration.

And it was because of this important element of listening that, after the famous team had separated, the public missed something—it did not know exactly what—in Fields that it had never missed before, for Fields had always profited by the skillful manner in which Weber, the listener, had "fed" him in their comedy scenes. But Weber, who had never depended in the least on Fields, was regarded as just as good a comedian as ever.

The recent success of Miss Katherine Grey, now considered one of the most promising of the newest stars, is none the less interesting because Miss Grey has succeeded on the entirely legitimate lines of listening and the use of the voice. Agnes Booth, who is herself one of the very best listeners on our stage—if she were not she would not be one of our best actresses—asked Miss Grey where she had learned to listen so well, and received this answer:

"I was advised to study Joe Weber for listening and I've been doing it for the last six months."

In the gifted Madame Alla Nazimova, we have, it seems to me, an actress who listens altogether too well. By this I mean, that, fully understanding every line of Ibsen, she hears more than her audience does, more even than the author intended to be heard, and seeks to express in her face and by her voice all that she has heard. It is an unfortunate tendency and one that will in time render her mechanical and perhaps even convert her into an "intellectual actress"—of the kind that console themselves for the indifference of the public by the panegyrics of the ignorant and the half-baked.

There is no moment in the performance when listening plays a more important part and none that an experienced actor is less likely to slur over or ignore than that in which the applause of the audience summons the popular favorite before the curtain. Stand by an actor in the wings when this call comes and watch him as he pre-

pares to answer. Not until he has pulled himself together and gotten out of his rôle in the play and into that of the public's humble and most devoted servant will he pass out into the glare of the footlights. Once there, he will stand with lowered eyes and in an attitude that shows him to be drinking in every bit of the enthusiasm that reaches his ear, listening to the tumult of shouting and hand-clapping as intently and with as profound an emotion as if it were a part of the play, and expressing in return his sense of his gratitude to his auditors, his delight in their pleasure, and his own unworthiness of the reward that they have given him.

There are even times in grand opera when a singer is obliged to depend upon listening to retain a hold on the audience. Clara Louise Kellogg once described to me a moment of this sort. In rehearsing for the first performance in this country of Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" it was found that at the moment in which the sailor suddenly appears in the doorway, transfixing Senta with his look, there occurs the space of about thirty-six bars during which the two singers must stand regarding one another with rapt attention to an accompaniment of rumbling, uninteresting, unromantic music. How to fill in this long interlude—and thirty-six bars is a very long time indeed on the stage—without losing their hold on the audience was a problem that seemed to all concerned one of appalling difficulty. No one in the company had ever seen the opera performed, but the stage manager happened to possess the composer's *brochure* which described in detail how each and every scene should be played. Its instructions were for the two singers to stand perfectly motionless and *listen*, as by so doing an interval even twice as long could be passed over. The scene was played according to these directions, and Miss Kellogg found that in order to maintain the tension of body necessary to hold the interest of the audience it was necessary for her to grip the back of a chair firmly with both hands. To speak literally, it was her ability to listen to her own heart-beats—for of course nothing was said during this scene—that enabled her to hold her audience; and her success in this most difficult bit of acting gave her a fuller knowledge than she had ever possessed be-

fore of the vast importance of listening as part of the art of the stage.

It is recorded in the memoirs of Edwin Booth, edited by his daughter, that he considered Salvini's Othello, in the great scene in which Iago implants in his mind his suspicions of Desdemona, the finest individual piece of acting that he had ever seen in his life.

This scene has always been considered Iago's great opportunity and more than one famous actor has either made a reputation or added materially to it by his playing in it. It is Iago who does all the talking, all the suggestion, all the "acting." Every word that falls from his lips is freighted deep with significance to Othello and—what is of infinitely greater importance—to the audience. There is no one in the whole house who is not hanging on Iago's utterances and wondering to what length he will dare to go. The sort of actor who judges a part by the number of words that it contains would choose Iago for the opportunities it affords in this scene and would regard it as inconceivable that an actor should be willing to take his chances in Othello, who must remain dumb and has no opportunity at all.

All Othello has to do in this scene is to *listen* to the words as they fall from the crafty Iago's lips. That was all Salvini did when he made a greater impression on the enlightened and critical mind of Edwin Booth than had any other player of his time. All he did was to listen! But what listening! Iago might have been a phonograph for all the audience cared. No one looked at him, no one thought of his "facial expression" or his "intellectuality" or his "naturalism" or whatever other qualities his admirers may have claimed for him, and it mattered but little whether he read his lines intelligently or no. There is no actor living bad enough to strip all the meaning from the words that Iago utters in this great scene. The audience knew well enough what every sentence meant, and in watching the effect of each one on Othello soon lost all interest in the actor who delivered them.

And as Salvini listened he walked in a circle, wide as the stage, around the rascal who was poisoning his life and lighting in his heart the murderous flames of jealousy—walked as a panther walks round the edge of its cage—and as he walked he *listened*, pausing now and then in his stride

to stand with arms tensely folded across his chest, the blood lust gleaming in his eyes and every lineament of his face reflecting the suspicions, the passions, the jealousies kindled in his heart by Iago's every word. It was this wonderful listening that paved the way for the supreme moment when, in a sudden and uncontrollable frenzy, he sprang upon his informant, hurled him to the ground, and, towering above him like an avenging fury, poured forth a torrent of Italian invective that was like an overwhelming flood of lava from the mountain's height.

It was, perhaps, the most effective moment in the play—this awful outburst of passion long suppressed—but the great acting part of the scene was that in which he listened, and by listening not only stored up in his heart the tremendous fires of emotion that were bound to have their vent, but also woke in the hearts of his audience a full comprehension of what rage and jealousy meant when aroused in such a nature as his, and prepared them for what was to come.

To have taken the listening out of this great scene would have been to render his climatic outburst a comparatively meaningless thing. For all that an actor can do is to compel his audience to share his feelings, and if he has not feeling enough to plainly express to his audience they will take but slender interest in his passions and sorrows.

Clara Morris has written many interesting things about the New York stage as she knew it during one of its most noteworthy periods, and not the least interesting of these is her story of how, on her return from London in the very early seventies, she described to her manager, Augustin Daly, a new actor who had at that moment taken a strong hold on the English public through his performance of a well-worn part in an old time melodrama.

And her narrative possesses a peculiar and unique value because her dramatic in-

tuition, her sense of proportion, and perhaps also her own technical training and experience, led her to put her finger at once on this artist's highest quality when Mr. Daly asked her what he did that seemed to her so remarkable,

"It was what he did not do—what he left to the imagination!" she answered quickly, and then she described in detail his first entrance, telling how he came into the warm inn, chilled to the bone, and sat down to remove his leggings:

"He drew a great colored handkerchief and brushed away some clinging snow; then leaning forward, with slightly tremulous fingers he began to unfasten a top buckle. Suddenly the trembling ceased, the fingers clenched hard upon the buckle, the whole body became still, then rigid—it seemed not to breathe! The one sign of life in the man was the agonizingly strained sense of hearing! His tortured eyes saw nothing. Utterly without speech, without feeling, he listened—breathlessly listened! A cold chill crept stealthily about the roots of my hair. I clenched my hands hard and whispered to myself: 'Will it come, good God—will it come, the thing he listens for?'"

"When, with a wild bound, as if every nerve and muscle had been rent by an electric shock, he was upon his feet; and I was answered even before that suffocating cry of terror—'The bells! The bells!'—and under cover of the applause that followed I said: 'Haunted! Innocent or guilty, this man is haunted!'"

And the actor who gained his first great success by his mastery of listening proved strong enough to live down the many mannerisms and eccentricities of speech and gesture that furnished food for talk to the light-minded and to become in time the one dominant figure on the English-speaking stage and to gather about the name of Henry Irving a halo of public respect and honor that made his knighthood look cheap and common in comparison.

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

WHATEVER sins of irreverence may have been laid at our doors in the past, we Americans are nowadays vastly respectful of our ancestors; and even though there may be those among us who are somewhat lacking in deference to an immediate and present progenitor, a grandfather seven times removed is very much appreciated. An-

The Gentle
Patriot

cestors are a great comfort in prosperity and an even greater solace to those who are somewhat down in the world; and the founders of our "Patriotic Societies" have been humane enough to keep the dues low, so that even a person of modest means need not be debarred from their privileges. For this is the era of "Patriotic Societies." The number of "Sons" and "Daughters," of "Descendants" and "Dames" seems endless; and still the possibilities have not been exhausted, for when we are through with celebrating the achievements of our forefathers, there are our foremothers to draw on. The Daughters of Anneke Jans, for instance, might form a large society, considering that a generation ago most of the New York families of Dutch descent claimed to be in the line of inheritance from her, while you met Heirs in every State of the Union. The good dame certainly rendered important service to the Province, and as one of her descendants I permit myself this suggestion.

Although men and women alike swell the rolls of these societies, it is perhaps to women more especially that they appeal, and to the middle-aged rather than to the young. It is now some time since the Woman's Club ushered in the Golden Age of the elderly woman. As a witty and well-known woman of letters remarked, it gave her an interest and a sense of individuality at about the period of life when her husband had taken to calling her "Mother" and when her children thought her a little too old for any amusements but those of a grandmother. But the so-called Literary Clubs of the small city and the country town have worked her rather hard, poor dear, and she has grown somewhat tired of prescribed courses of reading and of listening to "papers" from the pen of the unready writer. It is easier and

more amusing to hunt up pedigrees and—with her papers properly made out and her small yearly dues paid—to sit back and enjoy a sense of distinction. As a matter of fact, the gentle patriots do take themselves seriously, yet when all has been said, the societies have done much to justify their existence. Not to mention the effort to awaken an interest in American history by prize essays and memorial tablets, and only alluding in passing to the timely rescue of many records which in careless hands bade fair to be lost, they have been most valuable agents in counteracting a spirit of narrow provincialism. At their meetings, the North and the South, the East and the West come together. New England learns that good may come out of the Middle West, the Southerner finds the Yankee Dame as well bred as herself, and she of the Pacific coast is kin to them all. It is well for fellow-citizens to get in touch with each other and in this big country such factors as these meetings are not to be despised.

As to the pious work of commemoration, some of it is surely very much worth while. Notably so was the recent restoration of the old church at Jamestown; and unexpectedly impressive were the simple ceremonies with which it was given by the National Society of the Colonial Dames of America to the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. At first sight it seemed a trifle absurd for several hundred ladies to get out of their beds at daybreak on a rainy morning and embark on an excursion from which they were only to return at midnight, merely to listen to a few speeches and to see a tiny church, newly built after the pattern of the old one. But with the landing at the deserted spot where the little church with its ruined tower stands amid the old gray tombstones, all was changed. What is there in a mere procession that is in itself so thrilling? The skies had cleared during our journey down the river, and when the last of us crossed the gangway the youthful company of the Governor's Guard, with their clear-cut young faces, their dark blue and white uniforms and big white plumes, were standing, drawn up in line; and the surpliced choir,

walking two and two in the sunshine over the green grass, singing the processional, were followed by a long train of men and women who, from guests at a reception had suddenly become pilgrims to a shrine. All at once we realized vividly the greatness of the event which we had come to celebrate. Those colonists, who had builded better than they knew, were to us as our nearest of kin and their graves seemed but freshly made.

Nor should we forget the Society which antedated most of the others and preserved to the nation the home and the grave of our greatest citizen. Once a year its representatives, the Regents of Mount Vernon, meet to transact the business. From all parts of the country they come—a company of gentlewomen who for a brief time live in the old house and walk in the old garden with its box-tree borders. Visitors there always are, but for a few weeks these ladies are at home in the house, sleeping and eating, attending to the business of the estate, sitting together of an evening, talking and laughing in their gentle, well-bred voices. One can quite fancy that the illustrious master and mistress of the house would choose this time to revisit it.

WE have learned to bear the speeding motor car of the crossways, and have grown used to its *chug, chug*, as it brings the odors of the nether world to our sweet, leafy country roads, but it is with a certain dismay that we realize how fully the last retreat of a quiet mind, literature, has been invaded by the machine. I can think of few recent American tales where it has not been a chief feature; we can dodge it upon the highway, but who can dodge it in the magazines? The escaping villain uses it only to be overtaken by the victorious hero in one of better make; the eloping lovers find it indispensable; philanthropy disdains any other vehicle for swift rescue of suffering; birth and death seem unworthy and burglary unsuccessful unless associated with it; and, in the matter of adventure, whether it dashes off the cliff into the sea, or, wrecked by striking miners, serves as a barricade for the besieged capitalist, it has no rival. We find it pictured on every spot of earth from desert sand to mountain height, and Kipling's "They" shows it running between the visible world and the invisible. It has dimmed the glory of the foot-ball tale, tarnished the splendor of the yachting

The Motor Car
is Fiction

romance, and made the bicycle, amorous or adventurous, a thing of the past. As England moves through Shakespeare's historical plays, dim hero of the whole, represented now by Richard, now by John, now by Henry, so the automobile moves through our fiction, the true hero, mere man being introduced chiefly to manage its exits and its entrances. The thing becomes alive; pleased fancy plays with it as a cat with a feather, imagining it sentiment. With the good auto we become heroic and perform wonderful deeds of prowess; with the bad auto we are frankly villainous and add murder to our other crimes; breathlessly we speed with the detective auto, the very Sherlock Holmes of manufactured things, in ferreting out crime. In fine, this has absorbed all known motifs, and no novel or story can *go* without its motor car.

This obsession of both novelists' and readers' minds may well give us pause for wonder as to whether we are not all machinists at heart, and our American art of fiction merely a fanciful way of dressing up the latest invention. Often the story is but an excuse for display of knowledge about the working of brake and lever, and one could compile a book of directions for running the motor car from so-called bits of imaginative literature which tell just how the hero or his chauffeur went from second to third or fourth speed. No small boy is so completely absorbed in his Christmas train of cars as is the contemporary public with this toy. Our earlier literature is not yet aware of our master passion. Irving's "Sketch Book," for instance, with its account of life on a sailing vessel, is full of sweetest thought and fancy. If this were rewritten, up to date, would not the boat instead of the man be the hero, and should we not have pages of details about sheets and main-masts and top-sails?

Besides monopolizing subject-matter and absorbing motif and character interest, the machine in question has vitally affected our literary technique, and action in our stories has come to be but of the kind associated with wheels. The desire to get a free road on which to move swiftly, without obstruction; the rapid-transit finish; the necessity of making the climax identical with the goal of the car, especially in the case of collision, have deeply influenced our art. We are shown so much on these excursions that we cannot see at all. There are pleasant vistas of human life on which our eyes would fain linger, but—whoop!—we are past with a skurrying sound of rapid words—and many a character left lifeless by the

way! What are the police doing that they set no speed limits to our fiction?

To some of us, who hold that more than a competent knowledge of machinery is necessary to make a novelist, the new achievement brings a sense of loss. It is all very well to say with Kipling:

"Lord, send a man like Bobbie Burns to sing the song of steam,"

but it has not as yet pleased the Lord to send a man like Bobbie Burns, and, if he came, could he make literature of gasoline? The author has abandoned Pegasus, or perhaps Pegasus—no colt to grow accustomed to new things—has taken fright at the machine and shied away forever. The new rendering in art of muscular action seems but a poor substitute for the brave old revelations of the mind and heart of man and of woman, and, to tell the honest truth, they *tire* us, these new-fashioned tales. Let the novelists take warning, for we have still the refuge of real literature left and may, in mental defence, be compelled to go back to the books printed on paper made to last.

Meanwhile, if contemporary literature must cling to mechanical devices, let, oh, let the inventor of the flying machine succeed quickly, for we are tired of noise and of odors, and that inspiration would be very poetry as compared with this. There are moments when we have faith to trust that our motor-car fiction is but a *passing* fashion; otherwise, who can tell on what desolate and sterile outskirts of life it may leave us, stranded and overturned?

THE utterances of Mr. Henry James on American speech were full of the proper importance of the subject; but it is not apparent that if he felt the desirability of the reform he to the same extent perceived the difficulties of it. Not perhaps that it would be difficult to induce a number of young college ladies to speak with a nicer enunciation. If classes should be formed for the purpose—

Reformed
Speech

of which there have been threats—we might, indeed, see achieved some notable results in preciosity. But preciosity and high-schoolness were not quite what our critic had in mind.

A consideration of Mr. James's own style of writing proves to be illuminating in this connection. It is a style in which usual, and mostly homespun, words are fearlessly repeated many times over. The general effect is not homespun; it is of great elaboration,

because Mr. James's meanings are not primary, and he flashes them upon us indirectly through the maze of many phrases. But each phrase, taken by itself, is made up of the sort of simple, well-bred words that make no pretensions. This is the speech of cultivated England. It is the speech of all England, cultivated or not. The difference will lie in the intonation; but there will always be the same nonchalant willingness to keep the well-worked plain parts of speech working still.

Now a half dozen adjectives (this, of course, does not point to Mr. James) will not express as many things as a half-hundred. And to be content mainly to stick to the half-dozen implies that you are content to let a good many matters go by unexpressed. This is much more naturally the attitude of countries where persons and things have their fixed place, than of countries where it pays to score individually, to be brilliant, to make effects. It is also more naturally the attitude of a people rather incurious intellectually; or, more properly, that has been rooted and grounded long enough to have got the knowledge that many things that one can be eager and curious about are really not worth the eagerness and curiosity.

In other terms—just as Mr. James says—speech expresses the manners of a country, voices its civilization. The civilization, then, must be changed before you can radically change the mode of speech. Those among us who are at the point of knowing what beautiful speech is, and of caring for it, are swamped by the floods of the rest of us who are inexhaustibly coming newly forward with a great eagerness to score, and so much to say in the onrush that we cannot possibly stop to think of pitch, modulation of voice, and suitability of words. These things come as a result of a *feeling* for them first. We simply have not yet the feeling. If colleges and "culture" clubs could give it, especially to our women, who want it most, we should have it. Alas, they can't; and they don't.

These matters being as they are, it is possible to understand, and even sympathize with the viewpoint of the Englishmen who like our manner of speaking best when we speak in George Adesonian. This seems to come from the roots. There is a feeling back of it. And being genuine is next to being distinguished, when it does not come before.

· THE FIELD OF ART ·



Whistler plaque, by Brenner.

DIE-SINKING

NINE years ago there was published in these columns a study of recent die-sinking,* and the continued disregard in the United States of this noble art invites a further discussion of the subject. It is matter of great regret that we have to record no success as yet in the establishment of that school of medal-engraving which some years ago had been founded under what appeared to be favorable auspices. The National Academy of Design and the American Numismatic and Archaeological Society, acting together, had undertaken the task, and Mr. Victor D. Brenner was chosen as the teacher of those who might come to be taught.

Apparently there came but few such students. It will not do to say that the desire to learn a trade rather than a more artistic ambition inspired most of those few candidates; moreover, it sometimes happens that the very best results may come from the pushing of a trade-pursuit on, and still further on, until it becomes an art. Who will not recall the triumphant

later career of those sculptors who have begun by chasing silver sword-hilts, or casting clock tops in bronze? And yet there is a certain feeling which pervades a class or a school; and the group of students which we are considering at this moment never impressed its supporters and best friends with the probable artistic importance of immediate results. At all events the school has come to an end, and the community can only hope that such a living interest in the art may yet be excited, among artists and possible patrons alike, that we may have medals of our own. For not every sculptor is a medallist. To produce a bas-relief, two feet or ten inches in diameter, is not to design a medal or a coin. It is, at most, a preliminary study for a medal or a coin. It is like a small sketch for a big picture. It is as if a statuary were to undertake a portrait figure, and were to begin with a life-size study of his model; with which at hand he might venture to design a statuette or a heroic, ten-foot monumental statue. The life-size model he would not exhibit.

So with the medallions shown in the illustra-

* See *The Field of Art* for October, 1898.

tions to this article. They are the finished works of art, wrought in the steel die by the sculptor's own hand, impressed upon the softer metal under his direction.

Fig. 1 is the obverse of a medal by Caunois, with the portrait of Voltaire in very high relief. The reverse is of no artistic importance, for it gives merely a legend with dates of birth and death and this statement—that the medal belonged to a *Galerie Métallique des Grands Hommes Français*. Moreover, the raised letters of this legend are in the rather uninteresting style of the epoch—1817. We are left wondering howso spirited a head can have come out of that period—assuredly not a favorable one in the records of modern art. And again we feel surprised at the appearance of such a publication in the very earliest years of the Restoration; a series made up of Frenchmen chosen for other than political reasons—for the only other medallion which

Between Marengo and Waterloo there were less than sixteen years, years of no great artistic glory, as we are apt to think; and yet in that short space of time over four hundred medals were struck in honor of the conquering politician and soldier. Nor are they despicable or ugly—those small bronze bas-reliefs! They represent a grade of art which is sufficient for its purposes, a very intelligently organized art of display: and they confirm the impression of those who find that France has risen nearly always to the task set her. During the wars of the Revolution, the business of the Republic, under Consul or Emperor, was to hold Europe at bay in thought as well as by arms; and the spirit of the time is well exemplified in the Bonaparte medals.

Such medallions, struck in honor of this and that eminent man, are not unknown in our own time. The celebrated Anton Scharff, of Vienna, cut, in 1893, that one which offers the head



Fig. 1—Voltaire medal, by Caunois.



Fig. 2—Rosegger medal, by Scharff.



Fig. 3—Rosegger medal, by Scharff, reverse.

I have met with of the series is that dedicated to Rousseau.

Such an art may flourish, indeed, when the great schools are most inactive. At the mint in Paris on the Quai Conti, the famous *Hôtel de la Monnaie*, there is a museum of the coins and medals which have been struck at that establishment during the centuries; and in one set of cases are those of Bonaparte and of Napoleon. There was to be recorded a brief career enough.

of the poet, P. K. Rosegger. This is given in Fig. 2; and the reverse of this medal is the really charming pastoral scene shown in Fig. 3. This last is one of the best examples that could possibly be furnished of the true and legitimate use of sculpture in connection with landscape subjects. A lady who sits beside me says that this might almost be a painting; and that is true, except that a second glance will show how much there is expressed which a painting

equal simplicity would not express. Here is that astonishing light and shade which is not laid upon the surface, but which nature supplies to those who will give her a modulated surface to work upon. If the photographic reproduction in this case should be at all successful, the sculptured mask of the jolly and spirited girl who is going with the reaper to "rake after" will be found as interesting a piece of bas-relief as anything in our galleries of life-size portrait heads. In parts of the background there is a more feeble treatment; and yet the landscape, in low relief and of delicate outlines, is as genuine a piece of nature study as even a very admirable water-color on the walls of our galleries. The small incised legend on the right gives the name of that one of Rosegger's friends to whom this special bronze copy was assigned.

That reverse is in low relief as to its background; including the genius of the open country who, with her harp, is poised in air; but it is in relatively high relief as to its figures. The bust of the poet, on the obverse, is in unusually high relief for a struck medallion, for it is easy to see that the bas-relief which is produced by the impact of the steel die upon the softer metal will give a sharp and beautifully defined result only in case the intaglio cut in the steel is not incised beyond a certain relative depth. In the Rosegger as in the Voltaire, the relief seems to have reached the extreme limit possible to coinage; and by coinage is meant that which is struck with the coin, that is to say, which has been brought into shape entirely by pressure—the more ductile metal passing, as if it

were wax, into the smallest interstices of the hollow die which receives it.

This little series of portraits may conclude with Fig. 4, the very impressive head of Scharff himself, struck in the same year, at which time he was forty-seven years of age. The die-sinker in this case was X. Pawlik. On the reverse are a not very realistic palm branch, and a sprig or two of laurel, and the words *Dem Oesterreichischen Meister der Portrait Medaille zur Feier seiner 25-Jährigen Künstlerthätigkeit*, "To the Austrian Master of the Portrait Medallion on the celebration of the 25th year of his artistic work." A very minute legend at the foot of the reverse sets forth that the Vienna club of coin-and-medal-amateurs have brought this work to completion.

In our article of 1898 there was given the obverse of the famous Marriage Medal by Oscar Roty, and in Fig. 5 is presented the second or later Marriage Medal, which has a rather commonplace group on the obverse. There are two different reverses among the copies which are in hand, one of

them giving a rather conventional round altar hung with ivy leaves, and bearing a lily, while Cupid's torch burns on the ground beside it, and various other attributes poise in the air. The other reverse is more to the purpose, as given in Fig. 5. It is probable that the idea of the 25th or the 50th anniversary was in the mind of the designer of this medal. Copies of it struck in gold, which can be bought, now and then, would seem to be intended as gifts for the fiftieth wedding anniversary.

The great artist Roty is seen in a good light in the Charles Christoffe



Fig. 4—Scharff medal, by Pawlik.



Fig. 5—Marriage medal, by Roty.



Fig. 6—Plaquette, by Patey.

commemorative plaque. Of this the obverse, a parallelogram two and a half by three and three quarter inches, gives, as it were, the boy's meditations in the open country and the beginning of his work among the smoking chimneys of Industry, and between them the mature man seated at his task, while a genius stands before

the ingenious and tasteful placing of the building upon the small field around it, in relatively high relief and perfect expression, while yet no one can say that good taste as a matter of sculpture has been overpassed.

The obverse of this plaquette shows personified Science opening a case full of working models which she seems to explain, while students take notes and draw from what is set before them.

Mr. Victor D. Brenner, the teacher in whose hands was that class in die-sinking established by the two institutions named above, has been a pupil of Roty, and a similar spirit inspires his work. The reaching forward to a more realistic treatment of the figure, and of human subject generally, than has been thought practicable in medallions, is visible in these pieces. Fig. 7 is the obverse of his Paul Jones medallion, struck at the time of the transportation to America of the body of



Fig. 7—Paul Jones plaque, by Brenner.

him holding a goblet on high, with the inscription, "Science applied and popularized." Then the reverse gives the workman in his *sabots*, making electrotypes, with the great tank and the coiled wires denoting his occupation, and another artist in *sarrau* delicately chasing a goblet, while his tools, in slender vases, stand on the counter beside him. Between these bas-reliefs is a long inscription, setting forth the achievements of Christofle and the date (1842-1892) of the foundation and the fiftieth anniversary of his establishment, with the names of his successors—all members of his immediate family.

A similar plaquette by A. Patey is of peculiar interest because of the architectural group on the reverse—see Fig. 6. This represents the great group of buildings known as the *Conservatoire National des Arts et Métiers*. This was the famous monastery of S. Martin, in Paris, and buildings of the fourteenth century still remain in excellent condition, though others of much later epoch have been added. It is now a great establishment of industry and practical art, and is one of the glories of the capital of France. What is interesting in the coin is

our first naval officer of distinction. The curious type of face, with the eyes so very near the crown of the head, and so very much more jaw and chin than anatomical propriety demands, may all be taken as furnished by the bust which was Mr. Brenner's only serious study for the head. This was that famous bust taken from life by Jean-Antoine Houdon, which is now owned in America. The reverse of this piece bears the incised inscription, "America claims her illustrious dead. Paris. Annapolis. 1905"—and it represents Fame blowing her trumpet and carrying funeral wreaths, while in the background an artillery wagon, drawn by three horses and draped with many flags, bears the coffin to the ship. The horses are ridden postilion-wise by French dragoons, while American marines are marching beside the car.

The reproduction on page 509 is the obverse of the Whistler medallion, by the same artist, more recent even than the Paul Jones memorial; and the reverse of this bears a magnificent peacock on a perch, with the easily understood legend in raised lettering: "*Messieurs les Ennemis!*"

R. S.

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The second and third panels are reproductions of two paintings by the famous Russian artist, *Eisman Semenovski*. He has his studio in Paris, where he makes a specialty of figures and classical subjects. He has exhibited at the Paris Salon, the Royal Academy of London and other important exhibitions, and his pictures are popular with wealthy American art connoisseurs. The figures painted for our 1908 Calendar are classical without being severe, and they have a warmth of tone and purity of technique that will make them highly appreciated by those who admire advanced art.

The picture here shown is the third panel, and will prove especially interesting to those who have been in Italy. The background is the famous view of *Amalfi* that one gets from the Cappuccini Convent, said to be the loveliest view in all Italy.

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THE DECEMBER (CHRISTMAS) SCRIBNER will

be a distinguished number in every respect. Its literary contents include a varied and interesting group of stories and articles, and as usual the illustrations will be profuse, with many beautiful examples of color printing, for which the Magazine is famous.

Among the contents of more than ordinary interest will be:

¶ **"The Child in Fairyland,"** by Sarah S. Stilwell.

A series of drawings by this always popular artist, reproduced in full colors and accompanied by some charming verses by Edith B. Sturgis.

¶ An article dealing with **"Josiah Wedgwood: American Sympathizer and Portrait Maker,"** by R. T. H. Halsey, illustrated with a series of remarkable reproductions in color of many of his most celebrated medallions, from the author's unequalled collection.

¶ Seven Short Stories:

"The Master of the Inn," by Robert Herrick. A story of high ideals with a fine uplifting vein of the sentiment of mutual helpfulness.

"The Part of Caesar," by Arthur Stanwood Pier. The adventures of some masqueraders and how they made glad the heart of a little "shut-in" boy.

"A Brother to Genius," by Katharine Holland Brown. The story of two artistic temperaments and the sacrifice they involved.

"Young Love," by Jesse Lynch Williams. The story of a young man's first real passion and its influence upon his life.

"The Phoenix of Alta Vista," by R. F. Hoffman. A young Harvard man's exciting and amusing experiences in a western railroad town.

"The Golden Javelin," by H. G. Dwight. A romantic tale of love and mystery in the East.

"The Test of Truth," by Wilmot Price. A sentimental episode in the lives of two young Bostonians.

¶ Among the poems of the number is

"The Wild Rose," by George Meredith.



Drawn by Frank Brangwyn.

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THE SPANISH GALLEON AND PIECES-OF-EIGHT

By John C. Fitzpatrick

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK BRANGWYN

THE history of the Spanish galleon is still unwritten. There are stories in plenty based upon fragments of that wild tale, but the full connected record of the type of craft that for over three hundred years exercised such important influence in shaping the history of the world has been strangely neglected. To attempt more than a hasty outline of her work, her voyages, ports, cargoes, how and why they were collected, and to touch lightly upon the more important incidents of three centuries of the most thrilling of the records of the sea is all that can be fairly attempted here; but so absorbing is the story that even this hasty survey is well worth while.

We have a fairly good idea of the galleon type from pictures, more or less accurate, but for the rest our knowledge is fragmentary and often unreal. Few people know the piece-of-eight as the legitimate ancestor of our dollar, and that we are indebted to it for our dollar-mark; fewer know what it was like and why it was so called, and few are sure of their knowledge of the Spanish Main and the Great South Sea and where those regions were. Longfellow's curious mistake as to the Main in "The Wreck of the Hesperus" is an evidence of the general misconception; the old sailor "who had sailed the Spanish Main" possessed a qualification that would hardly commend him to a navigator, for

the Main, being land and not water, can no more be sailed than the State of Colorado. The interchangeable sea terms "on" and "off" may plead an excuse for our jumbled notions, but the workings of imagination, evident in most tales of the treasure ships, are unreasonable when the bald truth is so amply exciting and blood-stirring.

Primarily the galleon was but a peaceful merchant ship, but by the irony of fate she became, almost from her inception, a centre of the fiercest fighting. Square rigged and high of stem and stern, broad of bow and low of waist, with massive bulwarks and forecastle, and poop three and four decks high, she possessed a picturesque appearance, but little of sensible naval architecture. The stem was clumsy, broad and blunt, and smashed heavily through the waves to the great detriment of speed; this and the towering stern presented such a surface to the wind that the difficulties of steering were quite formidable, and six or eight men at the wheel were not unusual. The method in this apparent madness of marine construction was the landlubber's instinct, still strong in men of the sea of those days, to reduce all naval manoeuvres to the stand-up-and-knock-down tactics of the land fight on a common platform; to carry the enemy by boarding was the quintessence of naval strategy, and stems and sterns were built high and well that into them the crew might retreat when neces-

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sary and the enemy gain the galleon's deck only to find the ship far from captured and the hardest work still before him; he could not handle the craft from the waist, and was exposed to a plunging fire from front and rear until both citadels were taken. The bow with its curious rigging of bowsprit and jibboom, presented an open, unfinished appearance, and though more or less carved and ornamented, the bulk of the decoration was reserved for the wonderful and elaborate stern, which was the pride of the ship and from which she was judged. To defend her precious cargo she carried in many instances an armament nearly equal to that of a first-rate. For a long time she remained the standard of marine construction; then as the chase for her grew fiercer and the hunt keener, experiment succeeded experiment in the effort to develop speed. In these trials the Anglo-Saxon pushed steadily to the front and gradually evolved the type that later became that masterpiece of sailing construction, the fleet-footing, hard-fighting frigate which turned the scale forever against the heavy, bulldog-like ship of the line, which may fairly be considered the descendant of the galleon.

To understand fully the treasure ship's work it is necessary to go back almost to Columbus. To Spain, by right of discovery, belonged the West Indies; the northern coast of South America, Panama, Mexico, Central America and Peru, she held by right of conquest. The Spanish Main (land), *Tierra Firme*, so called to distinguish it from the island possessions, referred to that part of South America reaching from the Lesser Antilles to the Gulf of Darien, or the entire coast-line of what is now Venezuela and Colombia. The Caribbean was called the North Sea, and the Pacific Ocean, only to be reached by travelling due south over Central America or Panama, thus became irrevocably fixed in the minds of the day as the Great South Sea. Spain held all this vast region in firm grasp and squeezed from it the riches with ruthless might, and old Spanish maps of the sixteenth century pay almost as much attention to the places where gold was to be found as they do to bays, rivers, and coast-lines. From the *Conquistador's* loot the Crown of Spain sequestered the share which formed the first of those treasure cargoes that rendered the galleon famous. In the beginning this was

Spain's income tax, then came tribute money extorted from the natives, and later taxes, grinding and heavy, which, from one-fifth of the net produce of all the mines to an excise on every commodity, helped swell the value of those rich consignments that at regular intervals crossed the Atlantic. In the five centuries following the conquest of Peru there went to Spain enough silver to make a bridge across the Atlantic one and a half yards wide and two inches thick, and after the death of Queen Isabella, when the natives were forced to work the mines, each year saw the shipment of 500,000 ounces of gold alone to the mother country. But this statement takes no account of the millions seized *en route* by the English, French, and Dutch and the freebooters and buccaneers of all nations. There were but few precious stones in the majority of these treasure cargoes; excepting vast quantities of pearls of great size and beauty from the South Sea mollusks, such gems as formed part of the galleon's freight reached the West Indies in the Acapulco ship. The jewel cargoes almost entirely went from the East Indies round the Cape of Good Hope.

The galleons (the name is a corruption of galley and is from the Greek, but the origin is lost) were variously designated. There were "register ships," privileged merchantmen, so called from being registered at Cadiz; "avisos," despatch and mail ships with regular monthly sailing between ports, which seldom carried treasure, but were eagerly sought for the information in their mail-bags of galleon movements; the "azogues" were the quicksilver ships that carried from Spain the mercury necessary for smelting and refining in the mines of Mexico and Peru; the "flota" was the fleet which sailed from Cadiz to Cartagena, in what is now Colombia; and the Spaniards called all ships "galleons" which sailed annually to Vera Cruz in Mexico. The English called them variously "treasure ships" and "plate fleets" from the fact that much of the treasure carried was in the form of rough metal plate and pig. A comparison of the value of the cargoes carried by the flota and galleons is interesting. Of gold, to the 3,000,000 crowns carried by the galleons, the flota carried but 1,000,000; of silver, the galleons carried 20,000 crowns, the flota 10,000; of jewels, so

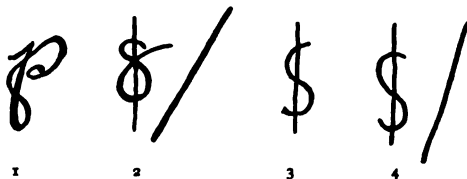


Drawn by Frank Brangwyn.

The loading of a galleon.—Page 515.

called, the galleons carried usually about 20,000 crowns' worth of pearls, 300,000 crowns' worth of emeralds, 20,000 or 30,000 crowns' worth of amethysts and other less valuable stones (these figures include, however, the East Indian ships), the flota carried none; of wools, the galleon cargoes approximated 40,000 or 50,000 crowns' worth, the flota none; of quinquina, the galleons 20,000 or 30,000 crowns' worth, the flota none; of Campeachy woods the galleons 60,000 crowns' worth, the flota none; and of skins and leather, the galleons about 70,000 crowns' worth and the flota a like quantity. The register ships from Buenos Ayres usually carried a cargo of skins and leather valued at 200,000 crowns and 600,000 crowns' worth of indigo. This difference in value did not last for long after the treasure ships began to be the prey of all mankind; then the cargoes were shipped indiscriminately, provided only the vessels were strong and fast or in large fleets. The metallic part of the freight brought back to Spain consisted of bar-silver, plate, rough ingots, pig, and the different Spanish coins minted at the mines of the New World; the doubloon, so called from its being double the value of the pistole, which in turn derived its name from being smaller than the crown while still resembling it, precisely as the smaller firearm is called pistol to distinguish it from the gun, being a remarkably good commentary upon the trend of thought of those days; the crown, which took its name from the royal emblem conspicuous upon its reverse; the *real*, or royal, the subsidiary coin, and the piece-of-eight, the coin of almost universal circulation in the colonies, which occupied the same position in the trade life of New Spain as our American dollar does with us now, and from which indeed our dollar is to a certain extent descended, was so called from being equal in value to eight reals.* Our dollar-mark developed from the sign used to designate the piece-of-eight in financial documents. On old Spanish manu-

scripts we find the symbol (see 1) preceding amounts, which is but the florescent Spanish capital letter P, which conveniently performed duty for the former mark of P8. Another way of writing it was /8/ (see 2), and throughout our Southern States, which were necessarily more closely allied to the West Indies in intercourse than the others, the habit of making an eight thus (see 3) clung for years. The development from (see 4) to placing the second line over the spiral was but the usual step toward sim-



plicity and convenience. The piece-of-eight was minted sparingly in Spain, but in great numbers at the mints established in Mexico and Peru about the year 1537. It was at first irregular, resembling a carelessly made trunk-check in shape and size, and bore on its face the royal arms of Spain, with usually a quaint figure 8 displayed beside them. On the reverse the Pillars of Hercules guarded two globes, the Old and the New Worlds, resting upon the sea and surmounted by the crown of Castile, signifying dominion over them. At first the date only appeared on the piece; later, when the shape became circular and true, the edges were milled and the name of the reigning sovereign with the customary Latin inscriptions were added.

The first galleons sailed from Cadiz in January of each year, so as to arrive at Porto Bello about the middle of April and join the flota at the Havana about June 15th. The Viceroy of Peru was to take care to have the plate at Panama by March of each year in readiness for the fleet, and from fifteen to twenty days were consumed in transferring the treasure from port to port and collecting it for the European fleet, which sometimes consumed a full two years in the voyage out and back; but in the beginning, however often or seldom a fleet left Spain, another never set sail until the first, or its remnants, returned.

The two ports in Spain from which the treasure fleets sailed were Cadiz and Seville. From these two cities were shipped

*The word dollar is not of Spanish origin. The silver coin minted toward the close of the fifteenth century from the mines of Joachimsthal (Joachim's Dale) in Bohemia, became known throughout Europe as Joachimsthalers, and then thalers for short. When the word reached Spain it had become dollars and was annexed to the piece-of-eight as being almost, if not quite, equal in value to the thaler.

the vast quantities of European supplies and commodities for which the Mexican, Central and South American settlers exchanged their gold and silver, and from them each year sailed the great *Tierra Firme* fleet of armed merchantmen, convoyed by the powerful escort established in 1561 by the great Admiral Menendez de Aviles. A most interesting note of the route of the galleons is given on a quaint map of the islands of America in the North Sea, made about the year 1715 by the famous old geographer, Herman Moll. In mid-ocean a brave little galleon sails over the seas toward the mouth of the Orinoco River and a dotted line skirts the coast of Venezuela (then Caraccas) bearing the inscription: "The Tract of the Gallions from Old Spain." Off the mouth of the River de la Hacha, just west of what is now Point Gallinas, is a neatly drawn anchor, with the note: "Here one of the Flota drops anchor to give notice to La Hache that the Gallions are come, and immediately Expresses are sent over Land to Cartagena, Lima, Panama, etc., to hasten ye King's Treasure." From the anchor the dotted line sweeps on up the coast and opposite Cartagena are the words: "At Cartagena the Gallions usually stay sixty days and thence go to Portobel, where they lye 30 days, and then return again to Cartagena, from whence, after some stay, they sail for the Havana to meet there ye Flota, which is a number of Ships that go to Vera Cruz to take ye effects of that Country." It was at Porto Bello that the great galleon fair was held each year. On the arrival of the treasure fleet a schedule of prices was fixed upon by the President of Panama, the admiral of the galleons, and the merchants who had come from every part of the South Sea. Each ship sent ashore its sails and made with them a stately *marquée* decorated with ensigns and the blazon of its patron saint. The mule trains laden with the king's treasure arrived and the shipment of specie and commercial business, both official and private, went briskly forward. After the fair the galleons proceeded to Cartagena and thence to Havana. These routes are carefully marked by Moll, and from Havana a course between Florida and the Bahamas is noted as "The best Passage of all the Islands. The Gallions and Flota usually Joyning at the Havana, the whole Armada Sails for Spain through this Gulf."

The treasure from Peru was stored at Nombre de Dios and the *Tierra Firme* fleet stopped at that place for it. In the South Seas the plate was carried from Callao and Guayaquil to Panama, and thence shipped across the isthmus by pack-mules. Farther up the southern coast of Central America is Acapulco, the port to which the treasure ships from Manila came each year, laden with the spoils of the East, and of all the galleons the Acapulco ship was reputed the greatest prize. This treasure was sent overland variously to Vera Cruz and Nombre de Dios and sometimes shipped down the coast to Panama, and thence conveyed across to Darien or Porto Bello as occasion demanded. In the beginning the galleons had only to guard against the natural perils of the sea, but that such vast wealth with its resulting influence could be enjoyed without exciting jealousy was impossible. A *casus belli* was a simple matter where the permanent friction of Spain's restrictive trade policy existed, and a blow against the treasure fleets usually preceded any official declaration of hostilities. The Dutch first and then the French played such havoc at the Azores with the returning plate ships that from 1588 a strong escort known as the Indian Guard met both the West and East Indian ships at those islands and convoyed them to Spain; the French then improved upon the Dutchman's method by sending a fleet to the New World in 1533 which sacked Cartagena and several other places on the Spanish Main, though all that was done by both French and Dutch was hardly more than sporadic, and until the English mariner marked the plate fleet for his prey the Spaniard hardly noticed his losses at the hands of others; but from the day Sir Francis Drake sailed into the Caribbean the galleon's security vanished, and her wake across the seas was fouled with drifting spars, shattered hulks, and blazing wreckage. After a bold attempt upon Nombre de Dios, which he called "The Treasure of the World," Drake withdrew to a secluded spot and entered upon a system of predatory warfare that drove the Spaniard to distraction. How many galleons fell victims to his daring there is no means of knowing; the *San Felipe* and the *Cacañuego*, the Glory of the South Seas, are but two of many charged up against him by the Spaniard, who lost near-



Drawn by Frank Brangwyn.

The first galleons sailed from Cadiz in January of each year.—Page 515.

ly \$2,000,000 in these captures alone, and how thoroughly he swept the seas we can only judge by the terror and panic the mere mention of the name *El Draque* inspired. Drake next sailed through the Straits of Magellan and burned and plundered his way up the west coast of South America, and in the frenzy aroused by this attack Spain put forth great efforts to fortify the straits, but from fraud and mismanagement the attempt failed. The reckless daredevil courage of the British sailor of this period has never been surpassed. Captain Whiddon's attack upon a galleon fleet of twenty-four sail and the immortal fight of the little *Revenge* when, alone and unsupported, she accounted for seventeen out of a fleet of fifty-three heavy galleons before the waves closed over her deck, have been seldom paralleled and never surpassed. Near where this fight took place, Frobisher shortly after, with a small fleet, sighted the galleon *Madre de Dios*, the largest and richest of the East India ships, of the proportions and armament of a man-of-war of the first rate, and the stubborn conflict which ensued lasted from early morn until sunset. When the Spaniard was carried by simultaneous boarding from two of the British ships the aspect of her deck was frightful; the blood was dripping from her scuppers, and dismembered bodies were piled and scattered about. So big was she that it required from twelve to fourteen men to steer her, and again and again had she been raked until she was little better than a floating charnel-house. The cargo so desperately defended consisted of rare Turkish carpets, ebony, ivory, and precious stones, that valued up to \$1,250,000. In 1597 the English secured a base at the Azores for operations against the galleons, and Sir Walter Raleigh and the Earl of Essex, with the help of a Dutch fleet, stormed and took Fayal but a week or so before the arrival of one of the largest and richest galleon fleets that ever sailed from the Spanish Main. The pilot, insisting on the disadvantageousness of the harbor, Essex sailed for St. Michael's, but barely had his topsails sunk below the horizon when the plate fleet swept into Fayal. Warned of the danger, it bore away immediately for Teciera Island, which it reached in safety, though Essex did manage to cut off three stragglers. One of these was "a Great Ship" belonging to the Gov-

ernor of Havana, one a king's frigate, and one a private galleon which is noted as having been very rich. But these were crumbs, and that the pilot lived to a ripe old age in peace and comfort is a matter of conjecture, as history saith naught further concerning him. Never a year went by that the thunder of the British cannon did not awaken the echoes off the coast of the blue Azores, and frequently, in order to save the galleons, his Catholic Majesty was compelled to countermand the orders for sailing and hold the fleet in the New World until more opportune and safer times, even though such a course invariably meant distress, failures, and bankruptcies in Spain.

The period of the commonwealth witnessed some of the heaviest losses to the galleon trade. Stayner and Blake between them in that short time dealt staggering blows. Stayner, while blockading Cadiz with six ships, fell afoul of a West India fleet of eight sail; the Spanish vice-admiral and another ship were literally torn to pieces, two others, badly shattered, took fire and burned, one was captured, and one other was chased ashore. In the captured ship was found \$2,000,000 in silver, and Stayner's modest account of the action only mentions in a commonplace way that his own ship and the prize were "sorely wounded in masts and hull." In the spring of 1656 Blake, taking desperate chances, sailed into Teneriffe Bay and completely destroyed a galleon fleet lying in fancied security under the guns of the harbor forts.

All these plunderings and burnings had at least a semblance of legitimacy, in that war between England and Spain was usually raging at the time, but the near-sighted and brutal policy of Spain finally raised against the galleon fleets their fiercest and bitterest enemy, an enemy who regarded neither the compacts of peace nor the rules of war, whose strength was as the tiger's and whose venom was the snake's. The smuggling trade, roused by Spain's narrow provincial policy, had brought to the West Indies and the Caribbean Sea small trading vessels from Europe, manned by bold and hardy seamen who cruised in and out among the islands, trading with the scattered settlements which bought joyfully of their low-priced European goods minus all the taxes and duties of Spanish merchandise. The traders obtained a meat supply of the

wild cattle abounding in the interior of Hispaniola (San Domingo) and the other islands. Later, from using this meat only for their own consumption, they began to gather cargoes of it for an inter-island trade, and as this venture developed, the seamen organized hunting parties and went into the interior to procure enough to fill their vessels. On these expeditions, which sometimes lasted for months, their chief article of diet was beef, dried over a wood-fire or *boucane*, as the French called it, and from this circumstance these men came to be called *la boucane*, and later *boucaniers* and buccaneers. This meat industry was objected to by Spain, and she forthwith set about destroying these trading vessels wherever found and not being overparticular as to the fate of their crews. Naturally men bold enough to cross the Atlantic and carry on a smuggling trade in the face of Spain's guns and cédulas did not submit tamely to the destruction of their vessels, and many and bitter were the fights that ensued with the *guarda costas*. Bad blood was quickly engendered, and from being obliged to fight they soon became glad and willing and anxious to fight. Finding them such a thorn in her side, and one that was forever smarting, Spain did a foolish thing; she sent expeditions into the islands and deliberately killed off all the cattle, thinking that by destroying the smugglers' source of supply they would be forced to leave. The move was a fatal one. With the cattle went occupation and even subsistence, and the necessity of another method of making a living became imperative. These men, wild, rough, and smarting under the lash of Spain, needed but a hint. They got it. One Peter, afterward called the Great by his compeers, was drifting with twenty-eight men in a small open boat off Hispaniola as the Spanish treasure fleet bore slowly past in a light breeze. It was a desperate boat's crew which acknowledged Peter as skipper; half starved, with their water gone, and prevented from obtaining a fresh supply at any of the usual watering-places, they were ripe for anything. The vice-admiral of the galleon noticed the small boat, but had scorned to give it more than a glance, and never a second thought, and had Peter but known it he could have rowed down to the flag-ship in broad daylight and been hoisted on board with great civility and polite-

ness, but he was the first pirate, and many of the tricks of the trade practised later by his successors were then unthought of. So he waited until darkness to slip softly alongside the vice-admiral, and boring holes in his boat so there could be no retreat, he swarmed up and over the rail of the galleon with his twenty-eight men like frenzied monkeys and thrust, stabbed, cut, and shot his way into possession of the ship. The rage and chagrin of the don at thus losing his galleon, great as it was, was insufficient for the occasion, for Spain at that moment had lost more than a ship.

The news of Peter's exploit was not long in spreading through the islands; the ease of the method was alluring—hard knocks were nothing to the rough cattle-hunting seamen of the Antilles—here was their opportunity, a short cut to riches and a fine revenge on Spain. Peter swung open the flood-gates, and inside of a month two great plate ships were cut out in Campeachy harbor, and the pirate of the Spanish Main was making his bloody mark broad upon the swelling sides of the galleons of proud Castile. Of the confused times that followed, the fierce raids, the bold single exploits, and England and France's secret connivance with the buccaneers, there is little of a connected nature. All up and down the Main and across the Caribbean the fighting raged, and we catch glimpses only here and there through the drifting smoke of the shattered and hunted galleon.

In 1666, Van Horn, a Dutchman of more than ordinary ability, who had been regularly commissioned by France to act against Spain, but openly disowned by the former after the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, escaped by his ready wit and inimitable *sang froid* from the very quarter-deck of the French man-of-war sent to seize him; then mustering a small force of hardy wretches with a few vessels, and his quarrel with France as stock in trade, sailed into Porto Rico, and by his address and skilful manner of presenting his case actually prevailed upon the Spanish governor to accept him as an escort and protection against France for the galleon fleet then about to sail. This was another of the plate fleets that failed to reach Cadiz. The notorious John Coxen and William Dampier, at the head of 350 choice French and English spirits, crossed the Isthmus of Darien on foot in 1680, and



Drawn by Frank Brangwyn.

The great Galleon Fair.—Page 516.

put to sea on the south coast in such native canoes as they could find. A little handicap like this was soon overcome, however, and their presence in the South Sea was marked by the derangement of the sailing schedules of many galleons. They captured the Lima ships and the Callao galleon, laden with a great quantity of wine and brandy and \$750,000 in pig silver, and after desperate fighting and two repulses, took the galleon port of Guayaquil by storm, where they found over \$100,000 in coined money, besides jewels and plate. Of the exploits of the most famous of the pirates during the period of their greatest activity, there is much of romance but little of an accurate nature as to precise fact and historic detail, though the sum total of their depredations was so severely felt. Blackbeard, Flint, and others of that wild crew did more damage to the galleons than their knighted compatriot Sir Henry Morgan, of unsavory fame and the best known of all the buccaneers, who was as much a land pirate as one of the sea, the half of his plunderings being of towns. The Treaty of Ryswick sounded the death-knell of the Brethren of the Coast, and from the year 1700 on the pirate rapidly drifted off the seas, though his place was measurably filled, if the Spanish correspondence of the period can be trusted, by the English privateersman, who in many cases was but the same old pirate sailing under a duly signed and sealed commission. The effect of the treaty on the safety of the galleons was inappreciable. To this the secret instructions of British admirals time and again bear witness, for often do they direct their naval commanders to intercept the galleons and "persuade them by every means in your power to accept convoy to some English port. We being well satisfied that the King of Spain but waits the arrival of these aids to commence hostilities upon our subjects." For instructions issued in piping times of peace this shows only too well how much a life of the hunted the galleon led.

One of the most picturesque and at the same time desperate and bloody struggles for a galleon fleet took place in Vigo Bay, Spain, in 1702. Guarded by French ships of war, and the long, narrow bay protected by a heavy boom of casks and masts, bound with chains and cables, across the harbor mouth, one of the largest French ships at each end, and the shore batteries in excel-

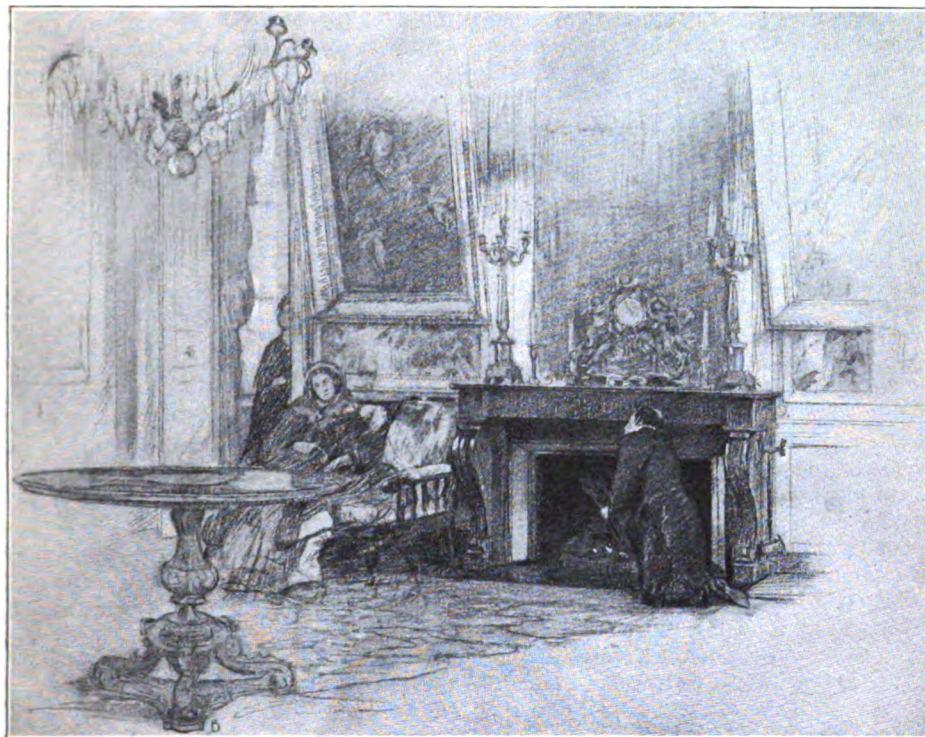
lent shape, the treasure ships, seventeen in number, were moored at the extreme end of the inner bay, completely out of reach so long as the boom held. There were twenty-five huge French ships of war to aid its holding, but the combination of Spanish flag, French fleur-de-lis, and pieces-of-eight furnished such incentive to the hearty Briton as forbade hesitation. Sir George Rooke and Captain Hardy, with thirty-seven heavy Dutch and English ships of the line, disembarked troops and stormed the fortifications from the land side while the fleet led by his Majesty's ship *Torbay* with every sail drawing dashed at the boom. The tangle she caused delayed matters somewhat, and the gallant *Torbay* sustained alone for a time the raking fire of the two French seventies and the entire defending fleet. When she was shattered into worthlessness Vice-Admiral Hopsonn transferred his flag under a hail of shot to another ship and forced his way into harbor. The fighting was terrific, and every French and Spanish ship in the bay was taken, burned, or sunk in one short half-hour. The treasure captured was enormous. This galleon fleet was the richest that had ever reached Europe from the West Indies, and though some of the plate had been taken ashore and much was sunk and lost in the fight, the estimated amount captured was 13,000,000 pieces-of-eight. Early in this century Admiral Wager, one of the most competent officers the British navy ever possessed, cruising off the Spanish Main to intercept the Porto Bello fleet, though deserted by his consorts, attacked and destroyed the galleon *San Jose*, one of the best in the Spanish navy, after over an hour's stubborn conflict with four Spanish ships of the line and two heavy French vessels. Over 3,000,000 pieces-of-eight went down in the *San Jose*. About this time there sailed from Bristol, in England, two privateers, that were to gain world renown—the *Duke* and the *Dutchess*, commanded by the famous Woodes Rogers and Stephen Courtney. Of prominent personages on these vessels there were quite a number: William Dampier, who has been mentioned before, pirate, navigator, and one of the few Englishmen of that day who had circled the globe, was pilot of the *Duke*; the surgeon of the squadron was Thomas Dover, whose name lives yet in his Dover's powder prescription; and down off

the west coast of South America the expedition rescued no less a personage than Alexander Selkirk, better known as Robinson Crusoe. The two ships sailed from Bristol in August, 1708, passed through the Straits of Magellan, touched at the Philippines, and returned home by way of the Cape of Good Hope in October, 1711. Their avowed object and prey was the galleon, and for this they were fitted out by the Bristol merchants, who formed a stock company and sent these certificates to sea to collect both principal and interest of their investment from the Spanish king. Right royally did they perform the service. Their passage through the South Sea and across the Pacific was a succession of captures, plunderings and burnings. They stormed and took the unfortunate town of Guayaquil, and among other ships the strong Acapulco galleon, and one from the Philippines, and the profits of the cruise were such as to cause lawsuits and legal squabbling for years after. That the British public looked upon Spanish gold as legitimate gain is well exemplified by a communication of the times from a wealthy Londoner to the Admiralty, naively suggesting an expedition against Manila, despite the fact that England was not then at war with Spain. He was thoroughly satisfied that at least 6,000,000 pieces-of-eight would be found there, and ended his communication with the very practical proof of his conviction by agreeing to subscribe £20,000 toward fitting out such an expedition. Another communication in 1730 presents a good picture of the wealth drawn from the Spanish colonies by the Guipuscoa or Biscay Company, which monopolized the coast trade of Caracas. This company had fortified ports on the Spanish main garrisoned by its own officers and soldiers, had its own flag and uniform, its own system or *guarda costas*, its own ships of war, besides those of commerce, mounting from forty to fifty guns each, and at one time possessed a fleet of fourteen war-ships. In comparison with the times this is probably the most gigantic trust the world has ever seen, and shortly before this year Admiral Haddock captured two of the Biscay ships and found them fully as rich as the royal galleons.

Over £25,000,000 sterling was received in Europe in a few years from the South Seas. In 1716 over £4,000,000 in bullion

alone was carried in half a dozen ships from Mexico, Peru, and China. It was about this time that Spain, weakened by her protracted wars, began to adopt quite generally the expedient of bringing home her treasure from the West at irregular intervals in single fast-sailing galleons, well armed and unescorted in the hope that under experienced navigators they would evade the dangers they could not resist. The practically finishing blow dealt the galleons was given in 1740 by a British fleet of eight ships under Commodore George Anson, who, following almost in the track of the *Duke* and *Dutchess* of thirty years before, spread ruin and consternation in the South Seas. He plundered, burned, and sacked the coasts of Chile and Peru, surprised the town of Piata by night, and captured a great quantity of treasure. Spain acknowledged this loss as over 1,500,000 pieces-of-eight. He broke up the galleon trade and captured one of the last of the Manila argosies. Though the East India ships were such rich prizes, their geographical position rendered them measurably secure until they reached the Azores, and the majority of the galleons were lost to Spain in the battle smoke that for over two centuries darkened the blue waters of the Caribbean Sea.

For three hundred years this wild, exciting chase went on, but Central America, Mexico, and Peru, rich as they were, could not stand forever the terrible drain imposed upon them by the merciless don. There was no husbanding of resources, no thought of frugal administration of the rich present that the future might yield still greater riches; instead, the iron hand of Castile bore ever heavier, crushed out the civilizations, ruined the industries, and wrung the very life-blood from the land itself. The galleon fleets grew smaller and smaller, the worth of their cargoes steadily deteriorated, and Spain, after her days of wealth and debauchery, found herself swiftly dropping from her place of power among the nations. The last galleon spread her sails to the breeze and swung slowly out into the Atlantic as the roar of cannon on the mainland of North America announced the beginning of the Revolution; the splash of her anchor off the mole of Cadiz was the closing note of that wild song of romance and wealth that had begun for Spain over three hundred years before.



Then he lighted a fire.—Page 526.

CHÂTEAU AND COUNTRY LIFE IN FRANCE

SECOND PAPER—COUNTRY VISITS

By Mary King Waddington

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. L. BLUMENSCHN

WE didn't pay many visits; but sometimes when the weather was fine and there was no hunting, and W. gone upon an expedition to some outlying village, Mme. A. and I would start off for one of the neighboring châteaux. We went one day to the château de C., where there was a large family party assembled, four generations—the old grandmother, her son and daughter, both married, the daughter's daughter, also married, and her children. It was a pretty drive, about an hour all through the forest. The house is quite modern, not at all pretty, a square white building, with very few trees near it, the lawn and one or two

flower-beds not particularly well kept. The grounds ran straight down to the Villers-Cotterets, where M. M. has good shooting. The gates were open, the *concierge* said the ladies were there. (They didn't have to be summoned by a bell. That is one of the habits of this part of the country. There is almost always a large bell at the stable or *communs*, and when visitors arrive and the family are out in the grounds, not too far off, they are summoned by the bell, which tells them that visitors are waiting at the house. I was astounded one day at Bourneville, when we were in the woods at some little distance from the château, when

we heard the big bell, and my companion, a niece of Mme. A., instantly turned back, saying, "That means there are visits; we must go back.") We found all the ladies sitting working in a corner *salon* with big windows opening on the park. The old grandmother was knitting, but she was so straight and slight, with bright black eyes, that it wouldn't have seemed at all strange to see her bending over an embroidery frame like all the others. The other three ladies were each seated at an embroidery frame in the embrasures of the windows. I was much impressed, particularly with the large pieces of work that they were undertaking, a *portière*, covers for the billiard-table, bed, etc. It quite recalled what one had always read of feudal France, when the *seigneur* would be off with his retainers hunting or fighting, and the *châtelaine*, left alone in the château, spent her time in her "bower" surrounded by her maidens, all working at the wonderful tapestries one sees still in some of the old churches and convents. I was never much given to work, but I made a mental resolve that I, too, would set up a frame in one of the big drawing-rooms at home, and had visions of yards of pale-blue satin, all covered with wonderful flowers and animals, unrolling themselves under my skilful fingers—but I must confess that it remained a vision. I never got further than little crocheted petticoats, which clothed every child in the village. To make the picture complete there should have been a page in velvet cap and doublet, stretched on the floor at the feet of his mistress, trying to distract her with songs and ballads. The master of the house, M. M., was there, having come in from shooting. He had been reading aloud to the ladies—Alfred de Musset, I think. That part of the picture I could never realize, as there is nothing W. loathes like reading aloud, except, perhaps, being read to.

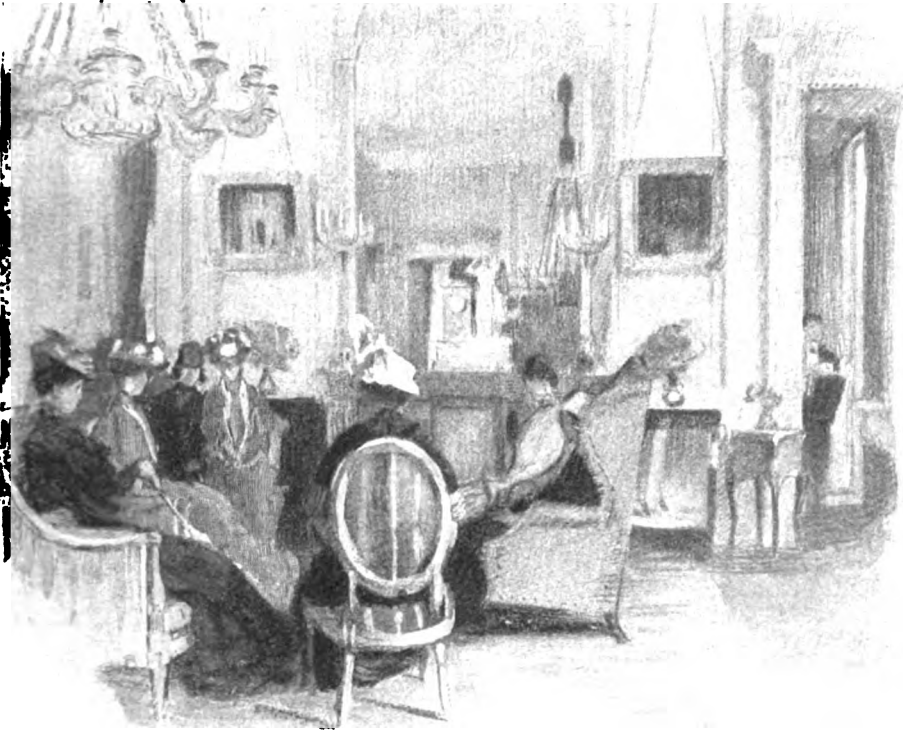
They were very friendly and easy, showed us the downstairs part of the house, and gave us *goûter*, not tea, wine and cake. The house looked comfortable enough, nothing picturesque; a large square hall with horns, whips, foxes' brushes, antlers, and all sorts of trophies of the chase on the walls. They are sporting people; all ride. The dining-room, a large bright room, was panelled with life-size portraits of the family: M. and Mme. M. in hunting dress, green coats, *tricorné* hats, on their horses;

the daughter of the house and one of her brothers, rowing in a boat on a small lake; the eldest son in shooting dress, corduroys, his gun slung over his shoulder, his dog by his side. They were all very like.

We strolled about the garden a little, and saw lots of pheasants walking peacefully about at the edge of the woods. They made me promise to come back one day with W., he to shoot and I to walk about with the ladies. We saw the children of the fourth generation, and left with the impression of a happy, simple family party. M. M. was a *conseiller général* of the Aisne and a colleague of W.'s. They always stayed at the same hotel (*de la Hure*), in Laon at the time of the *conseil général*, and M. M. was much amused at first with W.'s baggage: a large bath-tub, towels (for in small French provincial hotels towels were microscopic and few in number), and a package of tea, which was almost an unknown commodity in those days. None of our visitors ever took any, and always excused themselves with the same phrase, "*Merci, je vais bien*," evidently looking upon it as some strange and hurtful medicine. That has all changed, like everything else. Now one finds tea, not only at all the châteaux, with *brioche*s and *petites roties de pain*, but even in some of the hotels, but I wouldn't guarantee what we got there as ever having seen China or Ceylon, and it is still wiser to take chocolate or coffee, which is almost always good.

We had a lovely drive back. The forest was beautiful in the waning light. As usual, we didn't meet any vehicle of any kind, and were quite excited when we saw a carriage approaching in the distance—however, it proved to be W. in his dog-cart. We passed through one or two little villages quite lost in the forest—always the same thing, one long, straggling street, with nobody in it, a large farm at one end and very often the church at the other. As it was late, the farm gates were all open, the cattle inside, teams of white oxen drinking out of a large trough.

In a large farm near Boursonne there was much animation and conversation. All the beasts were in, oxen, cows, horses, chickens, and in one corner a flock of geese. The poor little "goose girl," a child about ten years old with bright-blue eyes and a pig-tail like straw hanging down her back, was being scolded violently by the farmer's



A visit at the château.—Page 521.

wife, who was presiding in person over the *rentée* of the animals, for having brought her geese home on a run. They wouldn't eat, and would certainly all be ill, and probably die before morning. There is a pretty little old château at Boursonne; the park, however, so shut in by high walls that one sees nothing in passing. We had shot there

once or twice in former years, but it has changed hands very often. I don't think it is even inhabited now.

Sometimes we paid more humble visits, not to châteaux, but the principal people of the little country town near, from which we had all our provisions. We went to see the doctor's wife, the notary's wife, the mayor's

wife, and the two schools—the *asile* or infant school, and the more important school for bigger girls. The old doctor was quite a character, had been for years in the country, knew everybody and everybody's private history. He was the doctor of the château, by the year, attended to everybody, masters and servants, and received a regular salary, like a secretary. He didn't come very often for us in his medical capacity, but he often dropped in at the end of the day to have a talk with W. The first time I saw him W. presented him to me, as *un bon ami de la famille*. I naturally put out my hand, which so astonished and disconcerted him (he barely touched the tips of my fingers) that I was rather bewildered. W. explained after he had gone that in that class of life in France they never shook hands with a lady, and that the poor man was very much embarrassed. He was very useful to W. as a political agent, as he was kind to the poor people and took small (or no) fees. They all loved him, and talked to him quite freely. His women-kind were very shy and provincial. I think our visits were a great trial to them. They always returned them most punctiliously, and came in all their best clothes. When we went to see them we generally found them in short black skirts, and when they were no longer very young, with black caps, but they always had handsome silk dresses, velvet cloaks, and hats with flowers and feathers when they came to see us. Some of them took the cup of tea we offered, but they didn't know what to do with it, and sat on the edge of their chairs, looking quite miserable until we relieved them of the burden of the tea-cup. Mme. A. was rather against the tea-table; she preferred the old-fashioned tray handed around with wine and cakes, but I persuaded her to try, and after a little while she acknowledged that it was better to have the tea-table brought in. It made a diversion; I got up to make the tea. Someone gave me a chair, someone else handed the cups. It made a little movement, and was not so stiff as when we all sat for over an hour on the same chairs making conversation. It is terrible to have to make conversation, and extraordinary how little one finds to say. We had always talked easily enough at home, but then things came more naturally, and even the violent family discussions were amusing,

but my recollection of these French provincial visits is something awful. Everybody so polite, so stiff, and the long pauses when nobody seemed to have anything to say. I of course was a novelty and a foreign element—they didn't quite know what to do with me. Even to Mme. A., and I grew very fond of her, and she was invariably charming to me, I was something different. We had many talks on every possible subject during our long drives, and also in the winter afternoons. At first I had my tea always upstairs in my own little *salon*, which I loved with the curtains drawn, a bright wood-fire burning, and all my books about; but when I found that she sat alone in the big drawing-room, not able to occupy herself in any way, I asked her if I might order my tea there, and there were very few afternoons that I didn't sit with her when I was at home. She talked often about her early married life—winters in Cannes and in Paris, where they received a great deal, principally Protestants, and I fancy she sometimes regretted the interchange of ideas and the brilliant conversation she had been accustomed to, but she never said it. She was never tired of hearing about my early days in America—our family life—the extraordinary liberty of the young people, etc. We often talked over the religious question, and though we were both Protestants, we were as far apart almost as if one was a pagan. Protestantism in France always has seemed to me such a rigid, intolerant form of worship, so little calculated to influence young people or draw them to church. The plain, bare churches, with white-washed walls, the ugly droning hymns, the long sermons and extempore prayers, speaking so much of the anger of God and the terrible punishments awaiting the sinner, the trials and sorrows that must come to all. I often think of a sermon I heard preached in one Protestant church, to the boys and girls who were making their first communion—all little things ten and twelve years old, the girls in their white frocks and long white veils, the boys with white waistcoats and white ribbons on their arms, making such a pretty group as they sat on the front benches listening hard to all the preacher said. I wondered that the little childish, earnest faces didn't suggest something to him besides the horrors of eternal punishment, the wickedness and



"Merci, je vais bien."—l'Page 522.

temptations of the world they were going to face, but his only idea seemed to be that he must warn them of all the snares and temptations that were going to beset their paths. Mme. A. couldn't understand my ideas when I said I loved the Episcopal service—the prayers and litany I had always heard, the Easter and Christmas hymns I had always sung, the carols, the anthems,

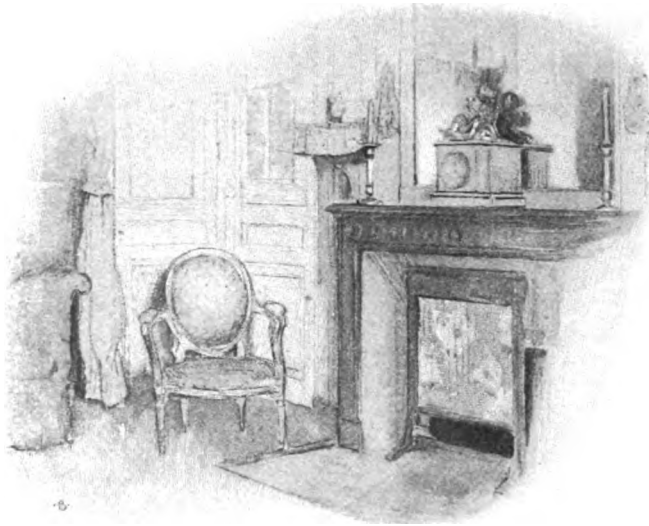
the great organ, the flowers at Easter, the greens at Christmas. All that seemed to her to be a false sentiment appealing to the senses and imagination. "But if it brings people to church, and the beautiful music elevates them and raises their thoughts to higher things—" "That is not religion; real religion means the prayer of St. Chrysostom, 'Where two or three are gath-

ered together in My name I will grant their requests.'” “That is very well for really religious, strong people who think out their religion and don't care for any outward expression of it, but for weaker souls who want to be helped, and who are helped by the beautiful music and the familiar prayers, surely it is better to give them something that brings them to church and makes them better men and women than to frighten them away with such strict, uncompromising doctrines—” “No, that is only sentiment, not real religious feeling.” I don't

modestly to all the brilliant conversation going on around them.

It was an exception when we found anyone at home when we called in the neighborhood, and when we did, it was evident that afternoon visits were a rarity. We did get in one cold November afternoon, and our visit was a sample of many others that we paid.

The door was opened by a footman struggling into his coat, with a handful of fagots in his arms. He ushered us through several bare, stiff, cold rooms (proportions hand-



A small salon in the wing of the château. —Page 536.

think we ever understood each other any better on that subject, and we discussed it so often.

Mme. A., with whom I made my round of calls at the neighboring châteaux, was a charming companion. She had lived a great deal in Paris, in the Protestant *coterie*, which was very intellectual and cultivated. The *salons* of the Duchesse de Broglie, Mmes. de Staël, d'Haussonville, Guizot, were most interesting and *recherchés*, very exclusive and very serious, but a centre for all political and literary talk. I have often heard my husband say some of the best talkers in society *s'étaient formés dans ces salons*, where, as young men, they listened

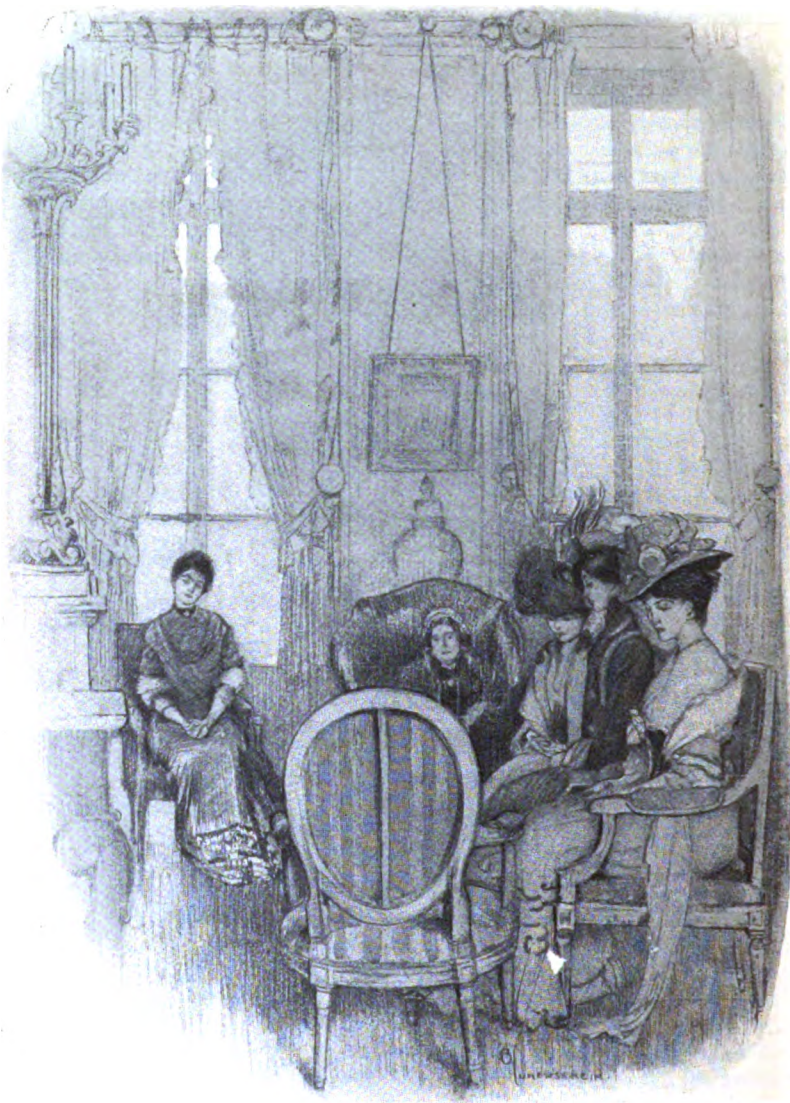
some enough) to a smaller *salon*, which the family usually occupied. Then he lighted a fire (which consisted principally of smoke) and went to summon his mistress. The living-room was just as bare and stiff as the others, no trace of anything that looked like habitation or what we should consider comfort—no books nor work nor flowers (that, however, is comparatively recent in France). I remember quite well Mme. Casimir-Périer telling me that when she went with her husband to St. Petersburg about fifty years ago, one of the things that struck her most in the Russian *salons*, was the quantity of green plants and cut flowers—she had never seen them in France. There were often fine pictures, tapestries, and furniture, all the

chairs in a row against the wall.

Our visits were always long, as most of the châteaux were at a certain distance, and we were obliged to stay an hour and a half, sometimes longer, to rest the horses. It was before the days of five-o'clock tea. A tray was brought in with sweet wine (Malaga or Vin de Chypre) and cakes (ladies'-fingers) which evidently had figured often before on similar occasions. Conversation languished sometimes, though Mme. A. was wonderful, talking so easily about everything. In the smaller places, when people rarely went to Paris, it ran always in the same grooves—the woods, the hunting (very good in Villers-Cotterets forest), the schoolmaster (so difficult to get proper books for the children to read), the *curé*, and all local gossip, and as much about the iniquities of the republic as could be said before the wife of a republican senator. Wherever we went, even to the largest châteaux, where the family went to Paris for the season, the talk was almost entirely confined to France and French interests. Books, politics, music, people, nothing existed apparently *au-delà des frontières*. America was an unknown quantity. It was strange to see intelligent people living in the world so curiously indifferent as to what went on in other countries.



"Chasse aux échelles."—Page 537.



Long pauses when nobody seemed to have anything to say.—Page 524.

At first I used to talk a little about America and Rome, where I had lived so many years and at such an interesting time—the last days of Pio Nono and the transformation of the old superstitious papal Rome to the capital of young Italy—but I soon realized that it didn't interest anyone, and by degrees I learned to talk like all the rest.

I often think of one visit to a charming little Louis XV château standing quite on the edge of the forest—just room enough

for the house, and the little hamlet at the gates; a magnificent view of the forest, quite close to the lawn behind the château, and then sweeping off, a dark-blue mass, as far as one could see. We were shown into a large, high room, no carpet, no fire, some fine portraits, very little furniture, all close against the wall, a round table in the middle with something on it, I couldn't make out what at first. Neither books, reviews, nor even a photographic album—

the supreme resource of provincial *salons*. When we got up to take leave I managed to get near the table, and the *ornement* was a large white plate with a piece of fly-paper on it. The mistress of the house was shy and uncomfortable; sent at once for her husband, and withdrew from the conversation as soon as he appeared, leaving him to make all the *frais*. We walked a little around the park before leaving. It was really a lovely little place, with its background of forest and the quiet, sleepy little village in front; very lonely and far from everything, but with a certain charm of its own. Two or three dogs were playing in the court-yard, and one curious little animal who made a rush at the strangers. I was rather taken aback, particularly when the master of the house told me not to be afraid, it was only a *marcassin* (small wild boar), who had been born on the place, and was as quiet as a kitten. I did not think the great tusks and square, shaggy head looked very pleasant, but the little thing was quiet enough, came and rubbed itself against its master's legs, and played quite happily with the dogs. We heard afterward that they were obliged to kill it. It grew fierce and unmanageable, and no one would come near the place.

I took Henrietta with me sometimes when I had a distant visit to pay; an hour and a half's drive alone on a country road where you never meet anything was rather dull. We went one cold December afternoon to call upon Mme. B., the widow of an old friend and colleague of W.'s. We were in the open carriage, well wrapped up, and enjoyed the drive immensely. The country looked beautiful in the bright winter sunshine, the distant forest always in a blue mist, the trees with their branches white with "givre" (hoarfrost), and patches of snow and ice all over the fields.

For a wonder we didn't go through the forest—drove straight away from it and had charming effects of color upon some of the thatched cottages in the villages we passed through; one or two had been mended recently and the mixture of old brown, bright red and glistening white was quite lovely.

We went almost entirely along the great plains, occasionally small bits of wood and very fair hills as we got near our destination.

The villages always very scattered and almost deserted—when it is cold everybody stays indoors—and of course there is no work to be done on the farms when the ground is hard frozen. It is a difficult question to know what to do with the men of all the small hamlets when the real winter sets in; the big farms turn off many of their laborers and as it is purely agricultural country all around us, there is literally nothing to do. My husband and several of the owners of large estates gave work to many with their regular "coupe" of wood, but that only lasts a short time, and the men who are willing to work but can find nothing drift naturally into cafés and billiard saloons, where they read cheap bad papers, and talk politics of the wildest description.

We found our château very well situated on the top of a hill, a good avenue leading up to the gate, a pretty little park with fine trees at the back, the tower of the village church just visible through the trees at the end of the central alley. It was hardly a château—half manor, half farm. We drove into a large courtyard, or rather farmyard, quite deserted; no one visible anywhere; the door of the house was open but there was no bell nor apparently any means of communicating with any one. Hubert cracked his whip noisily several times without any result—and we were just wondering what we should do (perhaps put our cards under a stone on the steps) when a man appeared, said Mme. B. was at home but she was in the stable looking after a sick cow—he would go and tell her we were there. In a few minutes she appeared attired in a short, rusty-black skirt, sabots on her feet and a black woollen shawl over her head and shoulders. She seemed quite pleased to see us—was not at all put out at being caught in such very simple attire—begged us to come in and ushered us through a long, narrow hall and several cold, comfortless rooms, the shutters not open and no fire anywhere, into her bedroom. All the furniture—chairs, tables and bed—was covered with linen. She explained that it was her "lessive" (general wash) she had just made, that all the linen was *dry* but she had not had time to put it away. She called a maid and they cleared off two chairs—she sat on the bed.

It was frightfully cold—we were thankful we had kept our wraps on. She said she

supposed we would like a fire after our long, cold drive, and rang for a man to bring some wood. He (in his shirt sleeves) appeared with two or three logs of wood and was preparing to make a fire with them *all*, but she stopped him, said one log was enough, the ladies were not going to stay long—so, naturally, we had no fire and clouds of smoke. She was very talkative, never stopped—told us all about her husband's political campaigns and how W. would never have been named to the Conseil Général if M. B. hadn't done all his work for him. She asked a great many questions, answering them all herself; then said, "I don't offer you any tea, as I know you always go back to have your tea at home, and I am quite sure you don't want any wine."

There was such an evident reluctance to give us anything that I didn't like to insist, and said we must really be going as we had a long drive before us, though I should have liked something hot; tea, of course, she knew nothing about, but even a glass of ordinary hot wine, which they make very well in France, would have been acceptable. Henrietta was furious; she was shivering with cold, her eyes smarting with the smoke, and not at all interested in M. B.'s political career, or Madame's servants, and said she would have been thankful to have even a glass of Vin de Chypre.

It was unfortunate, perhaps, that we had arrived during the "lessive," that is always a most important function in France. In almost all the big houses in the country (small ones, too) that is the way they do their washing; once a month or once every three months, according to the size of the establishment, the whole washing of the household is done; all the linen: master's, servants', guests'; house is turned out; the linen closets cleaned and aired! Everyone looks busy and energetic. It is quite a long affair—lasts three or four days. I often went to see the performance when we made our "lessive" at the château every month.

It always interested our English and American friends, as the washing is never done in that way in either of their countries. It was very convenient at our place as we had plenty of room. The "lavoir" stood at the top of the steps leading into the kitchen gardens; there was a large, square tank sunk in the ground so that the women could kneel to their work, then a little higher

another of beautiful clear water, all under cover. Just across the path there was a small house with a blazing wood fire; in the middle an enormous tub where all the linen was passed through wood ashes. There were four "lessiveuses" (washer-women), sturdy peasant women with very short skirts, sabots and turbans (made of blue and white checked calico) on their heads, their strong red arms bared above the elbow. The Mère Michon, the eldest of the four, directed everything and kept them well at work, allowed very little talking; they generally chatter when they are washing and very often quarrel. When they are washing at the public "lavoir" in the village one hears their shrill voices from a great distance. Our "lingère," Mme. Hubert, superintended the whole operation; she was very keen about it and remonstrated vigorously when they slapped the linen too hard sometimes with the little flat sticks, like spades, they use. The linen all came out beautifully white and smooth, hadn't the yellow look that all city-washed clothes have.

I think Mme. B. was very glad to get rid of us, and to begin folding her linen and putting it back in the big wooden wardrobes, beautifully carved, that one sees everywhere in France. Some of the old Norman wardrobes, with handsome brass locks and beautifully carved doors are real works of art—very difficult to get and very expensive. Fifty years ago the peasant did not understand the value of such a "meuble" and parted with it easily—but now with railways everywhere and strangers and bric-a-brac people always on the lookout for a really old piece of furniture, they understand quite well that they possess a treasure and exact its full value.

Our drive back was rather shorter, down hill almost all the way, the horses going along at a good steady trot, knowing they were going home.

When we drew up at our own door Hubert remarked respectfully that he thought it was the first time that Madame and Mademoiselle had ever been received by a lady in sabots.

We wondered afterwards if she had personally attended to the cow—in the way of poulticing or rubbing it. She certainly didn't wash her hands afterwards, and it rather reminded me of one of Charles de Bunsen's stories when he was Secretary of Legation

at Turin. In the summer they took a villa in the country just out of the town and had frequent visitors to lunch or dinner. One day two of their friends, Italians, had spent the whole day with them; had walked in the garden, picked fruit and flowers, played with the child and the dogs and the pony, and as they were coming back to the house for dinner Charles suggested that they might like to come up to his dressing-room and wash their hands before dinner—to which one of them replied, "*Grazie, non mi sporco facilmente*" (literal translation, "Thanks, I don't dirty myself easily"), and declined the offer of soap and water.

We paid two or three visits one year to the neighboring châteaux, and had one very pleasant afternoon at the Château de Pinon belonging to the Courval family. W. had known the late proprietor, the Vicomte de Courval, very well. They had been colleagues of the Conseil Général of the Aisne, were both very fond of the country and country life, and used to have long talks in the evening, when the work of the day was over, about plantation, cutting down trees, preservation of game, etc. Without these talks, I think W. would have found the evenings at the primitive little Hôtel de la Hure, at Laon, rather tedious.

The château is not very old and has no historic interest. It was built by a Monsieur du Bois, Vicomte de Courval, at the end of the seventeenth century. He lived at first in the old feudal château of which nothing now remains. Already times were changing—the thick walls, massive towers, high, narrow windows, almost slits, and deep moat which were necessary in the old troubled days, when all isolated châteaux might be called upon, at any time, to defend themselves from sudden attack, had given way to the larger and more spacious residences of which Mansard, the famous architect of Louis XIV, has left so many chef d'œuvres. It was to Mansard that M. de Courval confided the task of building the château as it now stands, while the no less famous Le Nôtre was charged to lay out the park and gardens.

It was an easy journey from B—ville to Pinon. An hour's drive through our beautiful forest of Villers-Cotterets and another hour in the train. We stopped at the little station of Anizy just outside the gates of the

park; a brougham was waiting for us and a very short drive through a stately avenue brought us to the drawbridge and the iron gates of the "*Cour d'honneur*." The house looked imposing; I had an impression of a very high and very long façade with two towers stretching out into the court-yard, which is very large, with fine old trees and broad parterres of bright-colored flowers on either side of the steps. There was a wide moat of running water, the banks covered with shrubs and flowers—the flowers were principally salvias and chrysanthemums, as it was late in the season, but they made a warm bit of color. The house stands low, as do all houses surrounded by a moat, but the park rises a little directly behind it and there is a fine background of wood.

We drew up at a flight of broad shallow steps; the doors were open. There were three or four footmen in the ante-room. While we were taking off our wraps Mme. de Courval appeared; she was short, stout, dressed in black, with that terrible black cap which all widows wear in France—so different from the white cap and soft white muslin collar and cuffs we are accustomed to. She had a charming, easy manner and looked very intelligent and capable. It seems she managed the property extremely well, made the tour of the house, woods and garden every day with her "*régisseur*." W. had the highest opinion of her business capacity—said she knew the exact market value of everything on the place—from an old tree that must be cut down for timber to the cheeses the farmer's wife made and sold at the Soissons market.

She suggested that I should come upstairs to leave my heavy coat. We went up a broad stone staircase, the walls covered with pictures and engravings; one beautiful portrait of her daughter the Marquise de Chaponay, on horseback. There were handsome carved chests and china vases on the landing, which opened on a splendid long gallery, very high and light—bedrooms on one side, on the other big windows (ten or twelve, I should think) looking over the park and gardens. She took me to a large, comfortable room, bright wood-fire blazing, and a pretty little dressing-room opening out of it, furnished in a gay old-fashioned pattern of chintz. She said breakfast would be ready in ten minutes—supposed I could find my way down and left me to my own devices.

I found the family assembled in the big drawing-room; four women: Mme. de Courval and her daughter the Marquise de Chaponay, a tall handsome woman, and two other ladies of a certain age; I did not catch their names, but they looked like all the old ladies one always sees in a country house in France. I should think they were cousins or habituées of the château, as they each had their embroidery frame and one a little dog. I am haunted by the embroidery frames—I am sure I shall end my days in a black cap bending over a frame making portières or a piano-cover.

We breakfasted in a large square dining-room running straight through the house, windows on each side. The room was all in wood panelling—light gray—the sun streaming in through the windows. Mme. de Courval put W. on her right, me on her other side. We had an excellent breakfast, which we appreciated after our early start. There was handsome old silver on the table and sideboard, which is a rare thing in France, as almost all the silver was melted during the Revolution. Both Mme. de Courval and her daughter were very easy and animated. The Marquise de Chaponay told me she had known W. for years, that in the old days before he became such a busy man and so engrossed in politics he used to read Alfred de Musset to her, in her atelier, while she painted. She supposed he read now to me—which he certainly never did—as he always told me he hated reading aloud. They talked politics, of course, but their opinions were the classic Faubourg St. Germain opinions: "A Republic totally unfitted for France and the French"—"none of the gentlemen in France really Republican at heart" (with evidently a few exceptions)—W.'s English blood and education having, of course, influenced him.

As soon as breakfast was over one of the windows on the side of the moat was opened and we all gave bread to the carp, handed to us by the butler—small square pieces of bread in a straw basket. It was funny to see the fish appear as soon as the window was opened—some of them were enormous and very old. It seems they live to a great age; a guardian of the Palace at Fontainebleau always shows one to tourists, who is supposed to have been fed by the Emperor Napoleon. Those of Pinon knew all about it,

lifting their brown heads out of the water and never missing their piece of bread.

We went back to the drawing-room for coffee, passing through the billiard room, where there are some good pictures. A fine life-size portrait of General Moreau (father of Mme. de Courval) in uniform, by Gerard—near it a trophy of four flags—Austrian, Saxon, Bavarian and Hungarian—taken by the General; over the trophy three or four "lames d'honneur" (presentation swords) with name and inscription. There are also some pretty women's portraits in pastel—very delicate colors in old-fashioned oval frames—quite charming.

The drawing-room was a very handsome room also panelled in light gray carved wood; the furniture rather heavy and massive, curtains and coverings of thick, bright flowered velvet, but it looked suitable in that high old-fashioned room—light modern furniture would have been out of place.

As soon as we had finished our coffee, we went for a walk—not the two old ladies, who settled down at once to their embroidery frames; one of them showed me her work—really quite beautiful—a church ornament of some kind, a painted Madonna on a ground of white satin; she was covering the whole ground with heavy gold embroidery, so thick it looked like mosaic.

The park is splendid, a real domain, all the paths and alleys beautifully kept and every description of tree—M. de Courval was always trying experiments with foreign trees and shrubs and apparently most successfully. I think the park would have been charming in its natural state, as there was a pretty little river running through the grounds and some tangles of bushes and rocks that looked quite wild—might have been in the middle of the forest but everything had been done to assist nature. There was a "pièce d'eau" cascades, little bridges thrown over the river in picturesque spots, and, on the highest point a tower (donjon) which was most effective, looked quite the old feudal towers of which so few remain now. They were used as watch towers, as a sentinel posted on the top could see a great distance over the plains and give warning of the approach of the enemy. As the day was fine—no mists—we had a beautiful view from the top, seeing plainly the great round tower of Coucy, the finest ruin in France—the others made out quite well the

towers of the Laon Cathedral, but those I couldn't distinguish, seeing merely a dark spot on the horizon which might have been a passing cloud.

Coming back we crossed the "Allée des Soupirs," which has its legend like so many others in this country: It was called the "Allée des Soupirs" on account of the tragedy that took place there. The owner of the château at that time—a Comte de Lamothe—discovered his wife on too intimate terms with his great friend and her cousin; they fought in the Allée, and the Comte de Lamothe was killed by his friend. The widow tried to brave it out and lived on for some time at the château; but she was accursed and an evil spell on the place—everything went wrong and the château finally burnt down. The place was then sold to the de Courval family.

At the end of an hour the Marquise had had enough; I should not think she was much of a walker; she was struggling along in high-heeled shoes and proposed that she and I should return to the house and she would show me her atelier. W. and Mme. de Courval continued their tour of inspection which was to finish at the Home Farm, where she wanted to show him some small Breton cows which had just arrived. The atelier was a charming room; panelled like all the others in light gray wood. One hardly saw the walls, for they were covered with pictures, engravings and a profusion of mirrors in gilt oval frames. It was evidently a favorite haunt of the Marquise's: books, papers and painting materials scattered about; the piano open and quantities of music on the music-stand; miniatures, snuff-boxes and little old-fashioned bibelots on all the tables and an embroidery frame, of course, in one of the windows, near it a basket filled with bright colored silks. The miniatures were, almost all, portraits of the de Courvals of every age and in every possible costume: shepherdesses, court ladies of the time of Louis XV, La Belle Ferronnière with the jewel on her forehead, men in armor with fine, strongly marked faces; they must have been a handsome race. It is a pity there is no son to carry on the name. One daughter-in-law had no children; the other one, born an American, Mary Ray of New York, had only one daughter, the present Princesse de Poix, to whom Pinon now belongs.

We played a little; four hands—the classics, of course. All French women of that generation who played at all were brought up on strictly classical music. She had a pretty, delicate, old-fashioned touch; her playing reminded me of Madame A.'s.

When it was too dark to see any more we sat by the fire and talked till the others came in. She asked a great deal about my new life in Paris—feared I would find it stiff and dull after the easy happy family life I had been accustomed to. I said it was very different, of course, but there was much that was interesting, only I did not know the people well enough yet to appreciate the stories they were always telling about each other, also that I had made several "gaffes" quite innocently. I told her one which amused her very much, though she could not imagine how I ever could have said it. It was the first year of my marriage; we were dining in an Orleanist house, almost all the company Royalists and intimate friends of the Orleans Princes, and three or four moderate, *very* moderate Republicans like us. It was the 20th of January and the women were all talking about a ball they were going to the next night, 21st of January (anniversary of the death of Louis XVI). They supposed they must wear mourning—such a bore. Still, on account of the Comtesse de Paris and the Orleans family generally, they thought they must do it—upon which I asked, really very much astonished: "On account of the Orleans family? but did not the Duc d'Orleans vote the King's execution?" There was an awful silence and then M. Léon Say, one of the cleverest and most delightful men of his time, remarked, with a twinkle in his eye: "Ma foi; je crois que Mme. Waddington à raison." There was a sort of nervous laugh and the conversation was changed. W. was much annoyed with me, "a foreigner so recently married, throwing down the gauntlet in that way." I assured him I had no purpose of any kind—I merely said what I thought, which is evidently unwise.

Mme. de Chaponay said she was afraid I would find it very difficult sometimes. French people—in society at least—were so excited against the Republic, anti-religious feeling, etc. "It must be very painful for you." "I don't think so; you see I am American, Republican and a Protestant; my point of view must be very different from

that of a French woman and a Catholic." She was very charming, however; intelligent, cultivated, speaking beautiful French with a pretty carefully trained voice—English just as well; we spoke the two languages going from one to the other without knowing why. I was quite sorry when we were summoned to tea. The room looked so pretty in the twilight, the light from the fire danced all over the pictures and gilt frames of the mirrors, leaving the corners quite in shadow. The curtains were not drawn and we saw the darkness creeping up over the lawn; quite at the edge of the wood the band of white mist was rising, which we love to see in our part of the country, as it always means a fine day for the morrow.

We had a cheery tea. W. and Mme. de Courval had made a long "tournée," and W. quite approved of all the changes and new acquisitions she had made, particularly the little Breton cows. We left rather hurriedly as we had just time to catch our train.

Our last glimpse of the Château as we looked back from the turn in the avenue was charming; there were lights in almost all the windows, which were reflected in the moat; the moon was rising over the woods at the back, and every tower and cornice of the enormous pile stood out sharply in the cold clear light.

We didn't move often once we were settled in the château for the autumn. It was very difficult to get W. away from his books and coins and his woods; but occasionally a shooting party tempted him. We went sometimes about the Toussaint when the leaves were nearly fallen, to stay with friends who had a fine château and estate about three hours by rail from Paris, in the midst of the great plains of the Aube. The first time we went, soon after my marriage, I was rather doubtful as to how I should like it. I had never stayed in a French country house and imagined it would be very stiff and formal; however, the invitation was for three days—two days of shooting and one of rest—and I thought I could get through that without being too homesick.

We arrived about 4.30 for tea; the journey from Paris was through just the same uninteresting country one always sees when leaving by the Gare de l'Est. I think it is the ugliest sortie of all Paris. As we got

near the château the Seine appeared, winding in and out of the meadows in very leisurely fashion. We just saw the house from the train, standing rather low. The station is at the park gates—in fact, the railway and the canal run through the property. Two carriages were waiting (we were not the only guests), and a covered cart for the maids and baggage. A short drive through a fine avenue of big trees skirting broad lawns brought us to the house, which looked very imposing with its long façade and rows of lighted windows. We drove through arcades covered with ivy into a very large court-yard, the château stables and *communs* taking three sides. There was a *pièce d'eau* at one end, a *colombier* at the other. There was no perron or stately entrance; in one corner a covered porch, rather like what one sees in England, shut in with glass door and windows and filled with plants, a good many chrysanthemums, which made a great mass of color. The hall doors were wide open as the carriage drove up. Monsieur C. P—— and his wife waiting for us just inside, Mme. P——, his mother, the mistress of the château, at the door of the *salon*. We went into a large, high hall, well lighted, a bright fire burning, plenty of servants. It looked most cheerful and comfortable on a dark November afternoon. We left our wraps in the hall, and went straight into the drawing-room. I have been there so often since that I hardly remember my first impression. It was a corner room, high ceiling, big windows, and fine tapestries on the walls; some of them with a pink ground (very unusual), and much envied and admired by all art collectors. Mme. P—— told me she found them all rolled up in a bundle in the garret when she married. A tea-table was standing before the sofa, and various people working and having their tea. We were not a large party—Comte and Comtesse de S—— (she a daughter of the house) and three or four men, deputies and senators, all political. They counted eight guns. We sat there about half an hour, then there was a general move, and young Mme. P—— showed us our rooms, which were most comfortable, fires burning, lamps lighted. She told us dinner was at 7.30; the first bell would ring at seven. I was the only lady besides the family. I told my maid to ask some of the others what their mistresses

were going to wear. She said ordinary evening dress, with natural flowers in their hair, and that I would receive a small bouquet, which I did, only as I never wear anything in my hair, I put them on my corsage, which did just as well.

The dinner was pleasant, the dining-room a fine, large hall (had been stables) with a fireplace at each end, and big windows giving on the court-yard. It was so large that the dinner table (we were fourteen) seemed lost in space. The talk was almost exclusively political and amusing enough. All the men were, or had been, deputies, and every possible question was discussed. Mme. P—— was charming, very intelligent, and animated, having lived all her life with clever people, and having taken part in all the changes that France has gone through in the last fifty years. She had been a widow for about two years when I first stayed there, and it was pretty to see her children with her. Her two sons, one married, the other a young officer, so respectful and fond of their mother, and her daughter perfectly devoted to her.

The men all went off to smoke after coffee, and we women were left to ourselves for quite a long time. The three ladies all had work—knitting or crochet—and were making little garments, *brassières*, and petticoats for all the village children. They were quite surprised that I had nothing and said they would teach me to crochet. The evening was not very long after the men came back. Some remained in the billiard-room, which opens out of the *salon*, and played *cochonnet*, a favorite French game. We heard violent discussions as to the placing of the balls, and someone asked for a yard measure, to be quite sure the count was correct. Before we broke up M. P—— announced the programme for the next day. Breakfast for all the men at eight o'clock in the dining-room, and an immediate start for the woods; luncheon at the Pavilion d'Hiver at twelve in the woods, the ladies invited to join the shooters, and follow one or two *battues* afterward. It was a clear, cold night, and there seemed every prospect of a beautiful day for the *battues*.

The next morning was lovely. I went to my maid's room, just across the corridor (such a good arrangement—all our rooms looked out on the park, and just across the corridor were a succession of small rooms

giving on the court-yard, that were always kept for the maids and valets of the guests), to see the shooters start. There were two carriages and a sort of *tapissière* following with guns, servants, and cartridges. I had a message from Mme. P——, asking if I had slept well, and sending me the paper; and a visit from Comtesse de S——, who, I think, was rather anxious about my garments. She had told me the night before that the ploughed fields were something awful, and hoped I had brought short skirts and thick boots. I think the sight of my short Scotch homespun skirt and high boots reassured her. We started about 11.30 in an open carriage with plenty of furs and wraps. It wasn't really very cold—just a nice nip in the air, and no wind. We drove straight into the woods from the park. There is a beautiful green alley which faces one just going out of the gate, but it was too steep to mount in a carriage. The woods are very extensive, the roads not too bad—considering the season, extremely well kept. Every now and then through an opening in the trees we had a pretty view over the plains. As we got near the pavilion we heard shots not very far off—evidently the shooters were getting hungry and coming our way. It was a pretty rustic scene as we arrived. The pavilion, a log house, standing in a clearing, alleys branching off in every direction, a horse and cart which had brought the provisions from the château tied to one of the trees. It was shut in on three sides, wide open in front, a bright fire burning and a most appetizing table spread. Just outside another big fire was burning, the cook waiting for the first sportsman to appear to begin his classic dishes, *omelette au lard* and *ragoût de mouton*. I was rather hungry and asked for a piece of the *pain de ménage* they had for the *traqueurs* (beaters). I like the brown country bread so much better than the little rolls and crisp loaves most people ask for in France. Besides our own breakfast there was an enormous pot on the fire with what looked like an excellent substantial soup for the men. In a few minutes the party arrived; first the shooters, each man carrying his gun; then the game cart, which looked very well garnished, an army of beaters bringing up the rear. They made quite a picturesque group, all dressed in white. There have been so many accidents in some of the big

shoots, people imprudently firing at something moving in the bushes, which proved to be a man and not a roebuck, that M. P—— dresses all his men in white. The gentlemen were very cheerful, said they had had capital sport, and were quite ready for their breakfast. We didn't linger very long at table, as the days were shortening fast, and we wanted to follow some of the *batues*. The beaters had their breakfast while we were having ours—were all seated on the ground around a big kettle of soup, with huge hunks of brown bread on their tin plates.

We started off with the shooters. Some walking, some driving, and had one pretty *battue* of rabbits; after that two of pheasants, which were most amusing. There were plenty of birds, and they came rocketing over our heads in fine style. I found that Comtesse de S—— was quite right about the necessity for short skirts and thick boots. We stood on the edge of a ploughed field, which we had to cross afterward on our way home, and I didn't think it was possible to have such cakes of mud as we had on our boots. We scraped off some with sticks, but our boots were so heavy with what remained that the walk home was tiring.

Mme. P—— was standing at the hall-door when we arrived, and requested us not to come into the hall, but to go in by the *lingerie* entrance and up the back stairs, so I fancy we hadn't got much dirt off. I had a nice rest until 4.30, when I went down to the *salon* for tea. We had all changed our outdoor garments and got into rather smart day dresses (none of those ladies wore tea-gowns). The men appeared about five; some of them came into the *salon* notwithstanding their muddy boots, and then came the *livre de chasse* and the recapitulation of the game, which is always most amusing. Every man counted more pieces than his beater had found.

The dinner and evening were pleasant, the guests changing a little. Two of the original party went off before dinner, two others arrived, one of them a Cabinet minister (Finances). He was very clever and defended himself well when his policy was freely criticised. While we women were alone after dinner, Mme. P—— showed me how to make crochet petticoats. She gave me a crochet-needle and some wool and had wonderful patience, for it seemed a most arduous undertaking to me, and all my rows

were always crooked; however, I did learn, and have made hundreds since. All the children in our village pull up their little frocks and show me their crochet petticoats whenever we meet them. They are delighted to have them, for those we make are of good wool (not *laine de bienfaisance*, which is stiff and coarse), last much longer than those one buys.

The second day was quite different. There was no shooting. We were left to our own devices until twelve o'clock breakfast. W. and I went for a short stroll in the park. We met M. P——, who took us over the farm, all so well ordered and prosperous. After breakfast we had about an hour of *salon* before starting for the regular *tournee de propriétaire* through park and gardens. The three ladies—Mme. P——, her daughter, and daughter-in-law—had beautiful work. Mme. P—— was making *portières* for her daughter's room, a most elaborate pattern, reeds and high plants, a very large piece of work; the other two had also very complicated work—one a table-cover, velvet, heavily embroidered, the other a church ornament (almost all the Frenchwomen of a certain *monde* turn their wedding dresses, usually of white satin, into a priest's *vêtement*). The Catholic priests have all sorts of vestments which they wear on different occasions: purple in Lent, red on any martyr's fête, white for all the fêtes of the Virgin. Some of the churches are very rich with chasubles and altar-cloths trimmed with fine old lace, which have been given to them. It looks funny sometimes to see a very ordinary country curé, a farmer's son, with a heavy peasant face, wearing one of those delicate white-satin chasubles.

Before starting to join the shooters at breakfast Mme. P—— took me all over the house. It is really a beautiful establishment, very large, and most comfortable. Quantities of pictures and engravings, and beautiful Empire furniture. There is quite a large chapel at the end of the corridor on the ground-floor, where they have mass every Sunday. The young couple have a charming installation, really a small house, in one of the wings—bedrooms, dressing-rooms, boudoir, *cabinet de travail*, and a separate entrance—so that M. P—— can receive anyone who comes to see him on business without having them pass through the

château. Mme. P—— has her rooms on the ground-floor at the other end of the house. Her sitting-room with glass door opens into a winter garden filled with plants which gives on the park; her bed-room is on the other side, looking on the court-yard; a large library next it, light and space everywhere, plenty of servants, everything admirably arranged.

The evening mail goes out at 7.30, and every evening at seven exactly the letter-carrier came down the corridor knocking at all the doors and asking for letters. He had stamps, too, at least *French* stamps. I could never get a foreign stamp (twenty-five centimes)—had to put one of fifteen and two of five when I had a foreign letter. I don't really think there were any in the country. I don't believe they had a foreign correspondent of any description. It was a thoroughly French establishment of the best kind.

We walked about the small parks and gardens in the afternoon. The gardens are enormous; one can drive through them. Mme. P—— drove in her pony carriage. They still had some lovely late roses which filled me with envy—ours were quite finished.

The next day was not quite so fine, gray and misty, but a good shooting day, no wind. We joined the gentlemen for lunch in another pavilion farther away and rather more open than the one of the other day. However, we were warm enough with our coats on, a good fire burning, and hot bricks for our feet. The *battues* (*aux échelles*) that day were quite a new experience for me. I had never seen anything like it. The shooters were placed in a semicircle, not very far apart. Each man was provided with a high double ladder. The men stood on the top (the women seated themselves on the rungs of the ladders and hung on as well as they could). I went the first time with W., and he made me so many recommendations that I was quite nervous. I mustn't sit too high up or I would *gêner* him, as he was obliged to shoot down for the rabbits; and I mustn't sit too near the ground, or I might get a shot in the ankles from one of the other men. I can't say it was an absolute pleasure. The seat (if seat it could be called) was anything but comfortable, and the detonation of the gun just over my head was decidedly trying; still it was a novelty, and if the other women could stand it I could.

For the second *battue* I went with Comte de S——. That was rather worse, for he shot much oftener than W., and I was quite distracted with the noise of the gun. We were nearer the other shooters, too, and I fancied their aim was very near my ankles. It was a pretty view from the top of the ladder. I climbed up when the *battues* were over. We looked over the park and through the trees, quite bare and stripped of their leaves, on the great plains, with hardly a break of wood or hills, stretching away to the horizon. The ground was thickly carpeted with red and yellow leaves, little columns of smoke rising at intervals where people were burning weeds or rotten wood in the fields; and just enough purple mist to poetize everything. S—— is a very careful shot. I was with him the first day at a rabbit *battue* where we were placed rather near each other, and every man was asked to keep quite to his own place and to shoot straight before him. After one or two shots S—— stepped back and gave his gun to his servant. I asked what was the matter. He showed me the man next, evidently not used to shooting, who was walking up and down, shooting in every direction, and as fast as he could cram the cartridges into his gun. So he stepped back into the alley and waited until the *battue* was over.

The party was much smaller that night at dinner. Everyone went away but W. and me. The talk was most interesting—all about the war, the first days of the Assemblée Nationale at Bordeaux, and the famous visit of the Comte de Chambord to Versailles, when the Maréchal de MacMahon, President of the Republic, refused to see him. I told them of my first evening visit to Mme. Thiers, the year I was married. Mme. Thiers lived in a big gloomy house in the Place St. Georges, and received every evening. M. Thiers, who was a great worker all his life and a very early riser, always took a nap at the end of the day. The ladies (Mlle. Dosne, a sister of Mme. Thiers, lived with them), unfortunately had not that good habit. They took their little sleep after dinner. We arrived there (it was a long way from us, we lived near the Arc de l'Etoile) one evening a little before ten. There were already four or five men, no ladies. We were shown into a large drawing-room, M. Thiers standing with his back to the fireplace, the centre of a

group of black coats. He was very amiable, said I would find Mme. Thiers in a small *salon* just at the end of the big one; told W. to join their group, he had something to say to him, and I passed on. I did find Mme. Thiers and Mlle. Dosne in the small *salon* at the other end, both asleep, each in an arm-chair. I was really embarrassed. They didn't hear me come in, and were sleeping quite happily and comfortably. I didn't like to go back to the other *salon* where there were only men, so I sat down on a sofa and looked about me, and tried to feel as if it was quite a natural occurrence to be invited to come in the evening and to find my hostess asleep. After a few minutes I heard the swish of a satin dress coming down the big *salon* and a lady appeared, very handsome and well dressed, whom I didn't know at all. She evidently was accustomed to the state of things; she looked about her smilingly, then came up to me, called me by name, and introduced herself, Mme. P——, the wife of an admiral whom I often met afterward. She told me not to mind, there wasn't the slightest intention of rudeness, that both ladies would wake up in a few minutes quite unconscious of having really slept. We talked about ten minutes, not lowering our voices particularly. Suddenly Mme. Thiers opened her eyes, was wide awake at once—how

quietly we must have come in; she had only just closed her eyes for a moment, the lights tired her, etc. Mlle. Dosne said the same thing, and then we went on talking easily enough. Several more ladies came in, but only two or three men. They all remained in the farther room talking, or rather listening, to M. Thiers. He was already a very old man, and when he began to talk no one interrupted him; it was almost a monologue. I went back several times to the Place St. Georges, but took good care to go later, so that the ladies should have their nap over. One of the young diplomat's wives had the same experience, rather worse, for when the ladies woke up they didn't know her. She was very shy, spent a wretched ten minutes before they woke, and was too nervous to name herself. She was half crying when her husband came to the rescue.

We left the next morning early, as W. had people coming to him in the afternoon. I enjoyed my visit thoroughly, and told them afterward of my misgivings and doubts as to how I should get along with strangers for two or three days. I think they had rather the same feeling. They were very old friends of my husband's, and though they received me charmingly from the first, it brought a foreign and new element into their circle.

TRAVAIL

By Louisa Fletcher Tarkington

WHICH one of us, I wonder, could we lift
 The burden of nights vigilant, the dread
 Of unhealed disappointments, unsoothed frights,
 Of patience worn to naked, nerveless thread—
 Which one of us, I wonder, running free,
 Loosed of our cares, would not a-sudden stop
 And falter at the gates of liberty.

Lacking the well-known weight we learned to bear,
 Hearing the call of one we loved the best,
 Missing the clasp of hands dependent still,
 Fearing, for need of us, they might not rest—
 Would we not, yearning, catch the burden up
 And clasp it on again with tender cries,
 Thankful 'twere given us to drain the cup?

MY FRIEND THE DOCTOR

By Thomas Nelson Page

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRISON FISHER



MY first visit to Rock Ledge, dozing under its big elms by the gray Atlantic, and my acquaintance with Mrs. Dow's "Jane" were due to John Graeme: "The Doctor," as we used to call him at college. I had received a telegram one day saying, "Come with me for a loaf on the Maine Coast," and I had "shut up shop" and joined him.

The Doctor was in some respects the queerest man of our time at college. He was, perhaps, not exactly the first man there, but he was easily the first man of our set. Other "Meds" were called Doctor; but whenever "*The Doctor*" was mentioned it was always understood that it was John Graeme. He was not especially brilliant, but he had a divine enthusiasm, absolute courage, and eyes never to be forgotten. An old doctor who knew him said of him once, "That young man will either be a quack or a leading physician." "The two are often the same," said John Graeme.

So, it was no surprise to us to find him now, ten years later, one of the big doctors, and still with a fiery scorn for the fashionable element. He had the marks of independence: a broad brow, a wide, well-formed mouth, a big nose and a firm jaw. Added to these was a voice always clear, and, when tender, as sweet as a harp, and a manner which was simple, frank, and, without the least formality, with something of distinction in it. But more than these, I think the chief ground of John Graeme's position at college was that he thought for himself, which few of us did then, or, perhaps, do now, and so thinking, he presented everything just as he saw it. Moreover, he felt with every living creature.

Whilst the rest of us studied as a task; crammed for examination and learned like parrots, "The Doctor" studied as he liked, read for his own interest the text-books which his fellow students tried to cram, and before he left college, whether he was discussing a dog-fight, a love affair, or the processes of a bone, we sat and listened to him because he threw light on it. In his last year he moved out of college and lived in

"Dingy Bottom," one of the worst sections of the town, in the worst street of that section, in a room over a dog-fancier's. It was set down merely to his idiosyncrasy, and his paper on "The Digestion of Young Puppies" was held by the faculty to be frivolous. He said he wrote of that because he had been raising puppies all his life and knew more about them than about babies. One of the faculty said he'd better become a "Vet," as his taste evidently lay that way, but the Doctor replied that he was going to practice on children, not on professors.

Dr. John has said since that this year among the puppies and babies of "Dingy Bottom" was, with one other experience, worth all the rest of his college course.

The other experience was this: "The Doctor" disappeared from public view for several days; he was not to be found at his room, and when he reappeared his head was shaved as close as a prize-fighter's. Some said he had been on a spree; some said he had shaved his head as Demosthenes shaved his. "The Doctor" flushed a little, grinned and showed his big, white teeth. It turned out afterwards that diphtheria of a malignant type had broken out in his suburb, and he had been nursing a family of poor children. When the Professor declared in class a few days later that a member of the class had been discovered to have been exposing himself to a virulent disease in a very reckless and foolhardy manner, there was a rustle all down the benches, and all eyes were turned on "The Doctor." John Graeme rose all his long length.

"Am I the person referred to?" he asked, his face at first white, then red, his voice trembling a little.

"Small-pox," it was whispered, and we edged away.

"You are," declared the stout Professor coldly. "You had no right to go into a contagious case, and come back among the other students. You might have broken up the college."

"You have been misinformed."

The Professor frowned. "What do you say?"

"You have been misinformed; I have

not exposed myself recklessly. I have attended a few diphtheria cases, but I have taken every precaution against exposing anyone else. I refer you to Dr. —, whom I consulted." He mentioned the name of the biggest doctor in the city, and sat down.

It was known that night that John had not only attended the cases, but had performed an operation in the middle of the night, which, the Doctor stated, alone saved the child's life.

From that time Dr. John was the leading man in the Med. Class.

When we left college the rest of us settled in small places, or in the city in which we lived. Such of us as were ambitious began to crawl up with fear and trembling; those who were not, dropped out of the race. Dr. John went straight to the biggest city to which his money would take him, and settled in one of the purlieus, where he lived on bread and cheese, when, —as he said—he could get cheese.

In a little while he got a place in a Children's Hospital, and the next thing we heard, it was rumored that he was performing difficult operations, and was writing papers for the medical journals which were attracting attention. It was in one of these papers, the one on "Bland Doctors," I believe, that he charged that while the investigation of medical science had advanced it pathologically, it had scarcely advanced it therapeutically at all, and that many of the practitioners were worthy disciples of Dr. Sangrado; that they were as much slaves of Fashion as women were. This paper naturally attracted attention—indeed, so much attention that he lost his place in the Children's Hospital.

But when, a little later, an epidemic of typhus fever broke out in one of the most crowded tenement-house districts of the East Side, he volunteered first man to do the hospital work, a newspaper took up his cause, and he got back his position. And soon afterwards he wrote his work on "The Treatment of Children," and laid the foundation of his fame and fortune. Practice began to pour in on him.

Of Fortune he was as scornful as of Fashion; for just as he was achieving both he suddenly turned over his office and his practice to a friend and left for Europe, where he spent several years in the Conti-

mental hospitals. Some said he was mad; others that he had followed across seas a young widow whose fortune was as well known as her beauty; one of the belles in the ultrafashionable set of the city.

When he returned he was already famous. For he had written another work that had become a standard authority.

All this by way of preface and to show what sort of man it was that dragged me away from my accustomed summer haunts to the little sun-steeped fishing village on the Maine coast, and plumped me down in Mrs. Dow's little gray cottage under the apple-trees, where "Jane" lived with "Miss Hazle."

I had not seen the Doctor since we left college until I drifted into his office one morning in the spring, and not then until I had waited for at least a dozen others to see him. Most of these had children with them, and I observed that all appeared somewhat cheered up when they left his office.

The last patient was a fashionably dressed and very handsome woman who had driven up to the door just before me in a brougham with a fine pair of horses and with two men in showy livery on the box. I had seen her as she swept across the sidewalk, and in the waiting rooms I had a good chance to observe her. She had undeniable beauty, and her appointments were flawless; almost too much so, if possible. A tall, statuesque creature, well fed, richly dressed and manifestly fully conscious of her attractions. About her breathed "the unconscious insolence of conscious wealth." At this moment she wore a dark cloth morning suit with sables, which always give an air of sumptuousness to a handsome woman.

Her presence caused some excitement on the part of one or two of the ladies who were present. She was evidently known to them, and indeed she must have been known to thousands, for she was one in a thousand. As she waited her self-consciousness increased.

After a time her turn came and she was ushered into the office. I heard her greeting, half rallying: "Well, as you would not come to me I have had to pocket my pride and come to you."

If the Doctor made any reply I did not hear it, and I think he made none, for his

face, which I saw plainly, was serious, almost to sadness, and I was struck by his gravity.

Ten minutes later the door opened again and he showed the lady out of his office as gravely as he had admitted her. Her air of self-complacency had vanished; her confident tone had changed. I caught the last words of his reply to her parting speech, as she lingered at the door which he held for her.

"I have told you the only thing that will help her—and the alternative. You must take her where I directed and you must go with her." He spoke as if he knew that his command carried weight.

She paused for a moment, evidently considering, while he waited impassive. Then she said with an accent, part disappointment, part resignation, "Well, I suppose if I must, I must; but it is most inconvenient. You will come and see her before we go?"

He bowed and closed the door, and then came over to me. "Come in. So glad to see you," and led the way into his office.

As he closed the door he broke out, "These fashionable women! They are not fit to have children. 'Inconvenient' when her child's whole life is at stake!"

"Who was she?" I asked.

"Her name is Mrs. Durer. She is one of those women who have not time to look after their children."

I know that I must have shown surprise, for she was one of the reigning belles of the day, and her beauty was a part of the property of the whole country. Moreover, I had heard her name connected with his, when he had gone abroad some years before.

"She is one of the handsomest women I ever saw," I observed, tentatively.

"Yes, she has looks enough," said the Doctor, dryly, and changed the subject.

It was not long after this visit to the Doctor that I received one morning the telegram I have mentioned, inviting me to join him in a holiday on the Maine coast, an invitation which I promptly accepted; for the old ties that bound us held firmly.

The place which he had selected was a little village of white or gray cottages, clustered under great elms, on a rocky slope facing south, above a pretty little land-locked harbor, just big enough to hold the white-sailed sloops which, after bobbing up and down outside, came in to sleep like

white-winged water-fowl on its placid surface; but too small for the big yachts that slipped by outside the Ledge which gave its name to the place. Thus, the life had been kept in a simpler key than at the very fashionable resorts further along the coast. "The natives," as they called themselves, were self-contained and content with their superior knowledge, and the summer visitors were as yet simple in their tastes, as they had need to be in that primal community, where the ocean was regarded by hotel keepers as supplanting lesser bathtubs.

The place where we landed from the dusty and somewhat rickety stage, in the shank of a placid summer afternoon, was not the fort-like one hotel, frowning on the Point, but Mrs. Dow's gray cottage, amid a cluster of big apple-trees, where for his own reasons, Doctor John had chosen to ensconce himself. He said it was because he liked the portrait of Captain Dow, a wonderful crayon which hung in the little parlor. Here Mrs. Dow, a determined woman of middle age, aquiline nose and temper, ample figure and firm voice, dispensed a well-ordered and measured hospitality. For Mrs. Dow measured everything; through her gold spectacles set firmly on her high nose, a pair of keen eyes measured the world with infallible accuracy.

Though my friend declared that he selected this place to get away from silly women and finish his book, I quickly found out why he had really chosen this quiet corner of Rock Ledge, and avoided the hotel with its commanding position and long piazzas where, through the hot mornings, the summer boarders travelled back and forth in their yellow rockers and "cultivated their minds" or "roasted" their acquaintances; and where, it was said, ladies of literary tendency, hung placards on their chairs, reading: "Please do not speak to me."

The only other boarder in Mrs. Dow's cottage was a little high-shouldered girl with a pinched face, glorified by a pair of wide and startlingly blue eyes that gazed at everything with singular intensity. She was a patient of the Doctor's and had come there by his orders. No one was with her except her governess, a spare and angular woman of middle age, with kind eyes and a minor note in her voice, who was conscientious to a degree and appeared to have the "fear of

Madame" always before her eyes. She had not been with her little charge long, having, as appeared, been engaged by Madame just before the child was sent to the country for her health by the direction of "a big doctor in town." This I learned from Mrs. Dow in the first conversation I had with that well-informed person.

The governess was almost as lonely as the little girl. This I learned from herself in the first conversation I had with her. We had come on her, the Doctor and I, the morning after our arrival, as we strolled, at his suggestion, down by the curving bit of beach, where the tide was licking the yellow sand with a placid motion of a tigress licking her flanks.

It was, however, as I quickly saw, not the sea that my friend came to watch, but the children. A score or more of them were working like beavers in the sand, digging trenches; building forts, or running up and down, toiling almost as much at their amusements as if they had been grown people, while their nurses and governesses gossiped or screamed after them like so many gulls.

But apart from the ruddy children sat a little sickly-looking girl, in all the panoply of stiff white muslin and lace, with her nurse by her side. As we came on her we saw her nurse turn and shake her up as a child shakes a limp doll to make her sit up straight. And for a few seconds the doll sat up. But the little weak back would bend, and the child sank down again with a look of utter weariness and despair which struck even me. Doctor John gave a deep growl like a huge mastiff, out of which I got something about "the fools who were allowed to live." And the next moment he was in front of the nurse, bending over the child and talking to her soothingly, asking her about her mamma, and her dolls, the puppy he had given her, and many other things besides. The governess appeared to be a trifle suspicious at first of this new old friend, but the Doctor quickly disposed of her. He announced that he was the child's doctor and had come down to see her. This was the fact. Having learned that Mrs. Durer had taken the child down to the seaside as he had ordered, but had not remained with her, he had run down to see her himself. In a few minutes he had the little girl up in his arms showing her a

ship just coming in, and when he put her down it was to take her off with him on a hunt for shells.

Meantime he had felt the little twisted back and knew just how she stood.

"Why don't you let her play in the sand?" he demanded of the nurse when he brought her back.

"She don't care to play much these days, and she gets her dress so soiled."

The Doctor growled.

"I thought so."

When he came home it was to hold a conference with Mrs. Dow, and that evening I heard that stern and unbending guardian of her own rights singing his praises to one of her serious-faced neighbors in terms of eulogy which would have surprised the departed Captain, whose name in the household was "Lishy Dow," and who, by report of Captain Spile, had not always received unstinted praise from his spouse during his lifetime, though, as the Captain remarked, he "guessed he got all he deserved, for Lishy was one of 'em."

"He's dead, is he?" I inquired.

"We-all, I didn't see him laid out," drawled the Captain; "but I know he's buried all right, for I helped to bury him."

But whatever he had been during his life, the Captain always received the due meed of respect from Mrs. Dow, now that he was dead. Morning after morning she would tear the brown paper from the chops or leg of mutton which Josiah Martin, the young man from Gill Carver's, the meat-man, brought, and shove the meat back into his hands with the same phrase, "You take that back to Gill Carver, and tell him I say he needn't think he can sell such meat as that to Lishy Dow's widow just because Lishy Dow's dead and gone." And morning after morning, as Josiah started off with the meat, she would call him back and say, "Well, just wait a minute—I guess you might's well leave it to-day, as I'm obliged to have something for my folks to eat, but you tell Gill Carver he ought to be ashamed of himself to try to sell such meat as that to Lishy Dow's widow just because Lishy Dow's dead and gone."

A circumstance which I did not know of till later had contributed to the Doctor's popularity. As the Doctor was in the back yard talking to Mrs. Dow about his patient, he saw a little half-crippled girl in a chair

under an apple-tree playing with some scraps of stuff out of which she was making clothes for an old doll. Mrs. Dow caught the expression on his face and answered his inarticulate question.

"That's Jane."

"Is she yours?"

"Yes—my Milly's. She stays here mostly. Like's to stay with me, because I spoil her, I guess. Least, that's what Milly says. But she's so hapless, I don't see as no harm'll come of a little spoilin'. She can't play like other children, an' all she wants is to set still and sew. You ought to see how she can sew. Speak to the gentleman, Jane." For the Doctor was now at Jane's side on his knees examining her handiwork and incidentally, the little bent figure among the old cushions.

"She can copy anything," pursued the grandmother with subdued pride, "and since she seen the fine things that little thing in the front room has, nothin' will appease her but she must copy 'em for her doll."

When Mrs. Dow told me about it, having allowed me a measure of reflected friendship, she described how, all of a sudden, she had seen that the Doctor had lost all interest in her; and from the time he caught sight of Jane had not heard a word she said to him. "But I was really ashamed to let him see her so untidy. However, as I say, you can't raise children and chickens without dirt, and you know he said 'that's so.' And now, would you believe it, in five minutes there was Jane up in his lap, talkin' to him the same as if she had known him all her life, and she never one to say a word to nobody—not to my knowin'. I was that ashamed of his seein' that old broken doll, b'cause she's got a better one, but Milly won't let her play with it, and 't appears she likes that broken one best anyway. She calls her 'Miss Hazel.' An' when I explained it to him, he said he liked it best, too, that he and Jane together'd mend it. Oh! I say! that man beats me! And he says he wants me to give him Jane for a little while, and he says he can make her like other children, most. But I mustn't say a word about it to a soul. So I won't—not even to Milly. But won't that be grand? Do you think he can do it? Jane? Why, she ain't got anythin' to build on. But I'll say this, if anybody can, he can. I wish Lishy Dow had seen him—just handlin' her

like a mother does her first baby, as if he was afraid she'd break in two! If anybody can, I believe he can."

I agreed to this.

After this there was quite a change in the establishment. The Doctor appeared to be so much taken up with the two children that he left me to my devices while he went off with them to play at keeping-house with "Miss Hazel," in a sunny nook between the rocks, where he had with his own hands helped them to fashion and fit up a little house out of old boards and other odds and ends. His first piece of surgery was the repair of the broken doll which he first put in stays and afterwards, to the great delight of the two children, in a little plaster jacket. I soon learned of this; Jane showed her to me, while little Carolyn looked on, and no trained nurses ever got more pleasure out of exhibiting an improving patient. But I did not know until afterwards that the Doctor was treating Jane in the same way, and that whenever he paid a professional visit to the doll he also paid one to the little mistress, having secured her consent through his services to the doll.

The treatment of the little visitor he had found more difficulty in, as the governess stood in terror of Madame; and Madame had left strict injunctions that she was to play with no child whom she herself did not know. "Madame was *very* particular."

"Well, I have a playmate for her," said the Doctor, and he mentioned Jane.

"Oh! Sir, I couldn't let her play with her," protested the nurse. "It would be as much as my position is worth if I should let her play with vulgar children. Madame gave me positive orders——"

"Vulgar children, indeed!" snapped the Doctor. "There are no vulgar children. Vulgarity is a mark of a more advanced age. Madame is a fool, I know, but she is not such a fool as to object to what I prescribe. Between you, you are killing that child, and you will not keep your place a week after you have killed her."

Whatever the means were, the woman's scruples appeared to have been overcome; for in a few days the two little girls were, as I have related, inseparable companions, and even I could see the improvement in the little visitor's appearance.

After this I was privileged as a friend of the Doctor's to attend one or two of the

"parties" given down in "Miss Hazel's house," as the little place which the Doctor had fitted up for them between the rocks was called; and I got an idea of the Doctor's skill in the handling of children. There was a great deal of formality where "Miss Hazel" was concerned, and that ancient and battered lady had to answer a good many questions about her health and that of her friends—as to whether the plaster jacket hurt her, and how long she could remain strapped on her board without too much pain, etc.

"Miss Hazel" had in some way been promoted through the medium of a husband lost at sea and known among the trio as "The Late Lamented," and was, under the Doctor's skilful necromancy, a devoted invalid aunt, whose only joy in life were her two nieces, two young ladies who had unhappily inherited the Hazel back. This was the Doctor's invention, as it was his care to attend the entire Hazel family. And it was amusing to see this long-limbed, broad-shouldered man, sitting day after day, carrying on conversations with the span-long doll about her two nieces and their future, while the wan-faced little creatures listened with their eager eyes dancing at the pictures he conjured up of their future gaieties and triumphs.

And when they came home in the afternoon, grimy and happy, with faint traces of color in their wan cheeks, Mrs. Dow unbent and gave us her best preserves in sheer happiness. Even the nurse admitted that her charge ate more, slept more soundly and was better than she had ever seen her. They not only played in the present; but planned for great entertainments when Mrs. Durer should come down—a date to which her little girl was always looking forward and leading Jane to look forward also. And sometimes they played that "the beautiful lady," as they called her, had come, and Carolyn would pretend that she was her Mamma and act her part as a lady bountiful. I never saw the Doctor in such spirits. He entered into the game with as much zest as the children and grew ruddy in the sea air.

"Pies are the real things!" he used to say. "These Yankees know their business. And of all pies—mud-pies are the best. Mrs. Dow is right; chickens and children must have dirt—*clean* dirt—to play in to

be healthy. If that woman will keep away long enough I'll give that child a chance for her life."

"You do not appear to hold the lady in quite the esteem the world gives you credit for?" I hazarded.

He gave a grunt, and a grim expression settled about his mouth. After a moment of reflection, he added: "Oh! she's well enough in a way—as good as most of those about her, I fancy. But it's the system—the life. It's all wrong—all wrong. Why, the womanliness—the motherhood is all squeezed out of them. I don't suppose she ever put that child to sleep in her arms in her life. I have seen women weep and wail and almost die of heart-hunger because they have no children, and there are she and her like, trifling away their life in what they call their d—d society, while their babies perish or grow up to be like them. Why, I would not give that angular, hard-featured old Mrs. Dow, with her sharp tongue, for the whole crowd of them."

"She is rather crusty," I hazarded.

"Yes, but deep down under the crust she has a heart, and a woman without a heart is a monster."

"She must have a heart. She could not look as she does," I protested. I was still thinking of Mrs. Durer.

"She has no more heart than one of my instruments."

"She is so beautiful. I cannot quite accept your diagnosis. And the child appears to adore her."

"Yes, she does," he said grimly. "And that is the worst thing I know about her; that she does not appreciate it. I'll vow! the Chinese way of destroying them at birth is preferable. It is at least swifter and more painless than casting them out as some women do."

"I think where children are concerned you may be prejudiced?" I urged. The speech sent him off into a reverie, from which he came with a long-drawn breath.

"I had a little sister once," he said slowly, "who one day when I was playing with her fell and hurt herself. My mother gave her life trying to save her. If we had had a doctor who knew more than a child she would have got well. Even if she had been let alone she might have done so. She went through tortures inflicted on her by a pedantic ignoramus, and died. Boy as I



Drawn by Harrison Fisher.

The last patient was a fashionably dressed and very handsome woman. — Page 540.

was, I thought it then and told him so. I know it now. I made up my mind then, that no other child who came within my reach should ever suffer as she had done; and that I would fight an unending battle against pedantry and pretence. And when I see a mother sacrificing her child to her pleasures I know just where to place her."

This ended the conversation. His face forbade further discussion. And when I saw him next time with his little patients, carefully examining first Miss Hazel and then Jane and Carolyn with a touch as deft as a mother's, I knew the secret of his success, and I slipped quietly away.

My summer holiday ended before the Doctor felt inclined to leave his patient, and I left him there "keeping house" with Miss Hazel and the two young ladies, and waiting, as both Carolyn and Jane informed me, "to see how Miss Hazel's spine was coming on."

I learned afterwards from one of my friends, who was summering at Rock Ledge, that Mrs. Durer, towards September, about the end of the season at —, where she had her villa, had run down to see her child and been wonderfully surprised and delighted at her improvement. "It's my opinion," said the lady who told me this, "that she was much more interested in that very good-looking and serious-minded doctor-friend of yours than she was in her little girl. She was always after him and he didn't care a button about her. In fact, he left as soon as she came down."

I learned also that an unfortunate misunderstanding had arisen with Mrs. Dow, and Mrs. Durer had taken the little girl back to town.

It seems that Mrs. Durer, however, much pleased with the improvement in her child's appearance, had very fixed views as to her social position and as to the children she should be permitted to play with. When she discovered that her child had been playing with Mrs. Dow's Jane, she threatened the governess with instant dismissal if it should ever occur again.

The result was natural. Both children wept bitterly and Elishy Dow's widow entered the lists. Mrs. Dow was calm to outward appearance; but the fire within burned deep. The grief of the children went to that member which she carefully

guarded from public scrutiny; but which could be easily touched if one but knew the way to penetrate beneath the crust. And she nursed her smouldering wrath till Mrs. Durer crossed her path.

That lady drove up to her door the afternoon before she had arranged to return to her home, to explain that she would take her child away next day, and to raise some question about Mrs. Dow's account. She was dressed impressively, but it did not impress Mrs. Dow. Mrs. Durer always declared afterwards that the woman insulted her because she would not permit her to rob her. She as little knew how exact that careful and scrupulous house-wife was, as she knew the real cause of her sudden onslaught on her. A lioness whose den had been invaded and young injured would have been less ferocious.

Mrs. Durer began about the account that had been sent her; but the score Mrs. Dow had to settle was unwritten. She was simply distant and coldly hostile until Mrs. Durer, from her carriage, referred to her as "My good woman." A flash from behind Mrs. Dow's glasses might have warned her; but when she failed to heed it and asked after her "daughter—the unfortunate one—Joan, isn't that her name?" Mrs. Dow opened the engagement.

"I have no daughter of that name," she said with a lift of her head, "and if I had, I don't know as it would matter to you whether she was unfortunate or not, seein' as you have one that appears a mite unfortunate herself, as you don't look after any too carefully."

Mrs. Durer was indiscreet enough to show temper and to reply in kind, and before the engagement was ended, Elishy Dow's widow and Jane's grandmother had told her some home truths about herself which the lady had never dreamed anyone would have been bold enough to hint at. She knew from that authoritative source that she was a cold-blooded, unnatural woman who left her sickly babe to a foreign woman to care for, and that a strange doctor had had to come and look after the child, and that when she herself had come, it was not to see the child, but the Doctor. And all this was told with a directness that had the piercing quality of cold steel.

How Mrs. Dow had come by this knowledge Mrs. Durer had no idea. She denied



Drawn by Harrison Fisher.

In a few minutes he had the little girl up in his arms —Page 544.

every part of it vehemently and furiously; but she knew, nevertheless, that it was true and that her enemy had the advantage of knowing it was the truth, and further, of knowing how to use that deadly weapon. So what could she do but take it out on the governess and even on little Carolyn?

Mrs. Dow's comment on the matter was that "Folks as ride in carriages don't hear the truth about themselves any too often, but if they come around Elishy Dow's widow puttin' on their airs, they'll get it."

When next day the little girl with tearful eyes turned up dressed for the journey, with "Miss Hazel" clasped to her breast as the pledge of Jane's undying affection, Mrs. Durer, notwithstanding Carolyn's tears, insisted on the toy being immediately sent back, asserting angrily that it was "nothing but a horrid, old, broken doll anyhow," and she would have nothing about her that reminded her of that outrageous creature.

"But, oh! it's Miss Hazel," wept the little girl, "and her spine hasn't gotten straight yet and I wanted to take her to the Doctor."

"Carolyn, don't be so silly. I will not have any more nonsense."

So the governess was sent back into the house to return Miss Hazel, while Mrs. Durer by turns scolded Carolyn and promised her a fine, new doll.

And this was the end of the little girl's dream.

It was the following winter. One snowy night, the Doctor was coming down his steps to take his carriage, when he ran into a woman hurrying up the steps. "Oh! Doctor," she panted, "come at once—she is so bad."

"Who is? Whom are you talking about?"

"Your little girl—my poor little angel."

"What is the matter with her? How long has she been sick? Who has been attending her? Where is her mother?" were all asked at once, for the Doctor now recognized Mrs. Durer's nurse.

"I don't know, sir, what's the matter. She was taken just after Madame went out to-night. She hasn't been quite well for some time. A doctor came once, but there hasn't been any doctor called in since, because Madame didn't think there was much the matter. You see she hasn't seen much

of her lately—she's been so busy going out—but she always runs up every evening before she goes out, to ask if she wants anything." (The Doctor grunted.) "But this evening she was going out to dinner and afterwards to the opera and then she was going on to a ball somewhere. And she got in so late she just had time to dress and didn't have time to come up to the nursery. And the little girl was so disappointed she didn't go to sleep very quickly. But presently she went to sleep pretending that she had "Miss Hazel" in her arms—that's the old doll you mended for 'em last summer—the other little girl gave it to her when Madame took her away and she always loved it best of all, and played that she still had her. Then after she had been asleep a little while she waked and asked for her mamma, and when I went to her she had a burning fever, and was out of her head. And I thought of you at once, because you know her so well. But William—he's the butler, he said as it wasn't etiquette to send for you and Madame would be home before long."

"Etiquette be d——!" growled the Doctor, and opening his carriage he handed the nurse in and sprang in after her.

"I was sure you'd come," panted the nurse, "so I thought I'd come and see you anyway, so I just put on my bonnet and came right away."

A few minutes later the Doctor was at the child's bedside bending over her, examining her with a grave face, while a half dozen sympathetic servants, awestruck at the sudden illness, stood just within or just without the doors.

"Where's Mrs. Durer?" he asked, as he raised up.

"She must be at the ball by this time," said the butler. "She was going to a ball from the opera."

"Send for her at once," he said quietly, and immediately turned all his attention again to the little girl who was muttering in her delirium.

An hour later there was a rush up the stairs, a murmur without, and Mrs. Durer hastily entered the room. She blazed with jewels.

"Oh! my angel! My poor little darling. What is it? Are you ill?"

She paused as she approached the bed, and then stood still, while a look of horror

came into her face and remained stamped there, as though she had turned to stone.

"Oh! Doctor! What is it? Is she dying?"

"She is very sick," said the Doctor, without taking his eyes from the child's face. The woman threw herself on her knees beside the bed.

"My darling—don't you know me? Don't you know Mamma?" she asked.

The deep sunken eyes rested on her a second, but there was no recognition. They turned away, and the child went on muttering:

"Where is Jane! Tell Jane when my beautiful Mamma comes she will play with us."

The Doctor's face hardened at the words. He had heard them often during the past summer, and he knew the sad ending of that dream. The woman at the bedside crouched lower.

"Don't you know Mamma, darling?"

"No. Where is Miss Hazel? When she gets well and strong we will all play together."

Mechanically the woman at the bedside began to strip off her jewels and they rolled down on the floor, without anyone heeding them. "I will get her for you," she said humbly.

A fleeting look of recognition dawned in the little face. "Is she well? May I play with her when I get well?"

"Yes—soon."

"And Jane?—My Mamma won't let me play any more."

Mrs. Durer winced.

"Doctor, what is the matter with her?"

"Starved," said the Doctor.

She sprang to her feet and turned on the nurse like a tigress.

"You! You wretch! How dare you!"

"It was not she," the doctor's voice was low, but vibrant, and his deep eyes burned.

"What?—Who then? I told her to give her the best—to spare nothing."

"She obeyed you, but she could not give her the best."

"What? How could she be starved?"

"It was her heart. It starved."

"You mean—?" Her voice died in her throat as the Doctor suddenly bent low over the child and put his hand on her softly, as after a sigh the tossing ceased and her head sank on the pillow. Mrs. Durer bent forward with horror in her eyes.

"Doctor! what—is—it!"

The Doctor made no reply. He folded the little hands and smoothed the soft hair on the little face which had suddenly grown placid. Then he bent over and kissed the white, calm brow. And when he raised up, his eyes, as he glanced at Mrs. Durer, had softened.

I learned of the death of the little girl through a letter from the Doctor which showed real grief and some bitterness. I knew therefore that the story which came to me of his attention to Mrs. Durer was as unfounded as ever. And when, some years later, I again visited Rock Ledge, now grown to a watering place of the degree which the press calls "some importance," I was interested to learn something of her later history.

It seems that for years the lady returned no more to Rock Ledge; but went abroad annually, returning just in time each season to exhibit at one of the most fashionable summer resorts on the Coast the creations of the first dressmakers of the Rue de la Paix, reinforced gradually more and more by the efforts of other artists. All of which was duly chronicled by those sheets which cater to the millinery tastes of the public which are particularly interested in such important matters. Then after a period in which younger rivals appeared to supplant her in the eye of that public, she reappeared at Rock Ledge. She was still handsome. Some said, handsomer than ever; but my friend who spoke to me of her, said she was the most discontented woman she ever saw; "she wanted nothing that she had and wanted everything else. The fact is," she said, "she always wanted the moon—she wanted to marry that big good-looking doctor who attended her child; and who performed such a wonderful cure in the case of old Mrs. Dow's crippled granddaughter—you know about that?"

I replied that I had heard of it; but she went on to tell me all the details quite as if I had not known them. "You know she did not have any spine at all."

"No, I did not know that," I interjected.

"—Not a particle of one—oh! not the least bit, and your friend took her and just made one for her, and now—"

"How on earth did he perform that miracle?"

"I don't know—you go and see old Mrs. Dow, in the old cottage down under the

big apple-trees, with the lilac bushes by the side door and the peonies and hollyhocks—and she'll tell you. He actually made her one—strapped her to a board for years—and put her in a plaster jacket for I don't know how long, and now—what do you think!" She paused for breath and in the interval I said, "I did not know what to think."

"—She is a trained nurse—a strapping, strong woman—a trained nurse."

This was news, indeed, and my memory of old times and of my first visit to Rock Ledge having been revived by the conversation, I strolled down that afternoon to see Elishy Dow's widow and the old cottage under the big apple-trees.

I found her, like her apple-trees, a good deal aged since I had been one of her early boarders that summer; but with her keen eyes still glinting shrewdly through her spectacles, on which the old silver rims had now been replaced by rims of gold—"given her by Jane," as she mentioned with grandmotherly pride.

She still cherished the memory of Elishy Dow, and apparently cherished some other memories as well. She referred again and again to that summer that I had spent beneath her roof, and showed me a photograph of the Doctor, hung in her front room in a place quite as conspicuous as the memorable portrait of Elishy Dow. It also was the gift of Jane, as she explained.

"Oh! I say, you don't know how much Jane thinks of that man—she don't allow there's anybody in the whole world just exactly like him. Why, she thinks as much of him as if she was his widder. You know she's in his hospital now?—"

"Ah! I am sorry to hear that."

"Oh! bless you! not that away—why, Jane's as well and strong and peart now as anybody. I say, you just 'd ought to see her. Why! the Doctor!—Well, you just 'd ought to see her! You'd hardly believe it."

And then the details came out quite as my friend had said they would.

Also there came another part of the story.

One summer, not long before "just about dusk—well, good dusk," as Mrs. Dow explained, with the particularity natural to her, a knock had come on the door—the side door that the neighbors used—and when she had put down the basket she

had in her hand with the hood in it which she was "knitting for Jane," she went to the door—and there was—"Who do you suppose!"

I started to hazard "Jane?" but it was plainly not she, nor could it be Elishy Dow, for according to Captain Spile he was well buried. So I gave it up as someone I could not imagine. Mrs. Dow looked triumphant.

"That woman!" Her face became reflective. "Well, I—!" she began, and then her expression softened. "I don't know as I ever felt so sorry for any woman in my life. I never expected to feel sorry for her; but I did. And do you know I took and showed her this hull house and everything that poor little thing had used. And she cried like her heart would break. And she asked me to take her down to where the Doctor made the play-house for 'em that summer, and asked me if I thought she could buy that place.

"I never expected to be sorry for that woman; but I was. She was so lonesome. She said she didn't have a soul in the worl' as cared for her—just cared for the money she had.

"And as I was showin' her the room that little thing had had, and the bureau, and pulled open a drawer, there was the old doll the Doctor mended for Jane that first summer he came here, when he wanted Jane to let him mend her. Jane had given it to that little girl the day that wom—the day she went away and her mother wouldn't let her keep it, though she cried so—and there it lay just where Jane put it, with the little plaster jacket on it the Doctor made and all, and when that wom—when she saw it she grabbed it up and first thing I knew she fell down flat on the floor with it in her arms kissin' it like 'twas her own child.

"Well, I will say my floor is clean. One thing Elishy Dow al'ays would have was a clean floor. And when she got up, she asked me if I would sell her the doll. I told her 'No,' I couldn't sell her—'t she was Jane's. Then she asked if I thought Jane would sell her; 't she'd give anything for her, 'anything in reason.'"

As she paused I ventured to ask her what her reply was.

"I told her, 'No—I didn't think Jane would; but I thought Jane would want me to give it to her.' She was so lonesome."

A SLEEPY LITTLE CITY

By Frances Wilson Huard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES HUARD



PROBABLY it would be difficult to find two modes of living more diametrically opposite than those of wide-awake American cities, even the smallest, and the sleepy

little cities of the French provinces.

Take for example Coutances, which serves as an excellent model for the rest of the cities of its kind. Of course it is not on the main line of the railway—that would make it too accessible. To arrive there I was obliged to take not exactly my life, but my patience in my hands and travel for hours in a stuffy little train, dragged by an old-fashioned, broken-winded locomotive, constantly emitting the most dreadful protests, which filled the meek-eyed cows that graze along the route with wonder.

After numerous distressing delays and countless stops, there came an abrupt turn in the road, and there on the side of a hill, in a landscape of fresh green fields bounded by distant blue mountains, the silent little city lifted the twin spires of its cathedral, and farther on, the walls of its dismantled donjon into the hazy sky.

And this is Coutances. Half an hour sufficed to know it by heart. The cathedral, a masterpiece in stone, a marvel of the purest Gothic art, attracted me first of all. An indefinable suavity, a glorious serenity, seemed to breathe from its old stones, where sleep memories of an illustrious past. It recalled years of faith and splendor just as the walls of the old donjon, now moss-covered and half hidden by brambles, recalled military supremacy and years of war and siege during the feudal epoch.

It did not take me long to discover that the church and the prison (the donjon) mark the extremes of the city. Between these lies a network of narrow, ill-paved streets where grass and weeds grow between the cobbles, broods of pigeons use the sidewalks as a promenade, and the old slated roofs bend and overlap each other as though weary of the effort of resisting the burning summer suns and the heavy winter rains. As human beings after years of intimate association come to resemble each other, so the more recent constructions, as I thought,

have taken on the aspect of their elders, forming a harmonious whole.

Unfortunately this optical feast was suddenly interrupted by a modern monstrosity—the incongruous white façade of a modern city hall, which fairly shouted its discordant note among its resentful but defenceless neighbors. It was at once the pride and admiration of all the citizens, some of whom may be seen at times standing before it with clasped hands and enraptured gaze. Built by a Parisian architect, the marvel was pointed out to me with far more respect than any ancient or more artistic building.

"May I look at your sketch?" said an elderly lady with shining eyes and cheeks like a withered apple. And then, after several minutes spent in careful scrutiny, "It is very nice," she said, "but why do you waste your time drawing an ugly old timbered house like mine, when there is a lovely new city hall in the next street?"

To me one of the most delightful surprises of these sleepy little cities was the rediscovery, as it were, of the old and once sumptuous public garden, now badly kept and delightfully deserted. Here I found the Hermes, the bowling-green, the marble fountain, and the sun-dial so dear to the hearts of our grandfathers. Spectres of the past seemed to lurk in the shadows of the old trees, and the sadness, so characteristic of such spots, added still more to its poetic charm.

Upon entering certain narrow streets that sleep in the shadow of the cathedral, the high garden walls and sombre façades of the old aristocratic mansions inspired me with awe. The echo made by my footsteps on the pavement annoyed me. I felt as if I had been suddenly transported into a civilization of the past, a sort of phantom world, and had anyone addressed me I am convinced I should have replied in a whisper.

From an open window the sound of a *pavane* tinkled by a spinet, floated out upon the air, making my illusion still more complete. Had I then been able to penetrate into that deeply panelled, heavily curtained drawing-room, I am sure I should have found Eighteenth-Century, First-Empire, and Restoration furniture; their faded tapestries harmonizing wonderfully with

the worn gilt frames, from whose depths grave faces of priests and magistrates, daring visages of soldiers, smiles of great dames and coquettish marquises look forth.

With increasing infrequency nowadays, so I have been told, an antique coach rattles from under the crested doorway, bearing upon its worn cushions a handsome, white-haired, benevolent old gentleman, clothed in spotless linen and broadcloth. Or perhaps it carries an aged lady proudly wearing withered furbelows long since out of date.

These are the nobles; sad and venerable silhouettes of an age gone by, all that is left of the country's aristocracy.

Comparatively no commerce, no activity, either mental or physical, exists in the provinces. But because of the absolute tranquillity that reigns without, one must not be deceived into believing that he has discovered the land of perfect concord.

The *bon bourgeois* stays at home, his aim and occupation being to live well and as cheaply as possible. He lives by routine, contracting and repaying his social debts as regularly as he winds the glass-covered clock on the conventional white marble mantel. He has but one dread, the fear that some modern idea may creep in to change his mode of daily existence.

Flaubert, Maupassant, and Anatole France have all described the eccentric inhabitants of these little cities. They are not author's myths; I have seen them all—even the sentimental captain of the gendarmerie, who spends his time dreaming in the moonlight, composing odes or transposing the vicar's sermons into quatrains.

What could be quainter than an old gentleman I met who put all the important events of his family history into rhyme? He was famed, within narrow limits, for his talent as a versifier. His rhymes, however, were not to be recited, but sung. He chose the melodies himself, which were those of popular songs. To one of these tunes, over his mother's coffin in the parish church, he had risen in all solemnity and recited her virtues.

When I reached Coutances this amiable gentleman was marrying off one of his nieces. The wedding party occupying the main dining-room of the hotel, I was obliged to eat in an adjoining room. Sounds of merriment and laughter mingled with the clinking of glasses could be heard from time to time. Presently there was a clapping of

hands, followed by a call for someone whose name I could not quite distinguish. After a slight pause, a cracked little treble began to sing a familiar melody which I strove vainly to place. The struggle ceased, however, when the refrain was reached. There were many verses and many repetitions of the refrain, which ran thus:

Tarara boom de ay,
C'est la famille Launay
This is our holiday,
Tarara boom de ay, etc., etc.

Another amusing personality, a man of vast versatility, was a certain M. George Chevrolais. Desiring to consult him about the illness of a pet dog, I found him fitting a pair of spectacles upon a fellow-townsmen and making arrangements with a woman to paint her house.

The *chef d'œuvre* of this modern Proteus was a set of scenes built for the sisters of a neighboring convent for the better presentation of their home-made comedies. Drops, wings, and flies were made of solid wood. After the expensive ordeal of getting the things in place, the sisters avoided all further difficulty by having them nailed there.

Then there's a certain old professor who, although pensioned off for many years, could never become accustomed to doing nothing, and who kept up his habits of schoolmaster until the end of his days. In the beginning of his retirement he used to correct the faults in the letters written him by his friends and those in the bills he received. But when these grew more and more scarce he was obliged to resort to correcting the manuscript advertisements pasted daily on the stone walls by peasants having chickens or vegetables to sell, a sewing-machine to exchange, or a house to rent. And he corrected them conscientiously, just as though he were going to hand them back in class the next morning, for happening to cast my eye on those stuck on our garden wall, I noticed that he had underlined the faults with a blue pencil and then in the margin had put the initials necessary to explain his mark—such as FF, *faute de français*; F. O., *faute d'orthographe*; F. S., *faute de syntaxe*.

People with ridiculously small incomes (and it is astonishing on what small ones they maintain themselves here) pass their lives doing nothing; lending their energy to complete useless tasks, wasting hours in



The cathedral attracted me first of all.—Page 551.

comical political discussions or local gossip. They read little or nothing, if one except the popular novel as it appears, chapter by chapter, in the Parisian papers. With a bookseller unknown to them, it is easy to imagine how important a part gossip and tale-bearing play in the community. A trip to a neighboring town is a thing prepared for and talked of for months in advance, and the reminiscences of such a journey furnish topics of conversation for decades.

A delightful bit of unconscious humor,

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serving also as an illustration of the importance of doing nothing, was the daily meeting of several dignified citizens. Every afternoon at an appointed hour they would assemble on the public square. Their attire, the promptness with which they met, the ceremony with which they greeted each other, led me to suppose that some important function was about to take place. At a given moment they turned their steps in the direction of the railway station, whither they went to see the train come in.

The town usually receives two annual visits from a travelling theatrical company, and to satisfy the tastes of all the connoisseurs, three and sometimes four pieces are given in the course of a single evening. The night I was present the "Two Orphans," "Camille," and "The Bells of Corneville" were given one after another. It is therefore almost useless to say that the performance commenced at 6.30 and terminated somewhere between midnight and 2 A.M.

Half an hour before the curtain rose a small boy went through the town ringing a large dinner-bell, and as if by magic the streets began swarming with people, all bending their steps in the same direction.

The theatre itself is a curiosity. At one time it had been a grain store-house, and even to-day it sadly resembles its original state. But if there is no carpet it is not missed, for the floors are covered with sawdust. And if the seats are so narrow that no really robust person can sit in them, there are at least two boxes, which on gala occasions are occupied by the mayor and the under-prefect respectively.

Once having paid for his seat, the "provincial" never leaves the theatre until the end of the performance, whether it interests him or not, and as he is not accustomed to go so long without refreshment, he carries a basket of provisions on his arm and regales himself between the acts. Certainly there are numerous persons who "look down" on this "vulgar custom," but they belong to the "smart set" and sit in the orchestra stalls. Nevertheless, even they carry boxes of bonbons and candied fruits in a convenient pocket, and pass them discreetly to their friends and neighbors during the entire evening.

It would be impossible to describe the performance given by such a com-pany under such condi-

tions. Suffice it to say that the actors are usually people who have chosen that profession for the lack of something better, and oftentimes to keep from starving. Many of them have heavy debts in almost every town, and it is not astonishing to see a creditor go to the theatre and pay for his seat in order to publicly reclaim his money.

Another thing that astonished me was that the same persons interpreted all three pieces. But the fact that the heavy tragedian of the first play sang the tenor rôle in the third seemed to pass entirely unobserved. I really commenced to wonder whether the public realized when one piece was finished and another begun.

But of one thing I am sure, however, and that is that the crowd in the gallery knows when it has been too long without eating, for if the curtain doesn't drop soon enough to suit its taste, the baskets are produced, corks pop, and the feast begins. And such a feast! Laughter and merriment, songs and jokes, are interspersed from time to

time with more than audible remarks about the appearance of certain persons present. And woe be to the bald-headed gentleman who sits below and has forgotten his silk cap. His shiny pate is soon singled out and serves as an excellent target for orange and banana skins, seeds, corks, and, in fact, almost anything that can be thrown without imminent danger of killing. Hence it is no uncommon occurrence to see gentlemen afflicted with baldness enter the theatre with parasols and umbrellas, and if there is the slightest indication of an impending fusillade, up they go, and their neighbors say nothing.

As the theatre would be too expensive a form of daily, or even weekly amusement, the bourgeois, needing something



The *bon bourgeois* stays at home.—Page 55a.



He corrects them conscientiously.—Page 552.

to help him while away his time, resorts to the cafés and the *consommations*. In Countances, as in Paris, the hour for the famous *aperitif* (appetizer) draws most of the town's masculine members toward the cafés, where cards, dice, and billiards are indulged in. Here the affairs of the nation are settled. Here I heard an ardent republican, rousing himself from a half-hour's revery, quietly remark to his neighbor, whose thoughts had wandered in a different direction, that he'd "turn Holland over to Germany as pasture-land, take possession of Spain, and sweep Belgium into the arms of France, her natural protector." And being pressed hard as to the probable results of such a proceeding, he replied, "If it accomplished nothing else it would certainly give England an uncomfortable moment."

Here an enthusiastic imperialist was heard to declare that under the Napoleonic régime, whatever else may have happened, the trains were never late.

All this has a strange effect on a new-comer. I was under the impression of living in a community of elderly people, where the children seemed as old as their parents and all seemed much in need of out-of-door recreation. Save for a few courageous boys who ride the bicycle, no sport whatever is practised. In fact, the word did not exist in the French language until a few years ago, when the Academy was forced to adopt the English term.

One summer a suburban newspaper, perceiving the lack of robust youths, began a campaign in favor of these sports, gave illustrations of their benefits in England and in America, and kept harping on the subject until the municipal council appointed a committee to examine the question and take the necessary steps toward the much-needed reform. Having learned of my origin, the "Sporting Committee" waited upon me with the object of learning what they could do as to the games and exercises



A delightful bit of unconscious humor . . . was the daily meeting of several dignified citizens.—Page 553.

which had contributed to the physical upbuilding of the American. Notwithstanding the fact that they represented the municipal council, the "Sporting Committee" was a remarkable bit of physical dilapidation. One was old, bent, and shaky; another lame and wheezy; while the third was a veritable living skeleton, in a frock coat, gray felt hat, red gloves.

After listening to a long and evidently prepared address, delivered by the gray felt hat and red gloves and being unable by any stretch of the imagination to associate football, golf, or cricket with the committee before me, my sympathy moved me to suggest the mildest possible form of outdoor exercise. I mentioned fishing, and said what I could in its favor. When the committee departed I believe it was with the conviction that through their efforts and within a fortnight's time all the boys in at least one sleepy little city would be well on their way to rugged manhood and physical perfection.

There is hardly a small town in France that has not some culinary specialty, a dish for which it is renowned and of which it is extremely proud. Thus Castelnaudary has its *cassoulet*, a peculiar manner of cooking beans; Vire, its *andouilles*, a kind of sau-

sage; Montelimar, its *nougat*; Remisemont, its *truite pâtée*; Caen, its *tripe à la mode*; Marseilles, its *bouillabaisse*, of which Thackeray sang. A hundred might be named, for even in the most out-of-the-way places I have come upon some famous local delicacy, and it would be easy for me to draw a gastronomical map of France on which all lovers of good eating might trace an incomparable and original journey.

To be sure one dines less luxuriously *en province* than in Paris, but the cooking is incontestably better, for the dishes are discussed and sagely meditated upon. Here imposing red-cheeked vestals stand before immense ovens or bend over open chimney-places, fanning the sacred fires of their art, and, ever faithful to old recipes, produce culinary masterpieces.

Perhaps no event, not even the presidential train, which passes through the city at forty miles an hour, is of greater importance than a dinner. From the moment the invitations are issued—that is to say, about a month before the event takes place—the whole family busies itself with the *menu*. In this narrow society of *petits bourgeois*, where everyone is a connoisseur and where culinary rivalry exists, an indifferent dinner is a defeat.

The hostess, when setting the date for the repast, takes particular pains to see that it falls either on market-day or the day after, so that everything will be fresh, for in such towns the *grand marché* (market) is held only once a week, and sufficient fresh provisions must be secured then to last.

To the men falls the task of selecting the wines, and hours are spent in making the choice. Like family heirlooms, wine-cellar are handed down from generation to generation, more care being often bestowed upon them than upon children.

The town undergoes a transformation on market-days, for even those who are not able to give dinners congregate to gossip. The bustle that agitates the little streets from daybreak until noon astounds one who has seen the town on other days. There, in front of the cathedral, along the four sides of the square, may be seen great heaps of cabbages, carrots, turnips, pumpkins, and fruits, their contrasting colors flashing in the morning sunlight.

Here we may see our all-important hostess, followed by a maid bearing a large

basket on her arm, wending her way from mound to mound, nodding and smiling to the peasant women, who in charming rustic costume preside over the merchandise.

Fish, poultry, pigs, and cattle are sold in the open air. Many were the lessons in economy that I learned from the thrifty, frugal merchants, whose minute savings, sewed in old stockings and hidden between mattresses, constitute the inexhaustible wealth of their nation.

The farmers and peasants, unlike the bourgeois, are, for the most part, modest people who live the same healthy lives and follow the same customs as their fathers and grandfathers before them. The women cling to their starched bonnets and the men to their blue cotton blouses as though they were sacred inheritances.

Living in close harmony with nature, they seem to have solved the problem of reducing human needs to the minimum. One or two incidents of their wonderful economy seem well worth relating.

I was the owner of a rickety little cottage on the outskirts of a Norman village. My



The "Sporting Committee"—Page 555.



Fig. 1. A view of the market at Hampton, showing the church and the market place.

Printed by J. Smith, at the 'Three Graces', in Pall Mall.

tenant, a gardener with a large family, was constantly complaining that his dwelling needed repairs. After careful inspection I decided that the repairs in question would cost more than the place was worth, and I determined to sell if I should be lucky enough to find a purchaser. This I re-

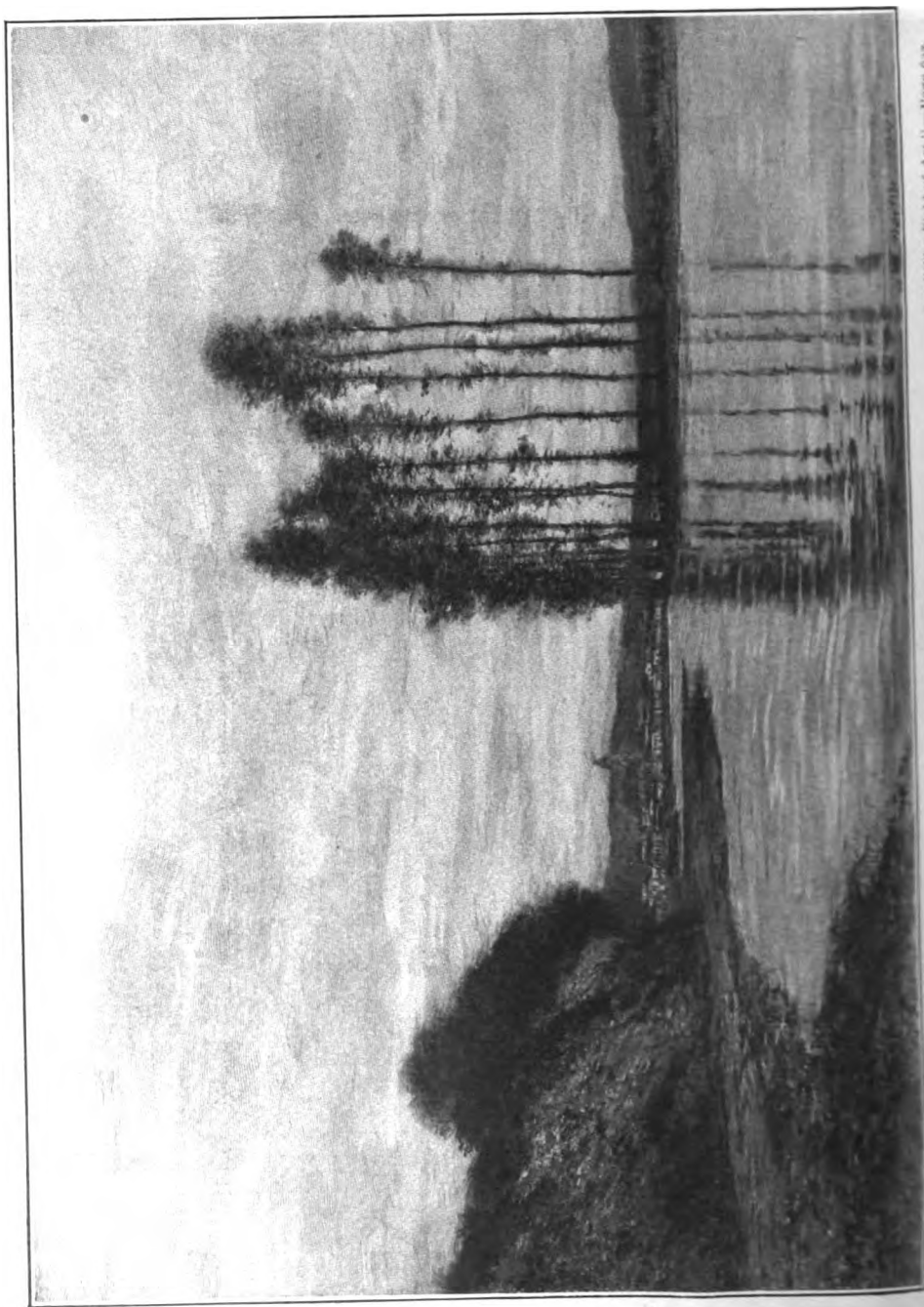
Their frugality is proverbial. It is simply the story of the wonderful recuperative powers of France. The world knows how, when beaten and humiliated by Germany in 1870, robbed of a portion of her territory (Alsace and Lorraine), with hostile troops placed in her midst, France freed herself



The town undergoes a transformation on market days.—Page 557.

garded as almost impossible. Happening to mention the matter to the gardener, to my amazement he offered to buy. This man who, when he was fortunate enough to be employed, earned two and a half francs a day, had been able not only to raise and educate a family of seven healthy, happy children and pay his quarterly rent, but also pay us the considerable sum of seven thousand francs, and became the owner of land and home.

from the presence of the detested intruder. The indemnity demanded was such that even the most hopeful despaired. It was thought it must be years before the country would be rid of the foreigner. In a few days he was gone. And the world will never forget that it was not by the nobility, nor through foreign loans, that this was accomplished, but by the hoarded gold of the despised peasant and the *bon bourgeois* of the sleepy little cities of France.



MY HUT

By John Finley

THERE lies my body, pulsing, yet not I,
'Tis but the hut in which I sojourn here;
To it at morning, noon, and eve I go
For food, and when the night o'ertakes me, tired,
I lay me down beneath its roof to sleep.

By day I wander, waking, where I will:
'Neath Afric's sun, in Arctic snows, and feel
Nor heat nor cold; I delve in Indian lore,
With Plato sit, and e'en with Adam walk
In that eld garden of his paradise;

Yet if I would with nearest neighbor speak,
Or sign to him with words, I must come back
To this my hut, where hence and hither run
The wires of converse with the outer world,
My telephonic booth, in which alone
I may call others to my spirit's voice,
Or hear another spirit calling mine.

Alone? I wonder, wishing, if it be
That we shall some day find ourselves exempt
From Cadmus' thrall, free of the vibrant cords,
Potent to hear and hail outside these booths,
To cry across the silent ages gone,
Nor needing matter's ion wings to bear
Our thoughts through present space.

. Shall we, who now
Can venture from our huts no farther way
Than that a pin-prick straight will bring us back,
Turned nomad then beneath a boundless sky,
With no roof over us nor walls about,
Nor apparition even of a house,
The ghostly tent, to give us haunt of earth,—
Shall we keep old companionships and loves,
Not those alone of friends in exile too,
Who, too, have learned the nomad tongue with us,
As deaf or blind in lone asylum shut,
But that loved commune with those other souls
Who still remain beneath the mortal thatch?

.
Last night I heard one say how on the deep
He called his brother, leagues of dark away,
Roused him from sleep and quick got his reply
Of that far continent toward whose shores
Himself was sailing, seeking some new word;
And, hearing this known miracle, I prayed,
Out of new faith, our spirits might be tuned
That each the other's cry might hear, and each
The other's need might know, though it were night,
Though mountains lay between, or seas, or days,
Though dark or distance intervened—or death.

THE GAME BY WIRE

By Arthur Stanwood Pier

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. B. KING

IF you have any explanation to offer, you may make it to me on the dock."

So the angry letter concluded; and in consequence John Stanley journeyed for two days eastward. He had several consoling thoughts; one was that, however the affair was adjusted, he might now see the Yale-Harvard football game at New Haven.

He arrived in Boston on Wednesday evening; Mr. Prentice's steamer was due on Thursday. Now, although Stanley came from the West and was a Yale man, he knew his way round Boston; and after dining he betook himself up Beacon Street to Mr. Prentice's house. While he waited in the hall he heard from above Lucy Prentice's clear voice reading aloud as follows: "At left end is Prentice, who though new to 'Varsity football this year, and opposed by perhaps the strongest player in the Yale line, is expected to give a good account of himself. His speed in getting down under kicks and his——"

The reading ceased; a moment later John Stanley was ascending the stairs to the library. There, standing by a table expectantly, was Lucy Prentice alone; she came forward with a little start of nervous eagerness, with a jubilant welcome shining in her face.

"John Stanley! I had no idea you were in town! How splendid! Mamma's so sorry not to see you, but she's not very well—I was reading to her."

"About young Prentice—yes, I heard you."

"About him and the man that plays opposite him. Tell me—what does your brother say? You'll go down to the game with us—we have a special car. It will be full of Harvard people; and it will be perfectly fine to have one lone Eli. We will all have such fun jollyng you."

"Except on the trip back," observed Stanley. "Then it will be my turn."

She scoffed at the confidence of Yale men;

he listened without resentment. In that yellow dress, with her dark beauty, she was quite enrapturing; and he enjoyed her prattle. He had made a note of her nervous, eager start toward him. Perhaps it was one of the little tricks that made her so popular with men; but perhaps it had in this instance a special genuineness. Her talk flowed on, easily, happily.

"And isn't it funny," she was saying, "to think that my Tom doesn't know your Ted at all!"

"They will know each other pretty well after Saturday," he answered.

"Does your Ted slug?"

"Does your Tom hold in the line?"

"Oh, you must—you must come with us in our car!" she exclaimed. "I so want to exhibit you to my Harvard friends."

"As a—as a possession?" he ventured.

"As my dearest enemy," she answered.

"Well—even that tempts me. But I'm not sure."

"Why not?"

"Oh, business may prevent. I'm in Boston on business."

"Paving business?"

"Yes."

"Then it's all right. Father wouldn't miss this game for anything; and he wouldn't have you miss it."

"When will his steamer get in to-morrow?"

"Not till late in the afternoon—and perhaps not until Friday morning. They've had fog and a rough passage."

"A combination which is likely to make one irritable," said Stanley meditatively.

"Oh! Then things haven't been going well?"

"Not very," he admitted.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" She looked at him with such compassion that he exclaimed:

"I—of course I wanted to make good in this job especially; it's rather a disappointment. But however it comes out, I'm not beaten; I'm really not, you know. I want you to understand that."

"Not yet, of course—not till Saturday,"

she answered lightly. "And Saturday we'll count on you in our special car."

"I'd rather leave it open until I've talked with your father. To be frank—he may prefer *not* to see me in your special car."

"Dear me!" She sighed. But she did not press him for any further confidences. She returned to the subject, however, late in the evening when he was taking his departure.

"If it's such a deadly feud, perhaps we'll never meet again—unless you come to luncheon to-morrow? Mamma would be sorry to miss you entirely."

So he came to luncheon the next day. It was blowing a gale; resort to the telephone elicited from the Cunard office the information that the *Bohemia* would not arrive before Friday night; a wireless to the station on Cape Cod had announced some mishap to her engines.

"Well," said Lucy Prentice, "father is making pretty close connections."

"Oh, I hope," cried Mrs. Prentice, "that nothing more will happen to detain him! This is Tom's last year at Harvard, Mr. Stanley, and Mr. Prentice regards Tom's playing in this Yale game as the greatest event of his own life; he wouldn't miss it for worlds. And I don't know how I could endure it myself if Mr. Prentice could not be there; it makes me quite faint whenever I think of it."

"You will have my strong young shoulder to lean on," said Lucy. "But the old boat will get in on time; don't worry."

When late in the afternoon he was taking his leave, John Stanley suggested to Lucy that, as they might never see each other again after Friday, they celebrate this possibly last evening by going to the theatre. He generously included Mrs. Prentice in the invitation. Lucy thought nothing could be more agreeable. Mrs. Prentice decided that she did not care to go; but that Lucy was old enough to go alone with a young man if she chose to. And she suggested that Mr. Stanley come to dinner.

When at the end of a cheerful little play they emerged from the theatre rain was falling. Therefore, during the drive home they discussed not the play but the weather probabilities for Saturday, and the comparative merits of the two teams on wet grounds. When they reached the house Stanley accepted an invitation to come in for supper. He was led into talking about

Western cities as places to live in. He believed that every woman ought to live for a while in a Western city. "Rather than Boston?" Lucy suggested doubtfully. "Oh! distinctly rather than Boston." She looked as if—though his convictions were different from hers—she liked to have him so emphatic.

Into his leave-taking he infused a note of melancholy. "We'll probably meet to-morrow night on the dock," she reminded him. "And if not there—Saturday in our special car." He admitted the possibilities, but indicated his preference for a touching farewell, in case— He left it vague.

It rained all night; all Friday until three o'clock in the afternoon—a steady, still, warm rain. Then the rain ceased in a drizzle, and a fog steamed up from the earth and met another fog shutting down from the sky.

Stanley had tried to spend a profitable morning. He had visited the Art Museum and the Public Library, and, finally, Harvard College. At this last institution, however, instead of inspecting in a reverent spirit the glass flowers and other improving objects, he sought out certain undergraduates and—like a typical Yale man—goaded them into betting on their team. At two o'clock he returned to Boston, through the weltering fog. From the Touraine he telephoned to the Cunard wharf; yes, the *Bohemia* had arrived at noon off Boston Light and had anchored to await high tide—which would be at six o'clock. But if the fog did not lift before seven o'clock she would not dock until Saturday morning.

With sudden concern Stanley left the telephone booth and gazed out of the window. The fog was thicker than ever; the lights in the windows across the street made a golden blur, revealing nothing; cabs and wagons emerged suddenly from nothingness, and were as suddenly consumed by mist. Stanley returned to the telephone. Miss Prentice was at home; Miss Prentice, in fact, answered his call.

Yes, she had telephoned to the wharf; wasn't it disgusting? Of course the fog wouldn't lift. She felt awfully sorry for her father; he had sailed especially to see Tom play. And her mother was almost prostrated with sympathy and disappointment. "But there's one good thing, any way," she added. "Now you can join us in our special car."

"Oh, but I'm worse off than ever," said Stanley. "Your father told me to meet him on the dock."

"Don't be any silly Casabianca," urged Lucy. "You'll see him to-morrow night—and that will do just as well as the morning."

"But it won't. I must get back and bid on some contracts Monday. And I can just do it by leaving New York to-morrow night; I couldn't do it by leaving Boston."

"Dear me! Well—if papa's ship doesn't get in, why don't you come round to dinner this evening and cheer us up?"

"Delighted—especially as it may be the last chance I shall ever have——"

"Oh, yes. We must never forget that. We'll expect you at seven—if papa's ship doesn't come in."

The *Bohemia* did not dock that night. And again it was after midnight when John Stanley left the Prentices' house. He bore affectionate messages from wife and daughter for the husband and father; he had Mr. Prentice's ticket for the football game in his pocket, for the chance still remained that the boat might dock early enough in the morning to permit an enthusiastic parent to catch a train for New Haven.

Stanley rose at five; by six he was at the dock. The fog had not yet lifted; the minutes and hours slipped by; and at last Stanley gave up hope. Then suddenly at ten minutes past nine the harbor and its islands emerged and soon lay clear and shining, and the *Bohemia* was steaming up from quarantine.

Mr. Prentice was the first passenger off the boat. He ran into the customs room; Stanley pursued him.

"If you're lucky, you can just get the ten o'clock," Stanley said, trotting up by his side. "The last special left at nine. Here's your ticket to the game."

"Thanks." Mr. Prentice glanced at Stanley and seized the ticket. "I've fixed it with the inspector—passed through without my trunks." He went down the steps three at a time, with Stanley at his heels. "South Terminal," he said to a cabman. "Five dollars extra if I catch the ten o'clock."

Stanley climbed in beside his chief, and the cabman started the horse on a run.

"So you're going, too?" said Mr. Prentice.

"Yes. It's the only chance I'll have to

explain to you. I must leave New York to-night if I'm to put in a bid on those Frye-ville contracts."

"Oh, very well. Twelve minutes to ten. We'll never do it."

"Just a chance," said Stanley. "If we do make it—and the train's on time—we'll miss only the first twenty minutes of the game."

They swept down to the East Boston ferry just to see the gates closed—just to see the ferry-boat slide out from the slip.

"Damn!" said Mr. Prentice. "That does us." He took off his hat and thumped the brim of it angrily upon his knee. "I have a son playing in that game to-day; I've come all the way from Europe to see him play."

"It's hard luck," said Stanley. He made no allusion to his own disappointment. "But we may get the train after all—if it's late in starting."

They reached the station at ten minutes past ten; the train had gone.

"You can take me back to the dock," Mr. Prentice said to the driver. "After I have got my luggage through the customs, I will see you, Mr. Stanley, at my office."

"It might be better," said Stanley, "if you would let me talk with you now. For about those contracts—I ought to leave this afternoon if we're to bid for them. I could explain matters to you, Mr. Prentice, while we're driving back."

"Oh, very well; if it's as easy as all that."

Stanley flushed.

"I understood," he said, "when I was made Superintendent of the Tristate Section, that I was to get the business—that this was more important, to begin with, than to show profits."

"But it was never intimated to you that you were to sacrifice profits—to undertake heedless, reckless, extravagant contracts. You were to get all the business possible regardless of profits—but not regardless of loss."

"With two competing companies against us, I did the closest figuring I could," Stanley replied. "If we had had normally good luck, we'd have come out about even. But after getting the contract, we were delayed in our work by two weeks of rain, and by having to wait for sand shipments. Because of these delays we ran behind—but it wasn't because I had been reckless in my figuring."

"That may all be true—but it's your business, when you find unexpected expense developing in one direction, to economize in another—and bring the company through without loss. You've had charge of three big jobs since you were made superintendent; every one of them has stood us a big loss. I don't deny that there's been some hard luck about it—but what I want—what I mean to have—is a superintendent with ingenuity enough to cope with hard luck."

"You mean by—evading the specifications?"

"I mean nothing in particular. I do not inquire into the methods by which ingenuity is applied—but what I want, what I must have, is ingenuity—resourcefulness—and you haven't it. I happen to know that the superintendent of the Etna Company has made big profits for his concern under conditions similar to yours."

"Yes," said Stanley. "He scamped on the concrete and filled up with sand and gravel beyond what the terms of the contract called for. His work will need to be done over again within a year. I don't know any other way of coming out even when bids are low and luck is against you, Mr. Prentice."

"I don't know what ways there may be, and I don't care to know," replied Mr. Prentice irascibly. "But as long as they exist and there are men of ingenuity who can operate our plant at a profit instead of at a loss, my company will avail itself of those men."

"I only do honest work," said Stanley.

"Young man, that observation is offensive. If the only resources open to your ingenuity are dishonest, don't arrogate to yourself all the ingenuity there is in the paving business. Other men may accomplish better results than you by methods that are perfectly legitimate. Since your feeling is what it is, perhaps you feel that you had better separate yourself from the service of the company."

"Perhaps I had." Stanley drew out of his pocket some papers. "I left everything in good shape; Holmes understands all about the matters in the office. I've drawn up a statement for you of the situation; here it is. And here are all the data that will be needed in bidding for the Fryeville contracts."

Mr. Prentice took the papers and thrust them into his pocket.

"I wish you success, Mr. Stanley, in your next venture."

"Thank you." Stanley called to the driver, and the cab stopped. "Good-by, sir."

"Good-by."

Stanley alighted, touched his hat, and walked away.

He had kept control of himself; now, however, his lips tightened angrily, and he walked on without noticing where his steps were leading him. He had foreseen that this outcome was possible, and had calmly prepared for it; the accurate notes which he had turned over to Mr. Prentice had been made for this very contingency. Yet all the while he had never really believed it could happen. Dismissed because he would not be dishonest! "It's the only way of looking at it—the only way," he insisted to himself as he hurried blindly along. And to think that Mr. Prentice was that kind of a man!

There wasn't a gleam of light anywhere. He had sacrificed, all for nothing, his chance of going to the game with Lucy—of seeing the game. And it was the last year that Ted would ever play; and next to his mother and Lucy he admired Ted more than anyone in the world; if he had had nothing else to consider, he would have spent his last cent to see Ted play. And Ted would think he was there, and would be looking for him in the stand, and after the game.

On the ferry-boat John Stanley leaned with both elbows on the rail and stared down into the water with a woebegone face.

II

MR. PRENTICE'S irritation grew. In his painstaking fashion, he had made out a complete inventory of his purchases abroad and handed it to the customs officer with his declaration. It was a modest list, reaching a total, as he had laboriously computed, of \$347.53. With this in hand the inspector was going methodically through all Mr. Prentice's possessions. Meanwhile, Mr. Prentice sat on a trunk and watched him with a hard, disgusted eye. "Young man," he barked suddenly, so that the inspector

spun about startled, "you're the second person to-day that's taken me for a crook."

"Oh, no, sir," the inspector replied. "Only it often happens that the persons who hand in itemized lists are the very ones that are hoping to conceal things of value and—well, I haven't had much to do this morning——"

"It must be a fascinating recreation," observed Mr. Prentice. "I have handed in my statement and taken my oath that it is correct, but there is no reason for you to believe that I am animated by fear of God, reverence for truth, respect for law, or any feeling of patriotism whatever. As I say, you are the second person to-day who has taken me for a crook."

The inspector flushed angrily. Then, after a brief survey of Mr. Prentice's face, his indignation disappeared in a grin.

"If you looked any different from what you do and talked like that," he said, "I'd think you were a crook, sure. But I guess I have some sense. I won't annoy you any more."

He closed the trunk and affixed his stamp to the label.

"This way, sir; and they'll figure out the duty."

Mr. Prentice followed him to the assessor's window, paid the fifty-three dollars demanded, and then turned to the inspector.

"I lost my temper; I'm obliged to you for your courtesy," he said. "I like men that can see straight when they're mad. I can't do it myself."

He swung round and marched away.

Yes; that was the trouble with young Stanley—he couldn't see straight when he was mad. If he had had a grain of common sense he'd have known better than to take a few peevish and perverse utterances so literally. Driving home, Mr. Prentice began to heap reproaches upon himself, however, rather than upon Stanley. He had been irritated by Stanley's poor showing as superintendent, and had thought a good scare and scolding would be beneficial. But he had meant to turn a mild, indulgent ear to the young man after Stanley had been sufficiently cowed. Instead, he had let himself be cornered unpleasantly, and then, with the devil of wrong-headedness and pride in command, he had been unable to extricate himself from a false position. And the poor young thing felt he had been dis-

missed because he wouldn't stoop to dishonesty! It would have been ludicrous had it not been so annoying, so unjust. That upon which Mr. Prentice prided himself was his integrity in all business dealings.

"I suppose I'll have to get hold of that young man again and smooth things out," he grumbled to himself. "Confound it, I don't know where he's stopping—or where he'll go when he leaves Boston."

At home Mr. Prentice found affectionate, commiserating notes from his wife and daughter—a pathetic welcome for the returned traveller. He wandered about the house, poking into the different rooms and renewing in this desultory way the feeling of being at home again. Then he went to his office, where he was reminded of the Fryeville contract and the necessity of telegraphing instructions to Holmes. He remembered the papers which Stanley had given him; they proved to be the complete statement of the Fryeville specifications and requirements, the complete figuring to meet them—figuring which, as Mr. Prentice, after long study, recognized, was of the closest, most expert kind.

Mr. Prentice despatched a long telegram to Holmes, the assistant superintendent of the Tristate Paving Company. In it he incorporated all the items which Stanley had left with him, and gave orders to bid for the Fryeville contract. He added that Stanley's return was delayed for a few days.

Then he began telephoning round to the hotels. He learned that John Stanley had been stopping at the Touraine, but that within an hour he had paid his bill and departed.

III

STANLEY had gone to the station, meaning to take the first train for New Haven. He could not see the game, but he would at least be on hand to share his brother's rejoicing or sorrow—shake his hand or hold it. Then it occurred to him that if he took this train he would get no news of the game until it was all over. And he remembered reading in the morning newspaper that the plays were to be reproduced by wire at Mechanics Hall. So he decided to wait over for the returns; he could still get to New Haven in time for any jollification.

The game was to begin at two; at a quarter before the hour Stanley entered Mechanics Hall.

This is a vast and unbeautiful auditorium. For the occasion it had been dressed up in a manner that implied patriotism on the part of the management. The roof displayed a red, white, and blue vertebrate appearance; one long, broad streamer of tricolored bunting extended like a backbone down the middle of the roof and threw out on either side ribs of similar material. Also bunting framed the three pictures at the back of the stage—pictures of "The Boston Tea Party," "Eliza Escaping Over the Ice," and "John Eliot Preaching to the Indians." At the front of the stage was the apparatus for recording the progress of the game—a blackboard marked out like a football field, with an imitation football suspended over it by a wire along which it could be moved at will. A telegraph operator was busy with his instrument, and near him stood a large man in a frock-coat. The front half of the auditorium was closely filled with people; there was a sprinkling farther back and in the gallery, and the crowd was flowing in faster and faster and spreading over the floor. Stanley secured a seat near the aisle. He looked round. People were standing up beckoning to friends, pretty girls were nodding and smiling across distant spaces, middle-aged and elderly gentlemen and small schoolboys filed down the aisles and off right and left to seats; also many persons whose academic associations were obviously remote, whose cigars pointed at angles from their mouths, and whose hats were canted at angles on their heads. Among them all Stanley saw no familiar face.

The large man in the frock-coat, who had been bending over the telegraph operator, advanced to the edge of the platform.

"There is no wind," he proclaimed in a truly stentorian voice.

This momentous announcement was received with applause. Stanley began to feel excited—he began to feel very much as if he were actually in the New Haven stand waiting for the game to begin.

The man in the frock-coat advanced again.

"The Harvard team has just trotted on the field."

There was then great applause—clapping

of hands and an inarticulate loud bawl from the middle-aged and elderly gentlemen, the small schoolboys, and the pretty girls.

Stanley felt that his part this afternoon would indeed be lonely and conspicuous.

"The Yale eleven has just trotted on the field."

"A-ay!" shouted Stanley, clapping his hands; but to his surprise he was not alone in this demonstration—there were noisy outbreaks in different parts of the hall. "Brek-ek, Koax, Yale. Siss boom oh, rah, Yale!" shouted some one behind him. Stanley turned and saw with indignation that the deliverer of this mutilated cheer was an unshaven, red-nosed person with an Irish mouth, a soiled collar, and a debilitated silk hat. With him a coterie of younger but equally unattractive "sports" stamped and whistled their jubilation. Stanley surveyed them with disgust. In New Haven it had always seemed perfectly reasonable for the muckers to cheer for Harvard; it was offensive to find that in Boston the muckers cheered for Yale.

Then he caught sight of Mr. Prentice advancing down the aisle, casting about for a seat. And instantly he faced round toward the stage.

Someone, he was aware, passed in and took a seat behind him.

"The two captains are talking with the referee. The referee flips a coin."

There was a moment's silence, during which the announcer bent over the telegraph operator. Then he straightened up.

"The two elevens are going to their places. It is Yale's ball."

Stanley had an instant mental picture of his brother Ted, out on the right end of the line, left foot advanced, bending forward on tiptoe for the start; Stanley's hands were cold with excitement, and he felt the nervous tremor that he used to feel at this moment when he was actually present at the play.

"Thompson kicks for Yale to Harvard's fifteen-yard line; Williams catches and runs the ball back to Harvard's thirty-five-yard line."

The announcer's assistant pulled a string and the ball hopped to position.

"Hinchman gains two yards through centre."

"Williams tries Yale's right end, but is thrown by Stanley for a loss of three yards."

"A-ay!" shrieked Stanley, beating his hands together.

"Well, well, well!" shouted triumphantly one of the Yale sympathizers in the rear. The tone was so offensive that Stanley turned his head—and saw Mr. Prentice in the row behind, smiling at him.

Mr. Prentice leaned forward. "We cheer for opposite sides."

"Yes," said Stanley. He again faced round to the stage.

"Hammond drops back to kick."

"Hammond kicks to Baird on Yale's thirty-yard line, and Baird is tackled by Prentice and thrown in his tracks."

Harvard cheered; Mr. Prentice let out a great bellow and pounded on the floor with his cane. He leaned forward and said to Stanley in a jubilant voice, just as if they were friends, "That's my boy."

Stanley nodded. "I've heard he's good."

"Morris tries Harvard's centre, but does not gain an inch."

Again there was applause from Harvard. "Should have tried right end," Stanley muttered.

There was silence, during which the click of the instrument was audible even to those in the middle of the hall. The announcer, who had been bending over the operator, straightened up.

"With Stanley blocking off for him beautifully, Mercer circles Prentice for fifteen yards."

"A-ay!" shouted Stanley, and elsewhere there rose small cheers. And when these had subsided one of the pseudo-Yale contingent in the background ejaculated, with loud, insolent satisfaction: "Well, well, well! How about it?"

Mr. Prentice leaned forward again.

"I don't like your man Stanley," he said good-naturedly. "I wish he'd leave my boy alone. Any relation of yours?"

"Brother."

"What! And you're not there to see him! Why—why didn't you go?"

"Oh," Stanley said rather bitterly, "the reasons are no longer important."

The remark seemed to have effectively silenced Mr. Prentice.

The next reports recorded small but steady Yale gains. By assaults upon Harvard tackles, which won two or three yards invariably, Yale progressed to Harvard's forty-yard line. Here the Harvard defence

stiffened, and on two downs Yale had still five yards to gain.

Then there was a long wait.

"They're slow in sending," murmured the schoolboy who sat with his father next to Stanley, and who had been cheering for Harvard on the slightest provocation.

The announcer advanced portentously.

"With magnificent interference by Stanley, Mercer circles Prentice. He is pulled down by Hall on Harvard's ten-yard line."

The massive, disapproving silence seemed to emphasize the sparse, vigorous applause. Stanley was clapping his hands, bouncing round in his seat, and yelling.

"Well, well, well! *What's* going to happen?" came the derisive inquiry from one of the Yale sympathizers behind.

"Brek-ek Koax; Siss boom, rah, Ya-ale!" bawled the red-nosed Irish-looking person.

"Watch for a touchdown round Prentice!" cried another.

From the movement behind him, Stanley imagined that Mr. Prentice had turned to glower indignantly at the author of this suggestion—and Stanley chuckled. "That's the place, though," he said to himself. "Mercer and Ted can do the trick."

Then the announcer flung up his hand in excitement and shouted:

"Yale fumbles!" The crowd sprang up with a yell. The announcer implored silence, stretching out his hands, and the noise quieted. "The ball rolls out from a scrimmage; little Prentice is Johnny on the spot, and starts with a clear field for a touchdown." Then the tumult broke loose again; they were all on their feet, shrieking, flourishing hats; all but Stanley and a few half-hidden figures here and there; the announcer still stood smiling. And when the shouting had subsided again, "He is overhauled by Stanley on Yale's eight-yard line."

With a final joyous clapping the audience resumed their seats. The schoolboy beside Stanley turned round. "Well, well, well! *What's* going to happen!" he cried viciously at the Yale enthusiasts.

"Sh-h, Jack! Don't be cheap!" his father rebuked him.

It gave Stanley an excuse for looking round; disappointed as he was, he had somehow a desire to see Mr. Prentice at that moment. He caught Mr. Prentice in the act of wiping his eyes with his handkerchief.



Stanley climbed in beside his chief.—Page 564.

The Harvard centre was stronger than the Yale centre; and in three more plays Harvard crowded across the line for a touchdown. The auditorium resounded with the cheers; presently these were diverted into a great chorus as the crowd swung into the song,

"Glory, glory, glory to the Crimson,
For this is Harvard's Day."

And Stanley muttered to himself, "It is certainly not much of a day for the Stanley brothers."

Soon it was announced that there were but three minutes of the first half left to

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play. The ball had wavered back and forth above the middle of the blackboard, and had come to rest on Harvard's fifty-yard line—in Yale's possession. The crowd had settled back into comfortable assurance.

After a pause the announcer paced forward with great deliberation. There was something solemn in his manner.

"Yale has executed a trick play." He spoke with reluctance; he hesitated, and the crowd hung upon his fateful, carefully spaced words. "Burke passes the ball to Stanley, and from nearly the middle of the field, with the whole Yale team interfering

for him, Stanley carries it over Harvard's line for a touchdown."

Stanley leaped to his feet; and while the supporters behind him were yapping out taunts and jeers at Harvard, he swung his arms as if he was leading a multitude, and cried out all alone the real Yale cheer. The Harvard people turned to look; some of them smiled at him a little wistfully, and because he was so clearly a Yale man they clapped him when he sat down.

"Are *you* Stanley's brother?" he asked.

"Yes." Stanley laughed. "And that gentleman that I just shook hands with is Prentice's father."

The boy glanced behind him and then at Stanley again with puzzled but respectful interest.

The half ended with the score six to six.

"Mr. Stanley"—Mr. Prentice leaning forward spoke in a low voice—"I tried to reach you by telephone an hour ago. Will



"You're the second person to-day that's taken me for a crook."—Page 566.

"Why don't you cheer for Stanley?" asked the schoolboy next to him in a resentful voice. "He's the whole Yale team."

"I'm cheering for him, all right," said Stanley with a grin. He felt someone nudging him from behind. He turned; Mr. Prentice put his hand over his shoulder.

"That run of your brother's," said Mr. Prentice. "It got by my boy—but it must have been a corker. Shake."

Then Stanley put out his hand.

The schoolboy had been taking this in with open eyes.

you allow me a few minutes' talk with you after the game?"

"Of course—if you wish it." Stanley's mood had altogether changed; he was feeling friendly now with all the world.

Mr. Prentice sat forward and asked him about his brother, and how old Ted was and how heavy and where he had learned to play; and also he told Stanley about his boy Tom. And as the immediate neighbors began to understand that the father and the brother of two opposing players were discussing their heroes together, a



Drawn by W. B. King.

"I know we'd never have got it if your brother had been in the game."—Page 573.

group gathered near them in the aisle and listened curiously.

The intermission came to an end; the wanderers returned to their seats. For the first ten minutes the reports showed that both teams were playing on the defensive; it was chiefly now a kicking game; back and forth travelled the ball, with neither side gaining any notable advantage. Then came the statement:

"For Harvard, Williams makes one yard round Stanley. Stanley is hurt. Prentice is disqualified for slugging him. Harvard protests the decision."

There was a dead silence, then an excited hum all through the audience.

"My boy never slugged; he never slugged!" Mr. Prentice declared it passionately in Stanley's ear.

"I don't believe he did," Stanley replied.

Mr. Prentice sat forward with his head up, anxious and defiant. Stanley crouched with his elbows on his knees.

"I hope your brother isn't much hurt," said the schoolboy next to him.

"Thank you; I guess he'll be all right," said Stanley.

But he still sat forward, hugging his arms in suspense.

At last came the message:

"Dunlap is warming up to take Stanley's place, but Stanley refuses to leave the field." And Harvard as well as the brother clapped at that. "Stanley supports the Harvard protest. The referee reverses his decision—Prentice is allowed to play; and before the line-up Prentice and Stanley shake hands."

The applause for Prentice's long run, and for the Harvard touchdown had been no greater than that which now erupted from the audience. And Mr. Prentice, while he clapped and shouted, babbled intermittently into Stanley's ear—babbled emotionally: "That brother of yours—I—well, I hope Tom would have done the same."

But Stanley was too happy at that moment to have the slightest thought of Tom.

"Williams tries Stanley again, and gains a yard," proclaimed the announcer. "Stanley is hurt again."

"That's it; they're tryin' to do him up!" shouted one of the Yale sympathizers. "It's the only chance they've got."

"Cut it out!" retorted an irritated Harvard man from across the aisle.

"What do you think is the trouble with your brother?" Mr. Prentice said to Stanley. "Had he a bad knee, or something of that kind?"

"No; not a weak spot. He was in perfect condition."

"Oh, then he'll be himself again. Wind knocked out, most likely."

"I hope he can go on playing," said the schoolboy. "Guess I never wished that before about the best man on the other team."

"Thanks." Stanley smiled at him gratefully.

There were two or three minutes' suspense. Then:

"Dunlap takes Stanley's place; Stanley is led off the field." The announcer gave the news with some gusto—but it met with no joyous response.

"It can't be serious," said Mr. Prentice. "Led off—not carried off."

"It's pretty bad," Stanley replied. "If it wasn't, they would never have taken him out—and he wouldn't have gone."

"I'm awfully sorry," said the schoolboy.

Yale man though he was, Stanley's interest in the game had been abruptly stifled. While the reports were being dealt out at intervals he was thinking of Ted—wondering if the boy was lying on the side-line, or if he was so badly hurt that he had been immediately removed from the field. And Ted would be looking for him after the game—wondering why he didn't come to give his sympathy—to talk it all over. Stanley winked tears from his eyes.

"Williams goes round the new man Dunlap for twenty yards; the ball is Harvard's on Yale's thirty-yard line," cried the announcer.

Harvard was up with a shout; Stanley was startled out of his melancholy indifference. Then gradually the audience settled down.

"Williams again takes the ball and circles Dunlap for twenty-two yards. The ball is Harvard's on Yale's eight-yard line."

Again there was a mad springing up, a wild tumult of cheers. "Touchdown!" "Touchdown!" The cries, mingling from different parts of the room, swelled into importunate demand.

And Harvard scored—crushing through Yale's centre for short gains until on the third play Hinchman lay across the line claspings the ball.



He dropped his voice and looked at her entreatingly.—Page 574.

The young schoolboy and his father were on their feet, thumping each other, shouting while they laughed; Mr. Prentice behind was holding aloft his hat, motionless, in supreme salute, and emitting a monotonous, inarticulate roar. Then down in front a man of fifty climbed on a chair and called for the Harvard cheer, and a cheer was organized out of the tumult. After that they

sang, "Glory, glory to the Crimson"—and the song got a fresh impetus when the announcer interjected that Williams had kicked the goal.

Stanley saw the schoolboy looking down at him from his cheerful eminence and ruefully smiled. The boy dropped into the chair beside him.

"It's great," he said. "But I know

we'd never have got it if your brother had been in the game."

"Thank you," said Stanley. "But your man Williams is a good one."

"He never got round your brother once," said the boy.

Mr. Prentice touched Stanley's shoulder and bent down.

"If it hadn't been for your brother my boy couldn't have shared in this," he murmured; his voice was tremulous. "And *your* boy is not among those who are beaten."

"That won't make it any easier for him," Stanley answered.

"But for you, perhaps."

He again touched Stanley's shoulder—with a sort of shy friendliness.

There was no more scoring; in ten minutes the game had ended.

"Three times three, and nine long Harvards!" shouted a young man who had sprung upon the stage. "Gather up close, and everybody cheer!"

Mr. Prentice touched Stanley's arm.

"I won't ask you to wait for anything like this," he said.

"Mr. Prentice," said Stanley, "please excuse me—I want to get the first train to New Haven and find out about my brother——"

"You'd better come home with me and call up New Haven on the long-distance. You'll get the information quicker. And perhaps you can get your brother on the wire. Won't that do?"

The Harvard cheer was rolling out; Stanley nodded in silence, and with Mr. Prentice walked away.

Not until Stanley had learned that Ted's injury was a dislocated shoulder and, though painful, not serious—not, indeed, until he had actually heard Ted's voice over the telephone and talked with him about the game—did Mr. Prentice embark upon his theme. Then, sitting in the library, which overlooked the Charles and gave a view of the lights which had just flashed out on Harvard Bridge, and beyond that of the clouded, heavy red sunset, sitting there

comfortably with whiskey and soda and cigars, the young man and the old came to an understanding.

"And in conclusion," said Mr. Prentice, reaching out and laying his hand on Stanley's knee, "I want to say that in business or in sport the Prentices mean to play just as fair as the Stanleys—and they want the Stanleys to help them."

They dined together—Mr. Prentice celebrated his son's victory by opening champagne—and afterward they sat in the library smoking long cigars. Late in the evening Mrs. Prentice and her daughter arrived from New Haven.

"O Thomas!" cried Mrs. Prentice, throwing her arms about her husband. "Our boy—our dear boy! If you could only have seen——" She burst into tears.

"She had a horrid time—she's a nervous wreck, poor dear," said Lucy, and while she kissed her father she patted her mother soothingly.

Then she turned to Stanley, and as the parents were absorbed in each other she drew him to the farther side of the room.

"You've fixed things up all right?" she asked.

"Yes. But——" he dropped his voice and looked at her entreatingly—"it's of no importance to me unless it's of importance to you."

"Well," she said, and humor as well as gentleness danced in her eyes, "our family owe yours something. I saw Tom after the game; and he said your brother was perfectly sweet to him all through."

"So it is only decent that you should be the same to me," said Stanley.

She smiled and met his eager look.

"I would always try to be—John," she murmured.

Some ill-natured reader will probably point out that Harvard never beat Yale at New Haven by a score of 12 to 6. The answer is that the score had to be fictitious; otherwise the Stanleys and the Prentices would be recognized under their real names and would object.



A Deserted Village

By Thos. S. Jones, Jr.

It stands upon the edge of yesterday,
 Remote, forgotten in the years since sped,
 Its ghostly houses all untenanted,
 Its moss-grown streets fallen to rank decay;
 Sometimes a vagrant sheep may idly stray
 Adown its lonely lanes, but never tread
 Of human step--none save the simple dead,
 Who sleep behind the hill the hours away.

For this I think that in the first of Spring,
 Or 'neath the wonder of the Summer's moon,
 When all things speak of Youth's remembering,
 When all is fair because the time is June,
 They come again and wander to and fro,
 Those quaint dear people of the long ago.



The Hillside Farm.

BIRGE HARRISON

By John E. D. Trask

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM MR. HARRISON'S PAINTINGS



IN the development of his art Birge Harrison has curiously paralleled the history of the landscape-painting of the world. Just as the early Italians found in their little formal landscapes an interesting background and a pleasing setting for the figure, so Harrison, seriously studying figure-painting in Paris under Cabanel, in the late seventies, one day took his model out of doors and quite casually turned the whole trend of his career. Gradually in his work the figure dwindled in importance until finally it ceased to appear, so that, though his first large recognition came to him through the purchase by the French Government in 1882 of his "November," which is an

out-of-door figure painting, his real reputation rests upon his landscape work alone.

Yet the traces of those early days have never quite been lost, and always in his pictures one feels that the absence of man is quite accidental, that the figure was previously present, or may appear again. This atmosphere of human life, though possibly an unconscious expression of the painter's mind through his brush, gives to every canvas which the brush touches and the mind approves a subtle, yet far-reaching appeal.

No form of artistic expression leans more than painting upon both the intellectual and emotional experiences of the artist, nor does any art expose more ruthlessly the life-influences of its creator. No serious consideration of any man's painting can there-



The "Flatiron" after Rain.

In the permanent collection of works by American artists in the Saint Louis Museum of Fine Arts.

fore be complete without the thought of the man himself; and some knowledge of his life and of the forces with which he was surrounded during his formative period leads to a clearer perception of his aim and a more correct estimate of his accomplishment.

Birge Harrison, like his brother Alexander, is one of the many American artists whose career began in The Pennsylvania

countries as Australia and the South Sea Islands, India and Ceylon, South Africa and the whole Mediterranean shore, both north and south.

No painter produces his best without the steadying influence of a fixed abiding place. These travel-years, though they gave opportunity for considerable literary work and established the artist's reputation as an illustrator, added but little to his ac-



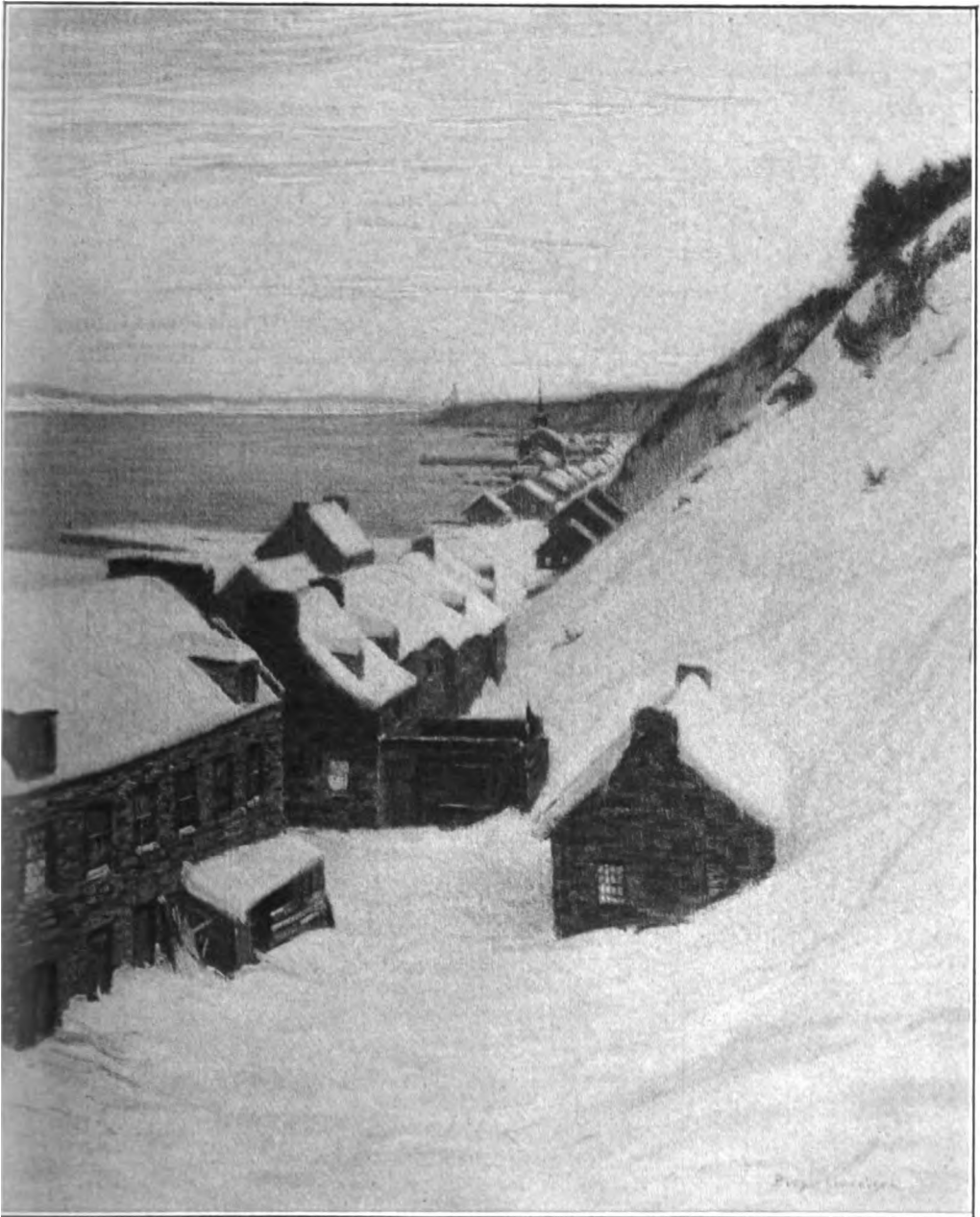
Plymouth Harbor in Winter.

Academy of Fine Arts. This school he left to go with Sargent, in 1875, to Paris; where, first as a student in the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and then for some years as an exhibiting painter, he became one of that brilliant group of young Americans who first gave us a national standing in the modern art world and who left their ineradicable impress upon the latter half of the nineteenth century.

After Paris, ill health began what a natural *Wanderlust* continued—a series of nomadic years which included life among the Moquis and Navajo Indians in Arizona, and extended leisurely travels into such far

countries as Australia and the South Sea Islands, India and Ceylon, South Africa and the whole Mediterranean shore, both north and south. They did, however, add to the broadening of the painter's horizon, and developed largely that catholic habit of mind and that power of searching observation which, combined, make materially for the success of his later work.

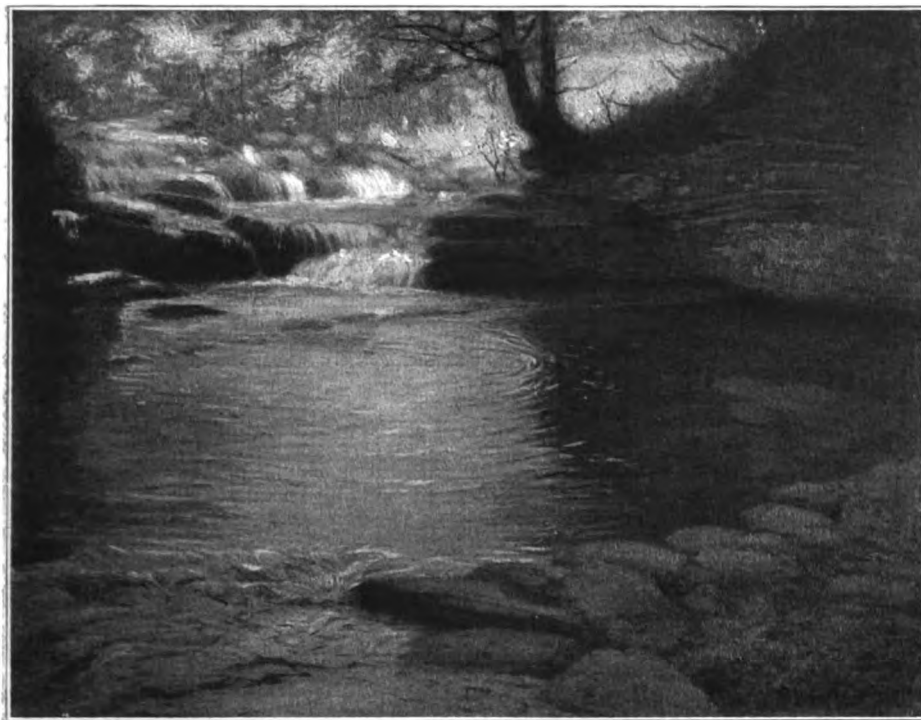
A few seasons in California and Harrison returned to the East, settling in Plymouth, Massachusetts. Here was the beginning of his present period of work, so that his career as a painter of the American landscape commences only a decade ago. In that time, he has, geographically, confined him-



From a painting by Birge Harrison.

A glimpse of the St. Lawrence.

By permission of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.



The Pool.

self almost entirely for material to Eastern Massachusetts, to the picturesque Quebec region, and latterly to the romantic Catskill country where, in the shadow of the Rip Van Winkle hills, he now makes his home.

To the early academic training has been added knowledge never learned in schools; while to the hand of the world-traveller, striving always to apply to the subject before him that which is universal, has been given the strength and steadiness of craftsmanship early acquired, and well assimilated through a period of comparatively non-productive years. Training, no matter how thorough, and knowledge, no matter how wide, have never yet made an artist; but to these add temperament and the artist is a sure result. It is no belittlement of Harrison's present work to say that had he not become a painter he would have been a poet. In all of his recent work one finds bigness of theme, combined with simplicity of presentation, and through it all runs a deep current of sentiment, governed by an appreciation of the mechanical limitations

of his medium which makes for proper restraint. Always there is strong reserve in color and always there is beautiful balance in composition. Indeed, I feel that it is the picturesque unity of his canvases that gives to them their strongest hold upon his audience. Less emotional than music, more sensual than verse, painting combines and harmonizes something of both; and in the blending of realism and idealism Harrison is very happy.

Consider such a canvas as his "Plymouth Harbor in Winter" (and it is most largely by the winter landscape that he has become known). Surely this chilling picture of scarcely broken ice fields is realism, yet how thoughtful is the composition, with what certain care the painter has found the means for conveying that which, in the subject, was most moving to him. The wise proportion between sea and sky, the delicately suggested outer line of the harbor culminating in the tiny high-light which marks the distant light-house, all play their part; while the apparently accidental ribbon of

gleaming open water leads with precision "up to the shining moon," making of the whole not alone a realistic study of snow and ice under certain given conditions of light and atmosphere, but an appealing expression of the spirit of the winter night.

Consider again, "The Hillside Farm." Here, too, simplicity of line and form are used as aids to the color scheme with telling effect. A lonely moonlit cottage, a little

the sky have ever been the effort of the painter, and to their successful rendition has always been awarded praise.

Other men with paint have expressed the sentiment of the landscape, and it makes no material difference whether the sentiment was found in the forest of Fontainebleau or on the snow-covered slopes of Canada. Corot did it, and Cazin did it, and so have scores besides; but it seems to me that,



Rosy Afterglow.

line of fence, a third of the canvas only spared to the earth, and this third bisected by a barren road. How little on which to build a picture! But above and beyond is the sky, vast and intangible, its great sweep emphasized by stars dimmed by the unseen moon. Herein shows the artist, that he gives us this simple scheme which we feel that we have often seen, or fancy that we may have often seen, yet know that never have we seen it with such delicate precision or with the sense of solemnity and magnitude in which it is here presented. Night and

though perhaps more abstract in his manner than either of those painters, it is down that line that Harrison must trace his artistic ancestry. Indeed, of all the masters of landscape to whose work his work is akin, Cazin comes first to mind. Not but that from the impressionists some lessons have been learned. The scientific study of color has left, of course, its impress upon him as upon every thoughtful modern painter; but to him it has been an acquired knowledge rather than an experience, and I can think of only a single canvas in which



Twilight on the Seine.

he has made any use of broken color. No one, certainly, will be more surprised than the painter himself that this influence can be found by any one in the low-toned picture "Twilight on the Seine," painted during a recent excursion to the city of his student days. In this, as always, the intention was the translation of mystery and

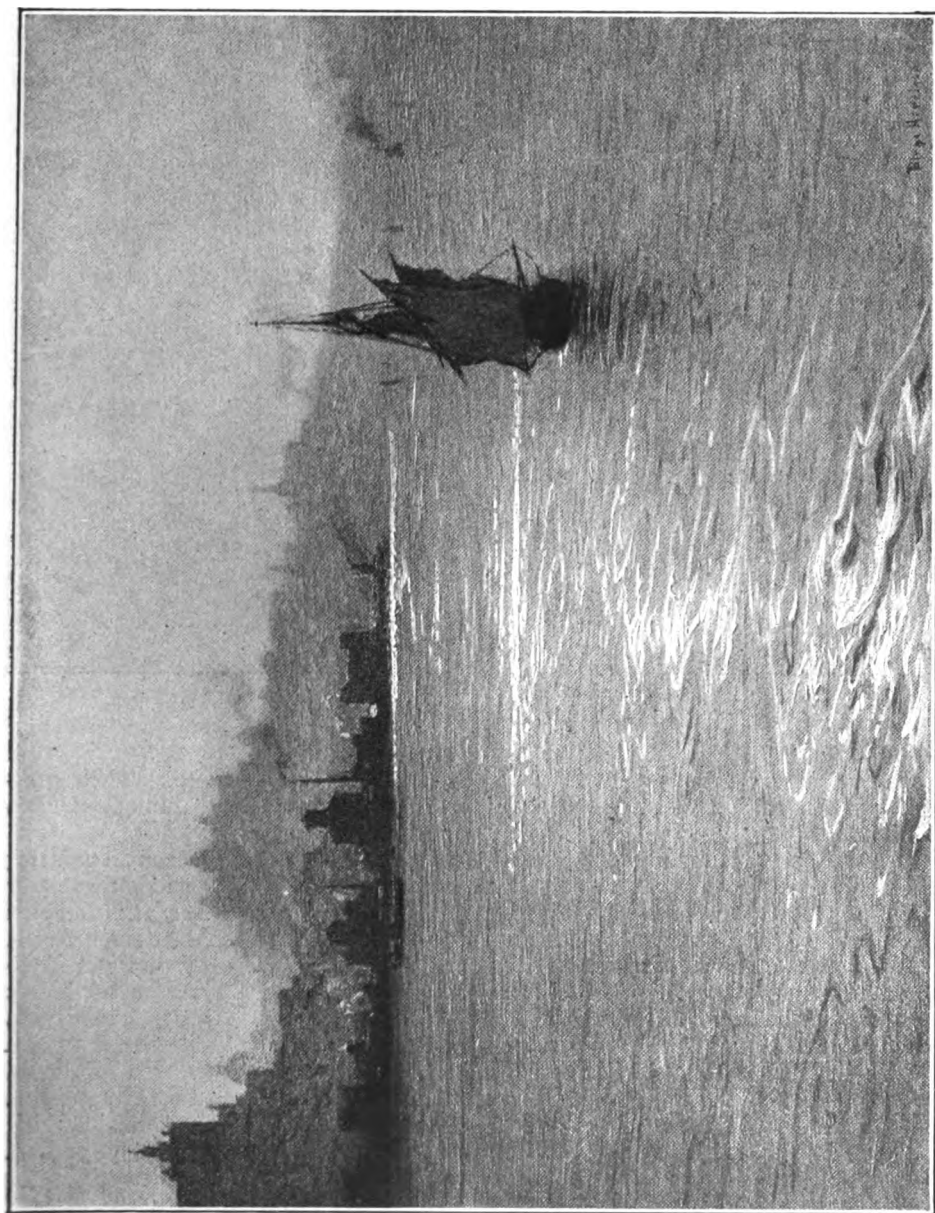
indeed is the painter who guards himself against the sometimes too-absorbing study of the idiosyncrasies of pigment. Harrison's canvases, regarded technically, are free from the brutalities of the palette knife or the quirks of over-clever brush work. With fairly wide range of palette, his brush is full enough for freedom but never over-



Frosty Night.

of sentiment to which the painter's mind is ever vibrant; and it is quite certain that the somewhat scientific brush-work necessary in the painting of the low luminosity of the night-lit surface of the river was altogether without deliberate intention. His well-disciplined brush seems in each problem unconsciously to find the readiest solution, leaving the mind quite free to meditate upon essentials. The finding of the essentials is the measure of the work, and wise

burdened. As he himself once said in speaking of his craft he "simply paints." It would perhaps have been less modest but equally true had the two words been transposed. His choice of subject commonly lends itself well to his method. A snow-covered waste by night, cottages with windows aglow, a boat or two afloat in the shimmering moonlight, the problem is never over-complex; and if at times the result seems more intellectual than sensual, it



Quebec from the River.



Moonlight on the Marshes.

is perhaps by very reason of its ability to stimulate imagination, which is essentially of the mind.

This stimulus to the imagination, the relation of the vast to the small, the universal to the human, is well exemplified by "A Glimpse of the St. Lawrence." The pleasure which the picture gives is in no wise dependent upon the knowledge that it was painted in Quebec; the local character is entirely subservient to the hollow distance of the sunset sky; the domestic light which glows from windows adds to the invitation of the far-reaching river, yet the impression of sky and river and earth is added to by the suggested thought that many men have

known their present aspect. Their presentation seems filtered through a very human mind.

In an age of transition, when all painting shows the traces of the scientific revolution of the impressionists, when, as is the case especially in American landscape work, the painter's power, steadily growing, seems doubtful of its final direction, it is not without real pleasure that the opportunity comes for calm contemplation of nature in her familiar aspect, guided by a sure hand and a seeing eye, and illumined by reverent understanding of both the physical and the mental charm which is always present in the landscape.

TWO SONNETS

By Richard Hovey

LOVE'S SILENCE

I do not ask your love as having rights
Because of all there is between us two.
Love has no rights, Love has but his delights,
Which but delight because they are not due.
The highest merit any man can prove
Is not enough to merit what Love gives,
And Love would lose its quality of love,
Lived it for any cause but that it lives.
Therefore I do not plead my gentle thought,
My foolish wisdom that would make you free.
My sacrifice, my broken heart be naught,
Even my great love itself, the best of me!
Martyr of Love, I see no other way
But to keep silence in your sight, and pray.

PARTING

GONE, and I spoke no word to bid her stay!
Gone, and I sit benumbed and scarce can rise!—
Gone with the light of new-born love in her eyes,
The splendid promise of the fervent day.
She loves me, Ocean, loves me! and I may
Not lisp the whisper of my great surprise,
Save to the waves and pebbles and the skies
And to the sea-gulls circling in the spray.
She loves me! Till she went I did not know
Her soul. This is a mystery which no art
Can picture and no wisdom understand.
And she is gone and I beheld her go,
With so much awe at sight of her pure heart
I dared but kiss the fingers of her hand.

LOVELY

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



If you could have *seen* the dear lambs, T. J.!" Mrs. Sparling's laughter ran over. "Married a week, and both absolutely vague and heavenly. Of course, I am a perfect old mush of sentiment; but no one could have helped stopping and picking them up and seeing that they had a place to sleep and a blue ribbon each. Not even you, my dear!"

Mr. Sparling smiled at her, but offered no comment. He had been smiling at her for twenty years, while he grew from lean to comfortable, from untalkative to silent, and with every year the smile had grown nicer. When some more poignant comment seemed to flicker through it she sometimes checked herself with a good-humored, "Well, what is it *now*, T. J.?" But he never told her what it was.

"Of course, I should not have thought it right if the cottage had a chance of a tenant," she went on; "but when it misses June, it never gets one till October—you know that as well as I do. That will give the lambs a two months' home and a chance to get going." She laughed again at the vision of them. "Lovely sold a picture, so they married at once on the proceeds and came on to——"

For once Mr. Sparling interrupted.

"Lovely?" he queried, taking out his cigar and holding it suspended.

"Well, Charles Lovelace Fabyan, if you prefer; but he has never been called anything but Lovely. He really *is*, you know—great, loose, soft thing with the face of a new-born angel. And she is a little compact Lovely herself. Ignorant! My dear, I could have sat right down and cried over them both."

"Lovely," ruminated Mr. Sparling, slowly replacing his cigar.

"Now, you are not to hold that up against him, T. J.! He is a love, and everyone feels it. The Slades took him to Europe with them, and then the Evanses kept him on in Paris for two years studying painting, and he has practically lived at the Dodges' and the Van Dusens'—those are all big people at home. He hasn't a cent, but everything

has been simply showered on him all his life—without once waking him up!"

"*Lovely*," murmured Mr. Sparling, with half-closed eyes. "Did you tell him that he would have to move on by October?" he added

"Oh, yes; they know we have to rent it. They were so wildly grateful."

"Better put it in writing," and Mr. Sparling picked up a book.

"O T. J.!" she laughed reproachfully.

Mrs. Sparling spent two glorious days getting the cottage ready. It lay in a corner of their own grounds, a concession to the fact that their little settlement was growing into a suburban city and those who held comfortable old homesteads must be prepared to meet uncomfortable new taxes. With the help of Flora, the housemaid, she scrubbed and swept and put up curtains and put down rugs in a glow of good-will. Silver and linen were borrowed from the other house, the coal-bin was filled; then, half-shamefacedly, she ordered a supply of groceries.

"I had to give the dear lambs a start, T. J.," she apologized. "Just think of their fun, coming into that precious play-house and finding it so beautifully ready. Flora is staying down to cook a little dinner for them this first night; Mrs. Lovely may be a good cook, but she doesn't look it, some-way. Dear, dear, wouldn't you give something to peep in and see them rejoicing? Oh, I know I'm an old goose without your smiling, T. J.! But little stray couples just break one's heart, they are so pathetic and so happy. And you won't mind having a scrimped dinner to-night, will you, dearie? For Katie has been helping us, too; she made them a cake and some fresh bread. Don't you think we could run in on them for five minutes this evening? Or should we be spoiling things?"

Mr. Sparling guessed it wouldn't be fatal, so after dinner they went down through the starlit garden to the little cottage glowing at them from beneath its drooping vines. As they passed the wide-latticed window of the sitting-room Mrs. Sparling pressed her husband's arm and they paused to peer guiltily in. The Lovelys certainly did look happy.

"And to think we had it to give them, T. J.!" burst cautiously from her heart as they went on to the steps.

They were greeted with wide-armed rapture. Both Lovely and Mrs. Sparling kissed Mrs. Sparling and barely checked themselves on the verge of Mr. Sparling, compromising by drawing him in with their arms about his shoulders. "Dearest little place on earth!" was the sum and substance of their excited chorus. Mrs. Sparling held the bride's little soft hand in both her firm, capable ones, while Lovely sat on the arm of her chair and occasionally pressed his wide, sweet, radiant face against the gray-brown of her hair.

"I can't see why you were so heavenly to us!" he exploded. "Why, I haven't seen you three times since I was a little kid, and you'd never seen Doodoo at all."

"Ah, but you are home people; that makes such a difference! Besides, here was the cottage just waiting for a stray couple to mother——"

"Precious little mother," murmured Doodoo.

"There is just one thing in the world that it lacks," added Lovely, with a deep sigh of happiness. "And it is so perfect, I think we shall find even that tucked away somewhere—a room with a north light to paint in. One does need a north light."

They looked eagerly at Mrs. Sparling while she considered their problem. When she realized that the loft of the barn opened to the north and could be spared as well as not they both embraced her again.

"Now it's perfect," they cried.

She went home brimming with plans for making the loft attractive. Her husband heard her thoughtfully, but offered no comment until she began to wonder if they could not spare the hall rugs.

"Don't you think perhaps they can paint without draperies—for two months?" he suggested. She had to admit that perhaps they could.

"But I wish you were more enthusiastic, T. J.," she sighed.

"I am," he said mildly. "God bless Lovely and Doodoo, every time."

"Oh, you!" with affectionate contempt.

She and Flora cleaned and furnished the loft the next day while the Lovelys tacked up sketches and brought in trailing vines from the garden and fell into each other's

arms at brief intervals in rapturous appreciation. They lunched with her, and five o'clock came without apparently suggesting to them any responsibility in the matter of further meals. Mrs. Sparling, dusty, weary, and radiant, yearned to invite them to dinner, but felt that the time had come to be Spartan.

"Well, dear lambs, I must leave you," she said, gathering up her grimy dusters. "If you need anything for dinner, just run in and ask Katie for it."

"Oh, that's so—dinner!" said Doodoo cheerfully.

"Have you ever cooked a meal?" Mrs. Sparling lingered at the head of the loft stairs, the invitation almost leaping out in spite of her.

"No; but we have a splendid book that tells just how to do everything. It's going to be loads of fun." And Doodoo curled down happily in a nest of Mrs. Sparling's cushions.

"Great!" added Lovely, filling his pipe. And so she got away with the invitation still suppressed, though her eyes were full of amused concern.

"Poor babies!" she laughed warmly to herself.

It was nearly dinner-time when dragging footsteps crossed the porch and two forlorn figures presented themselves in the sitting-room doorway. The bride wore a big blue apron that dripped milk, water, flour, and jelly, two fingers were bandaged, and her face was marked with tears, while Lovely's downcast countenance had obviously been wiped more than once with the sooty hand now resting on her shoulder.

"Everything acts so queer, and it won't thicken," said Doodoo with a sob.

"The book said just how, and we did everything." Lovely nearly sobbed, too.

"And the fire is red-hot one minute and goes out the next, and it *hurts* so to be b-burned!" Doodoo finished in Mrs. Sparling's outstretched arms.

"You poor darlings! Of course, you shall dine here in peace and——"

"It isn't that," Lovely interrupted. "We've got to eat down there or otherwise we shall never get rid of the food. And the potatoes may be all right. But do you think Flora would come down and show us what's wrong with that infernal ragout thing and the pudding?"

"And do you suppose she would give me a few cooking lessons?" added Doodoo with a weary sigh.

Mrs. Sparling's heart misgave her, for Flora was not the most willing of mortals, and she had toiled all day; but the Lovelys exercised some magic, for she took her weary bones down there without a murmur and did not reappear until the Sparlings' dinner was over.

"Isn't it lucky Flora can cook as well as Katie," Mrs. Sparling said contentedly, when she told her husband the day's adventures.

"Um—lucky for Lovely and Doodoo," he assented, getting up in quest of sugar for his coffee.

At lunch-time the next day the young couple appeared hand in hand.

"Won't you feed us?" begged Lovely. "Doodoo has been posing for me all the morning and we're both dead."

"Of course I will!" And Mrs. Sparling flew to the kitchen, whence came presently a sound of hasty beating. When she returned, she found them intently examining a bookcase that had been made to fit a spare corner of the irregular old room.

"This is a jolly thing," Lovely exclaimed. "There is a corner of our sitting-room that just screams for such a bookcase. I shall have one made the next check I get."

"But, Lovely, dear!" Mrs. Sparling looked worried. "That sort of thing costs a good deal."

"I know; but it's always good as long as you live," was the peaceful reply as they sat down at the lunch-table. "There are several things I'm going to get for the cottage when I sell another picture."

"Not but what it is perfect now," said Doodoo, slipping her hand into Mrs. Sparling's. The latter laid down the spoon with which she had served the omelet and looked from one to the other in whimsical dismay.

"But, you lambs, you've got to think of the future," she cried. "You can't just live along like puppies. Think what your rent will be next winter, and coal, and clothes—why, you can't spend money on the cottage!"

They looked depressed, even a little frightened, for a moment. Then Lovely's mellow, fog-dispelling smile came out like sunshine.

"Oh, something nice will happen; it al-

ways does, for me, Mrs. Sparling-darling," he comforted her. "I shall earn lots of money, you know, as soon as I get going."

"It isn't as if Lovely hadn't genius," added Doodoo, getting up to put a reassuring arm about her. Lovely came, too, with his big embrace.

"Don't worry, sweetest!" they urged so kindly that she had a bewildered conviction that she had been absurd. And, after all, she knew nothing about pictures; perhaps Lovely really was a genius. They finished the meal in great merriment.

"If I could only cook like this!" sighed Doodoo gratefully as they rose. "Flora is going to give me a lesson when I get dinner every afternoon, the dear thing."

"By the way," added Lovely, "the one thing that blessed little place lacks is kindling. Why couldn't I carry down an armful of it now?"

"Why, so you could," agreed Mrs. Sparling; but the brightness of her face was a little dimmed as they went off laughing and strewing sticks along the path.

"How mean of me, when we have so much!" she reproved herself with an indignant shake of the head.

The two came in daily to lunch after that, always appearing hand in hand, humble beggars of food, and so riotous with good spirits that Mrs. Sparling would have missed them sorely if they had stayed away—though her face often clouded uneasily after they had gone. Periods of serious reflection on their future would recur, and led her to drop in late one afternoon to see how the cooking lessons were progressing. She found Doodoo in a ruffled white muslin seated on the kitchen table, throwing salted peanuts for Lovely to catch in his capacious mouth, while Flora cooked the dinner.

"Doodoo is getting on splendidly, Mrs. Sparling-darling," Lovely greeted her. "She can make apple-sauce and any number of things. Flora is the most wonderful teacher you ever saw!"

Flora's usually grim mouth had a foolish twist of pleasure as she banged the oven door and pretended not to hear.

"We're roasting the sweetest little chicken, and Flora showed me how to make dressing to-night," Doodoo added happily. "We are going to do stuffed potatoes to-morrow. It's such fun to cook!"

The protest in Mrs. Sparling's soul wa-



"Mrs. Sparling spent two glorious days getting the cottage ready."—Page 586.

vered and fell away into helpless silence. After all, if Flora had no objections, what concern was it of hers? And yet she could not enjoy their good spirits as much as usual.

"Mrs. Sparling-darling is tired," said Lovely sympathetically. "We will take her out of this hot kitchen—you can come back in time to see Flora do the gravy, Doody. Let's all go sit in the garden and love each other!" Mrs. Sparling shook her head with a troubled attempt at a smile.

"I must go and meet my old man; it's just time for him," she said, and left them sitting together on the steps while Flora within scrubbed the sink.

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Her husband was already on the porch, waiting for her, as she came across the lawn. His smile was nicer than ever as his eyes rested on her face.

"O T. J., little stray couples do make me ache," she sighed, laying her head against his shoulder. "What is to become of them?" He gave the question a moment's reflection.

"Guess I wouldn't worry," he concluded mildly.

But Mrs. Sparling did worry persistently as the summer weeks drifted by over the serenely happy Lovelys. They came and told her without guile when the kerosene was used up, or the flour, or the coal, and

how could she help supplying the deficit when she had so much more than they, and they were so dear and so unconsciously pathetic?

"It isn't good for them; I shouldn't. I am a miserably weak old woman," she scolded herself, but did it, and sought anxiously for ways to economize, that it might not fall too hard on the household account. She did try to protest, once, when Lovely discovered that the one thing lacking in the dear little place was a feather duster and ordered it sent up at her expense.

"Of course it is yours, just as much as if it were up at your house," he explained gently to her. "We shouldn't dream of carrying it away with us. You will always need one, you know." And somehow, taken in the light of his lovely, candid face, the explanation seemed unanswerable.

It was not a good year for renting houses. September brought a few half-hearted seekers, who found the cottage too small, or too far from the station, and went away again, to Mrs. Sparling's secret and guilty relief. Of course they could not at all afford to have it unrented; and yet how could those poor lambs be turned out on a bargain-driving world? She had worked out drastic schemes for retrenchment on the backs of various old envelopes when, out of a clear, blue September sky, the tenant came. He was a rapid, concise man of business, and she had a dreary consciousness even before she took him over the cottage that it was just what he wanted. The Lovelys had evidently gone to town for the day; she had seen them race through the garden with flying coats shortly before train time that morning, hail a passing grocer's wagon, scramble in and be whirled off at a good-natured gallop. Their home was not in perfect order, but the concise person nodded brisk approval from room to room and emerged with an air of relieved satisfaction. He would go through the technicality of bringing his wife out to see it in the morning; he would then be prepared to sign a lease, write a check, furnish references, and otherwise perform the proper functions of a model tenant as well as a concise man of business. He already knew that nine and a half minutes were needed to reach the station, and took a perfectly timed departure. Mrs. Sparling went into the house and mourned.

When her husband came home she tried feebly to find some way out of it; but the logic was irrefutably against her. They certainly were not in a position to help support two healthy young persons for the rest of their lives; and it would be excessively bad for the healthy young persons if they were. Having had to admit that her longings were both impracticable and immoral, Mrs. Sparling went sadly down the garden after a pretence of eating dinner, to put a ruthless end to the honeymoon.

The Lovelys, still in their town clothes, with hats and gloves flung on the table, were kneeling on the floor over a heavy package that they had evidently brought back with them. They fell upon her with a joyous burst of news: Lovely had sold a design for a magazine cover, the acceptance and a check for one hundred dollars coming in the morning mail, and they had had such a spree in town!

"And just look what we bought for the cottage!" cried Doodoo, as the package was unrolled. "We carried it home because we couldn't wait for delivery. We're going to buy one nice thing out of every check Lovely gets, always. See, isn't it a beauty for forty dollars?" And they spread before her sick eyes a very charming Persian rug. "Isn't it a treasure?" they exclaimed.

"It's—beautiful," said Mrs. Sparling faintly.

The two settled down on it, patting its soft texture, pointing out its color values.

"And we had other adventures," Lovely went on. "Oh, it was a great day! We walked right into the Howards—you know, they're the Van Dusens' cousins; bully people! They took us to lunch, and we invited them up to visit us, but they are going West in their private car next week and won't have time. Gee, it was a lunch, Mrs. Sparling-darling! Champagne and everything. I never knew them well before and Doodoo had never seen them, but we loved each other to death before we got through. Oh, aren't people nice!" And he burst into song, sprawled on his new rug.

"Oh, my lambs! And I have got to spoil everything!" Mrs. Sparling stretched out her hands to them with tears in her eyes. "The tenant has come!"

Lovely sat up and they stared at her in unbelieving dismay. "Oh, not really! To take our house away from us!"



"Everything acts so queer, and it won't thicken," said Doodoo.—Page 587.

No logic could keep the note of guilt and apology out of her voice.

"We have to rent it—you know I always told you that, dear lambs. We are too poor not to. And these are perfect tenants; only we sha'n't love them as we do you."

"It is really *taken*?" they repeated.

"Practically. He will bring his wife to see it in the morning and then sign a long lease. I am so sorry!"

"Old beast!" said Lovely heavily.

"Perhaps there will be a railroad accident and they'll both get killed." Doodoo's sweet little voice had a note of hope.

Mrs. Sparling tried to interest them in making new plans, but they could not get

beyond the fact that their home was to be taken away from them in less than a week. They bravely exonerated her from active blame in the matter, but the load of guilt pressed so heavily on her breast, confronting the two downcast figures drooping on their new rug, that rash offers kept crowding to her lips and she had to go away to keep them down.

"I feel even worse than I did the time I drowned the kittens," she told T. J. miserably. His smile had a touch of compunction.

"Wish I were better off, old girl," he said.

"Oh, but it wouldn't be right for them, anyway," she told him eagerly, to comfort him.

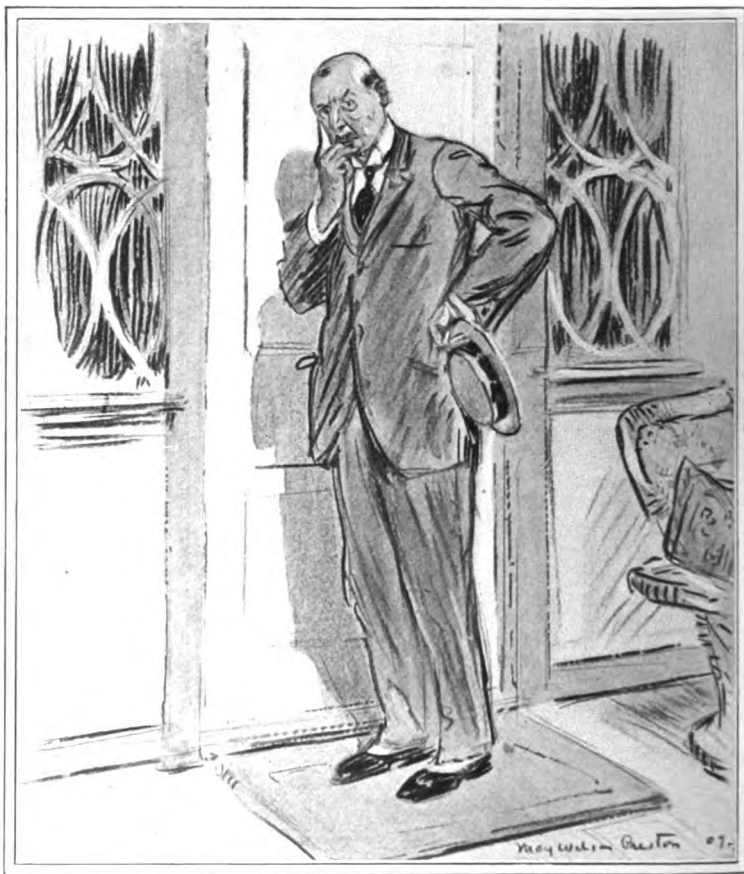
She saw the tenant and his wife going past in the direction of the cottage the next morning, and awaited their visit in a mood of most unbusiness-like resentment. Shortly afterward there was a rush of excited feet across the porch and the Lovelys burst in on her, glowing with joy.

"It's all right," they shouted, smothering her in a double embrace.

"Don't they like it? Aren't they com-

mean." Mrs. Sparling's voice was grave enough to bring them hastily to explanations.

"It is all right, Mrs. Sparling-darling," Lovely reassured her. "The cottage is rented, only not to those two stiff—they're piking down the road to take another house they looked at. We never thought of the way out until two minutes before they came—that's the funny part of it. Do you know who your new tenants are?" They rose



Out of a clear, blue September sky the tenant came.—Page 590.

ing?" She was startled to find herself more dismayed than relieved.

"Like it? Of course they like it." Lovely seated himself on the piano-stool and twirled violently to express his satisfaction.

"Oh, they're so mad!" piped Doodoo, and the two doubled up with reminiscent laughter.

"Children! You must tell me what you

and joined hands to bow to her. "They're us, that's all! We are going to pay you rent!"

Mrs. Sparling could only drop her hands in her lap and stare at them.

"Of course, we may be a little behind for a month or two, but we can easily do it as soon as I get going. We should have to pay rent if we went away, any way. And our



"Isn't it a treasure?" they exclaimed.—Page 590.

living costs us so little here; why, food amounts to almost nothing. It's as simple as a b c. Aren't you pleased?"

Mrs. Sparling hid her face with a sudden gasp of laughter. She laughed until there were tears on her cheeks.

"Isn't it a scheme, though?" said Lovely, beaming in sympathy. "There wasn't time to come and tell you, for there they were; so we just said that we had decided to keep the cottage ourselves and sent them about their business, very mad. We are so happy we could burst. I will sign a lease, if you like, though it wouldn't be necessary between us. Isn't it almost lunch-time? I am starved."

Mrs. Sparling dried her eyes with helpless relapses. "Oh, you lambs!" she sighed. "But you should have consulted me, you know, before you turned away my tenants. That was not—business-like. I don't know what T. J. will say to you!"

"Oh, he would rather have us than those two stiffs," was the confident answer.

"Well, he will have to deal with you. I just can't!"

Mr. Sparling refused to see the humor in the situation when he returned that night. He was as near indignation as he ever came.

"Live cheap here—I should say they did!" he protested. "That's positive impudence, in the face of our grocery bills! I shall go down after dinner and have a plain talk with them. It is time they woke up."

"They would really mean to pay their rent," she urged, her laughter still unquenched. "I am sure they would do it whenever Lovely had a spare check. Must you hurt their feelings?"

"Well, they have hurt mine, badly—losing us a tenant like that. I tell you, I won't have them staying, whether we get another tenant or not."



"I guess I wouldn't worry about your lambs," he said dryly.

"Oh, but what is to become of them?" she pleaded, wholly sobered.

"That is their lookout," was the severe answer. She could not make him change his decree, and dinner was a sorry farce to her, with her poor lambs about to encounter their first rough wind. She sat with distressed eyes trying to think of some way in which they might be housed and fed, while her husband ate and smoked with unwonted lack of sympathy. When at last he rose, straightening his coat, she laid imploring hands on his arm.

"We can't just turn them off, dearie; we must find a way to help them," she pleaded. His eyes relented a little as they met hers, but before he could answer the Lovelys themselves burst in with shining faces and an open letter.

"Oh, what do you think!" they cried. "The Howards want us to go West with them in their car!"

"A three months' trip!" shouted Doodoo.

"All as their guests, you know!"

"The letter just came, special delivery!"

"Did you ever hear anything so beautiful?"

"Only we can't be your tenants, Mrs. Sparling-darling!"

"But it will always seem like our own little home."

"And we will come back to it whenever it's empty!"

"Oh, aren't people nice?"

They had their arms about her, swaying her joyfully between them. Her eyes had a swift vision of her husband's bewildered face before they were drowned in helpless laughter. The Lovelys stayed half an hour, but when they flew back to begin packing, nothing had been said about the lost tenant. The wind was still tempered.

Mr. Sparling lit a second cigar and picked up a book.

"I guess I wouldn't worry about your lambs," he said dryly. "I have a feeling that they'll get on."

"And, somehow, aren't you glad of it, T. J.?" she begged. Their eyes met, and then he smiled at her.

THE FRUIT OF THE TREE

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION BY ALONZO KIMBALL

(BOOK IV.—Concluded)

XL



MR. LANGHOPE, tossing down a note on Mrs. Ansell's drawing-room table, commanded imperiously: "Read that!"

She set aside her tea-cup, and looked up, not at the note, but into his face, which was traversed by one of the waves of heat and tremulousness that she was beginning to dread for him. Mr. Langhope had changed greatly in the last three months; and as he stood before her in the clear light of the June afternoon it came to her that he had at last suffered the sudden collapse which is the penalty of youth preserved beyond its time.

"What is it?" she asked, still watching him as she put out her hand for the letter.

"Amherst writes to remind me of my promise to take Cicely to Hanaford next week, for her birthday."

"Well—it was a promise, wasn't it?" she rejoined, running her eyes over the page.

"A promise—yes; but made before . . . Read the note—you'll see there's no reference to his wife. For all I know, she'll be there to receive us."

"But that was a promise too."

"That neither Cicely nor I should ever set eyes on her? Yes. But why should she keep it? I was a fool that day—she fooled me as she's fooled us all! But you saw through it from the beginning—you said at once that she'd never leave him."

Mrs. Ansell reflected. "I said that before I knew all the circumstances. Now I think differently."

"You think she still means to go?"

She handed the letter back to him. "I think this is to tell you so."

"This?" He groped for his glasses, dubiously scanning the letter again.

"Yes. And what's more, if you refuse

to go she'll have every right to break her side of the agreement."

Mr. Langhope sank into a chair, steadying himself painfully with his stick. "Upon my soul, I sometimes think you're on her side!" he ejaculated.

"No—but I like fair play," she returned, measuring his tea carefully into his favourite little porcelain tea-pot.

"Fair play?"

"She's offering to do her part. It's for you to do yours now—to take Cicely to Hanaford."

"If I find her there, I never cross Amherst's threshold again!"

Mrs. Ansell, without answering, rose and put his tea-cup on the slender-legged table at his elbow; then, before returning to her seat, she found the enamelled match-box and laid it by the cup. It was becoming difficult for Mr. Langhope to guide his movements about her small encumbered room; and he had always liked being waited on.

Mrs. Ansell's prognostication proved correct. When Mr. Langhope and Cicely arrived at Hanaford they found Amherst alone to receive them. He explained briefly that his wife had been unwell, and had gone to seek rest and change at the house of an old friend in the West. Mr. Langhope expressed a decent amount of regret, and the subject was dropped as if by common consent. Cicely, however, was not so easily silenced. Poor Bessy's uncertain fits of tenderness had produced more bewilderment than pleasure in her sober-minded child; but the little girl's feelings and perceptions had developed rapidly in the equable atmosphere of her step-mother's affection. Cicely had reached the age when children put their questions with as much ingenuity as persistence, and both Mr. Langhope and Amherst longed for Mrs. Ansell's aid in parrying her incessant interrogations as to the cause and length of Justine's absence,



Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"And he asked this of my wife— . . . ?"—Page 603.

what she had said before going, and what promise she had made about coming back. But Mrs. Ansell had not come to Hanaford. Though it had become a matter of habit to include her in the family pilgrimages to the mills she had firmly maintained the plea of more urgent engagements; and the two men, with only Cicely between them, had spent the long days and longer evenings in unaccustomed and unmitigated propinquity.

Mr. Langhope, before leaving, thought it proper to touch tentatively on his promise of giving Cicely to Amherst for the summer; but to his surprise the latter, after a brief moment of hesitation, replied that he should probably go to Europe for two or three months.

"To Europe? Alone?" escaped from Mr. Langhope before he had time to weigh his words.

Amherst frowned slightly. "I have been made a delegate to the Berne conference on the housing of factory operatives," he said at length, without making a direct reply to the question; "and if there is nothing to keep me at Westmore, I shall probably go out in July." He waited a moment, and then added: "My wife has decided to spend the summer in Michigan."

Mr. Langhope's answer was a vague murmur of assent, and Amherst turned the talk to other matters.

Mr. Langhope returned to town with distinct views on the situation at Hanaford.

"Poor devil—I'm sorry for him: he can hardly speak of her," he broke out at once to Mrs. Ansell, in the course of their first confidential hour together.

"Because he cares too much—he's too unhappy?" she conjectured.

"Because he loathes her!" Mr. Langhope brought out with emphasis.

Mrs. Ansell drew a deep sigh which made him add accusingly: "I believe you're actually sorry!"

"Sorry?" She raised her eye-brows with a slight smile. "Should one not always be sorry to know there's a little less love and a little more hate in the world?"

"You'll be asking *me* not to hate her next!"

She still continued to smile on him. "It's the haters, not the hated, I'm sorry for," she said at length; and he broke out in re-

ply: "Oh, don't let's talk of her. I sometimes feel she takes up more place in our lives than when she was with us!"

Amherst went to the Berne conference in July, and spent six weeks afterward in rapid visits to various industrial centres and model factory villages. During his previous European pilgrimages his interest had by no means been restricted to sociological questions: the appeal of an old civilization, reaching him through its innumerable forms of tradition and beauty, had roused that side of his imagination which his work at home left untouched. But upon his present state of deep moral commotion the spells of art and history were powerless to work. The foundations of his life had been shaken, and the fair exterior of the world was as vacant as a maniac's face. He could only take refuge in his special task, barricading himself against every expression of beauty and poetry as so many poignant reminders of a phase of life that he was vainly trying to cast off and forget.

Even his work had been embittered to him, thrust out of its place in the ordered scheme of things. It had cost him a hard struggle to hold fast to his main purpose, to convince himself that his real duty lay, not in renouncing the Westmore money and its obligations, but in carrying out his projected task as if nothing had occurred to affect his personal relation to it. The mere fact that such a renunciation would have been a deliberate moral suicide, a severing once for all of every artery of action, made it take on, at first, the semblance of an obligation, a sort of higher duty to the abstract conception of what he owed himself. But Justine had not erred in her forecast. Once she had passed out of his life, it was easier for him to return to a dispassionate view of his situation, to see, and boldly confess to himself that he saw, the still higher duty of sticking to his task, instead of sacrificing it to any ideal of personal disinterestedness. It was this gradual process of adjustment that saved him from the desolating scepticism which falls on the active man when the sources of his activity are tainted. Having accepted his fate, having consented to see in himself merely the necessary agent of a good to be done, he could escape from self-questioning only by shutting himself

up in the practical exigencies of his work, closing his eyes and his thoughts to everything which had formerly related it to a wider world, had given meaning and beauty to life as a whole.

The return from Europe, and the taking up of the daily routine at Hanaford, were the most difficult phases in this process of moral adaptation.

Justine's departure had at first brought relief. He had been too sincere with himself to oppose her wish to leave Hanaford for a time, since he believed that, for her as well as for himself, a temporary separation would be less painful than a continuance of their actual relation. But as the weeks passed into months he found he was no nearer to a clear view of his own case: the future was still dark and enigmatic. Justine's desire to leave him had revived his unformulated distrust of her. What could it mean, but that there were thoughts within her which could not be at rest in his presence? He had given her every proof of his wish to forget the past, and Mr. Langhope had behaved with unequalled magnanimity. Yet Justine's unhappiness was evident: she could not conceal her longing to escape from the conditions her act had created. Was it because, in reality, she was conscious of other motives than the one she acknowledged? She had insisted, almost unfeelingly as it might have seemed, on the abstract rightness of what she had done, on the fact that, ideally speaking, her act could not be made less right, less justifiable, by the special accidental consequences that had flowed from it. Because these consequences had caught her in a web of tragic fatality she would not be guilty of the weakness of tracing back the disaster to any intrinsic error in her original motive. Why, then, if this was her real, her proud attitude toward the past—and since those about her believed in her sincerity, and accepted her justification as valid from her point of view if not from theirs—why had she not been able to maintain her posture, to carry on life on the terms she had exacted from others?

A special circumstance contributed to this feeling of distrust; the fact, namely, that Justine, a week after her departure from Hanaford, had written to say that she could not, from that moment till her return, consent to accept any money from Amherst.

As her manner was, she put her reasons clearly and soberly, without evasion or ambiguity.

"Since you and I," she wrote, "have always agreed in regarding the Westmore money as a kind of wage for our services at the mills, I cannot be satisfied to go on drawing that wage while I am unable to do any work in return. I am sure you must feel as I do about this; and you need have no anxiety as to the practical side of the question, since I have enough to live on in some savings from my hospital days, which were invested for me two years ago by Harry Dressel, and are beginning to bring in a small return. This being the case, I feel I can afford to interpret in any way I choose the terms of the bargain between myself and Westmore."

On reading this, Amherst's mind had gone through the strange dual process which now marked all his judgments of his wife. At first he had fancied he understood her, and had felt that he should have done as she did; then the usual reaction of distrust set in, and he asked himself why she, who had so little of the conventional attitude toward money, should now develop this unexpected susceptibility. And so the old question presented itself in another shape: if she had nothing to reproach herself for, why was it intolerable to her to live on Bessy's money? The fact that she was doing no actual service at Westmore did not account for her scruples—she would have been the last person to think that a sick servant should be docked of his pay. Her reluctance could come only from that hidden cause of compunction which had prompted her departure, and which now forced her to sever even the merely material links between herself and her past.

Amherst, on his return to Hanaford, had tried to find in these considerations a reason for his deep unrest. It was his wife's course which still cast a torturing doubt on what he had braced his will to accept and put behind him. And he now told himself that the perpetual galling sense of her absence was due to this uneasy consciousness of what it meant, of the dark secrets it enveloped and held back from him. In actual truth, every particle of his being missed her, he lacked her at every turn. She had been at once the partner of his task, and the *pays bleu* into which he escaped from it;

the vivifying thought which gave meaning to the life he had chosen, yet never let him forget that there was a larger richer life outside, to which he was rooted by deeper and more intrinsic things than any abstract ideal of altruism. His love had preserved his identity, saved him from shrinking into the mere nameless unit which the social enthusiast is in danger of becoming unless the humanitarian passion is balanced, and a little outweighed, by a merely human one. And now this equilibrium was lost forever, and his deepest pain lay in realizing that he could not regain it, even by casting off Westmore and choosing the narrower but richer individual existence that her love might once have offered. His life was in truth one indivisible organism, not two halves artificially united. Self and other-self were ingrown from the roots—which ever portion fate restricted him to would be but a bleeding half-live fragment of the mutilated whole.

Happily for him, chance made this crisis of his life coincide with a strike at Westmore. Soon after his return to Hanaford he found himself compelled to grapple with the hardest problem of his industrial career, and he was carried through the ensuing three months by that tide of swift obligatory action that sweeps the ship-wrecked spirit over so many sunken reefs of fear and despair. The knowledge that he was better able to deal with the question than any one who might conceivably have taken his place—this conviction, which was presently confirmed by the peaceable adjustment of the strike, helped to make the sense of his immediate usefulness outbalance that other, disintegrating doubt as to the final value of such efforts. And so he tried to settle down into a kind of mechanical altruism, in which the reflexes of habit should take the place of that daily renewal of faith and enthusiasm which had been fed from the springs of his own joy.

The autumn came and passed into winter; and after Mr. Langhope's re-establishment in town Amherst began to resume his usual visits to his step-daughter.

His natural affection for the little girl had been deepened by the unforeseen manner in which her fate had been entrusted to him. The thought of Bessy, softened to compunction by the discovery that her love

had persisted under their apparently hopeless estrangement—this feeling, intensified to the verge of morbidness by the circumstances attending her death, now sought expression in a passionate devotion to her child. Accident had, in short, created between Bessy and himself a retrospective sympathy which the resumption of life together would have dispelled in a week—one of the exhalations from the past that depress the vitality of those who linger too near the grave of dead experiences.

Since Justine's departure Amherst had felt himself still more drawn to Cicely; but his relation to the child was complicated by the fact that she would not be satisfied as to the cause of her stepmother's absence. Whenever Amherst came to town, her first question was for Justine; and her memory had the precocious persistence sometimes developed in children too early deprived of their natural atmosphere of affection. Cicely had always been petted and adored, at odd times and by divers people; but some instinct seemed to tell her that, of all the tenderness bestowed on her, Justine's most resembled the all-pervading motherly element in which the child's heart expands without ever being conscious of its needs.

If it had been embarrassing to evade Cicely's questions in June it became doubly so as the months passed, and the pretext of Justine's ill-health grew more and more difficult to sustain. And in the following March Amherst was suddenly called from Hanaford by the news that the little girl herself was ill. Serious complications had developed from a protracted case of scarlet fever, and for two weeks the child's fate was uncertain. Then she began to recover, and in the joy of seeing life come back to her, Mr. Langhope and Amherst felt as though they must not only gratify every wish she expressed, but try to guess at those they saw floating below the surface of her clear vague eyes.

It was noticeable to Mrs. Ansell, if not to the others, that one of these unexpressed wishes was the desire to see her step-mother. Cicely no longer asked for Justine; but something in her silence, or in the gesture with which she gently put from her other offers of diversion and companionship, suddenly struck Mrs. Ansell as more poignant than speech.

"What is it the child wants?" she asked

the governess, in the course of one of their whispered consultations; and the governess, after a moment's hesitation, replied: "She said something about a letter she wrote to Mrs. Amherst just before she was taken ill—about having had no answer, I think."

"Ah—she writes to Mrs. Amherst, does she?"

The governess, evidently aware that she trod on delicate ground, tried at once to defend herself and her pupil.

"It was my fault, perhaps. I suggested once that her little compositions should take the form of letters—it usually interests a child more—and she asked if they might be written to Mrs. Amherst."

"Your fault? Why should not the child write to her step-mother?" Mrs. Ansell rejoined with studied surprise; and on the other's murmuring: "Of course—of course——" she added haughtily: "I trust the letters were sent?"

The governess floundered. "I couldn't say—but perhaps the nurse. . ."

That evening Cicely was less well. There was a slight return of fever, and the doctor, hastily summoned, hinted at the possibility of too much excitement in the sick-room.

"Excitement? There has been no excitement," Mr. Langhope protested, quivering with the sudden renewal of fear.

"No? The child seemed nervous, uneasy. It's hard to say why, because she is unusually reserved for her age."

The medical man took his departure, and Mr. Langhope and Mrs. Ansell faced each other in the disarray produced by a call to arms when all has seemed at peace.

"I shall lose her—I shall lose her!" the grandfather broke out, sinking into his chair with a groan.

Mrs. Ansell, gathering her furs about her for departure, turned on him abruptly from the threshold.

"It's stupid, what you're doing—stupid!" she exclaimed with unwonted vehemence.

He raised his head with a startled look. "What do you mean—what I'm doing?"

"The child misses Justine. You ought to send for her."

Mr. Langhope's hands dropped to the arms of his chair, and he straightened himself up with a pale flash of indignation. "You've had moments lately——!"

"I've had moments, yes; and so have you—when the child came back to us, and we stood there and wondered how we could keep her, tie her fast . . . and in those moments I saw . . . saw what she wanted . . . and so did you!"

Mr. Langhope turned away his head. "You're a sentimentalist!" he flung scornfully back at her.

"Oh, call me any bad names you please!"

"I won't send for that woman!"

"No." She fastened her furs slowly, with the gentle deliberate movements that no emotion ever hastened or disturbed.

"Why do you say no?" he challenged her.

"To make you contradict me, perhaps," she ventured, after looking at him again for a moment.

"Ah——" He shifted his position, one elbow supporting his bowed head, his eyes fixed on the ground. Presently he brought out: "Could one ask her to come—and see the child—and go away again—for good?"

"To break the compact at your pleasure, and enter into it again for the same reason?"

"No—no—I see." He paused, and then looked up at her suddenly. "But what if Amherst won't have her back himself?"

"Shall I ask him?"

"I tell you he can't bear to hear her name!"

"But he doesn't know why she has left him."

Mr. Langhope gathered his brows in a frown. "Why—what on earth—what possible difference would that make?"

Mrs. Ansell, from the doorway, shed a pitying glance on him. "Ah—if you don't see!" she murmured.

He sank back into his seat with a groan. "Good heavens, Maria, how you torture me! I see enough as it is—I see too much of the cursed business!"

She paused again, and then slowly moved a step or two nearer, laying her hand on his shoulder.

"There's one thing you've never seen yet, Henry: what Bessy herself would do now—for the child—if she could."

He sat motionless under her light touch, his eyes on hers, till their inmost thoughts felt for and found each other, as they still sometimes could, through the fog of years and selfishness and worldly habit; then he

dropped his face into his hands, hiding it from her with the instinctive shrinking of an aged grief.

XLI

AMHERST, Cicely's convalescence once assured, had been obliged to go back to Hanaford; but some ten days later, on hearing from Mrs. Ansell that the little girl's progress was less rapid than had been hoped, he returned to his father-in-law's for a Sunday.

He came two days after the talk recorded in the last chapter—a talk of which Mrs. Ansell's letter to him had been the direct result. She had promised Mr. Langhope that, in writing to Amherst, she would not go beyond the briefest statement of fact; and she had kept her word, trusting to circumstances to speak for her.

Mrs. Ansell, during Cicely's illness, had formed the habit of dropping in to take tea with Mr. Langhope, instead of awaiting him at five in her own drawing-room; and on the Sunday in question she found him alone. Beneath his pleasure in seeing her, which had grown more marked as his dependence on her increased, she at once discerned traces of recent disturbance; and her first question was for Cicely.

He met it with a discouraged gesture. "No great change—Amherst finds her looking less well than when he was here before."

"He's upstairs with her?"

"Yes—she seems to want him."

Mrs. Ansell seated herself in silence behind the tea-tray, of which she was now recognized as the officiating priestess. As she drew off her long gloves, and mechanically straightened the row of delicate old cups, Mr. Langhope added with an effort: "I've spoken to him—told him what you said."

She looked up quickly.

"About the child's wish," he continued to explain. "About her having written to his wife. It seems her last letters have not been answered."

He paused, and Mrs. Ansell, with her usual calm precision, proceeded to measure the tea into the fluted Georgian tea-pot. She could be as reticent in approval as in reprehension, and not for the world would she have seemed to claim any share in the

turn that events appeared to be taking. She even preferred the risk of leaving her old friend to add half-reproachfully: "I told Amherst what you and the nurse thought."

"Yes?"

"That Cicely pines for his wife. I put it to him in black and white." The words came out on a deep strained breath; and Mrs. Ansell faltered: "Well?"

"Well—he doesn't know where she is himself."

"Doesn't *know*?"

"They're separated—utterly separated. It's as I told you: he could hardly name her."

Mrs. Ansell had unconsciously ceased her ministrations, letting her hands fall on her knee while she brooded in blank wonder on her companion's face.

"I wonder what reason she could have given him?" she murmured at length.

"For going? He loathes her, I tell you!"

"Yes—but *how did she make him?*"

He struck his hand violently on the arm of his chair. "Upon my soul, you seem to forget!"

"No." She shook her head with a half smile. "I simply remember more than you do."

"What more?" he began, with a flush of anger; but she raised a quieting hand.

"What does all that matter—if, now that we need her, we can't get her?"

He made no answer, and she returned to the dispensing of his tea; but as she rose to put the cup in his hand he asked, half querulously: "You think it's going to be very bad for the child, then?"

Mrs. Ansell smiled with the thin edge of her lips. "One can hardly set the police after her——!"

"No; we're powerless," he groaned in assent.

As the cup passed between them she dropped her eyes to his with a quick flash of interrogation; but he sat staring moodily before him, and she moved back to the sofa without a word.

On the way downstairs she met Amherst descending from Cicely's room.

Since the early days of his first marriage there had always been, on Amherst's side, a sense of obscure antagonism toward Mrs. Ansell. She was almost the embodied spirit

of the world he dreaded and disliked: her serenity, her tolerance, her adaptability, seemed to smile away and disintegrate all the high enthusiasms, the stubborn convictions, that he had tried to plant in the shifting sands of his married life. And now that Bessy's death had given her back the attributes with which his fancy had originally invested her, he had come to regard Mrs. Ansell as the evil influence that had come between himself and his wife.

Mrs. Ansell was probably not unaware of the successive transitions of feeling which had led up to this unflattering view; but her life had been passed among petty rivalries and animosities, and she had the patience and adroitness of the spy in a hostile camp.

She and Amherst exchanged a few words about Cicely; then she exclaimed, with a glance through the glass panes of the hall door: "But I must be off—I'm on foot, and the crossings appal me after dark."

He could do no less, at that, than offer to guide her across Fifth Avenue; and still talking of Cicely, she led him down the thronged thoroughfare till her own corner was reached, and then her own door; turning there to ask, as if by an afterthought: "Won't you come up? There's one thing more I want to say."

A shade of reluctance crossed his face, which, as the vestibule light fell on it, looked hard and tired, like a face set obstinately against a winter gale; but he murmured a word of assent, and followed her into the shining steel cage of the lift.

In her little drawing-room, among the shaded lamps and bowls of spring flowers, she pushed a chair forward, settled herself in her usual corner of the sofa, and said with a directness that seemed an echo of his own tone: "I asked you to come up because I want to talk to you about Mr. Langhope."

Amherst looked at her in surprise. Though his father-in-law's health had been more or less unsatisfactory for the last year, all their concern, of late, had been for Cicely.

"You think him less well?" he enquired.

She waited to draw off and smooth her gloves, with one of the deliberate gestures that served to shade and supplement her speech.

"I think him extremely unhappy."

Amherst moved uneasily in his seat.

He did not know where she meant the talk to lead them, but he guessed that it would be over painful places, and he saw no reason why he should be forced to follow her.

"You mean that he's still anxious about Cicely?"

"Partly that—yes." She paused. "The child will get well, no doubt; but she is very lonely. She needs youth, heat, light. Mr. Langhope can't give her those, or even a semblance of them; and it's an art I've lost the secret of," she added with her shadowy smile.

Amherst's brows darkened. "I realize all she has lost——"

Mrs. Ansell glanced up at him quickly. "She is twice motherless," she said.

The blood rose to his neck and temples, and he tightened his hand on the arm of his chair. But it was a part of Mrs. Ansell's expertness to know when such danger signals must be heeded and when they might be ignored, and she went on quietly: "It's the question of the future that is troubling Mr. Langhope. After such an illness, the next months of Cicely's life should be all happiness. And money won't buy the kind she needs: one can't pick out the right companion for such a child as one can match a ribbon. What she wants is spontaneous affection, not the most superlative manufactured article. She wants the sort of love that Justine gave her."

It was the first time in months that Amherst had heard his wife's name spoken outside of his own house. No one but his mother mentioned Justine to him now; and of late even his mother had dropped her enquiries and allusions, prudently acquiescing in the habit of silence which his own silence had created about him. To hear the name again—the two little syllables which had been the key of life to him and now shook him as the turning of a rusted lock shakes a long-closed door—to hear her name spoken familiarly, affectionately, as one speaks of some one who may come into the room the next moment—gave him a shock that was half pain, and half furtive unacknowledged joy. Men whose conscious thoughts are mostly projected outward, on the world of external activities, may be more moved by such a touch on the feelings than those who are perpetually testing and tuning their emotional chords. Amherst had foreseen from the first that

Mrs. Ansell might mean to speak of his wife; but though he had intended, if she did so, to cut their talk short, he now felt himself irresistibly constrained to hear her out.

Mrs. Ansell, having sped her shaft, followed its flight through lowered lashes, and saw that it had struck a vulnerable point; but she was far from assuming that the day was won.

"I believe," she continued, "that Mr. Langhope has said something of this to you already, and my only excuse for speaking is that I understood he had not been successful in his appeal."

No one but Mrs. Ansell—and perhaps she knew it—could have pushed so far beyond the conventional limits of discretion without seeming to overstep them by a hair; and she had often said, when pressed for the secret of her art, that it consisted simply in knowing the pass-word. That word once spoken, she might have added, the next secret was to give the enemy no time for resistance; and though she saw the frown reappear between Amherst's eyes, she went on, without heeding it: "I entreat you, Mr. Amherst, to let Cicely see your wife."

He reddened again, and pushed back his chair, as if to rise.

"No—don't break off like that! Let me say a word more. I know your answer to Mr. Langhope—that you and Justine are no longer together. But I thought of you as a man to sink your personal relations at such a moment as this."

"To sink them?" he repeated vaguely: and she went on: "After all, what difference does it make?"

"What difference?" He stared in unmitigated wonder, and then answered, with a touch of irony: "It might at least make the difference of my being unwilling to ask a favour of her."

Mrs. Ansell, at this, raised her eyes and let them rest full on his. "Because she has done you so great a one already?"

He stared again, sinking back automatically into his chair. "I don't understand you."

"No." She smiled a little, as if to give herself time. "But I mean that you shall. If I were a man I suppose I couldn't, because a man's code of honour is such a clumsy cast-iron thing. But a woman's, luckily, can be cut over—if she's clever—to fit any new occasion; and in this case I

should be willing to reduce mine to tatters if necessary."

Amherst's look of bewilderment deepened. "What is it that I don't understand?" he asked at length, in a low voice.

"Well—first of all, why Mr. Langhope had the right to ask you to send for your wife."

"The right?"

"You don't recognize such a right on his part?"

"No—why should I?"

"Supposing she had left you by his wish?"

"His wish? *His*—?"

He was on his feet now, gazing at her blindly, while the solid world seemed to grow thin about him. Her next words reduced it to a mist.

"My poor Amherst—why else, on earth, should she have left you?"

She brought it out clearly, in her small chiming tones; and as the sound travelled toward him it seemed to gather momentum, till her words rang through his brain as if every incomprehensible incident in the past had suddenly boomed forth the question. Why else, indeed, should she have left him? He stood motionless for a while; then he approached Mrs. Ansell and said: "Tell me."

She drew farther back into her corner of the sofa, waving him to a seat beside her, as though to bring his inquisitory eyes on a level where her own could command them; but he stood where he was, unconscious of her gesture, and merely repeating: "Tell me."

She may have said to herself that a woman would have needed no farther telling; but to him she only replied, slanting her head up to his: "To spare you and himself pain—to keep everything, between himself and you, as it had been before you married her."

He dropped down beside her at that, grasping the back of the sofa as if he wanted something to clutch and throttle. The veins swelled in his temples, and as he pushed back his tossed hair Mrs. Ansell noticed for the first time how gray it had grown on the under side.

"And he asked this of my wife—he accepted it?"

"Haven't *you* accepted it?"

"I? How could I guess her reasons—how could I imagine——?"

Mrs. Ansell raised her brows a hair's breadth at that. "I don't know. But as a fact, he didn't ask—it was she who offered, who forced it on him, even!"

"Forced her going on him?"

"In a sense, yes; by making it appear that *you* felt as he did about—about poor Bessy's death: that the thought of what had happened at that time was as abhorrent to you as to him—that *she* was as abhorrent to you. No doubt she foresaw that, had she permitted the least doubt on that point, there would have been no need of her leaving you, since the relation between yourself and Mr. Langhope would have been altered—destroyed. . ."

"Yes. I expected that—I warned her of it. But how did she make him think——?"

"How can I tell? To begin with, I don't know your real feeling. For all I know she was telling the truth—and Mr. Langhope of course thought she was."

"That I abhorred her? Oh——" he broke out, on his feet in an instant.

"Then why——?"

"Why did I let her leave me?" He strode across the room, as his habit was in moments of agitation, turning back to her again before he answered. "Because I *didn't* know—didn't know anything! And because her insisting on going away like that, without any explanation, made me feel . . . imagine there was . . . something she didn't *want* me to know . . . something she was afraid of not being able to hide from me if we stayed together any longer."

"Well—there was: the extent to which she loved you."

Mrs. Ansell, her hands clasped on her knee, her gaze holding his with a kind of visionary fixity, seemed to reconstruct the history of his past, bit by bit, with the words she was dragging out of him.

"I see it—I see it all now," she went on, with a repressed fervour that he had never divined in her. "It was the only solution for her, as well as for the rest of you. The more she showed her love, the more it would have cast a doubt on her motive . . . the greater distance she would have put between herself and you. And so she showed it in the only way that was safe for both of you, by taking herself away and hiding it in her heart; and before going, she secured your peace of mind, your future.

If she ruined anything, she rebuilt the ruin. Oh, she paid—she paid in full!"

Justine had paid, yes—paid to the utmost limit of whatever debt toward society she had contracted by overstepping its laws. And her resolve to discharge the debt had been taken in a flash, as soon as she had seen that man can commit no act alone, whether for good or evil. The extent to which Amherst's fate was involved in hers had become clear to her with his first word of reassurance, of faith in her motive. And instantly a plan for releasing him had leapt full-formed into her mind, and had been carried out with swift unflinching resolution. As he forced himself, now, to look down the suddenly illuminated past to the weeks which had elapsed between her visit to Mr. Langhope and her departure from Hanaford, he wondered not so much at her swiftness of resolve as at her firmness in carrying out her plan—and he saw, with a blinding flash of insight, that it was in her love for him that she had found her strength.

In all moments of strong mental tension he became totally unconscious of time and place, and he now remained silent so long, his hands clasped behind him, his eyes fixed on an indeterminate point in space, that Mrs. Ansell at length rose and laid a questioning touch on his arm.

"It's not true that you don't know where she is?"

His face contracted. "At this moment I don't. Lately she has preferred . . . not to write. . ."

"But surely you must know how to find her?"

He tossed back his hair with an energetic movement. "I should find her if I didn't know how!"

They stood confronted in a gaze of silent intensity, each penetrating farther into the mind of the other than would once have seemed possible to either one; then Amherst held out his hand abruptly. "Goodbye—and thank you," he said.

She detained him a moment. "We shall see you soon again—see you both?"

His face grew stern. "It's not to oblige Mr. Langhope that I am going to find my wife."

"Ah, now you are unjust to him!" she exclaimed.

"Don't let us speak of him!" he broke in.

"Why not? When it is from him the request comes—the entreaty—that everything in the past should be forgotten?"

"Yes—when it suits his convenience!"

"Do you imagine that—even judging him in that way—it has not cost him a struggle?"

"I can think only of what it has cost her!"

Mrs. Ansell drew a deep sighing breath. "Ah—but don't you see that she has gained her point, and that nothing else matters to her?"

"Gained her point? Not if, by that, you mean that things here can ever go back to the old state—that she and I can ever remain at Westmore after this!"

Mrs. Ansell dropped her eyes for a moment; then she lifted to him her sweet impenetrable face.

"Do you know what you have to do—both you and he? Exactly what she decides," she affirmed.

XLII

JUSTINE's answer to her husband's letter bore a New York address; and the surprise of finding her in the same town with himself, and not half an hour's walk from the room in which he sat, was so great that it seemed to demand some sudden and violent outlet of physical movement.

He thrust the letter in his pocket, took up his hat, and leaving the house, strode up Fifth Avenue toward the Park in the early spring sunlight.

The news had taken five days to reach him, for in order to reestablish communication with his wife he had been obliged to write to Michigan, with the request that his letter should be forwarded. He had never supposed that Justine would be hard to find, or that she had purposely enveloped her movements in mystery. When she ceased to write he had simply concluded that, like himself, she felt the mockery of trying to keep up a sort of distant, semi-fraternal relation, marked by the occasional interchange of inexpressive letters. The inextricable mingling of thought and sensation which made the peculiar closeness of their union could never, to such direct and passionate natures, be replaced by the pretense of a temperate friendship. Feeling thus

himself and instinctively assuming the same feeling in his wife, Amherst had respected her silence, her wish to break definitely with their former life. She had written him, in the autumn, that she intended to leave Michigan for a few months, but that, in any emergency, a letter addressed to her friend's house would reach her; and he had taken this as meaning that, unless the emergency arose, she preferred that their correspondence should cease. Acquiescence was all the easier because it accorded with his own desire. It seemed to him, as he looked back, that the love he and Justine had felt for each other was like some rare organism which could maintain life only in its special element; and that element was neither passion nor sentiment, but truth. It was only on the heights that they could breathe.

Some men, in his place, even while accepting the inevitableness of the moral rupture, would have felt concerned for the material side of the case. But it was characteristic of Amherst that this did not trouble him. He took it for granted that his wife would return to her nursing. From the first he had felt certain that it would be intolerable to her to accept aid from him, and that she would choose rather to support herself by the exercise of her regular profession; and, aside from such motives, he, who had always turned to hard work as the surest refuge from personal misery, thought it quite natural that she should seek the same means of escape.

He had therefore not been surprised, on opening her letter that morning, to learn that she had taken up her hospital work; but in the amazement of finding her so near at hand he hardly grasped her explanation of the coincidence. There was something about a Buffalo patient suddenly ordered to New York for special treatment, and refusing to go in the charge of a new nurse—but these details made no impression on his mind, which had only room for the fact that chance had brought his wife near him at the very moment when his whole being yearned for her.

She wrote that, owing to her duties, she would be unable to see him till three that afternoon; and he had still six hours to consume before their meeting. But in spirit they had met already—they were one in an intensity of communion which, as he strode northward along the bright crowded thor-

oughfare, seemed to gather up the whole world into one throbbing point of life.

He had a boyish wish to keep the secret of his happiness to himself, not to let Mr. Langhope or Mrs. Ansell know of his meeting with Justine till it was over; and after twice measuring the length of the Park he turned in at one of the little wooden restaurants which were beginning to unshutter themselves in anticipation of spring custom. If only he could have seen Justine that morning! If he could have brought her there, and they could have sat opposite each other, in the bare empty room, with sparrows bustling and twittering in the lilacs against the open window! The room was ugly enough—but how she would have delighted in the delicate green of the near slopes, and the purplish haze of the woods beyond! She took a childish pleasure in such small adventures, and had the knack of giving a touch of magic to their most commonplace details. Amherst, as he finished his cold beef and indifferent eggs, found himself boyishly planning to bring her back there the next day. . .

Then, over the coffee, he re-read her letter.

The address she gave was that of a small private hospital, and she explained that she would have to receive him in the public parlour, which at that hour was open to other visitors. As the time approached, the thought that they might not be alone when they met became insufferable; and he determined, if he found any one else in possession of the parlour, to wait in the hall, and meet her as she came down the stairs.

He continued to elaborate this plan as he walked back slowly through the Park and down Fifth Avenue. He had timed himself to reach the hospital a little before three; but though it lacked five minutes to the hour when he entered the parlour, two women were already seated in one of its windows. They looked around as he came in, evidently as much annoyed by his appearance as he had been to find them there. The older of the two showed a sallow middle-aged face beneath a limp crape veil; the other was a slight tawdry creature, with nodding feathers, and innumerable chains and bracelets which she fingered ceaselessly as she talked.

They eyed Amherst resentfully, and then

turned away, continuing their talk in low murmurs, while he seated himself at the marble-topped table littered with torn magazines. Now and then the younger woman's voice rose in a shrill staccato, and a phrase or two floated over to him. "She'd simply worked herself to death—the nurse told me so. . . She expects to go home in another week, though how she's going to stand the *fatigue*—" and then, after an inaudible answer: "It's all *his* fault, and if I was her I wouldn't go back to him for anything!"

"Oh, Cora, he's real sorry now," the older woman protestingly murmured; but the other, unappeased, rejoined with ominously nodding plumes: "*You see*—if they do make it up, it'll never be the same between them!"

Amherst started up nervously, and as he did so the clock struck three, and he opened the door and passed out into the hall. It was paved with black and white marble; the walls were washed in a dull yellowish tint, and the prevalent odour of antiseptics was mingled with a stale smell of cooking. At the back rose a straight staircase carpeted with brass-bound India-rubber, like a ship's companion-way; and down that staircase she would come in a moment—he fancied he heard her step now. . .

But the step was that of an elderly black-gowned woman in a cap—the matron probably.

She glanced at Amherst in surprise, and asked: "Are you waiting for some one?"

He made a motion of assent, and she opened the parlour door, saying: "Please walk in."

"May I not wait out here?" he urged.

She looked at him more attentively. "Why, no, I'm afraid not. You'll find the papers and magazines in here."

Mildly but firmly she drove him in before her, and closing the door, advanced to the two women in the window. Amherst's hopes leapt up: perhaps she had come to fetch the visitors upstairs! He strained his ears to catch what was being said, and while he was thus absorbed the door opened, and turning at the sound he found himself face to face with his wife.

He had not reflected that Justine would be in her nurse's dress; and the unexpected sight of the dark blue uniform and small

white cap, in which he had never seen her since their first meeting in the Hope Hospital, obliterated all bitter and unhappy memories, and gave him the illusion of passing back at once into the clear air of their early friendship. Then he looked at her and remembered.

He noticed that she had grown thinner than ever; or rather that her thinness, which had formerly had a healthy reed-like strength, now suggested fatigue and languor. And her face was spent, extinguished—the very eyes were lifeless. All her vitality seemed to have withdrawn itself into the arch of dense black hair which still clasped her forehead like the noble metal of some antique bust.

The sight stirred him with a deeper pity, a more vehement compunction; but the impulse to snatch her to him, and seek his pardon on her lips, was paralyzed by the sense that the three women in the window had stopped talking and turned their heads toward the door.

He held his hand out, and Justine's touched it for a moment; then he said in a low voice: "Is there no other place where I can see you?"

She made a negative gesture. "I am afraid not today."

Ah, her deep sweet voice—how completely his ear had lost the sound of it!

She looked doubtfully about the room, and pointed to a sofa at the end farthest from the windows.

"Shall we sit there?" she said.

He followed her in silence, and they sat down side by side. The matron had drawn up a chair and resumed her whispered conference with the women in the window. Between the two groups stretched the bare length of the room, broken only by a few arm-chairs of stained wood, and the marble-topped table covered with magazines.

The impossibility of giving free rein to his feelings developed in Amherst an unwonted intensity of perception, as though a sixth sense had suddenly emerged to take the place of those he could not use. And with this new-made faculty he seemed to gather up, and absorb into himself, as he had never done in their hours of closest communion, every detail of his wife's person, of her face and hands and gestures. He noticed how her full upper lids, of the tint of

yellowish ivory, had a slight bluish discoloration, and how little thread-like blue veins ran across her temples to the roots of her hair. The emaciation of her face, and the hollow shades beneath her cheek-bones, made her mouth seem redder and fuller, though a little line on each side, where it joined the cheek, gave it a tragic droop. And her hands! When her fingers met his he recalled having once picked up, in the winter woods, the little feather-light skeleton of a frozen bird—and that was what her touch was like.

And it was he who had brought her to this by his cruelty, his obtuseness, his base readiness to believe the worst of her! He did not want to pour himself out in self-accusation—that seemed too easy a way of escape. He wanted simply to take her in his arms, to ask her to give him one more chance—and then to show her! And all the while he was paralyzed by the group in the window.

"Can't we go out? I must speak to you," he began again nervously.

"Not this afternoon—the doctor is coming. Tomorrow——"

"I can't wait for tomorrow!"

She made a faint, imperceptible gesture, which read to his eyes: "You've waited a whole year."

"Yes, I know," he returned, still constrained by the necessity of muffling his voice, of perpetually measuring the distance between themselves and the window. "I know what you might say—don't you suppose I've said it to myself a million times? But I didn't know—I couldn't imagine——"

She interrupted him with a rapid movement. "What do you know now?"

"What you promised Langhope——"

She turned her startled eyes on him, and he saw the blood run flame-like under her skin. "But *he* promised not to speak!" she cried.

"He hasn't—to me. But such things make themselves known. Should you have been content to go on in that way forever?"

She raised her head and her eyes rested in his. "If you were," she answered simply.

"Justine!"

Again she checked him with a silencing motion. "Please tell me just what has happened."

"Not now—there's too much else to say.

And nothing matters except that I'm with you."

"But Mr. Langhope——"

"He asks you to come. You're to see Cicely tomorrow."

Her lower lip trembled a little, and a tear flowed over and hung on her lashes.

"But what does all that matter now? We're together after this horrible year," he insisted.

She looked at him again. "But what is really changed?"

"Everything—everything! Not changed, I mean—just gone back."

"To where . . . we were . . . before?" she whispered; and he whispered back: "To where we were before."

There was a scraping of chairs on the floor, and with a sense of release Amherst saw that the colloquy in the window was over.

The two visitors, gathering their wraps about them, moved slowly across the room, still talking to the matron in excited undertones, through which, as they neared the threshold, the younger woman's staccato again broke out.

"I tell you, if she does go back to him, it'll never be the same between them!"

"Oh, Cora, I wouldn't say that," the other ineffectually wailed; then they moved toward the door, and a moment later it had closed on them.

Amherst turned to his wife with outstretched arms. "Say you forgive me, Justine!"

She held back a little from his entreating hands, not reproachfully, but as if with a last scruple for himself.

"There's nothing left . . . of the horror?" she asked below her breath.

"To be without you—that's the only horror!"

"You're *sure*——?"

"Sure!"

"It's just the same to you . . . just as it was . . . before?"

"Just the same, Justine!"

"It's not for myself, but you."

"Then, for me—never speak of it!" he implored.

"Because it's *not* the same, then?" leapt from her.

"Because it's wiped out—because it's never been!"

"Never?"

"Never!"

He felt her yield to him at that, and under his eyes, close under his lips, was her face at last. But as they kissed they heard the handle of the door turn, and drew apart quickly, her hand lingering in his under the fold of her dress.

A nurse looked in, dressed in the white uniform and pointed cap of the hospital. Amherst fancied that she smiled a little as she saw them.

"Miss Brent—the doctor wants you to come right up and give the morphine."

The door shut again as Justine rose to her feet. Amherst remained seated—he had made no motion to retain her hand as it slipped from him.

"I'm coming," she called out to the retreating nurse; then she turned slowly and saw her husband's face.

"I must go," she said in a low tone.

Her eyes met his for a moment; but he looked away again as he stood up and reached for his hat.

"Tomorrow, then——" he said, without attempting to detain her.

"To-morrow?"

"You must come away from here—you must come home," he repeated mechanically.

She made no answer, and he held his hand out and took hers. "Tomorrow," he said, drawing her toward him; and their lips met again, but not in the same kiss.

XLIII

JUNE again at Hanaford—and Cicely's birthday.

The anniversary was to coincide, this year, with the opening of the old house at Hopewood as a kind of pleasure-palace—gymnasium, concert-hall and museum—for the recreation of the mill-hands.

The idea had first come to Amherst on the winter afternoon when Bessy Westmore had confessed her love for him under the snow-laden trees of Hopewood. Even then the sense that his personal happiness was enlarged and secured by its promise of happiness to others had made him wish that the scene associated with the first moments of his new life should be made to commemorate a corresponding change in the fortunes of Westmore. But when the

control of the mills at length passed into his hands, other and more necessary improvements pressed upon him; and it was not until now that the financial condition of the company had justified the execution of his plan.

Justine, on her return to Hanaford, had found the work already in progress, and had been told by her husband that he was carrying out a projected scheme of Bessy's. She had felt a certain surprise, but had concluded that the plan in question dated back to the early days of his first marriage, when, in his wife's eyes, his connection with the mills still invested them with interest.

Since Justine had come back to her husband, both had tacitly avoided all allusions to the past, and the recreation-house at Hopewood being, as she divined, in some sort an expiatory offering to Bessy's plaintive shade, she had purposely refrained from questioning Amherst about its progress, and had simply approved the plans he submitted to her.

Fourteen months had passed since her return, and now, as she sat beside her husband in the carriage which was conveying them to Hopewood, she said to herself that her life had at last fallen into what promised to be its final shape—that as things now were they would probably be to the end. And outwardly at least they were what she and Amherst had always dreamed of their being. Westmore prospered under the new rule. The seeds of life they had sown there were springing up in a promising growth of bodily health and mental activity, and above all in a dawning social consciousness. The mill-hands were beginning to understand the meaning of their work, in its relation to their own lives and to the larger economy. And outwardly, also, the new growth was showing itself in the humanized aspect of the place. Amherst's young maples were tall enough now to cast a shade on the grass-bordered streets; and the well-kept turf, the bright cottage gardens, the new central group of library, hospital and club-house gave to the mill-village the hopeful air of a "rising" residential suburb.

In the bright June light, behind their fresh green mantle of trees and creepers, even the factory buildings looked less stern and prison-like than formerly; and the turfing and planting of the adjoining river-

banks had transformed a waste of foul mud and refuse into a little park where the operatives might refresh themselves at midday.

Yes—Westmore was alive at last: the dead city of which Justine had once spoken to Amherst had risen from its grave, and its blank face had taken on a meaning. As Justine glanced at her husband, she saw that the same thought was in his mind. However achieved, at whatever cost of personal misery and error, the work of awakening and freeing Westmore was done, and that work had justified itself.

She looked from Amherst to Cicely, who sat opposite, eager and rosy in her mourning frock—for Mr. Langhope had died some two months previously—and as intent as her step-parents upon the scene before her. Cicely was old enough now to regard her connection with Westmore as something more than a nursery game. She was beginning to learn a great deal about the mills, and to understand, in simple, friendly ways, something of her own relation to them. The work and play of the children, the interests and relaxations provided for their elders, had been gradually explained to her by Justine, and she understood that this shining tenth birthday of hers was to throw its light as far as the clouds of factory-smoke extended.

As they mounted the slope to Hopewood, the spacious white building, with its enfolding colonnades, its broad terraces and tennis-courts, shone through the trees like some bright villa adorned for its master's home-coming; and Amherst and his wife might have been driving up to the house which had been built to shelter their wedded happiness. The thought flashed across Justine as their carriage climbed the hill. She was as much absorbed as Amherst in the welfare of Westmore, it had become more and more, to both, the refuge in which their lives still met and mingled; but for a moment, as they paused before the flower-decked porch, and he turned to help her from the carriage, it occurred to her to wonder what her sensations would have been if he had been bringing her home—to a real home of their own—instead of accompanying her to another philanthropic celebration. But what need had they of a real home, when they no longer had any real life of their own? Nothing was left of that

secret inner union which had so enriched and beautified their outward lives. Since Justine's return to Hanaford they had entered, tacitly, almost unconsciously, into a new relation to each other: a relation in which their personalities were more and more merged in their common work, so that, as it were, they met only by avoiding each other.

From the first, Justine had accepted this as inevitable; just as she had understood, when Amherst had sought her out in New York, that his remaining at Westmore, which had once been contingent on her leaving him, now depended on her willingness to return and take up their former life there.

She accepted the last condition as she had accepted the other, pledged to the perpetual expiation of an act for which, in the abstract, she still refused to hold herself to blame. But life is not a matter of abstract principles, but a succession of pitiful compromises with fate, of concessions to old tradition, old beliefs, old charities and frailties. That was what her act had taught her—that was the word of the gods to the mortal who had laid a hand on their bolts. And she had humbled herself to accept the lesson, seeing human relations at last as a tangled and deep-rooted growth, a dark forest through which the idealist cannot cut his straight path without hearing at each stroke the cry of the severed branch: "*Why woundest thou me?*"

The lawns leading up to the house were already sprinkled with holiday-makers, while along the avenue came the rolling of wheels, the throb of motor-cars; and Justine, with Cicely beside her, stood in the wide hall to receive the incoming throng, in which Hanaford society was indiscriminately mingled with the operatives in their Sunday best.

While his wife welcomed the new arrivals, Amherst, supported by some young Westmore cousins, was guiding them into the concert-hall, where he was to say a word on the uses of the building before declaring it open for inspection. And presently Justine and Cicely, summoned by Westy Gaines, made their way through the rows of seats to a corner near the platform. Her husband was there already, with Halford Gaines and a group of Hanaford dignitaries, and just

below them sat Mrs. Gaines and her daughters, the Harry Dressels, and Amherst's radiant mother.

As Justine passed between them, she wondered how much they knew of the events which had wrought so profound and permanent change in her life. She had never known how Hanaford explained her absence or what comments it had made on her return. But she saw to-day more clearly than ever that Amherst had become a power among his townsmen, and that if they were still blind to the inner meaning of his work, its practical results were beginning to impress them profoundly. Hanaford sociological creed was largely based on commercial considerations, and Amherst had won Hanaford's esteem by the novel feat of defying its economic principles and snatching success out of his defiance.

And now he had advanced a step or two in front of the "representative" semi-circle on the platform, and was beginning to speak.

Justine did not hear his first words. She was looking up at him, trying to see him with the eyes of the crowd, and wondering what manner of man he would have seemed to her if she had known as little as they did of his inner history.

He held himself straight, the heavy locks thrown back from his forehead, one hand resting on the table beside him, the other grasping a folded blue-print which the architect of the building had just advanced to give him. As he stood there, Justine recalled her first sight of him in the Hope Hospital, five years earlier—was it only five years? They had dealt deep strokes to his face, hollowing the eye-sockets, accentuating the strong modelling of nose and chin, fixing the lines between the brows; but every touch had a meaning—it was not the languid hand of time which had remade his features, but the sharp chisel of thought and action.

She roused herself suddenly to the consciousness of what he was saying.

"For the idea of this building—of a building dedicated to the recreation of Westmore—is not new in my mind; but while it remained there as a mere idea, it had already without my knowledge, taken definite shape in the thoughts of the owner of Westmore."

There was a slight drop in his voice as he designated Bessy, and he waited a moment before continuing: "It was not till after the death of my first wife that I learned of her intention—that I found by accident, among her papers, this carefully-studied plan for a pleasure-house at Hopewood."

He paused again, and unrolling the blueprint, held it up before his audience.

"You cannot, at this distance," he went on, "see all the admirable details of her plan; see how beautifully they were imagined, how carefully and intelligently elaborated. She who conceived them longed to see beauty everywhere—it was her dearest wish to bestow it on her people here. And her ardent imagination outran the bounds of practical possibility. We cannot give you, in its completeness, the beautiful thing she had imagined—the great terraces, the marble porches, the fountains, lily-tanks, and cloisters. But you will see that, wherever it was possible—though in humbler materials, and on a smaller scale—we have faithfully followed her design; and when presently you go through this building, and when, hereafter, you find health and refreshment and diversion here, I ask you to remember the beauty she dreamed of giving you, and to let the thought of it make her memory beautiful among you and among your children. . ."

Justine had listened with deepening amazement. She was seated so close to her husband that she had recognized the blueprint the moment he unrolled it. There was no mistaking its origin—it was simply the plan of the gymnasium which Bessy had intended to build at Lynbrook, and which she had been constrained to abandon owing to her husband's increased expenditure at the mills. But how was it possible that Amherst knew nothing of the original purpose of the plans, and by what mocking turn of events had a project devised in deliberate defiance of his wishes, and intended to declare his wife's open contempt of them, been transformed into a Utopian vision for the betterment of the Westmore operatives?

A wave of anger swept over Justine at this last derisive stroke of fate. It was grotesque and pitiable that a man like Amherst should create out of his morbid regrets a being who had never existed, and then ascribe to her feelings and actions of which

the real woman had again and again proved herself incapable!

Ah, no, Justine had suffered enough—but to have this imaginary Bessy called from the grave, dressed in a semblance of self-devotion and idealism, to see her petty impulses of vindictiveness disguised as the motions of a lofty spirit—it was as though her small malicious ghost had devised this way of punishing the wife who had taken her place!

Justine had suffered enough—suffered deliberately and unstintingly, paying the full price of her error, not seeking to evade its least consequence. But no sane judgment could ask her to sit quiet under this last hallucination. What! This unreal woman, this phantom that Amherst's uneasy imagination had evoked, was to come between himself and her, to supplant her first as his wife, and then as his fellow-worker? Why should she not cry out the truth to him, defend herself against the dead who came back to rob her of such wedded peace as was hers? She had only to tell the true story of the plans to lay poor Bessy's ghost forever!

The confused throbbing impulses within her were stifled under a long burst of applause—then she saw Westy Gaines at her side again, and understood that he had come to lead Cicely to the platform. For a moment she clung jealously to the child's hand, hardly aware of what she did, feeling only that she was being thrust farther and farther into the background of the life she had helped to call out of chaos. Then a contrary impulse moved her. She released Cicely with a tremulous smile, and a moment later, as she sat with bent head and throbbing breast, she heard the child's treble piping out above her:

"In my mother's name, I give this house to Westmore."

Applause again—and then Justine found herself enveloped in a general murmur of compliment and congratulation. Mr. Amherst had spoken admirably—a "beautiful tribute—" ah, he had done poor Bessy justice! And to think that till now Hanaford had never fully realized how she had the welfare of the mills at heart—how it was really only *her* work that he was carrying on there! Well, he had made that perfectly clear—and no doubt Cicely was being taught to follow in her mother's

footsteps: everyone had noticed how her step-father was associating her with the work at the mills. And his little speech would, as it were, consecrate the child's relation to that work, make it appear to her as the continuance of a beautiful, a sacred tradition. . .

And now it was over. The building had been inspected, the operatives had dispersed, the Hanaford company, Cicely among them, had been sent back, tired and happy, in Mrs. Dressel's victoria (which was to be replaced by a motor next year), and Amherst and his wife were alone.

Amherst, after bidding good-bye to his last guests, had gone back to the empty concert-room, where he had left the blue-print lying on the platform. He came back with it, between the uneven rows of empty chairs, and joined Justine, who stood waiting in the hall. His face was slightly flushed, and his eyes had the light which, in moments of happy emotion, burned through their veil of thought.

He laid his hand on his wife's arm and drawing her toward a table near the doorway, spread out the blue-print before her.

"You haven't seen this, have you?" he said eagerly.

She looked down at the plan without answering, reading in the left-hand corner the architect's conventional inscription: "Swimming-tank and gymnasium designed for Mrs. John Amherst."

Amherst looked up, perhaps struck by her silence.

"But perhaps you *have* seen it—at Lynbrook? It must have been done while you were there."

The quickened throb of her blood rushed to her brain like a signal. "Speak—speak now!" the signal commanded.

Justine continued to look fixedly at the plan. "Yes, I have seen it," she said at length.

"At Lynbrook?"

"At Lynbrook."

"*She* showed it to you, I suppose—while I was away?"

Justine hesitated again. "Yes, while you were away."

"And did she tell you anything about it, go into detail about her wishes, her intentions?"

Now was the moment—now! As her

lips parted she looked up at her husband. The illumination still lingered on his face—and it was the face she loved. He was waiting eagerly for her next word.

"No, I heard no details. I merely saw the plan lying there."

She saw his look of disappointment. "She never told you about it?"

"No—she never told me."

It was best so, after all. She understood that now. It was now at last that she was paying her full price.

Amherst rolled up the plan with a sigh and pushed it into the drawer of the table. It struck her that he too had the look of one who has laid a ghost. He turned to her and drew her hand through his arm.

"You're tired, dear. You ought to have driven back with the others," he said.

"No, I would rather stay with you."

"You want to drain this good day to the dregs, as I do?"

"Yes," she murmured, drawing her hand away.

"It is a good day, isn't it?" he continued, looking about him at the white-panelled walls, the vista of large, bright rooms seen through the folding doors. "I feel as if we had reached a height, somehow—a height where one might pause and draw breath for the next climb. Don't you feel that too, Justine?"

"Yes—I feel it."

"Do you remember once, long ago—one day when you and I and Cicely went on a picnic to hunt orchids—how we got talking of the one best moment in life—the moment when one wanted most to stop the clock?"

The colour rose in her face while he spoke. It was a long time since he referred to the early days of their friendship—the days *before*. . .

"Yes, I remember," she said.

"And do you remember how we said that it was with most of us as it was with Faust? That the moment one wanted to hold fast to was not, in most lives, the moment of keenest personal happiness, but the other kind—the kind that would have seemed grey and colourless at first: the moment when the meaning of life began to come out from the mists—when one could look out at last over the marsh one had drained?"

A tremor ran through the inmost chords of Justine's being. "It was you who said that," she said, half-smiling.

"But didn't you feel it with me? Don't you now?"

"Yes—I do now," she murmured.

He came close to her, and taking her hands in his, kissed them, one after the other.

"Dear," he said, "let us go out and look at the marsh we have drained."

He turned and led her through the open doorway to the wide porch above the river. The sun was setting behind the wooded slopes of Hopewood, and the trees about the house stretched long blue shadows across the lawn. Beyond them rose the smoke of Westmore.

THE END.

THE DARK OF THE MOON

By Rosamund Marriott Watson

CASSIOPÆIA's silver throne,
So crystal-clear to-night it is,
Across my orchard, blossom-strown,
I turn to watch how bright it is.

Gone is the twisted apple-bough
That framed the self-same stars of old,
No moon beyond the poplars now
Bedecks the grass with bars of gold.

Yet this grave, moonless night that folds
The silent orchard-close in gloom,
How many a fragrant promise holds,
Though there is scarce a rose in bloom.

How bright to-night, how dear the dream,
The dream of summer days to be;
The thought of wood and field and stream
New songs to know, new ways to see.

How dark those other days to come,
When happy seasons pass anew,
And find me mute and blind and numb,
No more to dream 'twixt grass and dew.

And yet—when this fair lease is run,
'Tis fresh green grass shall cover me;
My mound shall take the wind and sun,
The starry sky be over me.

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Dear is the dream, O flowers and trees,
To share the stars and sun with you,
And good to think, when God shall please,
At last I shall be one with you.

THE CALL OF THE WEST:

AMERICA AND ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND

BY SIDNEY LEE

IV—THE PATH TO JAMESTOWN

I



NEARLY eleven decades intervened between the first permanent settlement of Spaniards on the mainland of America and the first permanent settlement of Englishmen. The sixteenth century, with all its wealth of incident and idea, began and ended in the interval. The space of time was as large as that which divided the death of Washington from the first installation of Mr. Roosevelt as President of the United States. Very tardily did England join Spain and France in competition for the glory of peopling the New World.

It is common knowledge that in the spring of 1606 the English King and Government, overcoming obstinate scruples of the past, frankly proclaimed responsibility for colonial endeavor in America. Very familiar is the fact that a year later there were laid, under the auspices of King James I, the foundation of that colonial plantation of Englishmen—the first to survive infancy—of which the tercentenary was lately celebrated. The royal name of James distinguished that primal settlement as well as the river leading to it from the sea. Jamestown on James River, despite vicissitudes which threatened premature ruin, was the acorn whence sprang the mighty oak of an English North America. From the first Stuart monarch descends the American Republic. The line, if devious, is uninterrupted. Romance alone associates any genuine share of such parental honours with the more glorious name of Queen Elizabeth.

Uncertain and wayward were the processes which prepared the land for the sowing of the fruitful seed. Failure and disappointment darkened the colonial experiments of Queen Elizabeth's subjects in the

New World. The patches of light are few and shifting. Tragic gloom shrouded those paths to Jamestown which the Elizabethans sought to tread. The strength of the barriers have often been underrated. Yet a fuller understanding of the Elizabethan impulse enhances the credit and interest of the Jacobean triumph. In these pages an endeavor will be made to set in the perspective of contemporary sentiment, the long series of skirmishes which failed to bring Elizabethan Englishmen to the goal of their colonial ambition, and left the glendon to be won by their Jacobean successors.

II

WITH miraculous ease did Spain absorb the Latin notion of a colonial empire across the seas, which should, despite the strain of distance, be securely welded to the mother country. Such a notion was assimilated with difficulty by the average Elizabethan mind. In the early days of Queen Elizabeth's reign, when the American empire of Spain was near half a century old, the English sovereign herself confessed a strangely complete ignorance of the colonial conception. In 1563 rumors of stirring adventures, which befell Spanish and French explorers in the newly discovered paradise of Florida, caused fluttering of heart among some English seamen. Thomas Stukeley, a bombastic buccaneer of Devonshire, organized, by permission of the English crown, an expedition to the seductive territory. Three ships were commissioned for the service, and before they sailed their blunt-spoken leader Stukeley had an interview with his sovereign. With engaging frankness he informed Queen Elizabeth that his aim was independent sovereignty in America. The Queen showed no surprise nor did she raise objection. "Would he remember

her," she inquired, "when he had settled in his kingdom?" "Yes," he replied, "and write unto you also." "And what style wilt thou use?" continued the ruler of England. "To my loving sister, as one prince writes to another," was the answer. The adventurer left the royal presence with felicitations and without rebuke. Not yet had it dawned on the Queen that she was able to wield a sceptre over subjects who should fix their domicile on the further shore of the Atlantic Ocean.

Stukeley did not push his declared design far; piratical raids on shipping in the high seas were more in his sphere than an experiment in empire. Yet his unrebuked avowal of a resolve to create an English kingdom in America not for his Queen and country, but for himself, carries a significant moral—a moral, too, which may not be palatable to those of little faith in the beneficence of active monarchical interposition in the world's affairs. Events were to prove that genuine fruition could not come of the colonial idea in England until the English crown plainly acknowledged a title and an obligation to govern and control subjects who left their homes for new and distant lands. Queen Elizabeth's views of kingship never developed in that direction; the attitude which she assumed to Stukeley she maintained to the end. She rarely withheld approval from colonial effort of private persons, but she declined official responsibility for its conduct or maintenance. Hakluyt, the literary champion of the colonial idea, vainly pointed to the examples of the sovereigns of Spain and France and appealed to her to accept the leadership of a colonial movement. Her ears were closed to his "soul-animating strains." The problem of linking oversea colonies with a mother country fell outside her political horizon. Her successor's notion of colonial sovereignty in America was foreign to her political ambitions.

The average home-keeping Elizabethan was as slow as his sovereign to perceive advantage in a sustained attempt to colonize America. It was not as a colonizing field that the New World swam into his ken. News of guerilla assaults by Hawkins or Drake on Spanish shipping and Spanish trade warmed his blood. Spoil of gold and pearl exerted on him its allurements. But geographical discovery with the practical

view to colonization had for him a visionary savor. It was the Utopian fancy of romantic idealists. Long before and long after Queen Elizabeth reached the throne, the typical Englishman's desultory hope of discovering in the new hemisphere unknown lands and seas was confined within narrow bounds. His trading instinct limited his American aspiration to "increase of traffic," to the finding of new markets for home manufactures, or of new reservoirs of precious metal and other raw material for home consumption. Little notion of settlement in distant America colored the normal mercantile aspiration of Tudor England. A representative Elizabethan merchant-captain frankly deprecated colonial designs, and warned the men in his employ that should they attempt to settle in any new country which they visited with a view to trade, they would, if captured, be treated as deserters, and suffer condign punishment. The argument that the ranks of labor at home were overfull and that some outlet was needed for the surplus population made small appeal to Elizabethan capitalists. Not till the next century was opening did the dominant trading spirit of the nation countenance a national policy of oversea colonization. Then only did the colonial plea, which men of letters and knight-errants had already urged with imaginative enthusiasm, begin to sway the rank and file of men of business and politicians.

III

THE conservative temper of the average Elizabethan merchant was reinforced by the reluctance of the average Elizabethan mariner to sail in latitudes which were not clearly traced on the charts. There was, too, the natural tendency of average public opinion to contrast with some declamatory vehemence, the insecurity of life in unknown countries with the certain safety of one's own hearthstone. But apart from these discouragements, there was a substantial political obstacle to the early colonial ambition of the Elizabethan. The niceties of diplomacy checked English advance on America and even descents on the islands off the coast. From the outset of the Spanish Discovery in the fifteenth century and through most part of the century that followed, Spain stiffly held by the doctrine that

international law practically closed America—*islands and mainland alike*—to English colonial effort. That churlish doctrine was only formally challenged in England after much delay.

Despite the impatience of papal doctrine, which conquered the English mind during the sixteenth century, there attached to papal authority a specious sanction of which Tudor England never wholly rid herself. Englishmen, while chafing against the contention, hesitated to deny point-blank the validity of Rome's formal gift at the end of the fifteenth century to Spain or Portugal of all land in the new hemisphere which lay south of the 44th degree of latitude. Probably none in England knew at the outset what territory was situated either north or south of that line. There existed an impression that it marked (as was doubtless intended) the furthestmost northern limit of habitable land in the New World. Very gradually was that misapprehension dissipated. Very slowly the conception dawned on England of an habitable area to the north of the pretended sphere of Spanish and Portuguese influence. Only by very gradual degrees did Englishmen realize that, even if the papal decree had binding force, there lay beyond Spanish dominion, the spacious regions of Canada with its ample northern and western provinces as well as that broad band of the earth's surface, which ultimately harbored six expansive northerly states of the American Union. Ultimately it was recognized that the papal donation to Spain overlooked a generous half of the northern continent and that, save for the great empire of Mexico in the extreme south, and some sparse outlying settlements in mid-Florida and California, the Spanish hold on North America lacked substance. But it cost England near a century to take this all-important lesson to heart. Meanwhile the English Government was fertile in warnings against encroachment on the Spanish claims. Even, when colonial hopes were acquiring more or less formal shape in the later days of Elizabethan England, the Government admonished adventurers that "only remote heathen and barbarous lands, countries and territories *not actually possessed of any Christian prince or people*" were open to their incursions. On their first expeditions to the New World, Englishmen as a consequence

ventured mainly to the inhospitable extremities of the North so as to avoid the possible menace of Spanish pretensions. Yet even through these desolate regions, which lent colonial aspiration small encouragement, it was sometimes feared that Spain might question the right of way. When a scheme for an English expedition to the fabled empire of Cathay on the other side of the Arctic regions temporarily attracted in the middle of the century some mercantile and maritime enterprise of London, it was deemed safer, in view of the papal donation, to seek a north-east rather than a north-west passage through the Arctic Ocean.

It was no conscious pressure of colonial zeal which led Elizabethans to demand of Spain some abatement of her extravagant claim. On another ground was objection based. The maritime adventurers who raided Spanish ships and ports with an eye to plundering Spanish trade, found the risks of their activity greatly multiplied by Spain's grotesque theory that the entrance of any foreign ship within the western hemisphere amounted to a trespass if not to an act of war. The Elizabethan sea-rover, despite his indifference to colonizing ambition, resented Spain's pretension to exclude altogether his semi-piratical energy from the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. At the urgent entreaty of Sir Francis Drake, the boldest of Elizabethan seamen, Queen Elizabeth's Government took a diplomatic step, which, although it fell short of disputing the validity of Spain's title, usefully limited its application. English lawyers were induced by the buccaneers to enunciate the axiomatic but new principle that occupation was a condition of possession, and that occupation was something more than "descents on the coasts and the building of cottages and the giving of names to the country." The law of nations offered no hindrance to "foreign princes from freely navigating those seas" and even visiting and occupying, if they so wished it, "those parts *where the Spaniards did not inhabit*."

Thus in 1580 was evolved the legal maxim: "Prescription without possession availeth nothing." It was a two-edged weapon, for it left all sparsely settled territory at the mercy of every fresh invader. But as a specific challenge in legal terminology of Spain's claim to the whole continent of America, it swept out of the road

a real preliminary obstacle to England's imperial advance. So long as the papal division of the New World's surface went unquestioned, those who were neither Spanish nor Portuguese were presumably guilty of a breach of international comity by engaging in maritime, mercantile or colonial enterprise within the American area. The territory of Virginia, where the colonial flag of England was first unfurled to any purpose, fell well within the prohibited bounds of Spain. It had been traversed by Spanish pilgrims; nearly eighty years before Englishmen arrived there, the Christian faith had been preached on the site of Jamestown by Spanish monks; Elizabethans first learned of Chesapeake Bay from the maps of contemporary explorers of Spain. Though no Spaniard had made a permanent home in Virginia, the English title was incapable of legal definition, until virtual occupation by the Spaniard became an acknowledged condition of his legal possession, and his mere prescriptive right was repudiated.

IV

OUT of the way of Spain, in the extreme north, far above the Spanish papal border, Elizabethans made their first poor colonial experiment in the New World. By slow gradations and at substantial intervals of time the questionable limit of Spanish dominion was approached from the north and then was crossed by the colonial pioneers. The opening chapter of English colonial effort is the story of a descent by intermittent stages from the Arctic to the temperate zone.

Shadows of the papal donation darkened the horizon of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the earliest prophet of North American colonization. He never ventured actively to dispute Spain's monopoly of southerly latitudes. His attention was absorbed by regions of the north. It was by a somewhat circuitous process of thought that Sir Humphrey came to recommend speeches and writings in a first English settlement on the American continent. At the outset he confined his energies to preaching discovery of the fabulous treasury of Cathay, by way of a northwest passage through the Arctic Ocean. It was a second and subsidiary thought of his to plant an English colony on

that north-west road of snow. The main condition of Gilbert's original plan was that England should command the Arctic approaches to the gold and pearl of Cathay. The scheme gives its framer no small title to fame, although it was traced on melting ice.

The hopeless design was pursued in all seriousness. Three expeditions at Gilbert's instance set out for untracked latitudes of the Arctic Sea. The command was borne by Gilbert's disciple, Martin Frobisher, whose colonial failure was fully atoned by his heroic invasion of unknown Arctic regions. With equal earnestness he sought to discover the North-West waterway to the East, and to plant an English colony on the land bordering the ice-bound passage. The revelation of the frozen shores and seas of Labrador was the main reward of his energy. Appropriately he named the new country *Meta Incognita*.

It was on Frobisher's second voyage that the colonial hope for the first time challenged active support in England. A hundred Englishmen, "well minded and forward young gentlemen," volunteered to go out and test for twelve months life on American earth. Forty were soldiers, thirty were "bakers, carpenters and necessary persons," and thirty were men willing to work if opportunity arose, in mines. With ignorant complacency they talked of the cold climate and hostile natives that awaited them, and of the sure protection that would be afforded them by "a strong fort or house of timber," which was a chief part of their empirical equipment. But the rigors of the Arctic sky quickly froze the adventurers' blood, and after a few weeks' suffering they acknowledged defeat and sailed home. The colonial design had gone altogether astray; it had involved itself in ridicule. It is a curious comment on this first misconceived plan of Englishmen to inhabit American territory that, in spite of all the exploring activity of the intervening period, the site of Frobisher's colony was not revisited by men of European blood for two hundred and eighty-four years. Then in 1862 Captain C. F. Hall, an American searcher after the North Pole, discovered remains of Frobisher's settlement. Frobisher's experiment made plain that a colonial home must be sought further south, if colonial hope of America were to live.

In the second act of the Elizabethan co-

lonial drama, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Frobisher's patron, played the master-rôle in person. His colonial ideas developed in the light of the warnings of Frobisher's experience. The old tradition of Cathay was shedding a false light on the colonial path. Colonial aspiration asked a freer area of exercise. And something more was required. Gilbert foresaw that, if colonial projects were to win respect and were to promise results of substance instead of shadows, the English Government must lend openly its help and prestige. Spain and France had treated colonial experiments as imperial undertakings. Was England to do less?

The future was on Gilbert's side, but for the present Queen Elizabeth and her advisers hesitated. Not yet would the rulers of England identify themselves with the design of a colonial occupation of America. But Gilbert was at the moment strongly backed. His importunity admitted of no unqualified negative. But he had to rest content with an innocent formula, in the shape of letters-patent, authorizing him to discover and occupy unknown lands. The document had ancient warrant, and committed the authorities to little or nothing. Sir Humphrey Gilbert was granted "free liberty and license from time to time and at all times for ever hereafter, to discover, find, search out and view such remote heathen and barbarous lands, countries and territories not actually possessed of any Christian prince or people, as to him, his heirs and assigns, and to every or any of them shall seem good, and the same to have, hold, occupy, and enjoy." As far as the official instrument went, Gilbert was free to discover and occupy any unclaimed part of Europe, Asia or Africa. No mention of America figured in his letters-patent. Spanish susceptibilities were not to be ruffled. The English Government declined to avow responsibility for what its subjects might be minded to do across the Atlantic. The existence of the New World was officially ignored.

Embarrassing contradictions weakened the framework of Gilbert's vague charter. In the preamble Gilbert's rights were declared to be perpetual, but the main clauses of the document limited the grant to a period of six years, and nothing was said of a renewal. Although the topic was lightly indicated in shadowy outline, none of the crucial questions touching the constitution-

al relation of a colony to a mother-country received attention. Gilbert's colonists, in whatever quarter of the unoccupied globe they might plant themselves, were to enjoy the privileges of free denizens and natives of England, and were to maintain allegiance to the crown of England and to the established Church. The Queen and her Government claimed of them no other services or duties than the payment into the royal exchequer of a fifth part of all gold and silver ore which might be discovered in the new country. This was a tentative assertion of the feudal right over mines of precious metal, which was claimed by monarchs of their subjects all the world over, and had been of late loudly asserted in the New World by the kings of Spain and Portugal. For the rest, independent sovereignty was made over to Gilbert. For six years at any rate he was authorized to make his own statutes, laws and ordinances; save with his permission none might approach within two hundred leagues of his settlement. If an English colony were to come into being across the ocean, Queen Elizabeth wished it made clear that she was indisposed to accept the active anxieties of rule.

It was not until that term of six years, which was stipulated in the helpless formula, was nearly ended that Gilbert found serious opportunity of making the colonial experiment on which he had set his heart. An earlier preliminary effort brought him no nearer North America than the Cape Verde Islands. Five years intervened before any genuine advance was essayed. Then Gilbert sailed for the "New Found Land," by which was vaguely meant a territory somewhere to the south of Frobisher's Meta Incognita, and somewhere to the north of any known Spanish settlement.

V

HONEST enthusiasm was Gilbert's strongest credential. Of the shape and extent of North America he, like his contemporaries, had learned little, and he cherished many misconceptions. Of the French explorations in the Canadian region, which was already christened Nova Francia, he knew much less than he might. Reports had reached him of a flourishing semi-civilized native kingdom off the north Atlantic, called

Norumbega, but that realm was a geographical fiction. French, Spanish and English fleets had long fished for cod in the summer months off Greenland and the Newfoundland banks. But whether the adjoining shores belonged to scattered islands of the Atlantic or to the American mainland was mere food for conjecture among Elizabethan sailors. Spanish and French reports had revealed, on the continent further south, the smiling territory of Florida, the coast of which had been lightly surveyed by Drake and Hawkins. Of the precise relations of Florida to the northern country no study had yet been made.

Small heed was paid to the story of the men who, abandoned in 1568 by Sir John Hawkins on the Mexican coast, claimed to have measured on foot some 2,000 miles before they reached the confines of Nova Francia, where they took passage for England in a French vessel. Useful hints lurked in the neglected allegation, which may well have been true.

Gilbert had endeavored with as much pertinacity as any Elizabethan to ascertain the geography of North America. But the truth for the most part eluded him. He had devised a map of the world, but his strange sketch of North America presented Labrador and Canada as islands adjoining the extreme north of a shapeless continent, on which he set two labels, the upper one bearing the words "New France," and the lower one the word "Florida." Nor did greater success attend another English effort in North American cartography which, just before Gilbert set sail, was published under the auspices of so ardent a seeker after knowledge as Sir Philip Sidney. There North America figures as two crude rectangles with the lower corner of one intruding into a top corner of the other. The upper irregular rectangle, which is small, is called Canada and the lower rectangle, which is large, is designated Florida, while the northern boundary of sea is thickly studded with islands large and small. It was by the aid of the vaguest guesswork and of the untutored imagination that Gilbert proceeded to fulfil his great design of a North American colony.

On all sides ignorance encompassed Gilbert. That manual labor was a first essential to the success of colonial effort was ill-appreciated by those who offered him their

company. It was a lesson their English successors were slow to learn. The result of Gilbert's venture is sufficiently familiar. His companions deemed their task completed, when with some pomp and pageantry they had planted the standard of England in the harbor of St. John on the east coast of the island of Newfoundland—the nearest point to England in the New World.

Ignorance finally claimed the toll of Gilbert's life on the voyage homewards. Conservative English mariners still adhered to the mediæval habit of hugging the land as far as was practicable even in ocean travel. Neither on the outward nor on the homeward journey was Gilbert suffered to keep a direct course across the waters of the North Atlantic. Confidence was sought by endeavors to coast round the islands of the South Atlantic. On a shoal near the Azores the ship that was bearing Gilbert to England foundered. Thus was the earliest colonial ambition of an Elizabethan prematurely quenched. The recently devised maxim "prescription without possession availeth nothing" rendered it doubtful whether Gilbert had conveyed to English ownership any rood of American land. At best he had asserted a claim to an island. The mainland was still untouched.

VI

WITHOUT alteration of its helpless terms, Gilbert's passport to unknown coasts was transferred on his death to his half-brother and fellow-enthusiast, Sir Walter Raleigh. With the transference of the passport the scene of ineptitude shifts.

Before Gilbert reached Newfoundland some better-informed Englishmen suggested that Spain had so sparsely settled the spacious territory of Florida as to leave room for newcomers. In view of Gilbert's and Frobisher's fruitless ventures in the northern region of North America, it was prudent for Gilbert's heir to canvass the colonial possibilities of the South. Raleigh, on succeeding to Gilbert's privileges, set to work to test the suggestion. The resolve marked an important advance in colonizing effort. Yet the new chapter in its main drift merely played, after a misleadingly auspicious prelude, variation on the old note of tragic ignorance.

Within little more than six months of the tragic ending of Gilbert's career, two small ships sailed at Raleigh's expense for North America. They followed the customary route of the Canaries and West Indies. After thirteen weeks they landed on what was judged to be the northerly limit of Florida. It was the island of Roanoke, off what is now North Carolina. It is on that island, not yet on the mainland, that the next act in the colonial drama was played. The sailors returned to spread exultant impressions of their brief experience of life in America. Raleigh and his friends were blindly confident that their hour had struck, and, in their first enthusiasm, they sought to invest their scheme with an imposing sanction. Raleigh improved on Gilbert's appeal for the sovereign's support. He requested the legislature to confirm and define Gilbert's intangible privileges, which had been made over to himself. He invited the nation assembled in Parliament to lend its countenance to a definite plan for the Elizabethan colonization of America.

As a result, nearly ninety years after the discovery of America, the English Parliament took cognizance of the New World's existence. A Bill was quickly passed through the House of Commons to purge Gilbert's letters-patent of a part of their incertitude. A region of Florida was to be granted by statute to Sir Walter. Following the reports of Raleigh's first agents, the House of Commons called the land by the unfamiliar appellation of Wyngandacoia, after its alleged native owner. The English nation soon rechristened the territory Virginia, after their virgin Queen, but the parliamentary journals ignore that familiar appellation. Only a bare official note survives of the first, second and third readings of the American Bill in the Commons and of the first reading in the Lords. A full report of these earliest colonial debates in the English Parliament is wanting, but there is no doubt that the Bill became law, and that, in spite of much prejudice against pledging the nation's credit to unknown risks, Parliament blessed a limited enterprise of "Wyngandacoian" colonization. Parliament only forbade prisoners for debt, persons under arrest, married women, wards and apprentices from enlisting in this colonial service. The more important

question of how the Home Government should exert authority over the distant colonial settlements lay as yet outside official consideration. But it was something, although less than might appear, that for the first time with the sanction of Parliament a colonial experiment was set on foot.

The Parliament's benediction dates from December, 1584. Four months later as many as sixscore Englishmen eagerly emigrated to the Virginian region which lay near the indeterminate bounds of Florida. The island of Roanoke off the North Carolina coast, which had already been surveyed, was reoccupied. But victory was still far off. Elizabethan gentlemen viewed with impatience the humble toil of colonial pioneers. Supplies failed; labor was scarce; quarrels multiplied; home-sickness wore out energy. A year dragged its tedious length, without communications from the old country. Then Sir Francis Drake, while bent on maritime raiding, by chance descried from the sea the settlement of despair. He carried the whole company back to their native land. With no compunction did Drake cut short the colonial adventure. The seaman only recognized the colonists' impotence and helplessness. For him the New World meant opportunity of naval war and a treasury to be despoiled. No conception of a possible home attached to America in the restless and aspiring minds of the men whose ambition lay in gathering Spanish spoil, and in wounding Spanish pride.

But Drake was justified on more material ground in scorning the proffered aspirations of Queen Elizabeth's first Virginian colonists. They were merest sciolists in colonial lore. In the smiling plains and fruitful forests of the Virginian solitude many of them had yearned for "fair houses and dainty food or soft beds of down and feathers," and they avenged their foolish misapprehensions by speaking ill at home of the new country. Yet the truth did not elude all. One of the experimental settlers, Thomas Hariot, then a youth of twenty-five, who in maturer years was to acquire world-wide fame as mathematician and free-thinking man of science, sought, in a practical treatise on the natural products of Virginia, to stem the tide of ignorance and prejudice which was threatening colonial zeal. His

work chiefly relieves the first invasion of Virginia from the reproach of barrenness.

Blind chance was for twenty years yet to govern the tide of England's colonial effort. Wanton challenges of disaster were now to be requited by the death of English colonists not at sea alone, but on American soil. An ominous incident which followed Drake's rescue of Hariot and his friends preludes the most dismal of historic tragedies. A relief expedition arrived just after the colonists' departure, and fifteen men were left behind to solve the mystery of the temporary disappearance of their fellow-countrymen whom Drake was conveying home. The fifteen lives were flung away in the tangle of cross-purposes.

Within two years Virginia was to take eight times as large a toll of English flesh and blood. When for a second time the Virginian trail was deliberately pursued by Elizabethan pioneers, there was design of abandoning the island site, and of gaining at length the mainland of the new continent. It was a departure of significance. The Spaniards had lately explored Chesapeake Bay, and had marked it for the first time on maps. Hopeful reports of the neighboring country were wandering through Europe. There were warnings in the air that the English project would not go uncontested by other nations of the Old World. Raleigh's agents undertook to anticipate rivalry by hoisting the English flag on the inner shore of the far-spreading bay, of founding there a city to be known by their master's surname. But a careless or treacherous pilot, of foreign race, annulled the English hope of reaching the main territory. He carried the new settlers to the old island of doubtful omen. The mainland still lay outside the colonial sphere of Elizabethan England.

In one regard, organization of Elizabethan colonial venture now underwent a change, which seemed of fresh and fertile promise. English women and English children were to accompany husbands, brothers and sons. Virginia was to become a veritable English home. The second Virginian colony, which was led by the artist-explorer, John White, one of the settlers of Hariot's year, comprised ten married couples along with eighty-four men, seven spinsters and nine boys. There were 120 souls in all. It was the first time that English women trod

American ground. But it was to be the only time in Elizabethan or even in early Jacobean days. Yet all was at present delusive. The women's presence, so far from bringing any turn of colonial luck to Elizabethan England, carried a worse fate than any that marked preceding colonial endeavors. Hardly was the foundation of Raleigh's second Virginian colony laid than doubts arose and Governor White was sent home for counsel and supplies. Calamity straightway struck down the men, women and children to whom he bade farewell. There is small ground for imagining that any survived his departure beyond a few weeks. For nearly twenty years after, Queen Elizabeth's subjects, when they turned their gaze towards North America were lost in tearful surmise as to the fate of their lost kindred in Virginia.

VII

THIS catastrophe of 1587 damped the ardor of Elizabethan advocates of colonization for nearly two decades. Virginia fell in English eyes into ominous disrepute, from which recovery could only be gradual. Raleigh and White recognized it to be a point of honor to relieve any colonist who might perchance survive. But it was a futile search in the way of which perverse fortune interposed delay. The ill-starred devious course across the Atlantic by way of the Azores, the Canaries and the West Indies often wasted on the passage fifteen or twenty precious weeks. Spanish gunships, too, were never far from this circuitous path. The year of the Armada followed that of the Virginian tragedy. Spain and England were at open war, and the avenue to Virginia was well nigh closed.

Three years passed before the fatal soil of Virginia was retrodden by English feet. At length, in 1590, a relief expedition under White's command spent five weary months on the outward voyage, and a disproportionately brief fortnight on the spot where leave was taken of the colonists. Nothing was revealed beyond some footprints on a sandy bank, and a carving on a tree-trunk of three capital letters, which gave no certain sign. Plans of further inquiry were discussed in despair.

The grim disaster of 1587 drove Virginia beyond immediate range of colonial hope.

It was elsewhere that colonial champions thought to make experiment, if their aspirations were to live. Raleigh accepted the situation and turned to the southern continent. He set out in person to find Eldorado in Guiana—in that part of Guiana which is now known as Venezuela. Half-heartedly he promised to divert his course to the Virginian shore when either going or returning. But he never steered for the fatal settlement, and came home with his resolution confirmed to persuade his fellow-countrymen to acknowledge failure in their northern quest and to concentrate all energy on richer regions nearer the equator.

In the Northern continent, too, there were regions forbidden, outside the range of Virginia, which absorbed some thought and energy of champions of colonization. Colonial aspiration was not large enough to be distributed widely with impunity, and was now to be imperilled by diversity of aim. Very soon after Raleigh's venture to Guiana, three London merchants, two of whom, of Dutch nationality, were filled with their countrymen's growing zeal for maritime exploration, revived Gilbert's design on Newfoundland. A small expedition under Charles Leigh's guidance, was despatched to test the possibility of colonizing an island in "the great river of Canada," the Gulf of St. Lawrence. But Gilbert's failure was not retrieved, and the effort swelled the volume of deluded hopes.

Only in the very last year of Elizabeth's reign were there slender signs of returning zeal for the Virginian quest. Samuel Mace of Weymouth, "a very sufficient mariner, and an honest sober man," crossed thither in a small barque, once more under Raleigh's wavering auspices, and he wandered for a month about the scene of the forsaken settlement. Of the puny endeavor a modest cargo of sassafras was the only fruit. But the fallen Virginian breezes were rising. Within a month of Mace's return, a mariner cast in a larger mould, Bartholomew Gosnold, thought to repeat his experiment. His design was on a slightly larger scale and even included a vague notion of planting a Virginian colony anew. The venture linked itself very closely with one heroic episode of the past; for among Gosnold's colleagues was Bartholomew, son of Sir Humphrey Gilbert. The issue differed from aught that was intended. By signifi-

cant accident Gosnold missed his route, and his miscalculation shed unintentionally a gleam of light prophetic on the dark close of Elizabethan colonial endeavor in North America. After touching the Azores Gosnold sailed for the west and landed on what he took to be a northern stretch of the Virginian coast. Neither he nor his companions clearly realized that they had reached a country which maps hitherto ignored or misapprehended. The point of debarkation was midway between the old Virginian settlement and the scene of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's achievement. It proved to be Cape Cod on the Massachusetts coast. In that neighborhood the last of the Elizabethan colonial adventurers lingered for a month, christening new headlands and islands, and bestowing on one the name of Queen Elizabeth, whose days were now numbered. On his setting out choice had been made of a score of his two-and-thirty companions to make a new colonial trial of Virginia. But when the moment came for farewell, the chosen crew proved recalcitrant and this colonial project, which had been involuntarily diverted to the district of Massachusetts, ended before it began.

Gosnold crudely named his newly discovered territory North Virginia. The time was at hand when North Virginia, under its more lasting cognomen of New England, was to prove a formidable competitor with "South" Virginia for colonial honors. But Gosnold was himself an inheritor of unfulfilled renown. Returning to England with his mind set on revisiting the region of Cape Cod, he was denied the opportunity of which others availed themselves. Circumstances led him to resume the quest of the older Virginia of the South. There he proved a foremost contriver of the permanent settlement in 1607, but he was cut off by death as soon as the foundation-stone was laid. The fruit of all his labors escaped his hand. A better fate was merited by the only Elizabethans who brought to Queen Elizabeth's subjects the knowledge, bare though it was, that the land which was to become New England existed on the world's surface.

VIII

THE most sanguine of Englishmen, who advocated the colonial advance on America, could not resist a sense of depression when

at the date of Queen Elizabeth's death he surveyed the results of his fellow-countrymen's efforts to settle in America. With more or less confident hope there had been planned in the last quarter of a century, English colonial settlements in five different regions of America, regions for the most part distant from one another, and amply representative of the varied natural capacities of the New World. In the northern continent, Labrador, Newfoundland, North Carolina, Massachusetts,—in the southern continent, Venezuela (to give the places their modern names), had all been more or less tested from the colonizing point of view. But from all the same helpless response of negation had come back in monotonous sequence. No living English colonist occupied a foot of land in America when Queen Elizabeth died.

Sea-power had failed to minister to the realization of the colonial ideal. The maritime adventures of Elizabeth's reign had singed the beard of the King of Spain but had done little in the process to cherish the colonial hope. The exploits of Drake and Cavendish were fertile in exhilarating romance, and made the name of Englishman a word of fear on the Spanish main. But they had not diminished by conquest the area of Spanish dominion in America. Nor had the wide range of their sea travel revealed for certain any hitherto unknown habitable land which was open to English colonists and was free from the active menace of Spain. It was only in the inhospitable Arctic zone that Elizabethan mariners had made geographical discoveries for which the credit goes unquestioned. In Southern latitudes Drake came nearer the Pacific shores of Cape Horn than any before him, and he invaded a region of California into which it is doubtful if the Spaniard had penetrated. John Davis, the Elizabethan seaman, whose fame was made in Arctic seas, was probably the first European to catch a glimpse of the Falkland Islands in the South Atlantic. But neither Drake nor Davis widened the practicable outlook of the Elizabethan seeker after colonizing fields.

These Elizabethan buccaneers sought their abiding place on sea rather than on land, and little of their experience encouraged the conception of America as a home of safety for Englishmen. Tragic was the

penalty too often paid by the heroic searovers for the spoil of Spanish treasure and of Spanish prestige in the waters of the New World. Elizabethan fighting ships, which were usually of the tonnage of small yachts, wandered in the track of Spanish fleets for weeks or even months together. Very far from friendly ports, they could reckon on no peaceful refuge from the tempests of Mid or South Atlantic. If they weathered the storm they were driven out of their course, and their stores were in danger of exhaustion. Many times it happened that the greater part of the crew, who escaped drowning, died of hunger or thirst, and that the poor remnant reached a haven with hardly strength enough left "to take in or heave a sail." In the last years of the great Queen's reign death was especially active among Elizabethan adventurers in American seas, and their tragic fate deepened the gloom which hung over the colonial prospect. Cavendish had perished in the South Atlantic while making for "the South Sea and the Philippines and the coast of China." Drake himself died of dysentery off the coast of Panama, on which he had made an attack that failed. His body, enclosed in its leaded coffin, was laid to rest off the Isthmus, and with his ocean's funeral the hearts of colonial aspirants, who had dimly foretold England's sway of America, sank low.

IX

UNPROMISING as was the colonial outlook when James I ascended the English throne, yet forces which had lacked effective voice were at work to convert with strange celerity the failures of the past into triumphs of the future. No help came from a quarter in which it might presumably have been looked for. Of small moment was the turn of the political wheel which brought about peace between England and Spain in 1604. Whether the King of Spain was at peace or at war with the King of England, it was no intention of his to admit Englishmen to share with him the glories of American empire. The peace of 1604 stipulated for the exclusion of Englishmen from the Spanish Indies, and Spain's back was stiffened. With greater sternness than amid the distractions of war did she assert her ancient papal claim to North as well as to South America. The

whole of Florida, in her view, spread northward beyond known limits, and it embraced the North and the South Virginia of English interlopers. Those regions no less than Mexico, Peru and Brazil were to be protected from the invasion of English colonists. When the attempt on Virginia was renewed by the subjects of James I, protests from Madrid fell on London statesmen's ears with greater fury and frequency than at any earlier epoch. It was after Spain had become England's nominal ally in the Old World that England pressed onward to her colonial destiny in the New in the teeth of Spain's sharpened opposition.

It was religious and social problems rather than political questions or greed of treasure or love of adventure which finally gave the colonial aspirations of England the impetus required for a lasting issue. Religious and economic considerations had provided fuel for the Elizabethan champions. But their pleas had been heard with impatience or indifference by men of practical bent. The conception of the New World as a refuge for the surplus population of the Old remained unconvincing until on the one hand an industrial crisis was plainly reached in England and on the other American soil gave clear proof of the capacity to yield familiar necessities of life. The Elizabethan advocate had confined the religious justification of colonial settlements in America to the hope of spreading the Christian faith among the Pagan aborigines, a pious aspiration which has always looked visionary to the hard-headed. But when James I was firmly settled on the throne, both religious and economic diseases developed acuter phases than in the old century. In the seasons of crisis, anxious men began to look in earnest to America for means of cure.

In the middle of the sixteenth century French Huguenots first suggested to Protestant reformers of Europe that the solitudes of America might offer them that liberty and repose which Catholic rulers denied them at home. In England the religious conditions of France were reversed. After the Reformation of Henry VIII, Protestantism was the dominant power, and Catholics by sure stages fell into the position of the persecuted minority. The coercive enforcement of uniformity in religion was the life-blood of Queen Elizabeth's eccle-

siastical policy. But in the later years of the sixteenth century the situation assumed a new complexity. The Protestant majority took to warfare within its own ranks, and the government of the country, while it continued to pursue with increasing vigor recusant Papists, extended the policy of persecution to aggressive Puritans. In the closing decade of the Queen's reign, the difficulties of reducing dissentient Protestants to obedience defied solution, and the views of the ecclesiastical governors of England underwent a corresponding qualification. They reached the conclusion that the banishment of non-conformists was a surer means than penal legislation of promoting religious unity. On this point the dissentients, although their affection for their country was strong, were not disposed to quarrel with their oppressors. The teaching of the Huguenots enjoyed authority amongst them. Through the closing years of the sixteenth century and the opening years of the seventeenth, Puritans, following the example set by their French brethren, were earnestly considering emigration to a country which should offer them religious freedom and peace.

The decision in favor of America was not taken hastily, but it was entertained at an early stage. The Calvinistic martyr, John Penry, before his execution in 1593, recommended his followers to settle in a new country, but he mentioned no place. Holland, where Protestantism prevailed, was nearer England than the New World and lay within the sphere of European civilization. There the first foreign refuge was sought by English nonconformists. But, before and after they migrated thither, their gaze turned to America. In 1597 four Puritan leaders sailed with official approval in Charles Leigh's disastrous expedition to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which Dutch merchants, in London, in part financed. The misfortunes of that venture had the effect of darkening the American outlook, but it failed to extinguish it. The English Puritans, who emigrated to Holland, were unwilling to surrender their nationality, or their language. Their hold on both was imperilled by life under foreign rule. A settlement in hitherto unoccupied territory, where the English flag might yet fly above religious institutions of their own devising, was the ideal to which their hearts were wedded. It was

the development of such a sentiment which helped to invest the American aspirations of Jacobean England with irresistible force.

The conception of America as an asylum from religious persecution was not only cherished by Puritan minds. The spread of the notion among Englishmen is curiously illustrated by proposals, secretly made in the first year of James I's reign, to form in the New World an English settlement of oppressed Catholics, to whom the Anglican establishment was repugnant from quite other than Puritan points of view. Catholic victims of the penal legislation of Elizabethan England were, when under the obligation of seeking a foreign refuge, more happily placed than their Puritan compatriots. All Europe, save Holland and parts of Germany, was open to them. The Pope and the Catholic kings of Spain and France encouraged the settlement within their dominions of English Romanists, for whom life in their own country was unendurable. But even among English Catholics, who found a welcome on the Continent, the sense of nationality was powerful enough to suggest the advantage of colonizing unpeopled solitudes where the English language and English modes of life might flourish at the side of their religious ceremonies. To Father Parsons, then rector of the English College at Rome, the strenuous leader of the English Catholics throughout Europe, there was submitted, in the first year of James I's reign, a scheme for a Catholic colony in the New World. The scale was far larger than had characterized any earlier colonial plan. Rich and poor were to join together in unprecedented numbers. Skilled craftsmen and agricultural laborers were to reach a total of four figures. Land-owners were to sell their property to provide substantial capital. Father Parsons detected difficulties in fulfilment of the design. But he did not reject it hastily. He believed in the mission of English Catholics to share in the work of bringing North America under the sway of Catholic orthodoxy, but he deemed the moment inopportune, on political and social grounds, for a vast migration of English Catholics from Europe. Yet this Catholic project remains a beacon of the times; it marked progress in the growth of the idea that the quest of religious liberty gave colonial enterprise its surest warrant.

The pressure on England of economic

problems during the opening years of James I's reign contributed hardly less than the religious problem to the colonial advance. The Poor Law legislation of Queen Elizabeth's reign, which bore witness to the urgency of industrial difficulties, had not lessened the evils of unemployment. Industrial distress soon threatened rebellion in the Midland counties of Jacobean England. The population seemed to be growing out of proportion to the means of sustenance. The limits of industrial endurance appeared to be well-nigh reached. The argument that those who had been driven by want into beggary and crime might find profitable labor in the New World, acquired for the first time a driving power. All, it was widely urged, would be well, if it were generally acknowledged that there was a spacious land, the way to which was through the sea, where everybody might find work and adequate reward.

With such sentiments abroad, interest in the colonial schemes renewed itself with unexampled strength. Men of influence in all walks of life—statesmen, courtiers, judges, clergymen, merchants—soon vied with each other in discussing colonial schemes and in offering contributions to the expenses of exploring expeditions. That colonial settlements were justifiable was no longer in dispute. That they were practicable it was an imperative duty to prove. It remained to determine where the first experiment was to be made and whether or no private enterprise stood in need of State control. Such complicated questions required time for answer, but it was of good omen that they should be asked.

X

GOSNOLD's discovery of Massachusetts gave the leading cue to the maritime enterprise of the early years of James I's reign. But the Elizabethan tide of failure was not to turn immediately. Disaster was still to alternate with success. Much energy was still to be dissipated by lack of a single purpose or a single guide.

The earliest Jacobean venture carried on in full measure the tragic tradition of Elizabethan disaster. Gosnold's companion, Captain Bartholomew Gilbert, Sir Humphrey's son, ventured on a trading expedition in the West Indies, whence a gener-

ous impulse carried him to the Virginian Coast in a last despairing hope of renewing the search for the lost Virginian colony. The fate of those victims of colonial effort had never ceased to depress the spirit of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's son. Like Gosnold he went further north than he intended, but not quite so far as that noteworthy commander. Bartholomew Gilbert landed off Chesapeake Bay, at which Elizabethan ambition had vainly glanced, well to the north of the old Virginian settlement. But, falling in with a tribe of hostile natives, he was fatally wounded by their arrows. Four companions forfeited their lives with him, and unwillingly rejoined the lost colony in death. The first year of the new reign had lengthened the roll of American martyrs, and the cloud that hung over Elizabethan Virginia looked darker than of old.

Happily the gloom of this tragedy was relieved by the success of a Devonshire seaman, Martin Pring. With the aid of Bristol merchants he sailed of set purpose in Gosnold's tracks. For the second time an English ship surveyed the Massachusetts coast line, and the birth of New England was brought a stage nearer. But the rising colonial enthusiasm was still menaced by divided counsels. The claim of South America on Englishmen's colonial energy was not yet rejected altogether. It was still possible to question the fitness of the North American continent for England's colonial expansion. Pring, who followed Gosnold northward, did not commit himself to the northern trail hastily. In the year following his return from Massachusetts he lent his influence and his maritime skill to a revived endeavor to settle Englishmen in the rival South. The moving spirit of this unblessed digression was Captain Leigh, whose misfortunes in a late Elizabethan assault on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, had alienated his sympathies from northern enterprise. Now, resolved to establish the superiority of a golden haven in the Southern continent, he sailed for Raleigh's Eldorado in Guiana, and founded a settlement there. But despair and disaffection spread rapidly among his followers, and death adversely decided the issue for him and most of his companions. In all directions tragedy assailed the unlucky experiment. The narrative of an

attempt to relieve Leigh sounded a very ghastly note. The crew of the relief ship, dissatisfied with her equipment, landed on the outward voyage off the West Indian island of Santa Lucia; there nearly all were slain by savages in the cruellest massacre that had yet marked the path of English visitors to the western hemisphere. Pring escaped before the fatal close of this southern venture, and returned to England to prepare for more searching study of northern possibilities. The South had not advanced its title to preferential consideration.

Accident and miscalculation of the kind that gave Gosnold his chief title of honour were still crucial factors in the solution of the colonial problem. A momentous advance northwards in 1605 was another fortuitous outcome of a design to revisit Elizabethan Virginia. Untrustworthy charts led a new actor in the drama, one George Weymouth, to make on the Virginian voyage so liberal a bend to the north as to bring the State of Maine well within the colonial range. He clung to the fancy that he was surveying a new expanse of old Virginia while he was really exploring the northern river Kennebec. Weymouth's voyage is notable for something beyond an extended view of New England. One of its financial supporters was Shakespeare's patron, the Earl of Southampton who was quickly to play a leading part on the colonial stage. The Earl first comes on the American scene as promoter of Weymouth's expedition, which sensibly widened the Northern horizon.

Weymouth's reports of the fertility of these northern stretches of so-called Virginia redoubled in James I's subjects the interest which Gosnold and Pring had inaugurated. New stimulus came from a foiled effort at fresh progress. An adventurous gentleman of Plymouth, Henry Challons, soon engaged Weymouth's pilot in order to trace with him Weymouth's promising steps. In a ship of twenty-five tons burden, manned by one and twenty men, Challons resolved on "a farther discovery of these coasts." But fickle fortune decided otherwise. The little vessel, which sailed the traditional West Indian route, was captured off Porto Rico by a galleon of Spain. Despite the peace, Challons and most of his companions were carried prisoners to Seville. Ultimately they escaped

to England, but for the time they were given up for lost. Now that colonial zeal was alert in circles of influence, anxiety respecting the fate of Challons and his men grew acute. The Lord Chief Justice of England (Sir John Popham) was fired to engage in an effort at rescue. At his bidding Pring, just home from Guiana, voyaged to North Virginia to ascertain Challons' fortune. Details of Pring's experience are wanting. But it is plain that he brought back descriptions more alluring than any who had preceded him of "coasts, havens and harbours" about Maine and Massachusetts. The Northern curtain was lifted higher than before.

Thus, through the three opening years of the new reign, was the hope of colonizing North Virginia steadily nearing fulfilment. The burden of an ill-starred history had stemmed the advance of Elizabethan Virginia in public favour. North Virginia had inherited from the old reign none of the discouraging memories of the South. The experiences of that trio of New England pioneers, Gosnold, Pring and Weymouth, whose names have received smaller meed of fame than is their due, seemed in the third year of James I's reign to have substituted the Northern region for the Southern as the chief magnet of colonial aspiration. At any rate, before Anglo-American history well began, North and South on the northern continent had each its English champions. But it was only for the moment that the balance swayed in the direction of the North. In the fifth year of the new reign the scale slightly turned. By a hair's breadth the advocates of the southern region prevailed and Virginia of the South was endowed with the honors of a narrow priority in the permanent settlement of America by Englishmen.

XI

EVEN in 1605, when victory was unexpectedly at hand, the colonial situation seemed to crave in vain a unifying or centralizing impulse. Enterprise, which was born of merely private spasmodic and isolated effort, was clearly unequal to the task it had set itself. A typical agreement, which Weymouth drafted with a private capitalist after his triumph in North Vir-

ginia, illustrates the narrow conception which continued to blight the outlook. Weymouth accepted a private capitalist's offer to finance a second voyage to the district of Maine in order to secure independent possession of the country. Two tracts of land of unlimited area were to be mapped out, of which one was to be seized in perpetual and unconditional ownership by the capitalist, and the other by the exploring captain. The English Crown's proprietorship of American soil seemed still an undiscovered principle.

But no sooner was Weymouth's agreement drawn up than the national conception of colonial endeavor suddenly took concrete shape. James I intervened to claim as his own the whole of the vaguely defined territory of Virginia whether in northern or southern latitudes. Abstract right had no obvious place in the royal declaration, and those who study it in solely the light of after-events may denounce it. But a close survey of contemporary conditions and experience justifies no adverse criticism. Not otherwise could the need of the time be met.

In the year 1606 the course which English colonial enterprise had hitherto pursued was justly summed up in these matter-of-fact contemporary words:—"Private purses are cold comforts to adventurers and have ever been found fatal to all enterprises hitherto undertaken, by reason of delays, jealousies and unwillingness to back that project which succeeded not at the first attempt." Unless in reasonable conditions public authority pledged public credit, the colonial future looked in 1606 no brighter than in the old century. Without change of method the Atlantic voyagers were likely to labor on bootless errands till the day of doom. By royal intervention the path to Jamestown was finally won, and as a corollary the future of New England was assured. National responsibility was proclaimed for colonial endeavour, which, for lack of such nourishment had well-nigh perished.

James I's assertion of sovereignty over North America was not made precipitately. The first suggestion of practical definition and reform of colonizing method came to Jacobean England from Holland, which now after long delay was cherishing to effective purpose colonial ambitions. The Dutch Government had created a stock or

fund to be applied to colonial experiments. The English Parliament was petitioned to institute, after the Dutch model, a guaranteed American stock. The proposal was coldly received; it did not go far enough. Steady supplies of capital were one essential to colonial expansion. But it was not the only, nor indeed the primary, need. A central control under authoritative influences was the more imperative requirement. No mere manipulations of finance could build a road to salvation.

Financial devices other than a Government stock were, too, more familiar to English merchants, aimed at the same ends, and had a better chance of adoption. The system of private joint-stock companies for purposes of foreign trade was already known to England. Joint-stock experiments had been made for the promotion of private trade with Russia and various populous regions of the East. But in spite of the recent growth of colonial aspirations among men of wealth and position in London and the chief centres of southern England, the joint-stock principle of trade seemed in the shifting light of past experience inapplicable on any adequate scale to unsettled America. Definite security for a permanent occupation and colonization of unpeopled lands in America under English law must be forthcoming first. Two associations of knights, gentlemen, merchants and others, one at London and the other at Plymouth, examined the possibilities of the situation, and were willing to face risks in the American cause, provided that the state identified itself with their effort, and assumed supreme control of and responsibility for American colonization.

The problem was solved on April 10, 1606, by James I's formal announcement that the King of England had annexed a tract of territory six hundred and sixty miles long and one hundred miles broad, stretching along the American coast, with all adjacent islands, between the latitudes of 34 and 45 degrees. The sea-board of America from the bay of Fundy off the State of Maine to a southern point of the State of North Carolina was declared to be an English province under the perpetual rule of the English monarch. There was irony in the declaration as well as something like lawless usurpation. A long expanse of the stated line of coast was still

veiled from English vision. English seamen had hitherto evaded the barrier-strip between "south" and "north" Virginia, the heart of which was pierced by the Hudson river. The land destined by history for the empire State of the American Republic fell within the boundaries of James I's asserted sovereignty when the king formally attached mid-North-America to the dominions of England and Scotland; but no Englishman was yet conscious that such territory existed. Some years later Robert Hudson, an Englishman in the Dutch service, first brought to the knowledge of his fellow-countrymen that their Virginian realm was cut asunder by an unsuspected central region. Fate reserved that intervening land for dominion by Dutch colonial competitors through more than half a century.

James I's royal scheme, which owed much to the example of Spain, at once came into operation. A central body, vested with supreme authority over all American affairs, was instituted in London under the title of the King's Council of Virginia. It was a pale reflexion of the Council of the Indies at Madrid.

The main obstacle to the application of joint-stock enterprise to American affairs was now removed, and that mercantile machinery was tentatively applied to the royal colonial scheme. Under the royal council's auspices, two joint-stock companies, formed respectively of London and Plymouth capitalists, were brought to birth, and definite colonial functions were devised for them. To each company was allotted the duty of planting at its own expense a separate colony in the New World. The two settlements were to be cut off from one another by a border measuring 100 miles. The London company was to plant its colony in the southern region of Virginia, which so many clouds had darkened. The Plymouth company was appointed for the northern region, where the sky of late looked bright.

Far as the colonial idea had progressed, it was unequal to the task of contriving an organization that would work easily. The fortuitous methods of the past were replaced by new codes of cut-and-dried instruction. The regulations formed a blended mosaic of both home and foreign experience, but the pattern was lacking in adaptability to cir-

cumstance. The central council of London was to appoint in each colony a local council to fulfil its instructions and orders. No strokes of the royal pen could prevent friction among the wheels within the new engine. The local council was free to elect and depose its own president, to coin money, to repel intruders and to administer criminal law. But safeguards abounded against any assertion of independence of the dictates of London. Orders from home left little to the discretion of the men on the spot. Directions were framed how to choose sites for settlements and on what plan to raise buildings. For five years colonists were to hold all property and produce, not individually, but in common. The introduction of a principle of communism, however novel and suggestive, was a sure invitation to embittered controversy.

The relations of the colony to the outside world were also over-elaborately defined. High tariffs were imposed to discourage attempts of foreigners to trade with the new settlements. For seven years necessities might be imported from the home country free of duty. In his claim to personal profit from the colony the King kept well within the bounds of legal tradition. He merely asserted conventional royal rights to a proportional produce of mines. To him were due one-fifth of all the gold and silver ore and one-fifteenth of all the copper ore that might be discovered.

The immediate sequel to King James's pompous entry on the American stage is more exhilarating when surveyed from a distance than when examined close at hand. The London Company, to whom old or South Virginia had been assigned for colonial experiment, was first in the field to make trial of the new system.

The slate had been cleaned, and there was a prejudice against raising the English flag anew on the site of the old Elizabethan settlement. Many miles to the north of that island scene of tragedy, were the Jacobean foundations of Jamestown laid on the mainland. The spirit of disaster was not at once exorcised. At the outset most of the old difficulties revived. Insubordination and antipathy to hard work exposed the new settlement to the ancient perils. Notes of despair were sounded, and within a year plans of abandonment were entertained. But there were now protecting bulwarks

which proved equal to the strain of impatience and discontent. The home communication was no longer uncertain. Inter-course with England was maintained with regularity. Both in London and in Jamestown there were men who constituted themselves champions of the nation's colonial prestige, and they preached to the colonists the doctrine of endurance and the gospel of hard work. Among the first Jamestown settlers none worked harder in the colonial cause than the invincible Captain John Smith. Under such inspiration the early storms were weathered, and Virginia passed permanently from the dark Elizabethan shadows of blighted hopes into the sunshine of strength and prosperity.

Progress of the new system in the North faced, despite recent prohibitive portents, a greater initial peril. In North Virginia the first step in the Jacobean advance proved false. A year after the London Company initiated its work at Jamestown, the Plymouth company set out to fulfil its task in the North. A settlement was formed at Sagadahoc on the river Kennebec in Maine, the scene of Gosnold's and of Pring's exploits. The trials of winter, which tried to the uttermost the Jamestown planters, wholly conquered the energies of Sagadahoc. That colony reenacted the Elizabethan story of failure. Four years later Captain John Smith, who had infected Jamestown in its first days with his self-assertive confidence, once more sailed to North Virginia and re-surveyed colonial chances. A great triumph was scored when he formally christened the region New England. By word and pen he taught the obligation of giving as full effect to James I's proclamation of American sovereignty in New England as in the land that centred in Jamestown. The two spheres of occupation were lawfully knit together, and the great scheme of 1606 was shapeless without a northern colony as equipoise to a southern settlement.

It was the yearning for religious freedom that put into Smith's plea for the North the breath of life. The Puritan exiles in Holland, while resolute to safeguard liberty of conscience, longed to renew their allegiance to their king and country. Many of them had from of old believed America to be the fated goal of their wanderings, but the precise region was long in question. Some of them had debated whether scope for their

ideals might not be found in untenanted districts of the South American continent, in spite of the proximity to Spain. It was only after much deliberation and hesitation that they chose migration to New England. They were conscious there of the risk to their faith from the dominant religious establishment in England. But patriotic sentiment turned the scale in favor of a land

that the English King now formally claimed as his own. The patriotic Puritan's surest hope in 1620 of the untried solitudes of North Virginia or New England came from the knowledge that the tangled path to Jamestown in South Virginia had been won in 1607 in spite of all the disquieting Elizabethan memories, and was at length open and secure.

ENGLISH WEATHER

By Louise Imogen Guiney



AS a small child once remarked, philosophizing, "Weather is what happens, and climate is what goes on all the time." It would be hard to name any country where both are objects of such contempt as they are in England. The sweetest behavior of weather elicits no praise; the least fallings from grace of climate are visited with wholesale objurcation. The arch-grumbler among nations cannot but grumble at her own most gentle and harmless and long-suffering atmospheric conditions. Wherever dwells an Englishman, abroad or at home, there, to his dying day, is his barometer, an instrument worthy of a better fate, but dedicated, willy-nilly, to the promotion of pessimism. The substructure of all his conversation, especially from Christmas to Easter, is meteorological complaint. From shore to shore the murmur is antiphonal: "So raw!" "So nasty!" "So close!" "So trying!" "So dull!" "So awkward!" News of the latest murder has to butt its way as best it can into the streets of cities thus obsessed with the dialectics of pressure, humidity, and precipitation. It amazes Jap and Yankee, Turk and Pole, to find a kingdom where a little extra heat or cold is of the profoundest interest in railway stations and shops; where, as often as the clock brings tea time again, the self-same too pathetic topic is trotted out in perfect good faith, and without one burst of laughter on the part of the assembled protestants!

English folk have been known to say that their weather, by its fickleness and variety, forces itself upon public attention and in-

vites censure. But their weather is not in the least dynamic, not really changeable at all: violent contrasts are unknown to it. Cool June is the echo, if not the mirror, of cool January. Any morning or afternoon indifferently, the year around, may have the same "wavering arras" of vapor, the same faint affable tricky sunlight coming and going. The normal range of temperature in the most southern counties is only about thirty degrees; in the north, it is hardly more than twice that, in its most errant moods. Why should such constancy be misconstrued? In short, Nature, being browbeaten, hardly knows how to act. At the first lift of her eyebrow toward trying an experiment or letting loose an idea on British ground, the British Mind swoops upon her and uses language. If weather changes, she is a flighty fool; if she never changes, a sodden knave. Meanwhile, the local goings-on would be called reasonable, and even delightful, by any fair international jury. May not those who fail to relish them stand convicted of some flaw in spirits, body, or brain? "I thereby disallow thee," as dear Father Izaak says, "to be a competent judge."

No Italian raptures are there to overwhelm you, as with beauty too poignant to be borne. Not at all. The best of England's winning indecisive sylvan charm is that it convinces you how callously you could live forever on conventions, muffins, and a manorial revenue; live, if needs be, away from the strenuous morality amassed through a cisatlantic Roundhead career! Their national fiction of a harsh climate is our American stuff of laughter. For the sake of poetic license (that precious asset of a commercial

planet!) let Jacques keep his song of hardships in Arden, and the stormy winds blow all before them, in a ballad much older than Campbell's. It may be that the English believe such things. Certainly, they whistle on their nails at Candlemas, and groan at August, who is, for all her flare of poppies, kind and retiring. They have no tender passion for the four long pensive months which attend to the sweet transitions of springtide and unfold a result such as with us is secured by a driving business application of some thirteen days. They are heedless of the miraculous circumstance that storm has no foothold in the winter heavens, that every night is "a beautiful clear night of stars," a lyric and heroic note confidently struck, after the passive and abstracted day. Eventide itself may be sullen, but the motherly moon always slips in when she is due, and puts the house to rights. It is the prettiest of anomalies, this bold maintained paradoxical splendor of the abused sky, while all its critics are at supper or the play, intent only upon terrene things.

It is for us, the victims for generations of a truly unfeeling latitude, to get some ironic entertainment out of these insular notions of thermometric tyranny. Patience, compromise, and delay characterize English air, and they breed their like in their human constituency: they promote flower-like skin and muted voices, restrained emotion, and slow and sure mental processes. But, as we know too well, battle, murder, and sudden death inhabit our domestic elements, and taint us with our social unrest. How else? Are we not flooded in St. Louis, earthquaked in Charleston, blizzarded in New York, thundered at in Florida, ice-bound in Maine, and water-spouted in Colorado? Our heritage of excitement and din may well supply to the supersensitive who have Cunard tickets in mind or in pocket, a sigh torn from its classical context: "*O præclarum diem . . . cum ex hac turba et colluvione discedam!*" Suavity, quiet, even dulness—what a blessed prospect for the few "phonophobiacs" left in the Republic! A month at a stretch of windlessness is always to be had in England. Such opportunities for recollection are not common in this troubled cosmos. Every tint, too, is touched with sleep: earth, air, sea, and sky have not one between them which makes the eye ache. From the

southern surf to the northern moors, whatever is most glowing is somehow implicated with pearl-grey, the most subtle and the least appreciated of lovely hues. Gray, indeed, is the aboriginal English mystic. Kissed with gray, and never quite forgetful of it, like a child who has run forward the full length of its own arm and its mother's, stands all the beauty of the country.

Some of us will agree that the best months in England are February and March, with their white lights, their wine-like waters, their tingling breath, their shy, quick hoarfrost, their early primroses and primrose-colored sunsets. But the winter to which they are an appendix is full of charm throughout, and never hateworthy, except in the murkiness of great cities. Ah, London fogs! What of them? Well, let a "particular" be looked upon as a mere periodic action of libel brought by the poor elements against a nation of slanderers, an action in which slanderers very properly pay costs. Fog, in other words, is purely rhetorical or strategic, and not to be accounted as weather! The real things, the divine things, are mist and cloud: these are always exquisite in any island heaven, and not least so in the darker months. Our literature, at least, has always loved them. Hear the report, ancient and modern, of poets:

Vast plains, and lowly cottages forlorn
Rounded about with a low wavering sky.

And

—lights

. . . whose tears keep green
The pavement of this moist all-feeding earth;
This vaporous horizon, whose dim round
Is bastioned by the sea.

—How sad

Above us, the far-pulsing eventide,
Wan wings of all the roses that have died!

Tints born of cloud-shadows are not sacred to some favorite season. One salutes at all times, in England,

That green light that lingers in the west,
and

Distance, a pageant through an amethyst.

One remembers and anticipates

How the grasses glimmer palest blue.

Best of all, the absence of primary colors in their vigor implies ever a presence of colors so tender and illusory that they last almost as a spiritual conception, through

phases of weather which, with us, would blacken the day. Without affectation, you may quote old Henry More, Shelley, Meredith, etc., as above, from under your umbrella!

It is only a weak concession to popular prejudice to mention that weapon, considered useful by the civilian. The solid English character is embroidered with a few superstitions: Tea is one, royalty is one, and the umbrella is another. Is it possible not to observe that, in the length and breadth of the Midlands, at least, umbrellas invariably and ingloriously wear out upon the stick, for sheer lack of exercise? They are carried to and fro, hundreds of miles, along the skirmish-lines of an imaginary war, and end, each and all, by dying in their beds, dying furled. An umbrella is to ward off rain; but the initial difficulty is that the rain to be warded off does not show up! Certes, it does seem very, very frequently to have been raining, or to be about to rain. But what of that? Must mighty ammunition of silk and whalebone be employed against an hypothesis, a hint of spun dew? The only worthy foe for the umbrella is a downpour, and in that scrimmage, the world over, the umbrella gets beaten, chiefly by underhand clips on the jaw. Now downpours are notably "un-English." They generally come to pass in—May! the May of the poets, the champion hoodwinker and impostor, the most raw, acrid, freakish, heartless, hypocritical, maddening wastrel in the calendar: May, whose *ilia dura ferro* go uncursed, because she heaps on every mortal so many bewildering flowers for hush-money.

No: rain, in the concrete, is, for the most part, sheer myth. But its work is done by a great artist who refuses to live in America: namely, moisture; and hence are the meadows immortal; and the roads all the year pure of dust; and fair the boles of old trees, with inlaid jade, bronze, ebony, beryl, and malachite; and fairest of all those soft Saxon roses of the cheek which bud forth, like the others, in April, and are fain to survive November. When the firmament can in no wise be induced to souse you, surely mere mud is a negligible matter. Philosophy leads you to look upon your fluid fate with the acquiescent mind of a naiad, and go about in accoutrements exceeding stout and shoddy. You consider the mannerly ver-

tical showerlets, even as they consider yourself, and welcome them as a not unprofitable daily portion. They whisk not, neither howl, nor pounce upon hats at an angle, making them wish, for the moment, that they had never been born; but they fall, sudden and silent, like unbidden tears. Always at your side is this gentle fickle, sun-shot honey-eyed thing, distilling itself out of an undarkened sky. Very appealing becomes that phrase of Bishop Jeremy Taylor: "A soft slap of affectionate rain." It is the agrarian law-giver, the improvisatore, and chief ghost of the isles. Wherever it descends, abide perpetual freshness and peace. It makes rills and cowslips and delicious pastures, and the tall gold fountain-jets of laburnum, and (which is most staggering!) it has been known again and again to heal not only jangled nerves, but rheumatic bones and unserviceable throats from oversea. Truly, the romantic pilgrim may quote verse at this so-called rain, and yet escape censure.

All its April to the world thou mayst
Give back, and half my April back to me!

A Stuart king, a person of great acumen, was once pleased to say the lasting good word on behalf of his own fatherland of no extremes (condemned even then by its graceless generations). "Ours is the most perfect climate," he announced, after circumstances had led him to test many, "for it giveth the greatest number of out-of-door days." His opinion was against that of a predecessor, Charles of Orleans, who long before had arraigned that same climate, from the standpoint of its unwilling guest, as "at all times prejudicial to the human frame." But the allegation brought forward will stand its own, because it is the pith of the whole matter. English weather, whatever else it may be, is never for a moment a prison-house. Practically without heat, without mosquitoes, without dust (save dust motor-made), without drifts or slush, and with voices of birds and well-kept roads all the year, it ceaselessly invites one to set forth upon mild adventures. Some good vision is always at the end of the hedgerow, or beyond the horizon brink. Perfidious Albion is herein a born compensator. Its incidental vexatiousness is that it gets you boot-dirty; its perdurable excellence is that it leaves you foot-free. As Mr. Birrell once said so neatly of the law: "It is an ass; but it is also a gentleman."

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

TO one doomed to live in the presence of many admirable women—as who in Massachusetts is not?—it becomes an open question as to whether the Seven Deadly Virtues may not constitute for this sex a snare as beguiling as that set for the other by the Seven Deadly Sins. Pride, Avarice, Wrath, Gluttony, Luxury, Envy, Sloth have worked havoc with man, if literature be true; but who has set forth the effect on womankind of Tact, Industry, Thoughtfulness, Conscientiousness and the sister virtues, whose number is not literally seven but seventy times seven?

The Seven
Deadly Virtues

From time immemorial, in languages which make their distinctions of gender clear, the virtues, nay, virtue itself, have been persistently feminine, and the constant possession and relentless practice thereof have been the chief privilege of womankind undisputed by man. The deference of ages has conceded to woman the right to stand upon an elevated plane: from this, perhaps, has come her air of stepping down a bit in speaking of her fellows; of mild reproof; of spiritual patronage in the invitation to rise to her point of view. We all remember the picture of little Elsie, in the series of books which bears her name, sitting upon the piano stool and looking with gentle condemnation at wicked papa, who wished her to play for him on Sunday; but perhaps we do not realize how hopelessly the picture symbolizes the hereditary attitude of the sex.

Song and story have told much of the conscious goodness of womankind, but who has recounted the cost to others? Women wear their virtues as ornaments, as their barbaric ancestresses wore the jewels which were the spoils of war, and, like the jewels, they cut upon close contact. Who has not waited until Aunt Maria's insatiable generosity has glutted itself upon the entire household? Perhaps there were not chocolates enough to go around, and we, painfully aware of her sweet tooth, have had to partake that she might have the conscious joy of going without; perhaps it was a case of staying at home from a lecture with little John, and Aunt Maria, who loves lectures, has sent forth us who do not, but who are

willing to humor her higher mood. Who has not felt the sting of cousin Minerva's patience? Upon whose shoulders has not sister Emma's industry fallen like a biting lash? I was once guilty of a real offence toward an estimable woman. Now, if before the inexorable fire of forgiveness by which the poor waxen image of me is forever set in her heart, I slowly melt, surely I know the doom deserved, yet I sometimes wonder if magnanimity with intent to kill should not be numbered among the punishable crimes.

It would be idle, perhaps, to discuss origins, or to try to discover by what early allotment of opportunity woman was given goodness as her province. Certainly the attitude of superiority antedates the piano stool, and primitive woman must have assumed, probably at the invitation of primitive man, some point of vantage quite as effective for looking down. One can dimly imagine her occupying it while hastily donning the bracelets and nose-rings that were the spoils of war, rebuking her gory mate the while for killing the poor enemy; or, as now, arraying herself in skins and feathers with anger in her heart against him who had not spared beast and bird; and it is safe to assume that her attitude then, no less than in these days, commanded masculine admiration. However obscure the ages of unrecorded experience, early literature gives us hints of that which was expected of womankind, and of the measure of fulfilment. King Solomon foots up an estimate of virtuous woman as a valuable asset upon at least eighteen counts, and his arithmetic may be partially responsible for feminine rivalry in regard to number and variety of admirable qualities. Surely, counting them is the chiefest joy of the sex: miserliness has ever associated itself with the accumulation, not of base but of precious metals. Why should I not enumerate the virtues of woman: she does! The list includes an Avarice in hoarding good qualities, a Covetousness in attaining them, a Spiritual Pride in contemplating them, which claims that, no matter who has erred, its possessor has nothing wherewith to reproach herself. Whoever watches may see Lovely Woman waiting through long conversations for some

opportunity to suggest, oh, ever so gently, a higher thought, partly for the pleasure of condemning that which has been said; and again, her face will darken with wistful disappointment when some one else voices a higher thought than her own.

The majority of people fall into expected attitudes; life hands down the masks that we are to wear, and perhaps only confusion would arise from a refusal to put them on. The latest type of womankind conforms in essentials to the most primitive. The world has been greatly troubled lest, in the new freedom, the old charm of feminine character should disappear. No one need fear! The lines are too deeply graven for any superficial changes to affect it. Professional work and scientific study have made as yet little difference with the old automatic habit of superiority; beneath all disguises of short skirts and mannish ties woman is still the same, and from under the soft felt work-a-day hat as from under nodding plumes and aigrettes her voice comes tinged with reproof.

The most recent as the earliest literature reflects the immemorial attitude of the sex, which is perhaps but an answer to the immemorial demand of man that woman shall stand aside. No great dramatist, no great novelist, except Meredith, has ventured to take her off her pedestal. Even Shakespeare himself, so daring in presenting the varied aspects of life, is as timid as Tennyson in face of the possibility that woman, too, may have her share in endless spiritual struggle. That there is something in her experience more real than has yet made its way into literature is incontestable, but she may not say it, and no poet may sing it.

So long as she is doomed to it by the high court of art, and the rough court of market and of street, man has little cause to fear lest woman shall fall from her high point of vantage, but has she not grave cause to fear lest she stay on? The world can bear her virtues: it is not so much because of their injury to others as because of a deeper injury to herself that a plea might be made. Nothing so militates against the growth of real goodness as the possession of too many estimable qualities, and the topmost round of perfection is the only place in the world where it is impossible to win genuine worth. The loneliness of the piano stool is most unfair! Does it not rob womankind of the sense, surely at the basis of all human achievement, of standing shoulder to shoulder with her peers? Does it not cut her off from

the source of all spiritual vitality in asking her to assume the expression of one being, not of one becoming, good? How much it is due to her own vanity, how much to the choice of man that she has taken the false position of one persistently in the right I do not know, nor do I see the way of helping her down gracefully; yet I know that it is a poor person nowadays who cannot both set forth a social wrong and devise a scheme for its betterment.

I only yearn for the day when woman shall be allowed that deeper experience which comes from contact with the actual; from taking hard knocks; from blundering, failing, even, and from owning up. Must ages pass before she can learn the larger sense possessed by men, shown in unconscious generosity, in quick, instinctive forgiving and condoning offence? Women might well envy men their genial vices—the geniality, I mean, not the vices, for these do not attract the more finely-strung natures. Ah, I see that in this hint of moral superiority the secret I had hoped to conceal is out; and I am obliged to confess that which my lofty attitude throughout has doubtless betrayed, that I too am a woman. Confusion seizes me, and I close with this brief plea. Man has made of woman the Little Sister of the Universe to watch, reprove, and lead him to a higher life; has it ever occurred to him to think how hard this is on Little Sister?

IN an age when everyone has an inalienable right to nerves, most of us have had reason to notice and to deplore the relentlessness with which irritability is punished. Other more fundamental failings come off better. Untidiness is recognized as the fault of romanticists, poets, and the whole crew of vague, lovable idealists. Who has not loved a pleasant large-souled liar? Even selfishness may warm a relation, and give it a tenderer scope. But against irritability, friendship, family affection, and even love have hard work to bear up.

This state of things is particularly unfortunate, for the casual stranger does not play upon this weakness as much as our own nearest and dearest, and our own nearest and dearest are precisely the people who find it hardest to forgive. For under its different guises—the patiently overstrained, the carefully explanatory, and of course the simply explosive—the same suggestion of hostility and criticism is evident, a suggestion particularly trying to those who love us.

An Apology for
the Irritable.

Yet anyone who has had to do with irritability must recognize that hostile and aggressive and critical as it seems, it has in it, like a child's tantrum, an element of weakness and impotence. It appears like an attack; it is really a confession.

"How pale you are," says a mother to her son, and is surprised at the antagonism her solicitude rouses. She explains it to herself as an example of the robust, masculine spirit. It is nothing of the kind. The young man, recognizing in himself an unlimited capacity for worrying over his health, offers, under the guise of anger, a prayer to his mother not to play into the hands of the enemy.

The victims of irritability should be more merciful in knowing that, when not purely physical, it has its rise in a sense of our own shortcomings. No one flies out at a demand upon his strength, but at a call upon his already recognized weakness. Irritability belongs to people conscious of their own mental processes, consciously struggling to be something different, whether better or worse, than what they are. It is specially characteristic of that phase of youth when we are all trying to make ourselves over.

Strangers do not irritate us, because they seldom reach the new road-bed of our characters. They stay on well-worn tracks. It is our own people who push out to the rail head. It is only those we love who make us pay the penalty of our faults. The closeness of our relation, the very love they bear us, is like a searchlight turned on our natures. Our anger is not against the light, but against that which the light reveals.

WHEN Mr. Hichens, at the very beginning of his latest novel, "The Call of the Blood," lays stress on the Sicilian grandmother of Maurice Delarey, the experienced reader of English fiction understands at once that the call comes from the abyss, that the last state of this young man will be worse than his first. To be sure, he is three-quarters English, of "a very ordinary family, well off, but not what is called specially well-born" (which ought to be in

The Literary Uses
of Foreigners—
An Anglo-American Contrast

his favor, considering the morals of the well-born in most of Mr. Hichens's novels), yet that one-fourth of Sicilian blood has strength enough to drag him down. Of course, he would have been saved if his plain, rich bride, several years his senior, had kept him in their virtuous home

environment, but, in her adoration of the graceful foreign touch in his appearance and character, she must needs carry him off for their honeymoon to the island of his distaff ancestry, and thus awaken in him slumbering racial tendencies. The southern sun intoxicates him, southern beauty tempts him, and tragedy results. The foreign taint proves too strong for honest English blood.

The great English novel-reading public has but one faith stronger than in its own national virtues, and that is its deep-rooted conviction of the wickedness of foreigners. Its novelists know this peculiarity, and cater to it, but it is curious to find so serious an artist as Mr. Hichens, usually so indifferent to the prejudices of his countrymen, following the well-trodden path. That he has done so purposely, the course of the story, and the questionable logic of its psychology, make plain beyond a doubt. He, too, has bowed to the convention that requires the black sheep of British fiction to be foreigners, or at least natives cursed with a foreign taint, in explanation of their wickedness, and in justification of insular self-sufficiency and conviction of moral superiority over all the rest of the world. The convention has its manifest national uses, whatever one may think of its artistic primitiveness.

There are exceptions to the rule, of course, from Tom Jones (who, however, belongs to a franker age, now past) to the Marquis of Steyne, from him to the wicked baronets of Mudie's circulating library; but *they* are useful in making a popular appeal to still another British prejudice,—the great Nonconformist conscience's stern disapproval of the ways of its aristocracy, tempered by its innate love of a lord. The general rule remains that the only really popular villain in English fiction is the foreigner. This strange rule, or anything resembling it, is found in no other literature, least of all in our own, though this country contains foreigners enough, goodness knows, to supply all the villains in all its novels, with a monopoly of all the virtues secured to their native characters.

The foreigner, that dread object of dark suspicion to the Englishman, and especially to his womenkind, fed since the mid-Victorian era on this kind of fiction, undergoes a sea-change when he crosses the ocean and lands on these shores. Perhaps the Atlantic does for him what the Channel fails to achieve, and washes him white, which would be but natural, there is so much more of it. Whatever the cause,

it is a fact that the foreigner does not supply the villains of American fiction. Nay, more, he has not yet succeeded in making his way into its pages at all in any but the most insignificant of rôles, except as an ancestor, the more remote the better, in which case he is not made to serve as an explanation of native atavism, however,—quite the reverse. His occasional employment as a more or less disreputable fortune hunter, with a title more or less genuine, has apparently come to an end; it rarely required him to be very much of a villain. And yet, what a serviceable villain the foreigner might have proved to the American novelist in the past, what service may he not render in the present and the future! In historical fiction alone he might be made to “pay his way,” as the traitor, the spy, the vengeful scorned lover of patriot maid, the despicable rival of native hero. His service might be extended to the Civil War, to the clash with Spain over Cuba, when Washington, New York and Tampa swarmed with suspicious, though unsuspected aliens. The poor foreigner could not help himself if such use were made of him, but instead he has been left in the ranks, serving faithfully and obscurely the country of his adoption, appearing in the pages of its historical fiction generally only *en masse*, as military “supers,” so to speak.

In other fields of American fiction the same neglect of the foreigner as literary material will be found. In the strenuous stories of the Far West, the “bad men” have all been natives, like its heroes, even its villains of blackest dye being sons of the soil,—Indians and “greasers.” Our social fiction, again, is poor in really wicked foreigners, beyond the few impecunious noblemen, mostly British, already referred to. It is doubtful if even a single alien murderer, bigamist, seducer, card-sharper, swindler, or criminal of any kind can be found in all our fiction that can claim connection with literature, however slight. In our current stories of corrupt politics, again, the foreign-born boss plays but a minor, a local part, as ruler of an inarticulate foreign vote; while finally, in the numerous recent tales of “frenzied finance” it is exclusively native genius that applies itself to the amassing of colossal fortunes by worse than questionable means. In Mr. Sinclair’s “Jungle” the immigrant protagonist dwindles into insignificance as the story is unfolded. Here, indeed, is found the exact opposite of the British rule: all the villains are natives, all the innocent victims, foreigners. Jack Lon-

don’s “Sea Wolf” alone stands out sharp and distinct as a case of the foreign villain in American fiction, but he is a foreigner from the distant future, a Superman rather than a Scandinavian, an apparent, not a real exception. In American fiction the sins as well as the virtues are credited to the native, and patiently shouldered by him. His British cousin would protest against such treatment.

The truth of the matter is that the native American has not yet had occasion to become thoroughly acquainted with the immigrant as an individual. He knows him in the mass, as an economic and social factor of the national life, to which at some time or other in the near future he will have to devote some serious attention; he thinks about him, when at all (which is not often), not in units, but in the tens of thousands of the statistics of the immigration bureau. The foreigner means to him the hewer of wood and the drawer of water, the digger of trenches, the peasant bound for the Northwest, the “middleman” of the clothing trade, perhaps,—the camp followers and the privates of the nation’s industrial army, not its commissioned officers. There is no intermediate stage for the immigrant so far as the native is concerned; he never emerges socially, but lives in colonies, whence his children come forth fully Americanized. It would be difficult to discover a “call” of the alien blood in the second generation.

When the American comes to know the immigrant as an individual, it is not with the Englishman’s feeling of suspicion and superiority, but with an open mind tinged by the ever alert native sense of humor. And here we come at last upon the real employment that has been found for the foreigner by the American author. The comic Irish soldier rises from his grave in many a forgotten revolutionary romance, and salutes across the years his German comrade of 1861. The British tenderfoot and the solemn English butler harken to the cry of the camp cook of many nationalities of the cowboy story. The Norsk Nightingale calls to the dialect singer of Little Italy; Hans Breitmann emerges for a moment from the oblivion that has already begun to overtake his temporary immortality, to shake hands with Mr. Dooley of the Archie Road. And over them all hovers the shade of their patron saint, Mr. Diederich Knickerbocker. It is a humble rôle to play in a nation’s literature, perhaps, but at least its lines are written without malice.

· THE FIELD OF ART ·

AMERICAN PAINTINGS IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

THIRD ARTICLE

THE two articles which have recently appeared in "The Field of Art" (July and August, 1907) were necessarily too condensed to include the complete list of worthy American paintings which may be considered the nucleus of the future gallery of national art in the Metropolitan Museum, and some important additions have been made since these articles were written. Mr. Fowler's prophecy that the number of Gilbert Stuart's works would probably be enlarged in time was destined to speedy fulfillment; only two or three months later the Museum acquired by purchase that portrait of Washington by this painter which is identified (from its successive owners) as the Gibbs-Channing-Avery portrait, and which Mr. Isham, in the Museum's bulletin for July, conjectures may be the first one he painted of the Father of His Country. "It is generally admitted to be the best of the heads of its type—the ones showing the right of the face—and its pedigree is as good as any . . . its artistic merits are very great. It is Gilbert Stuart at his best." The picture was purchased from the income of the Rogers Fund, and the Museum may well congratulate itself upon this acquisition of one of the most important of American paintings. (See illustration on page 638.)

Of portrait painters of the second rank—perhaps of the third—there are a few of historical importance omitted in Mr. Fowler's summary. The very large, full-length, life-size portrait of Washington with his broad blue sash of Commander-in-Chief, leaning on a cannon, by Charles Willson* Peale, has the air of being *not* one of the fourteen canvases on which this painter portrayed his illustrious sitter from life. At least, the small and ignoble head, none too clean in color, surmounting the exceedingly long body, has but little in common with the three portraits by Stuart on the opposite wall. This canvas, formerly in the pos-

session of an English family, was presented to the Museum by Mr. C. P. Huntington in 1897. Rembrandt Peale, the son, is represented by one portrait, that of Mr. John Finley; John Vanderlyn, he of the "Ariadne," by two, one of himself, which he presented to Aaron Burr. This, unfortunately, is only loaned to the Museum, by Miss Ann S. Stevens. The head, intelligent, but lacking in character (and much in keeping, it might be thought, with the artist's own work), is nearly effaced by the voluminous white neck-cloth and the great coat collar. Nearly under this hangs a small and very careful copy of the "Ariadne," made by A. B. Durand. One of the most notable of the Museum's recent acquisitions, purchased from the income of the Rogers Fund in 1906, is the large portrait group, life size, of Lady Williams and her child, by Ralph Earl, the first example of this comparatively little known artist on its walls. Though somewhat flat and gray as a piece of painting, there is style in the presentation of the handsome mother and the admirable baby, both in white, with stately coiffures, sitting erect, challenging the spectator's approval with their dark eyes. The infant has blue ribbons in its cap and a blue sash, a centre is made by the three hands grasping a letter, and the mother's elbow rests on a writing table. At present this hangs over the new Stuart, the Spanish Minister in uniform, concerning the authenticity of which doubts have been raised.

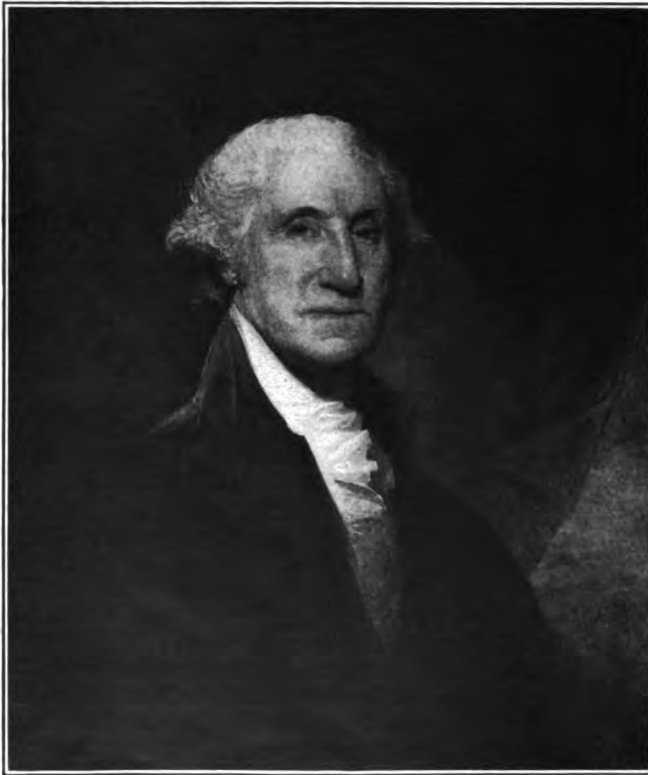
Of the later men, but not the moderns, there is an "Ideal Head of Shakespeare," the artist's third attempt to render this curious vagary, by William Page, signed and dated 1873, and presented by his daughter, Mrs. Shaw, just thirty years afterward. It is in some of these smaller convases—the Museum, owing to its comparatively recent founding, not being endowed with any of the great panoramic, allegorical, academic compositions which fill the historical galleries of older institutions—it is in some of these minor paintings that a curious visitor, interested in things other than technique, would find evidences, not infrequently pathetic, of artistic dissatisfaction with environment, of searching for expression of an ideal,

* The Museum authorities have announced that the name Willson should be spelled as above.

which might appeal to him strongly. It is these artists who offer a peculiarly human interest in a picture gallery; and they are very apt to be dismissed by the modern historian as endeavoring to express in painting matters which are reserved for literature. Whereas, the

painting mentioned by Tuckerman—with less exaggeration than usual—as “kindled into beauty by the simple genuineness of its feeling.” As an example of national art, a document, it is of more importance than many of its big neighbors.

The painters also will find something to interest them, whether they admire or not, in Charles Cromwell Ingham's “Flower Girl,” half length, life size, and finished to the finger-nails. It would seem difficult to push carefulness of detail farther than in this laborious painting with its brilliant color. Its perfect preservation is a testimony to the soundness of the artist's technical methods and the excellence of his pigments; that all care for texture disappears is inevitable, and with it all those things that seem to depend upon texture (fancy a world all porcelain, or all leather!) On the handle of the basket is the signature and the date, 1846. Of the academic and somewhat bloodless art of Henry Peters Gray there are three examples, the “Wages of War,” “Greek Lovers,” and “Cleopatra Dissolving the Pearl,” all presented to the Museum at different periods; the “Magdalen” of Ed-



George Washington, by Gilbert Stuart.

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lives of great men oft remind us that very subtle things may be suggested in painting and sculpture; that appeals may be made that are quite wordless, and none the less searching and illuminating. We may have no sympathy with Washington Allston's immense and unreasonable “Belshazzar's Feast,” but when these artists of another period abandon their grandiose and come down to their portable ideals they are frequently more interesting to the layman than your ordinary first-class painter. Even the artists, however, may find charm in Allston's “Spanish Girl,” one of his minor pictures, with its very un-modern conception and its curious, warm color-scheme. This is probably the

ward H. May, more virile, as befits a pupil of Couture, is one of a type which he occasionally repeated but which, also, seems to reflect the timidity in art of the artist's period. It is not with the painter concerned with the proprieties, no matter what his theme, that our curious visitor will occupy himself. Of the less ambitious work of Henry A. Loop there is a single example, a nude child crowning its mother with a wreath, on the banks of a stream. And of the German-American historical school there is Emanuel Leutze's celebrated “Washington Crossing the Delaware,” and also his portrait of his fellow student Whitredge, in a Spanish costume, painted at Dus-

seldorf in 1856. This latter was presented to the Museum by several gentlemen in 1903; the "Washington," by Mr. John S. Kennedy in 1897.

From the work of the veteran, Daniel Huntington, who died in New York last year, at the age of ninety, the Museum has had selected for it four portraits, all given or bequeathed—those of David Lorillard Wolfe, presented by his daughter, Miss Catherine Lorillard Wolfe, in 1887; of William C. Prime, first Vice-President of the Museum, given by the trustees in 1892, the year of its execution; of Cyrus W. Field, presented by the sitter in the same year, and of Mrs. Elizabeth U. Coles, bequeathed by the sitter, also in 1892. It is fitting that in this national collection the dignified and serious work of this honorable artist, who so long held a leading position in the contemporary school, should be well represented. Of his imaginative compositions, the "Mercy's Dream," from the "Pilgrim's Progress," probably the best known and most popular, was presented to the Museum by himself in 1897.

The vicissitudes of the reputations of landscape painters may be considered to be exemplified by the nineteen canvases of J. F. Kensett, all presented by Mr. Thomas Kensett in 1874, and now hung disrespectfully in corridors and at heads of stairways, and all in much need of cleaning and varnishing. Still another, the gift of Mr. H. D. Babcock, in memory of S. D. Babcock, has very recently been received, but not yet (August, 1907) placed on exhibition. Of the most recent purchases of paintings, the largest is a view in the Rocky Mountains by Albert Bierstadt, the first example of this representative artist, also not yet unveiled to the public. A smaller and more

modern work is the "Autumn Afternoon," by George H. Smillie, presented by Mr. Chas. F. Smillie, and just placed in the Room of Recent Accessions. Of the brothers William and James Hart, Casilear, Cropsey, Kruseman Van Elten and David Johnson, the Museum



Portrait of the artist's wife, by Alfred Q. Collins.
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possesses one or two canvases each, generally good representative examples, and even an "Ideal Landscape," by Joseph Jefferson, presented by the comedian himself in 1897. In this hasty chronological survey, with its inevitable falling into generalities, it is something of a comfort to the scribe to find his thesis sustained by such an apparent demonstration as the difference in the art of the two Giffords, corresponding with the comparatively slight difference in their dates; of the more placid, academic art of the elder, Sanford R., the Museum has at present only two examples, both loans, a view near Palermo and one on Lake George; of the more troubled, colorful, con-

temporary work of R. Swain Gifford it possesses an excellent example, the "Near the Coast," one of the four prize pictures of the Competitive Exhibition of the American Art Association in 1885. This was donated by a number of gentlemen in that year. There is but little concern for composition in this level warm landscape under a gray sky, and much for the charm of atmosphere, tone and broken color.

Homer Martin is represented by three pictures, and A. H. Wyant by four—so satisfactorily that this chapter might be considered as closed until some of the more crying vacancies are filled. The admirable "View on the Seine" of 1895 (see illustration on page 560), with its constant surprise of luminousness and truthfulness in which nothing is sacrificed, hangs near the new Whistlers and Eastman Johnson's "Two Men"; in other galleries are the larger "Lake Ontario Sand Dunes," more elegiac, and the portraits of the two White Mountains, Madison and Jefferson. This last was presented by Mr. William T. Evans in 1891; the "View on the Seine," by several gentlemen six years later, and the "Sand Dunes," so long loaned to the Museum by Mr. George A. Hearn, has recently been included in his "New Gift" of twenty-four canvases. Three of these are the Wyants, also of the former loan, "A Glimpse of the Sea," "Landscape in the Adirondacks," and "Broad Silent Valley"; the fourth is the quite different "View in County Kerry," remarkable among his woodland scenes. This was the gift of Mr. George I. Seney, in 1887. The small landscape of William Morris Hunt, purchased from the income of the Rogers Fund in 1906, is much more interesting than his "Bather," a study of "values"—before this quaint, carefully wrought out little composition, full of light and air and color, glazed, scraped, varnished, till it almost seems painted in enamel, suggestive of the old Dutchmen and yet with a charm that is of the native soil, his despairing cry: "In another country I might have been a painter," seems incongruous. For other landscapes by artists deceased, worthy of enumeration, our space fails.

Of the very few historical compositions the most valuable is Thomas Hovenden's "Last Moments of John Brown," recording the incident of the embrace bestowed upon the negro baby on his way to the scaffold. Very different in everything but size is Edwin Lord Weeks's "Last Voyage on the Ganges"; in one of the long galleries Theodore Robinson's semi-

impressionistic "Girl with Cow" makes pendant with Eastman Johnson's "Two Men," formerly well known as "The Funding Bill." The "Girl and Cow" and Robinson's small winter landscape are practically the only representatives of the modern revolutionary methods of brush work, the absence of which in the Museum's collections has already been referred to. A very good example of the old methods, even of the familiar warm browns, may be found in one of Eastman Johnson's versions of his "Corn Husking," purchased from the Rogers Fund in the spring of 1907, and he is also represented by two small portraits, one, owned by the Museum, of Sanford R. Gifford. A new note, one so forceful and vivid that the result is somewhat disturbing, as though it were life itself, breathing and conscious, and not painted simulacrum, is struck in the portrait of his wife by Alfred Q. Collins—a remarkable piece of painting, but one not unusual in the production of this artist whose great powers were dominated by a most exacting artistic conscientiousness. (See illustration on page 639.) The three Whistlers are hung at the end of one of the long galleries, the two Nocturnes side by side, in fine burnished gold frames which, however, while they contrive to make the framed pictures two of the very handsomest things in the whole Museum, are scarcely calculated to aid these varnished blacks in expressing the hollow and tremulous dark which the artist sought. The "Lady in Grey," a very skilful little water-color, not much more than a study, was purchased from the income of the Rogers Fund in 1906; the "Nocturne in Green and Gold" was presented by Mr. Harris C. Fahnestock in the same year, and that in Black and Gold, otherwise known as "The Falling Rocket," is a recent loan. Of Mr. Hearn's donation, the two very latest pictures are hung one over the other—a square canvas by Robert Reid, a girl crouching in a bed of tall iris flowers, rendered in the cold blues for which he is noted, and an exceedingly mellow and golden stretch of meadows with an old barn, by Francis Murphy. And in another gallery, loaned by Mr. August F. Jaccaci, is one of Mr. La Farge's South Sea idyls which the Museum should certainly acquire—"Our House at Vaiala," set in a shady palm grove, in eternal greenery, and in the foreground, in luminous reds and browns, a tall young girl weeding, stretched "all her fair length" upon the shining greensward.

WILLIAM WALTON.



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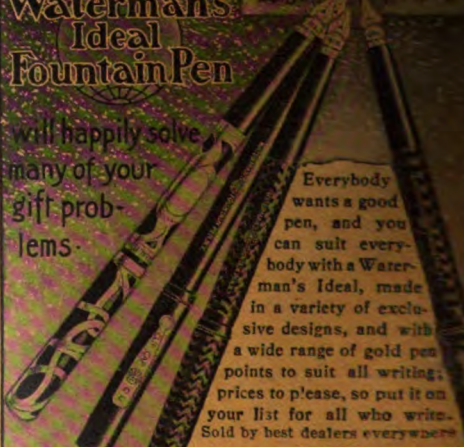
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DECEMBER 1907

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DECEMBER 1907

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Etc., Etc.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.
1706-1790.

—"Josiah Wedgwood, American Sympathiser
and Portrait Maker," page 682.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XLII

DECEMBER, 1907

NO. 6

THE PART OF CÆSAR

By Arthur Stanwood Pier

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT



STANDING before his mirror, Horace Wetherbee adjusted his cap. It was of yellow cloth, shaped like a well-stuffed pie, and in front of it, at a rakish angle, was cocked a long black feather.

"I have quite a mediæval face," Horace thought.

Indeed the yellow cap set off effectively the young man's dark color, low, broad forehead, and brown eyes. He laughed, and then, because the costume was becoming, he took a second and more complacent survey. His white tunic, which reached a little way below his hips, bore a triangular breast-piece of black velvet; and round his neck was a collar of brass studded with blue stones. It satisfied him to observe that his yellow tights fitted his legs snugly—that there were no wrinkles.

In the hall outside his dressing-room, the elevator boy knocked and called, "Carriage for you, Mr. Wetherbee."

It was an unusually warm night for late October, and the sleeves of the tunic were voluminous; Horace decided that an overcoat would be both unnecessary and damaging. So, just as he was, he emerged from his bachelor quarters, and astonished the elevator boy.

In the cab, according to arrangement, he found his friend Walter Maxwell, also without an overcoat. Walter's costume was similar to his own except that the tunic was much longer and permitted no display of yellow tights. Walter was tall and very thin.

"Well," said Walter immediately, as they drove off, "when you telephoned me that you would go I was perfectly amazed. What possesses you to exhibit yourself six nights before election day as a German inn-keeper of the Meistersinger period? Is it simply pride in your legs?"

"That," said Horace, "is the sort of jealous suspicion that would naturally suggest itself to one who chooses a tunic reaching to his heels. No, Walter; my motive in attending Barclay's costume dinner and after it your silly Artists' Festival is purely political. I succeeded yesterday in impressing Barclay with my devotion to the cause of free art. I impressed him also with the fact that Norton is a stand-patter of the most arid type, who would protect you artist fellows against the competition of Rembrandt and Velasquez with all the patriotic ardor of his soul. Consequently, Barclay, who, as you probably know, is the original monomaniac on the subject of free art, may perhaps—if I am pleasantly assiduous to-night—be humored into making a much needed contribution to my Congressional campaign fund."

"I should think, however," said Walter, "that at this particular stage in the campaign, with the fight so hot, you couldn't afford to take a night off——"

"I'm not taking a night off. I shall sit through the dinner and then accompany you people to the hall—for Barclay has some silly idea about making a grand entrance with all his party. Then I shall dash home, change my clothes, and start

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out in the automobile. I have to speak at the Moriarty Club in Ward 18, the Democratic Club in 24, and the West Brentford Citizens' Association."

"You would save time if you didn't change your clothes," suggested Walter—a frivolous speech to which Horace did not deign to respond.

"Deuce of a neighborhood," observed Walter some moments later; he peered out at the mean houses which they were passing. "Looks as if it might be one of your strongholds."

"It's not—though it ought to be," admitted Horace. "It may cost me the election."

"How so?"

"It's always been a strong Democratic ward, and Tim Mul-lane, the boss, used to be a good friend of mine. But last year in the State Senate I didn't heed his wishes quite as much as he expected; he became angry and rather insulting, and we quarrelled. He tried to prevent me from being nominated; and though he's keeping pretty quiet, I haven't much doubt that he's working now to

elect Norton. I may gain enough in the other wards to offset the defection here. But I don't know."

"It is a neighborhood that I should think would not be much influenced by any plank for free art," said Walter. "I really don't see how Barclay can continue to inhabit his ancestral estate—shut off from the world by such slums."

The cab had been rolling along the car track; the driver swung his horse out abruptly to turn into a side street, there was a sharp explosive crash, and at once the body of the cab dropped with a jolt. Walter and Horace were thrown sideways and burst through the door. They picked

themselves up unhurt, but the cab was wrecked; the wheel that had cramped in the car track had entirely collapsed, and the door was torn from its hinges. From the cabman who had descended and was viewing the ruin proceeded a plaintive murmur of oaths. No other cab was in sight.

"If you walk down two blocks to Third Street, I guess you'll find one," said the driver in response to Horace's agitated inquiry. He was too engrossed in his own

misfortune to be sympathetic with another's. "What a disgusting situation!" Horace exclaimed, as they started towards Third Street. "You, a private citizen, in that long night-gown effect—it doesn't so much matter—but for a public man like myself to be patrolling a doubtful district in yellow tights—it's ruin political—ruin."

Walter laughed unfeelingly. "Not with such legs, Horace—not with such legs."

Fortunately the shabby little street was dark and almost deserted; a man driving a dump cart passed them and

jeered in a dialect they did not understand; a woman whom they met stood aside and gaped at them and turned to gaze with a puzzled grin; and then three small boys emerged from the shadow of a wall and came springing across the street. "Look-a-there, look-a-there!" one of them cried, pointing; and they all stopped and stared as Horace and Walter approached. Then one of the three broke away and started off at a run, shouting "John-nie! Sam-mie! Su-sie! Come quick! Come quick!"

The other two boys trotted along in the gutter beside the brilliant apparitions. "You're play actors, ain't you, Mister?" said one, with respect.



"I have quite a mediæval face," Horace thought.
—Page 641.



He emerged from his bachelor quarters and astonished the elevator boy.—Page 641.

"Why, of course! What else could we be?" replied Horace. "I don't suppose you could get a cab for us?" he continued. "You see we're dressed for the stage and not for the street—our cab broke down; and if you could get another for us it would be worth a quarter."

From an alley issued an impetuous, eager band of little figures, urged on by the boy who had run up the street calling out his comrades. "See 'em! See 'em!" he cried; and they came crowding up, boys and girls of thirteen and less, staring and giggling and whispering.

"Don't shove 'em! Don't shove 'em!" commanded the imperious small boy who had assumed that they were play actors. He pushed an over-curious comrade into the gutter. "You all act like you'd never been to a theatre; they always dress like that."

"How about that cab?" Horace repeated.

"I'll get it for you," said the masterful small boy. "I'll get one from Tony Laf-fan's livery stable. Say, that's our house over across the street; if I get you the cab, would you mind goin' in and showin' your-

selves to my brother? He's crippled and he never seen an actor."

"Why, of course we will," said Horace heartily. "We'll go in there and show ourselves to him, and we'll wait there till you bring the cab."

"That's great. Say, mister, come along." They crossed the street, and then at the door of a small two-story brick house the boy turned and hesitated. The other children crowded nearer. "Do you s'pose you could act some of a play for my brother?" he asked. "He can't never see one acted—and if you only would—! Say, he reads plays, and he's awful bright; he writes 'em, too. If you could just do a piece of a play for him—while I'm gettin' the cab—gee, but he'd like it."

"All right, sir; we'll do it," said Horace promptly. Walter glanced at Horace in some surprise.

"Say, mister—say, Dan—can we come in and see it?" A little girl in a red worsted cap made the timorous appeal, and it was seconded by eager mutterings.

"Yes, of course—if Dan says there's room." Horace looked inquiringly at the host.



He was too engrossed with his own misfortune to be sympathetic with another.—Page 642.

"You can come in if you'll be still and not get in my brother Mike's way," said Dan. "Because Mike can't move about none to see—so you mustn't get in his way—and you must keep still. If you'll promise I'll let you in. Promise?"

"Yes, yes!" cried the children, and Dan turned to open the door.

"You're sure you can get a cab?" asked Walter.

Dan looked back over his shoulder. "Tony Laffan wouldn't dast not to send one if I ast for it," he replied importantly.

The two German innkeepers marvelled but did not question. The parlor into which they were ushered was a stuffy little room, cluttered with green and red plush chairs, with low easels bearing enlarged, highly colored photographs in heavy silver frames, and with a variety of rugs, laid at all angles and exhibiting flowery patterns of many raw hues. On the walls were pictures in confusion, a heedless medley of photographs and colored prints. A huge-bodied lamp, with fishes coursing about its blue sphere, was surmounted by an equally huge glass globe, whereon bright plumaged birds disported.

"I'll go up and tell my brother and get the room ready," said Dan. "There's

nobody else in. I'll be only a minute. You kids can come up with me."

So the children all went shuffling upstairs.

"To dress for an Artists' Festival," murmured Walter, "and find oneself in such surroundings!"

"It's better than the street, isn't it?" said Horace sharply. "See here, we've got to put up some kind of a stunt for this hospitality. What can you do?"

Walter admitted entire incompetence.

"I once knew Mark Antony's funeral oration," said Horace. "I can pretty nearly remember it all now, I think. I used to practice oratory with it." His eyes fell on a small bookcase over which was draped a yellow lambrequin with tassels. "I don't suppose they have Shakespeare here—" he stepped quickly to the shelves. "Well, upon my word! Shakespeare—Dickens—Pilgrim's Progress—now what do you think of that! They have 'Ben Hur,' too, of course—but just the same, literary development seems ahead of æsthetic. Now let's see."

He took down one of the volumes of Shakespeare and became absorbed in it. Walter moved quietly about the room, inspecting, touching, scrutinizing, and now and then murmuring gently, in almost a

tone of respect, "*Affreux! Oh, incroyable! Quelle horreur!*"

"I've got it," Horace said after a moment. "I remember it all. Pity there's not a part in it for you—so that we could have a little dialogue and action. But see here. Can't you take the part of the fourth Citizen—just to interject at the cues—for instance, after I say, 'And I must pause till it comes back to me,' you say, 'Now mark him; he begins again to speak.' We want to give the kids as good a show as we can."

"All right," said Walter, and he looked over Horace's shoulder and studied his part.

Dan came bounding down the stairs and stood in the doorway—an eager-eyed, excited, confident, red-haired little boy.

"Mike's all ready," he announced. "He's awful pleased. Say, can't you make it last so's I'll see some of it when I come back? Make it a good long one, won't you, please?"

"We'll try to make it last," said Horace. "But you cut and run for that cab now—and get back as quick as you can."

"Sure I will," and the boy turned and fled.

"Got it all?" asked Horace.

"Yes. The fourth Citizen was a loud, obstreperous, anarchistic cuss; you'll hear from him."

"Come on then," said Horace. "I'll be stage manager."

Up the stairs they went and into the room where the children were waiting. Horace entered first, and swept off his yellow hat with its black feather, and made a courtly bow. Then he went up to the bed, on which, propped among pillows, lay a pale, sick-looking little boy with red hair like Dan's, and with eager blue eyes. He smiled at the two strangers. Horace took the small hand lying listless on the counterpane.

"You've never seen any play acting before?"

"No, sir." The boy looked at Horace earnestly and said, "I've never seen any play actors dressed up before. What are you in those clothes?"

"Innkeepers of Nuremberg. We lived several centuries ago. I'm awfully sorry that we can't act the part for you, but you see—well, there isn't any Nuremberg scene that passes just between us two. So we'll have to give you something else, and you'll just have to pretend that these costumes are right."



"You see we are dressed for the stage and not for the street."—Page 643.

"I don't mind pretending," said the boy. "I do it a good deal. It must be fine to wear clothes like that every night."

"My friend here likes it," said Horace. "I don't care much for it myself. They're not really so comfortable as ordinary street clothes. No buttons. And you have no idea how useful and convenient buttons are until you try to get along without them. You've never seen any play acting before, you say?"

"No, sir. But I've read some plays. I'd like to write plays—plays like Shakespeare's."

"So should I," said Horace. "Fond as

he isn't really a star actor. But he and I are great friends and go round together a good deal. If he isn't much of an actor, he's a first-rate fellow."

While this confidence proceeded, Walter stood enviously looking on—envious and uncomfortable. He was never so ill at ease as in the presence of children; and he found nothing to say to these unkempt little creatures who gazed at him so unblinkingly, so silently. He derived a new respect for the graces of the politician as he saw Horace winning the audience and felt himself so incompetent; the refined disdainfulness of the artist disappeared—as it so



Horace took the small hand.—Page 645

I am of the stage, I believe I would give up acting if I could write plays like Shakespeare's. You read Shakespeare?"

"Oh, yes. And dad reads them to me. I like the tragedies."

"Do you! Now what should you say to our doing a bit out of Julius Cæsar?"

"Oh, would you!"

The boy looked at him so gratefully that Horace felt ashamed.

"It's a long time since I've done it, and I may even forget some of the lines—we actors have short memories—but I hope not."

"Were you Cæsar?"

"No—my part is Mark Antony."

"Oh. Was he Cæsar?"

"No." Walter being designated, spoke for himself, and Horace hastened to add in an undertone for the small boy's private ear, "He only plays unimportant parts;

often did with Walter—in a human humility of soul. He waited, awkward and silent, to be assigned to his part.

"How many of you children know the story of Julius Cæsar?" asked Horace, turning to the group.

They all looked blank.

"You're the only one, I guess," said Horace to the sick boy. "Well now, listen. Julius Cæsar was a great Roman warrior who had made himself so powerful that certain other Romans feared he was going to take possession of the State. And as they didn't want this to happen, they plotted together to kill him. Some of the conspirators, especially one named Brutus, were friends of Cæsar's and went into the plot reluctantly, and just because they thought it was the only patriotic thing to do. One day in the Senate House they fell on Cæsar and stabbed him to death. The



Drawn by George Wright.

The children pressed forward in unconscious intentness.—Page 648.

people were a good deal excited, and Brutus went out to calm the crowd. He was quite an orator, and he had the crowd pretty well satisfied, when along came Mark Antony, who was Cæsar's dearest friend. Now Cæsar lay just there in that corner—covered with a cloak—no, that won't do; we'll pretend that Mike here in bed is Cæsar. And off here in this corner of the room, there's a speaker's stand, from which Brutus made his speech. You fellows off at that side of the room, you and Mr. Maxwell, are the crowd that are hanging round talking it over. Then on comes Mark Antony—I'm Antony, remember—on he comes like this, and stops for a moment to look at Cæsar, his dead friend. Then on to the speaker's stand—you've got to imagine that—and then—

'Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar,
not to praise him.'

Solemnly he began, and soon Walter as well as the children was listening with admiration. In the inappropriate costume there was dignity; and Horace had the orotund voice befitting Antony. It was more than a bit of declamation well remembered; he had the art of the actor, the movement and expressiveness; and when after making his appeal,

'Bear with me,
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me,'

he stood with arms folded and downcast head, no one stirred; the children looked on, rapt and subdued. Then, after a moment, Walter threw up his hand and turned:

"'Now mark him,' " he warned them, " 'he begins again to speak.' "

Antony was producing from his sleeve Cæsar's will—a rolled up sheet of paper with which he had provided himself downstairs—when Dan slipped in at the door. The audience, hushed, intent, gave Dan hardly a glance; he stood quietly where he had entered.

At the proper time Walter clamored for the reading of the will. Antony's reluctance was overcome.



He took a forward step, with anger and determination in his look.

'Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?'

"'Come down!'" cried Walter.

Slowly Antony advanced across the room and stood by the boy's bedside. The children pressed forward in unconscious intentness. Mike looked up with eager, excited eyes; his thin face was flushed.

'If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle.'

And at that moment, as Antony held up a corner of the counterpane and turned to display it, the door opened and

admitted a short, heavy man, with a red face and a big chin. He stopped with a subdued exclamation; then his eyes fell on Horace, his eyes sharpened, and he took a forward step, with anger and determination in his look. But Dan grasped his arm and cried, "Sh, daddy, sh! They're play actors doin' a play for Mike, and it's great. Sh—sh! Don't butt in."

The man hesitated, for a moment uncertain, glancing from the boy on the bed to the man in yellow who stood by; and



"They asked us if we were play actors."—Page 650.

meanwhile Horace gazed calmly at his enemy, Tim Mullane. And then, before Mullane had spoken, Horace turned swiftly to the children and continued,

‘I remember

The first time Cæsar ever put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made!
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed—'

and as each time he gathered up a fold of the counterpane the children leaned forward believingly, and Mike, lying beneath it, was flushed with excitement and pride.

‘Look you here;

Here is himself, marred, as you see, with
traitors.'

And Antony laid his hand gently on the boy's red hair.

"‘O traitors, villains!’" cried Walter, passionately, flinging up his arms as he turned and appealed to the children.

But Antony put out his hand.

‘Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.'

‘He turned, as if unconsciously, and addressed the man who stood by the door scowling.

‘They that have done this deed are honourable:
What private griefs they have, alas, I know
not—'

and so on to the end of the speech—appeal-

ingly, yet with a dignity and fervor which broke at last into the sudden incendiary, passionate outburst.

And then he looked down and said quietly to the sick boy, "And that's the place to stop."

"Oh," sighed the boy. "I wish you could do the whole play!"

Horace laughed. "Ah, but that takes a big company. And a lot of room. And there are only two of us here to-night."

"Yes," said the boy faintly. He closed his eyes. "Yes," he repeated—and it was as if he was dropping off to sleep. Horace watched him with a pitying sympathy; but Tim Mullane stepped up to the bed and seated himself upon it and put his hand on the boy's forehead anxiously. The boy opened his eyes.

"Daddy," he said, "I've seen a play actor—wasn't it fine? Mark Antony—I wish you could have heard it all, Daddy. And—and I was Julius Cæsar!"

There was a wistful elation in the voice; the father showed for one moment a faint, unhappy smile before he stooped to murmur in the boy's ear and so hid his face.

"Come here, boys and girls," said Horace. "I want to say good-by to you all."

Silently and with awe they gathered round him; he shook hands with each one, with a word for each, while Walter stood by and wished he had the politician's art—or—he phrased it to himself interrogatively—or was it perhaps the politician's heart? And last of all Horace stepped over to the

bed and touched the boy's hair. The father moved and made room for him.

"Good-by, my boy," said Horace. "Now you keep on; you keep on making up plays—and see that you make them just as good as Shakespeare's.—Good-by."

The small fingers tightened on his hand. Then he straightened up, looked into Tim Mullane's eyes, and said, "Good-by, sir." And followed by Walter he went from the room.

Dan pattered behind them down the stairs. "Tony Laffan sent the carriage right round," he said. "It was great, mister—wish I'd heard it all."

"Dan!" The boy's father spoke sharply from the top of the stairs. "Come back. I want to speak to the gentlemen a moment—alone."

So, while Dan retreated and Tim Mullane descended, Horace and Walter waited below in the narrow hall. Mullane came down and stood with his back to the door. In the flickering dim gaslight, his face, which had looked smooth and hard upstairs, seemed shadowed and lined.

"Senator," he said, "how did it happen?"

"We were on our way to a costume party," Horace answered. "Our cab broke down, and turned us out into the street. The children gathered—they asked us if we were play actors—and it seemed the simplest thing to say yes. Then your boy Dan told us about his crippled brother and asked if we couldn't entertain him

while he got us a cab. Well—we tried to see the thing through—put up the best stunt we could. But I confess—when I found how matters stood—how serious a thing it was to the little lad—I was sorry to be deceiving him."

"No need to be." Mullane spoke brusquely. "Got any children of your own?"

"No. Bachelor."

"You'd ought to have. You'd make a good daddy." He hesitated; then in a constrained voice he added, "The poor little fellow can never leave that bed. I thank ye."

He opened the door for them and, as they passed out, silently shook hands with each. Then he followed down the steps to the carriage.

"Where to, Senator?" he asked.

Horace gave the address; Mullane repeated it to the driver. "They want to get there quick, too," he warned the man in the imperious voice that Dan had caught. And then, before closing the carriage door, he put his head inside and said:

"Senator—my coat is off and my sleeves are rolled up. Don't worry about this ward."

He closed the door; the carriage drove away.

"After all," said Walter, "it's not always the arguments that convince, is it?"

"No," said Horace. "Once in a while it's the emotions—thank God."





A CHRISTMAS CHILD

By Isabel E. Mackay

ILLUSTRATION BY OLIVE RUSH

SHE came to me at Christmas time and made me mother, and it seemed
There was a Christ indeed and He had given me the joy I'd dreamed.

She nestled to me, and I kept her near and warm, surprised to find
The arms that held my babe so close were opened wider to her kind.

I hid her safe within my heart. "My heart," I said, "is all for you,"
But lo! She left the door ajar and all the world came flocking through.

She needed me. I learned to know the royal joy that service brings,
She was so helpless that I grew to love all little helpless things.

She trusted me, and I who ne'er had trusted, save in self, grew cold
With panic lest this precious life should know no stronger, surer hold.

She lay and smiled and in her eyes I watched my narrow world grow broad,
Within her tiny, crumpled hand I touched the mighty hand of God.

OUR LITTLE VILLAGE

By Frances Wilson Huard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES HUARD



WE were landscape painting in Normandy. Arriving at Bricqueville-les-Salines, a picturesque little village on the French coast between Granville and Coutances, we were enchanted with the atmosphere. It is a charming spot, whose beach, unlike that of a fashionable watering-place, is desolate and inviting. The inhabitants, half fishermen and half peasants, are real Normans, living by their fishing and the products of their tiny gardens. The surrounding country and beautiful skies delighted us, so we set about finding quarters to remain a month or so.

A road-house, the only hotel in the place, offering but the most primitive means of accommodation, was out of the question for so long a stay. No other lodgings seeming available, we thought we should have to abandon our project, when passing before a neat little thatch-roofed cottage, the following sign attracted our attention:

A VENDRE.

S'adresser à Maître Lefranc,
Notaire à Brehal.

(For sale, apply to Maître Lefranc, notary at Brehal.)

We went to Brehal, with the intention of renting the place. When we arrived at the notary's we found him in his shirt-sleeves, his head covered with a velvet cap, trimming the rose-bushes in his front yard.

This short, stout, red-faced and bewhiskered old man received us as he would a couple of long-lost friends, ordered refreshments, showed us around the garden, and would not listen to any business matters until he was comfortably seated in a spacious arm-chair. Then, leaning back and rubbing his hands—"You say you would like to rent the house?"

"Yes."

"I am afraid that will be impossible. I have a commission to sell, nothing else."

Our faces fell, and once again I saw our lovely air-castle fading in the distance.

"Why don't you buy?"

"Because we only want it for three months."

"But I assure you it is a bargain at the price."

"How much?" said I, not in the least interested.

"Five hundred francs." (One hundred dollars.)

Our laughter surprised the amiable gentleman, and half an hour later we left Brehal with the deed of sale in our pocket, much to the bewilderment of the good notary, who was evidently not accustomed to making sales, à l'Américaine.

A fortnight later, having ransacked the shops in Granville and all the antiquarians in Coutances, we moved in and began our lives as an integral part of the population.

Our house, such as belongs to the ordinary peasant, comprises two good-sized, white-washed, granite-paved rooms. A great Dutch door and three very small windows let in the only light (the peasants prefer living in darkness to paying window tax). There are two rough stone fireplaces, so large that by bending over and looking upward one can see numerous swallows' nests, plastered against the chimney's sooty sides, and over all a little corner of blue sky. Such is our interior. To be sure there was a little shed attached to the back of the cottage, which we turned into a kitchen, but then we are not *du pays*.

Our little front yard is separated from the street by a rail fence, and our back garden contains, besides a dozen or more fine apple-trees, three or four rose-beds and a well; all this for one hundred dollars.

To serve us we have the quaintest and most amusing old woman imaginable. She is called Felicity, and the name seems written on her face, for the tiny gray eyes, large mouth, and even the wrinkles that furrow her old visage, making it sculptured and modelled like a Japanese Netsuke, betray her humor and her habit of smiling.

Felicity is an admirable cook, and for



Felicity is an admirable cook.

miles around rejoices in the reputation. It is she who organizes all the wedding feasts of the entire region; it is she who knows all the legends, all the stories, all the songs, as well as all the gossip of the surrounding country. She is inexhaustible, and I never tire of questioning and listening to her curious Norman *patois*, often very difficult for me to understand.

English seems to amuse her greatly, for when she hears it spoken she will drop her work and hasten to listen to the conversation. One day I entered the kitchen singing "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary"; and though I never found anything particularly humorous in that old ballad, it produced a most comical effect upon Felicity. Not that she understood in the least what the song was about, but as she explained to me

later on, when she had gained control of her features, she never before heard such a lot of funny sounds.

Felicity brews all the *remèdes de bonne femme* (wise-women's remedies), and her competence in this branch is so well known that she is called in to administer to almost every ill person in the neighborhood. She has soothing potions, herb teas, salves, and prayers for every malady under the sun.

Returning from a fishing party one afternoon, I was preparing to nurse my sunburned face and neck with cold cream. Felicity, who had seen my plight, begged me to try something that would cure me in a *clin d'œil*. Accordingly she applied to my burning skin mulberry leaves soaked in vinegar. I began shrieking with pain, but evidently accustomed to the dolorous cries

of her patients, she stood there smiling and saying, "The more it burns you the sooner you will be cured."

When her preparations prove unsuccessful or when there is question of broken limbs, the *rebouteux* (bone-setter) of Lingreville is sent for in hot haste. He is a huge, burly, middle-aged peasant, with enormous hands and piercing eyes. To cure his patients of sunstroke he produces a magic mirror which is supposed to call forth the sunbeam gone astray in their heads. Once I saw him treat an old woman who complained of a violent backache by splitting a spring chicken in half and placing it on the spot in question. Other times I have seen him seize an ill person by the wrists, look him straight in the eyes, while murmuring some unintelligible words. Then "If your blood is stronger than mine you will be cured," says he. If the patient dies his blood was weaker; that's all.

"And the doctor," I can hear you say, "where is he all this time?"

There is one, to be sure, but he lives in a distant town and is called in very rarely, and then only at the last moment; for the peasants are such parsimonious people that they think twice before spending the two francs (forty cents) demanded for his services. The *rebouteux* and Felicity's remedies are traditional, and seem to appeal more to their imaginations.

Sometimes, the physician having prescribed a certain medicine, his patient is cured before the bottle is quite finished. With great care the dregs are corked up and put on the corner of the chimney-piece. Then when someone else in the village falls ill the general cry is, "Go and ask old mother so-and-so, she has a bottle." Old mother so-and-so obligingly lends her bottle, and a person suffering from liver complaint drinks, without flinching, the potion given to cure rheumatism. But, in spite of their queer ways of doctoring, the inhabitants of Bricqueville rejoice in remarkable health, and it is pleasant to see the fine robust, sunburned men and women grouped together at Sunday mass.

Our little village is composed of two hamlets, known as the lower and the upper. The *hameau-bas*, where we live, contains the elements of life: the road-house, the blacksmith's, and the grocery shop. The former is the halt of the semi-weekly stage-

coach, and all the outside news is brought there and given forth to the eager listeners, who knowing the hour of the coach's arrival, go to the *auberge* to drink a *petit verre* with the driver, and listen to his chatter. The smithy's is another rendezvous of gossip for those who have a moment to spare from their fishing and gardening. The grocery shop is something like those of our little New England country towns. It contains everything from salt to dress goods, and is, at the same time, the post-office and apothecary shop.

The upper hamlet, built on a hill which interrupts our inland view, glories in the church, the school, and the lamp-post. Yes, a real lamp-post, with a three-pronged jet. It is the chief ornament of the *hameau-du-haut*, and peasants from neighboring villages make the trip just to see it, returning home jealous and humiliated.

It was Felicity who told me, how, in 1889 the mayor of Bricqueville went to the Paris exposition, and while there bought a chance in a *tombola*. His number, purchased in the name of his village, happened to win a lamp-post, which arrived one day and was unpacked by the *garde champêtre*, the mayor and the school-master, in the presence of the admiring population.

The question of where it should be put up arose immediately. The people of the lower hamlet claimed it, their intention being to place it at the entrance to the beach, in the hope that it might attract strangers, who, delighted, would return every year and thus start a fashionable watering-place. The upper hamlet demanded it be erected in the cemetery surrounding the church, in place of a crucifix, which they were not rich enough to purchase.

Heated discussions took place at the inn, and for several months no decision was reached. The people from above defied their brothers from below, and the affair might have taken a serious turn, had not the mayor settled matters by deciding that the lamp-post should be placed in the little square in front of the church, the rectory, and the school; that is to say, right in the middle of the *grande route*.

At length it was planted, a side-walk built around it, and, with great pomp and ceremony, unveiled the day of the village *fête*. The neighboring villagers grew pale with envy, and were obliged to admit that if



The blacksmith's.

the cathedral at Coutances was the first, the casino at Granville the second, surely the lamp-post at Bricqueville was the third wonder of the country. Even the road-house honored the occasion by changing its old name of *Au rendez-vous des Pecheurs* to *Au rendez-vous des enfants du Bec du Gaz*.

Placed thus on the highway, the lamp-post was lost to view to no one, and the whole population, even the peasants of the *bas-hameau*, agreed that the mayor's idea was certainly one of a genius.

Not a cart, not a horseman, not an automobile passed by without remarking the fantastic object set up thus in the heart of a lost country. Gas itself being a thing unheard of in the entire region, of course it was impossible to light the post, and cyclists and vehicles of all descriptions travelling after dark often came into collision with it. The number of accidents soon became so alarming that the Inspector of Public Highways was warned, and for some time there was talk of removing the marvel. It was then that the mayor, whose genius failed to inspire him with a second idea, was obliged to order that the lamp-post be lighted, not by its three useless jets, but by a little oil

lantern that the *garde champêtre* places at its base every evening.

Nothing seems to trouble the tranquillity of our little village. The slightest incidents are made pretexts for long-drawn-out conversations, and years after the lamp-post shall have disappeared the old people will tell its story. Perhaps it will develop into a charming legend, which will come down to our great-great-grandchildren.

Our arrival in Bricqueville caused any amount of comment. How two young strangers could come and bury themselves there for the simple pleasure of making pictures was a thing that quite escaped the peasants. Some of them looked upon us most hostilely, but once again Felicity saved the day, and now we are regarded as two somewhat foolish but inoffensive beings to whom the peasant women never fail to bring their young poultry, their best butter, their finest fish.

Our tramps in the country round about have led us to many an interesting place. One day, while searching for a subject to put on canvas, our road led us to the top of a hill, at whose base we discovered a little old chapel, hardly visible behind the tall

trees that surrounded it. The guardian, an old peasant woman, offered her services as guide, and taking a bunch of rusty keys from under her apron, led us toward a small iron grill.

Within a delightful freshness and coolness reigned. It was in May, and the odor of honeysuckle and "roses de Marie" pervaded the air, while sunbeams, shining through the ancient stained-glass windows, danced joyfully on the stone walls, lighted up the flower-laden altar, and gilded the

know that the sea near here is very treacherous. Nowhere along the coast is navigation more dangerous, the channel less friendly. In years gone by the villages for miles around were inhabited by bands of pirates, who lived on the spoils of shipwrecks. Woe be to the unfortunate mariners who ventured along these shores and knew not that the huge fires built on the rocks were only traps to catch their cargoes. Their ignorance cost them dear, and the cruel villains rejoiced the more.



Norman peasants.

rows of old wooden *prie-dieu*. There was so much charm, so much perfume, so much joy in the welcome given by the tiny chapel, that it seemed as if the smile of Our Lady had been shut in and still remained between the four walls, to aid man by putting hope and happiness in his heart.

As we strolled leisurely about, our guide in her queer Norman accent, recited the charming legend attached to this quaint little place of worship.

"*Ma petite dame*," said she, "you must

A holy man came into the country, resolved to better its spiritual condition, and, by force of fasting and prayers, convert the dangerous hordes. He lived in a squalid cabin built of straw and dried mud, roots and shell-fish being his only nourishment. He prayed and prayed unceasingly, and with resolute courage, though conditions did not seem to change.

The men laughed at the queer old man who refused to share their booty, who never drank fermented wines, and who told such



The postman.

strange stories. They considered him a poor, simple-minded creature, and were much amused at his fervent manner of wishing to save them from perils they did not fear. The women fled from him, fearing he might bewitch them, and the children to whom he wished to teach the catechism played innumerable pranks upon their defenceless benefactor.

One night during a terrible storm a great Spanish caravel was stranded on the coast, but contrary to their custom, the waves did not wash the *débris* to the shore. One or two planks, a couple of barrels, and an enormous statue of the Virgin were the only things that reached the beach.

The statue was magnificent, standing more than twenty feet in height, the *chef-d'œuvre* of an artist who had lovingly sculptured, gilded, ornamented and caressed his work.

The tribe of vandals, furious at their defeat, fell upon the statue and wished to carry it off. Instruments of all descriptions were brought to aid them, and pulling, hauling, yelling, sweating, their muscles distended, their jaws set, the whole population, men, women, and children, tried to move the heavy mass. Their efforts were vain. Ten times, twenty times, they recommenced, inventing new means, using their strength and their instruments. At length, enraged and furious, they armed themselves with axes, picks, saws and knives, resolved to flay in pieces the *Bonne Dame* who looked at them so tenderly. Not one among them was moved to pity by her beautiful eyes, her white hands, her long yellow hair, or her gold-embroidered robe. They beat, they hacked, they sawed, they filed with rage in their hearts. But, strange to say, their

knives broke, their files and saws became smooth, while the sacred image remained unharmed, unscarred.

Presently Gaud, the bare-footed hermit, was seen returning from his fishing, his great sack on his back, and a worn and tired look on his face. As soon as he caught sight of the statue his expression changed. He became suddenly very animated, and dropping his load, he rushed into the midst of the iconoclasts. His anger was magnificent and indescribable. "Stop, ye miserables," cried he, with such a com-

roses, whose odor still persists around the chapel, she vanished, as by magic, into the azure blue of heaven.

When the stupefied beholders turned toward Gaud he was on his knees, the aureole of a saint encircling his head. As one person they knelt in prayer, and when they had received St. Gaud's blessing they rose, put themselves under the protection of "Our Lady" and erected a little chapel on the spot where she had converted them.

In our little village the great event of the day is the arrival of the postman, the tie



Norman fisher-folk.

manding voice that it imposed instant silence. Then, pushing forward, he fell at the feet of the statue. "O Holy Virgin Mother, I've done my best; have pity on them!" he wept.

And then those present saw a marvellous sight. The smile on the statue's face became more and more marked. Her visage beamed with happiness, and stooping, she took Gaud by the hand and began to walk, followed by the spell-bound people.

At the foot of the hill she stopped. Slowly and gently she looked each person in the eyes, and then, with her hands full of

that binds us to the outer world; the great event of the year is the assembly or village *fête*. This year the fine June weather helped to make it a great success.

In the morning the whole village, dressed in their best clothes, attended high mass at ten o'clock. The mayor, the *maréchal*, the road-mender, and the inn-keeper sat in the vestrymen's pew, imposing and solemn. All the other men sat on one side and the women on the other, the former wearing their stiff blue blouses, the latter their starched white *coiffes* (bonnets).

The curate had seized this occasion to

THE MASTER OF THE INN

By Robert Herrick



It was a plain brick house, three full stories, with four broad chimneys, and overhanging eaves. The tradition was that it had been a colonial tavern—a dot among the fir-covered northern hills on the climbing post-road into Canada. The village scattered along the road was called Albany—already forgotten when the railroad sought an opening through a valley less rugged, eight miles to the west.

Rather more than thirty years ago the Doctor had arrived, one summer day, and opened all the doors and windows of the neglected old house, which he had bought from scattered heirs. He was a quiet man, the Doctor, in middle life then or nearly so; and he sank almost without remark into the world of Albany, where they raised hay and potatoes and still cut good white pine off the hills. Gradually the old brick tavern resumed the functions of life: many buildings were added to it as well as many acres of farm and forest to the Doctor's original purchase of *intervale* land. The new Master did not open his house to the public, yet he, too, kept a sort of Inn, where men came and stayed a long time. Although no sign now hung from the old elm tree, nevertheless an ever-widening stream of humanity mounted the winding road from White River and passed through the doors of the Inn, seeking life. . . .

That first summer the Doctor brought with him Sam, the Chinaman, whom we all came to know and love, and also a young man, who loafed much while the Doctor worked, and occasionally fished. That was John Herring—now a famous architect—and it was from his designs, made those first idle summer days, that were built all the additions to the simple old building—the two low wings in the rear for the “cells,” with the Italian garden between them, the sweeping marble seat around the pool that joined the wings on the west, also the thick wall that hid the Inn, its terraced gardens and orchards from Albanian curiosity. Herring found a store

of red brick in some crumbling buildings in the neighborhood, and he discovered the quarry whence came those thick slabs of purple slate. The blue-veined marble was had from a fissure in the hills, and the School made the tiles.

I think Herring never did better work than in the making over of this old tavern: he divined that secret affinity which exists between north Italy, with all its art, and our bare New England; and he dared to graft boldly one to the other, making the rear of the Inn altogether Italian with its portico, its dainty colonnades, the garden and the fountain and the pool. From all this one looked down on the waving grass of the *Intervale*, which fell away gently to the turbulent White River, then rose again to the wooded hills that folded one upon another, with ever deepening blue, always upwards and beyond.

Not all this building at once, to be sure, as the millionaire builds; but a gradual growth over a couple of decades; and all built lovingly by the “Brothers,” stone on stone, brick and beam and tile—many a hand taking part in it that came weak to the task and left it sturdy. There was also the terraced arrangement of gardens and orchards on either side of the Inn, reaching to the farm buildings on one side and to the village on the other. For a time Herring respected the quaint old tavern with its pine wainscot; then he made a stately two-storied hall out of one half where we dined in bad weather, and a lovely study for the Doctor from the rest. The doors north and south always stood open in the summer, giving the rare passer-by a glimpse of that radiant blue heaven among the hills, with a silver flash of the river in the middle distance, and a little square of peaceful garden close at hand. . . . The tough northern grasses rustled in the breeze that always played about Albany; the scent of spruce drawn by the hot sun—that strong resinous breath of the north—was borne from the woods.

Thus it started, that household of men in the old Inn at the far end of Albany village among the northern hills, with the Doctor

and Sam and Herring, who had been flung aside after his first skirmish with life and was picked up in pure pity by the Doctor, as a bit of the broken waste in our modern world, and carried off with him out of the city. The young architect returning in due time to the fight—singing—naturally venerated the Doctor as a father; and when a dear friend stumbled and fell in the *via dura* of this life, he whispered to him word of the Inn and its Master—of the life up there among the hills where Man is little and God looks down on his earth. . . .

"Oh, you'll understand when you put your eyes on Abraham some morning! The Doctor? He cures both body and soul." And this one having heeded passed along the word in turn to others in need—"to the right sort, who would understand." Thus the custom grew like a faith, and a sort of brotherhood was formed, of those who had found more than health at the Inn, who had found themselves. The Doctor, ever busy about his farms and his woods, his building and above all his School, soon had a dozen or more patients or guests, as you might call them, on his hands and he set them to work speedily. There was little medicine to be had in the Inn: the sick labored as they could and thus grew strong. . . .

And so as one was added to another, they began to call themselves in joke "Brothers," and the Doctor, "Father." The older "brothers" would return from all parts of the land, for a few days or a few weeks, to grasp the Doctor's hand, to have a dip in the pool, to try the little brooks in the hills. Young men, and middle-aged, and even the old, they came from the cities where the heat of living had scorched them, where they had faltered and doubted the goodness of life. In some way word of the Master had reached them, with this compelling advice—"Go! And tell him I sent you." So from the clinic or the lecture-room, from the office and the mill—wherever men labor with tightening nerves—the needy one started on his long journey. Towards evening he was set down before the plain red face of the Inn. And as the Stranger entered the cool hall, a voice was sure to greet him from within somewhere, the deep voice of a hearty man, and presently the Master appeared to give his hand to the newcomer, resting the other hand on his

guest's shoulder perhaps, with a yearning affection that ran before knowledge.

"So you've come, my boy," he said. "Herring [or some one] wrote me to look for you."

And after a few more words of greeting, the Doctor beckoned to Sam, and gave the guest over to his hands. Thereupon the Chinaman slipped through tiled passages to the court, where the Stranger, caught by the beauty and peace so strangely hidden, lingered a while. The little space within the wings was filled with flowers as far as the brown water of the pool and the marble bench. In the centre of the court was a fountain from which the water dropped and ran away among the flower beds to the pool. A great maple tree shaded this place, flecking the water below. The sun shot long rays beneath its branches, and over all there was an odor of blossoming flowers and the murmur of bees.

"Bath!" Sam explained, grinning towards the pool.

With the trickle of the fountain in his ears the Stranger looked out across the yellowing fields of the Intervale to the noble sky-line of the Stowe hills. Those little mountains of the north! Mere hills to all who know the giants of the earth—not mountains in the brotherhood of ice and snow and rock! But in lovely shape and color, in those lesser things that create the love of men for places, they rise towards heaven, those little hills! On a summer day like this their broad breast is a-flutter with waving tree-tops, and at evening depth on depth of blue mist gathers over them, dropping into those soft curves where the little brooks flow, rising up to the sky-line. And there the falling sun paints a band of pure saffron, as there is a hint of moonlight to come in the calm and perfect peace of evening. Ah, they are of the fellowship of mountains, those little hills of Stowe. And when in winter their flanks are jewelled with ice and snow, then they raise their heads proudly to the stars, calling across the frozen valleys to their greater brethren in the midriff of the continent—"Behold, we also are hills, in the sight of the Lord!" . . .

Meantime Sam, with Oriental ease, goes slipping along the arcade until he comes to a certain oak door, where he drops your bag, and disappears, having saluted. It is

an ample and lofty room, and on the outer side of it hangs a little balcony above the orchard, from which there is a view of the valley and the woods beyond, and somewhere the song of the thrush rises. The room itself is cool, of a gray tone, with a broad fireplace, a heavy table, and many books. Otherwise there are bed, and chairs, and dressing-table, the necessities of life austere provided. And Peace! God, what Peace to him who has escaped from the furnace men make! It is as if he had come all the way to the end of the world, and found there a great room of peace.

Soon a bell sounds somewhere and the household assembles under the arcade. If it is fair and not cold, Sam and his servants bring out the long narrow table and place it, as Veronese places his feasters, lengthwise beneath the colonnade, and thus the evening meal is served. (The novice might feel only the harmony of it all, but later he will learn how many elements go to the making of Peace.) A fresh, coarse napkin is laid before each man, no more than enough for all those present, and the Doctor sits in the middle, serving all. There are few dishes, and for the most part such as may be got at home there in the hills. There is a pitcher of cider at one end and a pitcher of mild white wine at the other, and the men eat and drink, with jokes and talk—the laughter of the day. Afterwards, when Sam has brought pipes and tobacco, the Master leads the way to the sweeping semicircle of marble seat around the pool with the leafy tree overhead; and there they sit into the soft night, talking of all things, with the glow of pipes, until one after another slips away to sleep. For as the Doctor said, "Talk among men in common softens the muscles of the mind and quickens the heart." Yet he loved most to hear the talk of others.

Thus insensibly for the Novice there began the life of the place, opening in a gentle and persistent routine that caught him in its flow and carried him on with it. He found Tradition and Habit all about him, in the ordered, unconscious life of the Inn, to which he yielded without question. . . . Shortly after dawn there was the sound of the bell, and then the men met at the pool, where the Doctor was always first. A plunge into the brown water beneath the leaves, and afterwards to each man's room

there was brought a large bowl of coffee and hot milk, with bread and eggs and fruit. What more he needed he might find in the hall.

Soon there was a tap on the newcomer's door, and a neighborly voice called out—"We all go into the fields every morning, you know. You must earn your dinner, the Doctor says, or borrow it!" So the Novice went forth to earn his first dinner with his hands. Beyond the gardens and the orchards were the barns and sheds, and a vista of level acres of hay and potatoes and rye, the bearing acres of the farm, and beyond these the woods on the hills. "There's nearly three thousand acres, fields and woods," the neighbor explained. "Oh, there's plenty to do all times!" Meantime the Doctor strides on ahead through the wet grass, his eyes roaming here and there, inquiring the state of his land. And watching him the Novice believes that there is always much to be done when the Doctor leads.

If it is July and hay time—all the Intervale grass land is mowed by hand—there is a sweat-breaking task; or it may be the potatoes; or later in the season the apples—a pleasant pungent job, filling the baskets and pouring them into the fat-bellied barrels. But whatever the work may be the Doctor keeps the Stranger in his mind, and as the sun climbs high over the Randolph hills, he taps the new one on the shoulder—"Better stop here to-day, my boy. You'll find a good tree over there for a nap. . . ."

Under that particular tree in the tall timothy, there is the coolest spot, and the Novice drowzes, thinking of those wonderful mowers in Tolstoy's *Anna*, as he gazes at the marching files eating their way through the meadow until his eyelids fall and he sleeps, the ripple of waving timothy in his ears. At noon the bell sounds again from the Inn and the men come striding homeward wiping the sweat from their faces. They gather at the swimming pool and still panting strip off their wet garments, then plunge one after another, like happy boys. From bath to room, and a few minutes for fresh clothes, and all troop into the hall, which is dark and cool. The old brick walls of the tavern never held a gayer lot of guests.

From this point in the day each one is his own master; there is no common toil. The farmer and his men take up the care

of the farm, and the Master usually goes down to the School, in company with some of the men. But each one has his own way of spending the hours till sunset—some fishing or shooting, according to the season; others in tennis or games with the boys of the School; and some reading or loafing—until the shadows begin to fall across the pool into the court and Sam brings out the long table for dinner.

The seasons shading imperceptibly into one another vary the course of the day. Early in September the men begin to sit long about the hall-fire of an evening, and when the snow packs hard on the hills there is wood-work to be done, and in early spring it is the carpenter shop. So the form alters, but the substance remains—work and play and rest. . . .

To each one a time will come when the Doctor speaks to him alone. At some hour the Novice will find himself with those large eyes resting on his face, searchingly. It may be in the study after the others have scattered at night, or at the pool where he loved to sit beneath the great tree and hear his "confessions" as the men called these talks. At such times, when the man came to remember it afterward, the Doctor asked few questions, said little, but listened. He had the confessing ear! And by chance his hand would rest on the man's arm or shoulder. For he said—"Touch speaks: soul flows through flesh into soul."

Thus he sat and confessed his patients one after another, and his dark eyes seemed familiar with all man's woes, as if he had listened always. And men said to him what they had never before let pass their lips to man or woman, what they themselves scarce looked at in the gloom of their souls. Unawares it slipped from them, the reason within the reason for their ill, the ultimate cause of sorrow. From the moment they had revealed to him this hidden thing—had slipped the leash on their tongues—it was no longer to be feared. "Trouble evaporates, being properly aired," said the Doctor. And already in the troubled one's mind the sense of the confused snarl of life began to lessen and veils began to descend between him and it. . . . "For you must learn to forget," counselled the Doctor, "forget day by day until the recording soul beneath your mind is clean. Therefore—work, forget, be new!". . .

A self-important young man, much concerned with himself, once asked the Master: "Doctor, what is your method?"

And we all heard him say in reply—

"The potatoes need hilling, and then you'll feel like having a dip in the pool."

The young man, it seems, wrote back to his physician in the city—"This Doctor cannot understand my case: he tells me to dig potatoes and bathe in a swimming pool. That is all! All!" But the city physician, who was an old member of the Brotherhood telegraphed back—"Dig and swim, you fool!" Sam took the message at the telephone while we were dining in the hall, and repeated it faithfully to the young man within the hearing of all. A laugh rose that was hard in dying, and I think the Doctor's lips wreathed in smile. . . . In the old days they say the Doctor gave medicine like other doctors. That was when he spent part of the year in the city and had an office there and believed in drugs. But as he gave up going to the city, the stock of drugs in the cabinet at the end of the study became exhausted, and was never renewed. All who needed medicine were sent to an old Brother, who had settled down the valley at Stowe. "He knows more about drugs than I do," the Doctor said. "At least he can give you the stuff with confidence." Few of the inmates of the inn ever went to Stowe, though Dr. Williams was an excellent physician. And it was from about this time that we began to drop the title of doctor, calling him instead the Master, and the younger men sometimes Father. He seemed to like these new terms, as denoting affection and respect for his authority.

By the time that we had called him Master, the Inn had come to its maturity. Altogether it could hold eighteen guests, and if more came, as in midsummer or autumn, they lived in tents in the orchard or in the hill camps. The Master was still adding to the forest land—fish and game preserve the village people called it; for the Master was a hunter and a fisherman. But up among those curving hills when he looked out through the waving trees, measuring by eye a fir or a pine, he would say, nodding his head, "Boys, behold my heirs—from generation to generation!"

He was now fifty and had ceased to go to the city altogether. There were ripe men

in the city hospitals that still remembered him as a young man in the medical school; but he had dropped out they said—why? He might have answered that he had spoken his word to the world through men—and spoken widely. For there was no break in the stream of life that flowed upwards to the old Inn. The “cells” were always full winter and summer. Now there were coming children of the older Brothers and these having learned the ways of the place from their fathers were already house-broken, as we said. They knew that no door was locked about the Inn, but that if they returned after ten it behooved them to come in by the pool and make no noise; they knew that when the first ice formed on the pool, then they were not expected to take the morning plunge. They knew that there was an old custom that no one ever forgot, and that was to put money in the house-box behind the hall door on leaving, at least a dollar a day for the time spent and as much more as one cared to give. For, as every one knew, all beyond the daily expense went to maintain the School on the road below the village. So the books of the Inn were easy to keep—there was never a word about money in the place—but I know that many a large sum was found in this box, and the School never wanted money.

That I might tell more of what took place in the Inn and what the Master said and the sort of men one found there, and the talks we all had summer evenings beside the pool and winter nights in the hall. Winter was the best of all the year, the greatest beauty and the greatest joy, from the first fall of the snow to the yellow brook water and the floating ice in White River. Then the broad velvety shadows lay on the hills between the stiff spruces; then came rosy mornings out of darkness when you knew that some good thing was waiting in the world. After you had drunk your bowl of coffee, you got your axe and followed the procession of choppers who were carefully foresting the Doctor's woods. In the spring, after the little brooks had begun to run down the slopes, there was road making and mending; for the Master kept in repair most of the roads about Albany, grinding the rock in his pit, saying that “A good road was one sure blessing.”

And the dusks I shall never forget—those violet and gold moments with the

light of immortal heavens behind the rampart of hills; and the nights, so still, so still like everlasting death, each star set jewel-wise in a black sky above a white earth. . . . How splendid it was to turn out of the warm hall where we had been reading and talking into the frosty court, with the thermometer at thirty below and still falling, and look down across the broad white valley, crossed by the streak of bushy alders where the dumb river flowed, up to the little frozen water courses among the hills, up above where the stars glittered. You took your way to your room in the silence, rejoicing that it was all so, that somewhere in this tumultuous world of ours there was hidden the secret of living, and that you were of the brotherhood of those who had found it!

Thus was the Inn and its Master in the year when he touched sixty and his hair and beard were more white than gray.

II

THEN there came to the Inn one day in the early part of the summer a new Stranger—a man about fifty with an ageing, worldly face. Bill, the Albany stage man, had brought him from Island Junction, and on the way had answered all his questions, discreetly, reckoning in his wisdom that his passenger was “one of those queer folks that went up to the old Doctor's place.” for there was something smart and fashionable about the stranger's appearance that made Bill uncomfortable.

“There,” he said as he pulled up outside the red brick house and pointed over the wall into the garden, “mos' likely you'll find the old man fussin' 'round somewheres inside there, if he hain't down to the School,” and he drove off with the people's mail.

The stranger looked back and forth through the village street, which was as silent as a village street should be at four o'clock on a summer day. Then he muttered to himself, whimsically, “Mos' likely you'll find the old man fussin' 'round somewheres inside!” Well, *what next?* And he looked at the homely red brick building with the cold eye of one who has made many goings out and comings in, and to whom novelty offers little entertainment. As he looked (thinking possibly of that early train from the junction on the morrow) the hall

door opened wide, and an oldish man with white eye-brows and dark eyes stood before the Stranger. He was dressed in a linen suit that deepened the dark tan of his face and hands. He said:

"You are Dr. Augustus Norton?"

"And you," the Stranger replied with a graceful smile, "are the Master—and this is the Inn!"

He had forgotten what Percival called the old boy—forgot everything these days—had tried to remember it all the way up—nevertheless, he had turned it off well! So the two looked at each other—one a little younger as years go, but with lined face and shaking fingers; the other solid and self-contained, with less of that ready language which comes from always jostling with one's equals. But as they stood there, each saw a Man and an Equal.

"The great surgeon of St. Jerome's," said our Master in further welcome.

"Honored by praise from your lips!" Thus the man of the city lightly turned the compliment, and extended his hand, which the Master took slowly, gazing meanwhile long at his guest.

"Pray come this way into my house," said the Master of the Inn, with more stateliness of manner than he usually had with a new Brother. But Dr. Augustus Norton had the most distinguished name of that day in his profession. He followed the Doctor into his study, with uncertain steps, and sinking into a deep chair before the smouldering ashes looked at the Master with a sad grin—"Perhaps you'll give me something—the journey, you know? . . ."

Two years before the head surgeon of St. Jerome's had come to the hospital of a morning to perform some operation—one of those affairs for which he was known from coast to coast. As he entered the officers' room that morning, with the arrogant eye of the commander-in-chief, one of his aides looked at him suspiciously, then glanced again—and the great surgeon felt his eyes upon him when he turned his back. And he knew why! Something was wrong with him. Nevertheless in glum silence he made ready to operate. But when the moment came, and he was about to take the part of God towards the piece of flesh lying in the ether sleep before him, he hesitated. Then, in the terrible recoil of Fear, he turned back.

"Macroe!" he cried to the next-in-command, "you will have to operate. I cannot—I am not well!"

There was almost panic, but Macroe was a man, too, and proceeded to do his work without a word. The great surgeon, his hands now trembling beyond disguise, went back to the officers' room, took off his white robes, and returned to his home. There he wrote his resignation to the directors of St. Jerome, and his resignation from other offices of honor and responsibility. Then he sent for a medical man, an old friend, and held out his shaking hand to him:

"The damn thing won't work," he said, pointing also to his head.

"Too much work," the doctor replied, of course.

But the great surgeon, who was a man of clear views, added impersonally, "Too much everything, I guess!"

There followed the usual prescription, making the sick man a wanderer and pariah—first to Europe, "to get rid of me," the surgeon growled; then to Georgia for golf, to Montana for elk, Roberval for salmon, etc. And each time the sick man returned with a thin coat of tan that peeled off in a few days and with those shaking hands that suggested immediately another journey to another climate. Until it happened finally that the men of St. Jerome's who had first talked of the date of his return merely raised their eyebrows at the mention of his name.

"Done for, poor old boy!" and the great surgeon read it with his lynx eyes, in the faces of the men he met at his clubs. His mouth drew together sourly and his back sloped. "Fifty-two," he muttered. "God, that is too early—something ought to pull me together." So he went on trying this and that, while his friends said he was "resting," until he had slipped from men's thoughts.

One day Percival of St. Jerome's, one of those boys he had growled at and cursed in former times, met him crawling down the avenue to his quietest club, and the old surgeon took him by the arm—he was gray in face and his neck was wasting away—and told the story of his troubles—as he would to any one these days. The young man listened respectfully. Then he spoke of the old Inn, of the Brotherhood, of the Master and what he had done for miserable

men, who had despaired. The famous surgeon, shaking his head as one who has heard all this wonder many times and found it naught, was drinking it all in, nevertheless.

"He takes a man," said the young surgeon, "who doesn't want to live and makes him fall in love with life."

Dr. Augustus Norton sniffed.

"In love with life! That's good! If your Wonder of the Ages can make a man of fifty fall in love with anything, I must try him." He laughed a skeptical laugh, the feeble merriment of doubt.

"Ah, Doctor," cried the young man, "you must go and live with the Master. And then come back to us at St. Jerome's: for we need you!"

And the great surgeon, touched to the heart by these last words, said:

"Well, what's the name of your miracle-worker, and where is he to be found? . . . I might as well try all the cures—write a book on 'em one of these days!" . . .

So he came by the stage to the gate of the old Inn, and the Master, who had been warned by a telegram from the young doctor only that morning, stood at his door to welcome his celebrated guest.

He put him in the room of state above the study, a great square room at the southwest, overlooking the wings and the flower-scented garden in the court between, the pool, and the waving grass fields beyond, dotted with tall elms—all freshly green.

"Not a bad sort of place," murmured the weary man, "and there must be trout in those brooks up yonder. Well, it will do for a week or two, if there's fishing." . . . Then the bell sounded for dinner, which was served for the first time that season out of doors in the soft June twilight. Beneath the Colonnade the Brothers gathered, young men and middle-aged—all having bent under some burden, which they were now learning to carry easily. They stood about the hall door until the distinguished Stranger appeared, and he walked between them to the place of honor at the Master's side. Every one at the long table was named to the great surgeon, and then with the coming of the soup he was promptly forgotten while the talk of the day's work and the morrow's rose clamorously. It was a question of the old mill, which had given way. An engineer among the company described what would have to be done to get at the founda-

tions. And a young man who sat next to the surgeon explained that the Master had reopened an old mill above in the Intervale, where he ground corn and wheat and rye with the old water-wheel, for the country people had complained when he had bought and closed the mill. It seemed to the Stranger that the peculiar coarse bread which was served was extraordinarily good, and he wondered if the ancient process had anything to do with it and he resolved to see the old mill. Then the young man said something about bass: there was a cool lake up the valley which had been stocked. The surgeon's eye gleamed. Did he know how to fish for bass! Why, before this boy—yes, he would go at five in the morning, sharp. . . . After the meal, while the blue wreaths of smoke floated across the flowers and the talk rose and fell along the corridors, the Master and his new guest were seated alone beneath the great tree. The surgeon could trace the Master's face in the still waters of the pool, at their feet, and it seemed to him like a finely cut cameo, with gentle lines about the mouth and eyes that relieved the thick nose. Nevertheless he knew by certain instinct that they were not of the same kind. The Master was very silent this night, and his guest felt some mystery, some vacuum between them, as he looked on the face in the water. It was as if the old man were holding him off at arm's length while he looked into him. But the great surgeon who was used to the amenities of city life resolved to make him speak:

"Extraordinary sort of place you have here! I don't know that I have ever seen anything just like it. And what is your System?"

"What is my System?" repeated the Master wonderingly.

"Yes! Your method of building these fellows up—electricity, diet, massage, baths—what is your line?" The pleasant smile removed the offence of the banter.

"I have no System!" the Master replied thoughtfully. "I live my life here with my fellows, and those you see here come and live with me as my friends."

"Ah, but you have ideas . . . extraordinary success . . . so many cases," the great man muttered, confused by the Master's steady gaze.

"You will understand after you have

been here a little time. You will see and the others will help you to understand. To-morrow we work at the mill, and the next day we shall be in the gardens—but you may be too tired to join us. And we bathe here, morning and noon. But Harvey will tell you all our customs."

The celebrated surgeon of St. Jerome's wrote that night to an old friend—"And the learned doctor's prescription seems to be to dig in the garden and bathe in a great pool! A daffy sort of place—but I am going bass fishing to-morrow at five with a young man who is just the right age for a son! So to bed, but I suspect that I shall see you soon—novelties wear out quickly at my years."

Just here there entered that lovely night wind, rising far away beyond the low lakes to the south—it soughed through the room, swaying the draperies, sighing, sighing, and it blew out the candle. The sick man looked down on the court below, white in the moonlight, and his eyes roved further to the dark orchard, and the great barns and the huddled cattle.

"Quite a bit of place here!" the surgeon murmured. As he stood there looking into the misty sea which covered the Intervale, up to the great hills where floated luminous cloud banks, the chorus of an old song rose from below where the pipes gleamed in the dark about the Pool. He leaned out into the air, filled with all the wild scent of fields, and added under a sort of compulsion—"And a good place, enough!"

He went to bed to a deep sleep, and over his tired, worldly face the night wind passed gently, stripping leaf by leaf from his weary mind that heavy coating of care which he had wrapped about him in the course of many years.

Dr. Augustus Norton did not return at the end of one week, nor of two. The city saw him, indeed, no more that year. It was said that a frisky, rosy ghost of the great surgeon had slipped into St. Jerome's about Christmas—had skipped through a club or two and shaken hands about pretty generally—and disappeared. Sometimes letters came from him with some out-of-the-way postmark on them, saying in a jesting tone that he was studying the methods of an extraordinary country doctor, who seemed to cure men by touch. "He lives up here

among the hills in forty degrees below, and if I am not mistaken he is nearer the Secret than all of you pill slingers" (for he was writing a mere doctor of medicine!). "Anyhow I shall stay on until I know the Secret—or he turns me out; for life up here seems as good to me as ice-cream and kisses to a girl of sixteen. . . . Why should I go back mucking about with you fellows—just yet? I caught a five-pounder yesterday, and ate him!"

There are many stories of the great surgeon that have come to me from those days. He was much liked, especially by the younger men, after the first gloom had worn off and he began to feel the blood run once more. He had a joking way with him that made him a good table companion, and the Brothers pretending that he would become the historian of the order taught him all the traditions of the place. "But the Secret, the Secret!" he would demand jestingly. One night—it was at table and all were there—Harvey asked him—

"Has the Master confessed you?"

"Confessed me?" repeated the surgeon. "What's that?"

A sudden silence fell on all, because this was the one thing never spoken of, at least in public. Then the Master, who had been silent all that evening, turned the talk to other matters.

Meanwhile the "secret" escaped the great surgeon, though he sought for it daily.

"You give no drugs, Doctor," he complained. "You're a scab on the profession!"

"The drugs gave out," the Master explained, "and I neglected to order more. . . . There's always Bert Williams at Stowe, who can give you anything you might want—shall I send for him, Dr. Norton?"

There was laughter all about, and when it died down the great surgeon returned to the attack.

"Well, come, tell us now what you do believe in? Magic, the laying on of hands?—come, there are four doctors here, and we have the right to know—or we'll report you!"

"I believe," said the Master solemnly, in the midst of the banter, "I believe in Man and in God." And there followed such talk as had never been in the old hall; for the surgeon was, after his kind, a materialist and pushed the Master for definition. The

Master believed, as I recall it, that Disease could not be cured, for the most part: but Disease could be forgotten, and the best way to forget pain was through labor. Not labor merely for oneself, but also, something for others. Hence the School, around which the Inn and the farm and all had grown. For he told us then that he had bought the Inn as a home for his boys, the waste of the city. Finding the old tavern too small for his purpose and seeing how he should need helpers, he had encouraged ailing men to come to live with him and to cure themselves by curing others. Without that School below in the valley, with its shops and school-house, there would be no Inn!

As for God—that night he would go no further, and the surgeon said rather flipantly, we all thought, that the Master had left little room for God, anyhow—he had made man so large. It was a stormy August evening, I remember, when we had been forced to dine within on account of the gusty rain that had come after a still, hot day. The valley seemed filled with murk, which was momentarily torn by fire, revealing the trembling leaves upon the trees. When we passed through the arcade to reach our rooms, the surgeon pointed out into this sea of fire and darkness, and muttered with a touch of irony—

"He seems to be talking for himself this evening!"

Just then a bolt shot downwards, revealing with large exaggeration the hills, the folded valleys—the descents.

"It's like standing on a thin plank in a turbulent sea!" the surgeon said wryly—"Ah, my boy, Life's like this!" and he disappeared into his room.

Nevertheless, it was that night he wrote to his friend—"I am getting nearer this Mystery, which I take to be, the inner heart of it, a mixture of the Holy Ghost and Sweat—with a good bath afterwards! But the old boy is the mixer of the Pills, mind you, and he is a Master! Very likely I shall never get hold of it all; for somehow, yet with all courtesy, he keeps me at a distance. I have never been 'confessed,' whatever that may be—an experience that comes to the youngest boy among them! Perhaps the Doctor thinks that old fellows like you and me have only dead sins to confess, which would crumble to dust if exposed. But

there is a sting in very old sins, I think—for instance—oh! if you were here to-night I should be as foolish as a woman. . . ."

The storm that night struck one of the school buildings and killed a lad. In the morning the Master and the surgeon set out for the School Settlement, which was lower in the valley beyond the village. It was warm and clear at the Inn; but thick mist wreaths still lay heavily in the valley. The hills all about glittered as in October, and there was in the air that laughing peace, that breath of sweet plenty which comes the morning after a storm. The two men followed the footpath, which wound downwards across the Intervale. The sun filled the windless air, sucking up the spicy odors of the tangled path—fern and balsam, and the mother scent of earth and rain and sun. The new green rioted over the dead leaves. . . . The Master observing his guest, remarked:

"You are almost well, Doctor. I suppose you will be leaving us soon."

"Leaving?" the surgeon questioned slowly, as if a secret dread had risen at the Master's hint of departure. "Yes," he admitted, after a time, "I suppose I am what you would call well—well enough. But something still clogs within me. It may be Fear. I am afraid of myself."

Afraid? You need some test, perhaps. That will come sooner or later, we need not hurry!"

"No, we need not hurry!"

Yet he knew well enough that the Inn never sheltered drones and that many special indulgences had been granted him: he had borrowed freely from the younger Brothers—of their time and strength. He thought complacently of the large cheque which he should drop into the house-box on his departure. With it the Master would be able to build a new cottage or a small hospital for the School.

"Some of them," mused the Master, "never go back to the machine that once broke them. They stay about here and help me—buy a farm and revert! But for the most part they are keen to get back to the fight, as is right and best. Sometimes when they aren't, I shove them out of the nest!"

"And I am near the shoving point?" his companion retorted quickly. "So I must leave all your dear boys and Peace

and Fishing and *you*! Suppose so, suppose so! . . . Doctor, you've saved my life—oh, hang it, that doesn't tell the story. But *even I* can feel what it is to live at the Inn!"

Instinctively he grasped the Master by the arm—he was an impulsive man. But the Master's arm did not respond to the clasp; indeed a slight shiver seemed to shake it, so that the surgeon's hand fell away while the Master said:

"I am glad to have been of service—to you—yes, especially to *you*. . ."

They came into the school village, a tiny place of old white houses, very clean and trim, with a number of sweeping elms above. A mountain brook turned an old water wheel, supplying power for the workshops where the boys were trained. The great surgeon had visited the place many times in company with the Master, and though he admired the order and economy of the institution, and respected its purpose—that is, to create men out of the sweepings of society—to tell the truth it bored him a trifle. This morning they went directly to the little cottage that served as infirmary where the dead boy had been brought. He was a black-haired Italian, and his lips curved upwards pleasantly. The Master putting his hand on the dead boy's brow as he might have done in life stood looking at the face.

"I've got a case in the next room, I'd like to have your opinion on, Doctor," the young physician said in a low tone to the surgeon, and the two crossed the passage into the neighboring room. The surgeon fastened his eyes on the lad's body: here was a case, a problem with a solution. The old Master coming in from the dead stood behind the two.

"Williams," the surgeon said, "it's so—sure enough—you must operate, at once."

"I was afraid it was that," the younger man replied. "But how can I operate here!"

The surgeon shrugged his shoulders—"He would never reach the city!"

"I must, you think——"

The shrewd surgeon read Fear in the young man's voice. Quick the thrill shot through his nerves, and he cried—"I will operate, *now*."

In half an hour it was over, and the Master and the surgeon were leaving the village,

climbing up by the steep path under the blazing noon sun. The Master looked at the man at his side, who strode along confidently, a trifle of a swagger in his buoyant steps. The Master smiled:

"The test came, and you took it—splendidly."

"Yes," the great surgeon replied, smiling happily, "it's all there, Doctor, the old power. I believe I am about ready to get into harness again!" After they had walked some of the way without speaking, the surgeon added, as to himself—"But there are other things to be feared!"

Though the Master looked at him closely he invited no explanation, and they finished their homeward walk without remark.

It got about among the inmates at the Inn what a wonderful operation the surgeon of St. Jerome's had performed, and it was known that at the beginning of autumn he would go back to his old position. Meantime the great surgeon enjoyed the homage that men always pay to power, the consideration of his fellows. He had been popular, but now that the Brothers knew how soon he was to leave them, they surrounded him with those attentions that men most love, elevating him almost to the rank of the Master—they feared him less. And his fame spread, so that from some mill beyond Stowe they brought to the Inn a desperate case, and the surgeon operated again successfully, demonstrating that he was once more master of his art, and master of himself. So he stayed on merely to enjoy his triumph and escape the dull season in the city.

It was a wonderful summer, that! The fitful temper of the north played in all its moods. There were days when the sun shone tropically down into the valleys, without a breath of air, when the earthy, woodsy smells were strong—and the nights! Perfect stillness and peace, as if some spirit of the air were listening for love words on the earth. The great elms down Albany Street hung their branches motionless, and when the moon came in behind the house the great hills began to swim ghostly, vague—beyond, always beyond! . . . And then there were the fierce storms that swept up the valley and hung growling along the hills for days, and afterwards, sky-washed and clear, the westerly breeze would come

tearing down the Intervale, drying the earth before it. . . . But each day there was a change in the sound and the smell of the fields and the woods—in the quick race of the northern summer—a change that the surgeon, fishing up the tiny streams, felt and noted. Each day, so radiant with its abundant life, contained some under-note of fulfilment and change—speaking beforehand of death to come.

It came to the end of August, and a snap of cold drove us indoors for the night meal. Then around the fire there was great talk between the Master and the surgeon, a sort of battle of the soul, to which we others paid silent attention. For wherever the talk might rise, in the little rills of accidental words, it always flowed down to the deep underlying thoughts of men. And in those depths, as I said, those two wrestled with each other. The Master, who had grown silent of late years, woke once more with fire. The light, keen thrusts of the surgeon, who argued like a fencer, roused his whole being, and as day by day went on we who watched saw that in a way the talk of these two men set forth the great conflict of conflicts, that deepest fissure of life and belief anent the Soul and the Body. And the Master, who had lived with his faiths with his life before our eyes, was getting worsted in the argument. The great surgeon had the better mind, and he had seen all of life that one may see with eyes! . . .

They were talking of the day of departure for the distinguished guest, and arranging for some kind of triumphal procession to escort him to White River. But he would not set the day, shrinking from this act, as if all were not yet done. There came a warm, glowing day, and at night after the pipes were lighted the surgeon and the Master strolled off in the direction of the pool, arm in arm. There had been no talk that day, the surgeon apparently shrinking from coming to the final grapple with one whose faiths were so important to him as the Master's.

"The flowers are dying: they tell me it's time to move on," said the surgeon. "And yet, my dear host, I go without the Secret, without knowing All!"

"Perhaps there is no inner Secret," the Master smiled. "It is all here before you."

"I understand that—you have been most

good to me, shared everything. If I do not know the Secret, it is my fault, my incapacity. But"—and the gay tone dropped and a flash of bitterness succeeded—"I at least know that there *is* a Secret!"

They sat down on the marble bench and looked into the water, each thinking his thoughts. Suddenly the surgeon began to speak, hesitantly, as if he were conscious of folly, yet strongly compelled to speak.

"My friend," he said, "I too have something to tell—the cause within the cause, the reason of the reason—at least sometimes I think it is! The root reason for all—unhappiness, defeat, for the shaking hand and the jesting voice. And I want you to hear it."

The Master raised his face from the pool but said never a word. The surgeon continued, his voice trembling at times, though he spoke slowly, evidently trying to banish all feeling.

"It is a common enough story, at least among men of our kind. You know that I was trained largely in Europe. My father had the means to give me the best, and time to take it in. So I was over there, before I came back to St. Jerome's, three, four years at Paris, Munich, Vienna, all about, you know. . . . While I was away I lived as the others, for the most part—you know our profession, and youth. The rascals are pretty much the same to-day, I judge from what my friends say of their sons! Well, at least I worked, like the devil, and was decent. . . . Oh, it isn't for that I'm telling the tale! I was ambitious, then. And the time came to go back, as it does in the end, and I took a few weeks' run through Italy as a final taste of the lovely European thing, and came down to Naples to get the boat for New York. I've never been back to Naples since, and that was twenty-six years ago this autumn. But I can see the city always as it was then! The seething human hive—the fellows piling in the freight to the music of their songs—the fiery mouth of Vesuvius up above. And the soft, dark night with just a splash of waves on the quay!"

The Master listened, his eyes again buried in the water at their feet.

"Well, *she* was there on board, of course—looking out also into that warm dark night and sighing for all that was to be lost so soon. There were few passengers in those

days. . . . She was my countrywoman, and beautiful, and there was something—at least so I thought then—of especial sweetness in her eyes, something strong in her heart. She was married to a man living somewhere in the States, and she was going back to her husband. Why she was over there then I forget, and it is of no importance. I think that her husband was a doctor, too—in some small city. . . . I loved her!”

The Master raised his eyes from the pool and leaning on his folded arms looked into the surgeon's face.

“I am afraid I never thought much about him—the husband—never have to this day! That was part of the brute I am—to see only what is before my eyes. I knew by the time we had swung into the Atlantic that I wanted that woman as I had never wanted things before. She stirred me, mind and all. Of course it might have been some one else—any one you will say—and if she had been some young girl, it might have gone differently? I do not think so—you see, I am not married. There was something in that woman, the wife of the little country doctor, that was big all through and roused the spirit in me. I never knew man or woman who thirsted more for greatness, for accomplishment. Perhaps the doctor fellow she married gave her little to hope for—probably the marriage was some raw boy and girl affair such as we have in America. . . . The days went by, and it was clearer to both of us what must be. But we didn't speak of it. She found in me, I suppose, the power, the sort of thing she had missed. I was to do all those grand things she was so hot after. I have done some of them, too. Oh, it was not just weak and base: we had our large ideas, as well as other folk. I needed her, and I took her—that is all.

“The detail is old and dim—and what do you care to hear of a young man's loves! Before we reached port it was understood between us. I told her I wanted her to leave that husband—he was never altogether clear to me—and to marry me whenever she could. We did not stumble or slide into it, not in the least: we looked it through and through—that was her kind and mine. How she loved to look life in the face! I have found few women who like that. . . . In the end she asked me not to come near her the last day. She would

write me the day after we had landed, either yes or no. So she kissed me, and we parted, still out at sea.”

All the Brothers had left the court and the arcades, where they had been strolling, and old Sam was putting out the Inn lights. But the two men beside the pool made no movement. The west wind drew in down the valley with summer warmth and ruffled the water at their feet.

“My father met me at the dock—you know he was the first surgeon at St. Jerome's before me. My mother was with him. . . . But as she kissed me I was thinking of that letter. . . . I knew it would come. Some things must! Well, it came.”

The silent listener bent his head and the surgeon mused on his passionate memory. At last the Master whispered in a low voice that hardly reached into the night—

“Did you make her happy?”

The surgeon did not answer, thinking perhaps that the question was odd.

“Did you make her happy?” the old man demanded again, and his voice trembled this time with such intensity that his companion looked at him wonderingly. And in those dark eyes of the Master's he read something that made him shrink away. Then for the third time the old man demanded sternly:

“Tell me—did you make her happy?”

It was the voice of one who had a right to know, and the surgeon whispered back, slowly—

“Happy? No, my God, I think not. Perhaps at first, in the struggle, a little. But afterwards there was too much—too many things. It went, the inspiration and the love. That—that is *my Reason!*”

“Yes. I know. It *is* the Reason! For you took all, all—you let her give all, and you gave her—what?”

“Nothing—she died.”

“I know—she died.”

The Master had risen, and with folded arms faced his guest, a pitying look in his eyes. The surgeon covered his face with his hands, and after a long time said—

“So you knew this? All along!”

“Yes. I knew!”

“And knowing you let me come here. You took me into your house, you cured me, you gave me back my life!”

And the Master replied with a firm voice—
“I knew, and I gave you back your life.”

In a little while he explained more softly: "You and I are no longer young men who feel hotly and settle such a matter with blows. We cannot quarrel now for the possession of a woman. . . . She chose: Remember that! It was twenty-six years this September. . . . We have lived our lives, you and I; we have lived out our lives, the good and the evil. Why should we now for the second time add passion to sorrow?"

"And yet knowing all you took me in!"

"Yes!" the old man cried almost proudly. "And I have made you again what you once were. . . . What *she* loved as you," he added to himself, "a man full of Power."

Then they were speechless in face of the fact, and another long time had passed before the surgeon spoke, timidly:

"You loved her—most."

There was the light of a compassionate smile on the Master's lips as he replied—

"Yes, I loved her, too."

"And it changed things—for you!"

"It changed things. There might have been my St. Jerome's—my fame also. Instead I came here with my boys. And here I shall die, please God."

The old Master then became silent, his face set in a dream of life, as it was, as it would have been; while the great surgeon of St. Jerome's thought such thoughts as had never passed before into his mind. The night wind had died at this late hour, and in its place there was a coldness of the turning season. The stars shone near the earth, and all was silent with the peace of mysteries. The Master looked at the man beside him and said calmly:

"It is well as it is—all well!"

At last the surgeon rose and stood before the old man.

"I have learned the Secret," he said, "and now it is time for me to go."

He went up to the house through the little court and disappeared within the Inn, while the Master sat by the pool, his face graven like the face of an old man, who has

seen the circle of life and understands. . . . The next morning there was much talk about Dr. Norton's sudden disappearance, until some one explained that the surgeon had been called back suddenly to the city.

The news spread through the Brotherhood one winter that the old Inn had been burned to the ground, a bitter December night when all the water taps were frozen. And the Master, who had grown deaf of late, had been caught in his remote chamber, and burned or rather suffocated. There were few men in the Inn at the time, it being the holiday season, and when they had fought their way to the old man's room, they found him lying on the lounge by the window, the lids fallen over the dark eyes and his face placid with sleep or contemplation. . . . They had recently put electric light in the house, and it was thought that the fire was due to some defect in this—but why search for causes?

All those beautiful hills that we loved to watch as the evening haze gathered, the Master left in trust for the people of the State—many miles of waving forests. And the School continued in its old place, the Brothers looking after its wants and supplying it with means to continue its work. But the Inn was never rebuilt. The blackened ruins of buildings were removed and the garden in the Court extended so that it covered the whole space where the Inn had stood. This was inclosed with a thick plantation of firs on all sides but that one which looked westward across the Intervale. The spot can be seen for miles around on the Albany hillside.

And when it was ready—all fragrant and radiant with flowers—they placed the Master there beside the pool, where he had loved to sit, surrounded by men. On the sunken slab his title was engraved—

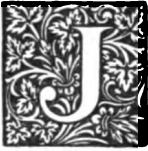
THE MASTER OF THE INN

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD

AMERICAN SYMPATHIZER AND PORTRAIT MAKER

By R. T. H. Halsey

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE AUTHOR'S COLLECTION



JOSIAH WEDGWOOD needs no introduction to the student of the economic history of the eighteenth century. The lesson taught by his life is recognized throughout the civilized world, for, though handicapped by a frail physique and lack of education, by his extraordinary courage and ability he placed the hitherto undeveloped pottery industry of England on the pinnacle upon which it now stands. One side of his life, and one peculiarly interesting to Americans, has been little dwelt upon, namely, his great interest in American politics, and his intense sympathy with the struggle in behalf of constitutional liberty then being made on this side of the Atlantic; a struggle which culminated in the American Revolution and the loss to Great Britain of the greater part of her North American empire.

Josiah Wedgwood was one of that numerous body of Englishmen who early realized that the system of personal government, which George III, through his placemen and pensioners, was slowly and steadily fastening upon Great Britain, portended the overthrow of the constitutional Government so dear to all Englishmen. He was one of those who recognized at that time, as all do now, that our American Revolution was largely of the nature of a civil war, though the actual warfare was conducted on this side of the water. His love of liberty and sympathy for America must in no way be attributed to the fact that the prosperity of English manufacturers was seriously interfered with by the retaliatory measures adopted by colonial America. It had an earlier and deeper foundation than commercialism, for it was one founded on a love for humanity and a desire for justice for all mankind.

Wedgwood's early life must be briefly dismissed with the statement that in 1739

the death of his father, a potter, necessitated the withdrawal of young Josiah, then in his ninth year, from the village school and his entrance into the field of industry so inseparably connected with his name. It is recorded that in his twelfth year he was an expert "thrower." A severe attack of small-pox obliged him to give up his potter's wheel for two years and left him with an inflamed knee-joint, which ever after incapacitated him for heavy work and caused him almost incessant suffering until 1768, when his leg was amputated. Wedgwood then turned his attention to the lighter form of the potter's art, modelling, moulding, and the improvement of the clays. He thoroughly mastered the details of his craft and by gradual stages became a successful master potter. In 1762, while on a journey to Liverpool, an accident brought on a severe return of his old trouble with his knee. The convalescence was tedious and painful. The attending surgeon, Matthew Turner, a leading citizen of Liverpool and a man of varied interests and scholarly tastes, recognized a masterly mind and keen intellectual activity in Wedgwood. He introduced into the sick-room an intimate friend, Thomas Bentley, one of Liverpool's foremost merchants and leaders of civic development. Bentley perceived the innate nobleness of character and extraordinary inventive genius of Wedgwood and was attracted by it. The acquaintance quickly developed into a friendship and the friendship into a lifelong affection.

Bentley had enjoyed advantages which were impossible to the son of a Staffordshire potter. He was the son of a clergyman, had been given a good classical education and several years of travel on the continent. He had acquired the knowledge of several foreign languages, and when in Italy had become intimately acquainted and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of classic art. His home in Liverpool was in the

fashionable residential section and was frequented by those active in the literary and artistic life of the city. The acquaintance with Bentley opened a new world of literature and art to an intellect hitherto dammed up in its narrow Staffordshire environment.

On Wedgwood's return home an active correspondence commenced between them which was only terminated eighteen years later by Bentley's death. Fortunately nearly all of Wedgwood's letters to Bentley have been preserved. They give us that insight into the character of both of these men which nothing but a heart-to-heart correspondence could divulge. From their contents one can judge that Bentley's letters to his friend covered a wide range of subjects. Literature, art and religion were fully discussed and the course of the Government towards its American colonies bitterly denounced. Wedgwood bound, indexed and referred to them as his "Family Bible." These letters have disappeared. It is possible that after Bentley's death prudence dictated that all evidences of what might be termed treason be destroyed, for Wedgwood was high in favor with the King, was "Potter to the Queen" and was receiving every assistance from the various English ambassadors in developing a market for his goods throughout Europe. The same reason may account for the fact that none of the correspondence which passed between Benjamin Franklin and Bentley is in existence. Some idea of Bentley's power of description can be gained from a perusal of the following extract from a letter of Bentley's to a former partner, James Boardman, under date of January 16, 1770, when the American question and Wilkes controversy were absorbing the attention of both Government and people:

... Last Tuesday was a day of high entertainment to me, though of great fatigue. I stood betwixt eight and nine hours in the House of Lords, to hear the very interesting debates upon the King's speech;—and though I have often heard the debates in both Houses, I never heard any so noble, so eloquent, so animated and animating as these. My Lord Chatham is quite rejuvenated. He talks like a patriot, and seems determined to shine, and even to blaze again in the public eye. His abilities are certainly transcendent, and his knowledge is almost boundless. I like the style of his eloquence better than Lord Mansfield's. Lord Mansfield pours forth in one continued uniform torrent, while Lord Chatham's

eloquence falls like a gentle stream from the mountain—gathers strength by degrees—swells—meanders—dashes against the interposing rocks—and then rushes forward in a noble torrent to the ocean. Lord Camden is plain, perspicuous, honest, and affecting. His speech was the expression of an honest heart—bold, manly, disinterested. Lord Shelbourne animated in the cause of liberty. Lord Littleton—for the same cause—learned and earnest; but, alas! I could not hear his oration so as to connect it well together.

The Duke of Grafton spoke with more energy than ever I heard him speak before. His language is always good; his composition masterly, but his elocution suffers a little by a tone. His defense was plausible, but by no means satisfactory. I have not time to give you a sketch of the arguments; but I believe the best of them are in a pamphlet called the "Fair Tryal," the first article in the last review.

The first evidence we have of Wedgwood's interest in the struggle for true democracy is preserved in a letter to Bentley written some six months after his return to Burslem from Liverpool, in 1762. In it we can see the impression made upon his mind by Thomson's (the author of "The Seasons") poem on "Liberty," which had been brought to his attention by Bentley. The same letter contained an eager inquiry for news in regard to an "intended institution in favor of liberty," a society which Bentley was evidently active in forming.

... Your favorite author, and particularly his fine poem on Liberty, has more than answered my expectation, though not a little by your just encomiums. His descriptions of ancient Greece & Rome are truly grand, & place those theatres of liberty and publick virtue in the strongest light of anything I ever met with. And his resurrection of the masterpieces of antiquity is highly entertaining & instructive, & is as strong a proof of his fine taste in the works of art, as the whole of his works are of his extensive benevolence & goodness of heart. His zeal seldom or never omiteth a fair opportunity of introducing his favourite subject. Happy would it be for this island, were his three virtues the foundation of British liberty—*independent life—integrity in office & a passion for the common weal* more strictly adhered to amongst us. . . .

During the next few years Wedgwood made rapid advances in his art. The excellence of his product attracted the attention of many of the nobility, who not only gave him their patronage and visited his pottery works, but allowed him to study their collections of oriental and continental porcelains in order that he might further improve his wares. The Queen favored him with a large order for "Queens ware."

His silence on the Stamp Act troubles undoubtedly is explained by the following quotation from a letter written in 1767. This caution was necessitated by the bitter rivalry in his trade, as any document which savored of treason would have, in the hands of a rival, undermined Wedgwood's influence with the Court:

... I have a large packet of letters from America, I wo^d. give a great deal for one days conference with you upon the subject of them, for I do not choose to commit the contents to paper, as our Postmasters open just what letters they please, & seem to have a particular curiosity to be peeping at mine. Last week I had a letter to one of my Foreign Correspond^{ts}. broke open at this office, & how often that practice may have been follow'd before I do not know. Several other matters want you here. . . .

During these years Bentley had been industriously wielding his pen in the press against the course of the ministry. The following letter (February 14, 1767) is characteristic of the affectionate tone of the majority of Wedgwood's letters to Bentley, and demonstrates Wedgwood's heartfelt interest in the cause he had espoused. Between its lines we read a subtle argument in favor of Bentley's entering into partnership with Wedgwood, which partnership was consummated two years later:

... But notwithstanding I owe so much, would you believe me so void of shame, Grace or discretion that I am every day wishing to owe more.— I wo^d. scarcely believe it of myself, but the symptoms are too strong upon me to deny the charge, for every post day I catch myself greedily running over the directions of my letters, & if a well known hand does not appear, Sally is ready to ask what has so suddenly alter'd my countenance. I am too pettish (for you know I am subject to be cholerick on a disappointment) to give her any answer, but read my letters, & unless a good order, or some such circumstance intervenes, few things go right with me that day.

"I rec^d. some consolation on a disappointment of this sort from a certain article in the Review for Dec^r which as I was going through in the common ord^r of reading for the amusement of Deary she observ'd me to read with more spirit, & emphasis than usual & interrupting me cry'd out—Why Joss! one wo^d. think thou wast reading one of B——'s letters— & so I am I am very certain—but I will give him a triming for keeping me in the dark, & the Alderman too, who I afterwards found was in the secret, as I suspected, but purposely kept me ignorant to try if I could make the discovery myself, which indeed was very easy to do without making any great merit of my penetration, & I sho^d. not wonder to hear that G[eorge] G[renville] had sent to inquire of the Publisher, who it was that wrote that article. Oh my friend! that your time, & station would

permit you to set our *Great & little* folk right.— Those I mean who have a real intention of serving their Country, if they knew how to set about it. Your province should certainly be to guide, & superintend others, rather than to be busied in any little mercantile affairs of your own.—Pardon the epithet *little* for with the view I have before me, such they must appear be they ever so great.—Nay do not frown, I do not, I will not *flatter*, but *pray* for you—And to *Mammon* shall my prayer be directed, That it may please him to grant, & continue to you, such a portion of his *Divine Essence* as may qualify you to take a seat in a certain assembly, grant this one petition, oh! thou sovereign disposer of the *Honours*, & *good* things of this World, & I ask no more. Join with me my good friend in this Pious prayer, and at the same time remember that *prayer* as well as *Faith* without works, is dead, endeavour thereafter, not after *knowledge*, & *literary wisdom* of which you have enough, but after the *wisdom* of the *Children of this world*, in plain English—get money—you want some such matter as 4 or £500 per ann^m. in Terra firma (such is the constitution of things in this sub-lunary Planet) to make the knowledge & ability you have acquir'd of the greatest utility to your Countrymen. . . .

In May, 1767, Wedgwood made a visit to London with the object of obtaining supplies of clay from the Cherokee District of South Carolina. Townsend's bill for taxing the importation into the colonies of lead, glass, painters' colors, paper and tea, had just been passed. The spirit of revolt was instantly evidenced in New York by the Legislature's refusal to supply pepper, salt and vinegar to the royal troops quartered there. For this action it was threatened with a loss of legislative power. In a long letter to Bentley from London under date of May 20, 1767, we learn that at this early date Wedgwood recognized that the preliminary skirmishes of the battle in defence of the British Constitution were taking place in America: the italics are Wedgwood's:

... Mr. Greenville & his party seem determin'd to *Conquer England in America* I believe. If the Americans do not comply with their demands respecting the quartering of soldiers, the Alternative, I am told, is to be, The suspension of the Legislative power in America. I tell them the Americans will then make Laws for themselves & if we continue our Policy.—for us too in a very short time. But I have very little time at present to bestow upon Politics, if we must all be driven to America, you and I shall do very well amongst the Cherokees. Vid.—The Basketmaker. . . .

His despondency over the future of the commonwealth is evidenced in the possibility of their emigrating to the land thus



Queen Charlotte.
1744-1818.
Modelled by John Flaxman, R.A.
Size of original, $3\frac{3}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{8}$ inches.



William Pitt, Earl of Chatham.
1708-1778.
Modelled by John Flaxman, R.A.
Size of original, $3\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{3}{4}$.

described by Thomson in the poem on "Liberty" before alluded to:

Lo! swarming southward on rejoicing suns,
Gay colonies extend, the calm retreat
Of undeserved distress, the better home
Of those whom bigots chase from foreign lands.
Not built on rapine, servitude, or woe,
And in their turn some petty tyrant's prey;
But, bound by social Freedom, firm they rise;
Such as of late an Oglethorpe has form'd;
And, crowding round the charm'd Savannah
sees.

The following pithy extract from a letter dated a week later indicates Wedgwood's prophetic view of the events of the next decade. It is also extraordinary as showing that Wedgwood believed that grievances or no grievances the colonies and England would eventually become separate nations:

... I was with Mr. Bagot * this morning & we had a good deal of chat upon political affairs, particularly American, in which I told him my sentiments very freely. That our Policy had tendency to render the Americans independent

* William Bagot, member of the House of Commons from Staffordshire, father of Sir Charles Bagot, the Envoy extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States in 1815, who arranged the treaty for the neutrality of the lakes, etc.

a Century sooner than they would be in the common order of events, if treated agreeable to sound policy. . . .

The new partnership resulted in amazing strides in the potter's art in England. The inventive mind of Wedgwood was assisted by the cultivation, taste and judgment of his partner. Their show-rooms in London were crowded by the nobility, and their wares decorated the royal palaces.

Politics were but briefly discussed in Wedgwood's letters during the next nine years, though from their veiled allusions we judge that Bentley, sick at heart over the apparent fate of the commonwealth, constantly unburdened himself in his correspondence with his partner. Caution was prominent in Wedgwood's character, hence he was loath to risk a disturbance of the relations existing between the government and the firm, for George the Third took an active interest in the arts and manufactures of his kingdom.

Bentley, in a letter to a friend under date of December 15, 1770, thus described a visit to their Majesties. His portrait of the character of Queen Charlotte is a fitting ac-



Ferdinand IV, King of the Two Sicilies.
1751-1805.
Original, $4\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches.



Horatio Nelson.
1758-1805.
Modelled by John Flaxman, R.A.
Original, $4 \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

companionment to that modelled by Flaxman reproduced on page 685:

Last Monday Mr. Wedgwood and I had the honour of a long audience of their majesties at the Queen's palace, to present some *bas reliefs* her majesty had ordered; and to show some new improvements, with which they were well pleased. They expressed, in the most obliging and condescending manner, their attention to our manufacture; and entered very freely into conversation on the further improvement of it, and on many other subjects. The King is well acquainted with business, and with the characters of the principal manufacturers, merchants, and artists; and seems to have the success of all our manufactures much at heart, and to understand the importance of them. The Queen has more sensibility, true politeness, engaging affability, and sweetness of temper, than any great lady I ever had the honour of speaking to.

The outbreak of the Revolution in no way caused Wedgwood to waver in his political opinion. His letters in the latter part of 1775 give interesting accounts of the activities of the ministerial agents in their attempts to combat the strong pro-American sentiments held by many in Staffordshire, and also give the following concise criticism of John Wesley's action in publishing his "Calm Address to Our Amer-

ican Colonies," a quarto pamphlet of four pages and sold for a penny, in which Wesley incorporated the principal arguments against America's attitude contained in Dr. Johnson's fearful polemic "Taxation no Tyranny," an extraordinary change of front on Wesley's part, which brought down upon him much vituperation and abuse and led to a war of words in press and pamphlet:

I apprehend Mr. Westley's *Calm address* is circulating very rapidly thro' the Land. I recieved, to my astonishment, half a dozⁿ of them yesterday, from the House of a Noble Lord on our Neighbourhood, without any note, but wrap'd and directed to me, & sent by a special Messenger. Westley is not a bad *Cats Paw*, & they seem determin'd to lay hold of him & use him to their best advantage. I see an answer by Americanus, & a second answer are publish'd, but I apprehend they are not distributed, not even in the Papers, which seems a little negligent in the friends of America.

The ending of 1775 found the ministry confronting a new problem. The hurried departure of the regular troops to America had left England defenceless. Such was the unpopularity of the war that the enlistment of enough fresh levies was impossible. The ministry were cognizant of the



William Temple Franklin.

1760-1823.

Modelled by John Flaxman, R.A.

Original, $4\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{3}{8}$ inches.



Benjamin Franklin.

1706-1790.

Modelled by Patience Wright.

Original, $3\frac{3}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches.



Marquis de Lafayette.

1757-1834.

Diameter of original, $2\frac{1}{8}$ inches.



Charles Lennox, Duke of Richmond.

1735-1806.

Original, $1\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{3}{4}$ inches.

popular temper and proceeded cautiously in their measures of defence. It is an extraordinary tribute to Bentley and Wedgwood that, notwithstanding their well-known political opinions, the President of

the Council, Lord Gower, through Sir John Wrottesley, requested Bentley to obtain from Wedgwood his opinion of "How the People stand with respect to raising the Militia in Staffordshire." Wedgwood's answer to Bentley more concisely than his letter to Sir John embodied the following sentiment on this question:

... I verily believe in the present state of affairs no material objection would be made to raising the Militia here, and for my own part as an Individual I should

endeavor to promote it as the least evil of three—Being left defenceless—calling in Foreign Troops, or raising a Militia to defend ourselves. The last evil seems to me the least, of the three, & one of them, thanks to our wise & upright Rulers, I believe we must submit to. . . .

All through the War we find evidences of Wedgwood's anxiety to secure pro-American literature for distribution among his neighbors. He thus records to Bentley, in 1776, his appreciation of Price's pamphlet "Observations on Civil Liberty and the Justice and Policy of the War with America":

... I thank you for Dr. Price's most excellent Pamphlet. Those who are neither converted, nor frightened into a better way of thinking by reading this excellent & alarming Book may be given up for hard-

en'd Sinners, beyond the reach of conviction. I sho^d like a few Copies of the next Edition. . . .

In the closing days of 1777 Wedgwood made a substantial contribution to the fund then being raised in England to ameliorate the miseries of the Americans imprisoned in England, a fund which in a short time amounted to nearly £100 for each prisoner. Wedgwood's extraordinary power of forecasting political events was thus evidenced over seven weeks before Lord North introduced his famous conciliatory measures of February 18, 1778, through which he sought to secure peace by the Government's waiver of all power of taxation over America:

. . . Our Anti-Americans now think that the war would be ended in the best manner we could wish, by granting the Americans all they have hitherto asked us for, but acknowledge this is rather to be hoped for than expected. What fools must we have been then to expend so much blood & treasure for something worse than nothing at all. . . .

In letters under date of February 21st, 25th, and March 3rd, 1778, we again note his prediction of the futility of this plan and his indignation at the way Lord North had belittled the causes of the war. It is of still more interest to note that a careful scrutiny of the arguments used in the debates on this question assures us that Wedgwood in the third letter maintained his belief expressed eleven years before (page 684) that the real motive in the governmental attack upon America was the overthrow of Constitutional Liberty in England:

. . . My expectations from the conciliatory motion did not run very high, being firmly persuaded that nothing less than an acknowledg^{mt} of independency would be accepted even as a preliminary, & this I did not expect to be made in St. Stephens, at least 'till, like every other measure, it shall be a year or two too late. When that time comes, we shall make even this offer, & still with

the same success, or I am no prophet. Adieu—God bless you. . . .

. . . I intended to have finish'd with a word or two upon politics, but I am waiting with astonishment & wonder to see how long the H. of Cs & the nation at large can bear such an insult as they have lately receiv'd—After spending 30 millions & sacrificing 20 thousand lives to tell the house the object was a trifle—a something, or nothing worth the trouble of collecting! If this continues to pass quietly as it seems to do at present, we may say *the minister* as well as *the King* can do no wrong. . . .

. . . I agree with my dear friend entirely & heartily that somebody should be made to say distinctly what has been the object of the present most wicked & preposterous war with our brethren & best friends. You will see by my last that I had the same ideas upon this subject, & I have not yet seen a paper in the public prints, not a speech in the house that has handled this recantation at all to my satisfaction, nor made that use of it to expose the absurdity, folly & Wickedness of our whole proceedings with America which the ministers' confessions & concessions have given ample room for. You will perhaps say that the minister has done all this so fully & effectually himself that he has left no room for his friends in the minority to assist him. Something of this kind may

be the case, but some of the most violent Tories here abuse him most heartily, & kindly offer me their assistance in that line to any extent I please—D - - n him, they say, could not he resign like a man without exposing himself so shabbily, & meanly filching L^d Chatham's plan in order to continue himself in place under the next administration. These people are quite chopfallen & dismay'd, & nothing but half a score Highland, Manchestrian & Liverpool regiments amongst us will raise their malignant spirits again, or enable them to look any man who has not been as mad as themselves in the face. . . .

The bitterness of both partners towards the Government and their views of the political future of Englishmen is thus emphasized in Wedgwood's reply March 19, 1778, to a letter from Bentley announcing the actuality of France's alliance with the United States:



Benjamin Franklin.

1706-1790.

After a Bust by Caffieri.

Original, 2¾ x 2¼ inches.

... How could you frighten one so in your last? It was very naughty of you. I thought nothing less than some shelves, or perhaps a whole floor of vases & crocks had given way, & you were sinking down with them, 'till reading a little farther I found it was only the nation was likely to founder in a french war, & having been fully persuaded of this event for some time past, I recover'd from my shock & bless'd my stars & L^d North that America was free.—I rejoice most sincerely that it is so, & the pleasing ideas of a refuge being provided for those who chuse rather to flee from than submit to the iron hand of tyranny has raised so much hilarity in my mind that I do not at present feel for our own situation as I may do the next rainy day. We must have more war, & perhaps continue to be beat—to what degree is in the womb of time. If our drubbing keeps pace with our deserts, the L^d have mercy on us. . . .

Beyond a momentary wavering in common with many others, when France entered the combat, Wedgwood in no way changed his political attitude. His concise picture of the state of the nation on September 18, 1779, covers the loss to England of Sir Robert Walpole's magnificent collection of paintings, Holland's sheltering of Paul Jones, and forwarding supplies to America through her colony St. Eustatius, the employment of the Hessians, and England's great isolation:

... Everything shews we have

past our meridian, & we have only to pray that our decline may be gentle, & free from those sudden shocks which tear up empires by the roots, & make the most dreadful havoc amongst the wretched inhabitants. Russia is sacking our

palaces & museums, France & Spain are conquering our outposts, & braving us to our very doors at home. Holland is trifling with our remonstrances. The petty princes of Germany are filling their pockets at our expense, & all Europe laughing at our folly, & exulting at our downfall; for we have certainly behaved with too much haughtiness, inhumanity & injustice in our *hour of insolence* to merit, or expect the pity of any of our neighbours. . . .

Such was Josiah Wedgwood's attitude on the American question. It was the attitude

of his intimates, Erasmus Darwin,* Priestley and Fothergill. It was the attitude of the great literary and

scientific circle in London in which Bentley lived and in which Wedgwood was always an honored and a welcome guest.

II

Interesting as are the evidences of Wedgwood's intense American sympathies, equally interesting are his portrait medallions for which he used

* I wish to express my obligation to Lady Farrer, great-grand-daughter of Josiah Wedgwood and Erasmus Darwin, for furnishing me in 1902 with the copies of the letters here quoted, and to that rare expert in "old Wedgwood," Frederick

Rathbone, Esq., to whom and to whose quaint Kensington gallery, 1, and so many other lovers of Wedgwood, were introduced by Oliver Wendell Holmes in "Over the Tea Cups."



George Washington.
1732-1799.

After an Etching by Joseph Wright.
Original, 2½ x 2 inches.



George Washington.
1732-1799.

From a Medal Issued in 1777.
Original, 3½ x 2¾ inches.



John Fothergill, M.D.
1712-1780.
Modelled by John Flaxman, R.A.
Original, $4\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$ inches.



Admiral Richard Howe.
1726-1799.
Modelled by John Flaxman, R.A.
Original, $3\frac{1}{4} \times 3$ inches.

the potter's clay to perpetuate the portraits of hundreds of personages of his time, many of whom were active in political and civic life at the period of the birth of the American Nation.

Wedgwood's conception of the idea of the commercial possibilities in ceramic portraiture is outlined in the following letter to Bentley under date of July 18, 1766. The "Great Commoner" had just secured the repeal of the Stamp Act and America was prostrate with gratitude at his feet. Sadler and Green had printed his portrait on oval pottery plaques which were meeting with ready sale at home and abroad:

... What do you think of sending Mr. Pitt upon Crockery ware to America. A Quantity might certainly be sold there now & some Advantage made of the American prejudice in favour of that great man. L^d. Gower bro^t his family to see my works the other day & asked me if I had not sent Mr. Pitt over in shoals to America. If you happen to do anything in that way we can divide a tolerable profit & sell at the same price with Sadler. . . .

Wedgwood was never an imitator of his contemporaries. He secured, possibly at

the suggestion of Bentley, a small wax profile of Pitt from which he moulded in white glazed pottery the strongly defined features of the patriot. The relief was then placed upon a heavy pottery oval, the groundwork of which had been colored a deep brown. Portraits of Wedgwood himself are found in the same material; of the same period is a portrait of Bentley, an oval medallion of the common soft pottery of the day, with the coat and hair of the relief highly colored. The field is white and surrounded by a brilliantly colored ornamental border.

The earliest of Wedgwood's fine portrait medallions are found in basalt, in a white biscuit, and with white biscuit reliefs fastened upon bodies, the color of which had been burned in. Evidence of the faithfulness of these likenesses and of the contemporary appreciation which made them a commercial success is evidenced by the fact that nearly three hundred "*Heads of illustrious moderns from Chaucer to the present time*," were advertised in the different sales catalogues issued from 1773 to 1787. Numerous private personages availed them-



Sir Frederick William Herschel.
1738-1822.
Modelled by John Flaxman, R.A.
Original, $4\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches.



Charlotte Augusta, Princess Royal of England.
1766-1828.
Original, $3\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

selves of this form of portraiture and sat to Wedgwood's modellers in Etruria and London. The catalogues advertised the models in wax as costing from three to five guineas, according to size, and ten or more cameo medallions made therefrom at ten shillings six pence apiece.

Wedgwood achieved his great fame as the inventor and producer of jasperware. This invention was the result of his great love for the classic art and classic history, to which he was introduced by Bentley. Wedgwood was intent on widening the field of ceramic art and longed to imitate the cameos of Greece and Rome. After years of patient and secret experimenting he produced in 1775 the jasperware so inseparably connected with his name and through which much of his fortune was acquired. This ware is of an extremely delicate texture. Its ingredients are sulphate of baryta, carbonate of baryta, clay and flint. In the earlier pieces the entire body was stained with the metallic oxide used for coloring. This is known as "solid jasper." In 1777 in order to secure uniformity and evenness in the coloring of the fields, the

later forms received merely a wash of the metallic oxide, and are distinguished by the term "jasper dip." Every stage of the process needed the most careful attention. Much depended upon the grinding and mixing of the materials, still more on the firing of the moulded objects. The process was apparently simple, when it was mastered. The best modellers were employed to make the original wax models, many of which were made from life, others from paintings, prints and medals. Clay moulds were made from the wax model and fired. Into these the plastic clay was pressed. The reliefs obtained therefrom were placed in their colored bases, and while still soft were gone over by a modeller, who retouched them when necessary and did a certain amount of the "undercutting" which is so beautiful a feature of all of the jasperware of Josiah Wedgwood's period. The pieces were then fired. It was not until 1777 that Wedgwood perfected his processes and became absolutely sure of his results. Danger in firing was obliterated and great height in reliefs made possible.

The portraits are beautiful in themselves



Joseph Priestley, LL.D.
1733-1804.
Modelled by John Flaxman, R.A.
Original, $4\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$ inches.



Rev. William Willet.
1699-1778.
Modelled by Hackwood.
Original, $4 \times 3\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

for their exquisite texture, color and modelling, so subtle as almost to defy reproduction. Many of them have a deeply added interest to Americans in that they realistically picture men active in public life at the time of the American Revolution. The medallions varied in sizes: some were made to set in finger rings, others in brooches. An example of this class in octagonal form is reproduced on page 687, and bears the noble face of Charles Lennox, Duke of Richmond, Opposition leader in the House of Lords, who, when formally addressing the Peers frequently spoke of the Continental armies as "our" armies. Still larger sizes were intended for pendants, one of which, bearing the portrait of George III, Flaxman modelled on the bosom of his Queen Charlotte reproduced on page 685. Others took the form of cameos $2\frac{3}{8}$ inches in diameter for mounting on the circular snuff-boxes so fashionable at the period. Bas-reliefs of Lafayette are found in this form, in small ovals for brooches, and on the sides of Jasperware scent-bottles.

Many of the finest of these medallions were mounted on oval bases varying from

three to five inches in length and were intended for framing and hanging on the wall. As a rule the fields were blue of various shades and depths. Those on pink, yellow, gray, violet, green and black fields are met with less frequently.

Typical of this class is the portrait of Lord Chatham modelled in 1778 by John Flaxman. The features are very delicately worked out and seem to have color. No portrait in other mediums so powerfully emphasizes the massive intellect and fixity of purpose of the man to whom England owed so much and whom America delighted to honor. Equally characteristic is the portrait of Lord Nelson made nearly a generation later. In it Flaxman has emphasized the gallantry of the man and the fighting qualities which have made Nelson famous among the world's great commanders.

But few of these portraits pictured the full face. The very high relief necessitated for good effects, entailed great danger in the firing and made their commercial success impossible. Of these not the least interesting is the portrait of Ferdinand I, King of the Two Sicilies and Naples, in

which the relief measures almost one quarter of the length. The medallion was modelled from an Italian medal, evidently for the Sicilian market or on a special order. It gives us an interesting portrait of a forgotten friend of America who provided a haven for the American privateers preying upon British commerce in the Mediterranean. His attitude towards America was thus briefly noted in the *London Chronicle* of October 20, 1778:

The King of the Two Sicilies has just issued an ordinance, whereby he has opened all the ports of his kingdom to the ships of the United States of America and granted them a free trade throughout all his dominions; his Majesty has also desired a description of the American flag that his subjects may know, and give all possible succour to the ships of war of the United States.

The earliest portrait which achieved any great commercial

success was the one of Benjamin Franklin, reproduced on page 687. Its mould was made from a wax portrait modelled by one of our own countrywomen, a Mrs. Patience Wright, who was then working in London. Her story is thus given by Dunlap in his "History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States" (1834):

"This extraordinary woman," wrote Dunlap, "was born, like West, among people who eschewed images or pictures. Her parents were Quakers, residing at Bordentown, New Jersey;—1725 was the year of her birth;—March 20th, 1748, the date of her marriage with Joseph Wright, of Bordentown, New Jersey, who died in 1769. Her maiden name was Lovell. Before the year 1772, she had made herself famous for

likenesses in wax, in the cities of her native country, and, when a widow with three children, was enabled to seek more extensive fame, and more splendid fortune in the metropolis of Great Britain. There is ample testimony in the English periodicals of the time, that her work was considered of

an extraordinary kind; and her talent for observation, and conversation—for gaining knowledge and eliciting information, and for communicating her stores, whether original or acquired, gained her the attention and friendship of many distinguished men of the day. As she retained an ardent love for her country, and entered into the feelings of her injured countrymen during the war of the Revolution she used the information she obtained by giving warning of the in-

tention of their enemies, and especially corresponding with Benjamin Franklin, when he resided in Paris, having become intimate with him in London."

W. Temple Franklin, whose portrait appears on page 687, in editing "The Life and Writings of Benjamin Franklin" (1817), notes: "... Mrs. Wright was greatly distinguished as a modeller in wax; which art she turned to a remarkable account in the American War by coming to England, and exhibiting her performances. This enabled her to procure much intelligence of importance, which she communicated to Dr. Franklin and others, with whom she corresponded during the whole war. As soon as a general was appointed, or a squadron begun to be fitted out, the old lady found means of access to some family



Benjamin Franklin.

1706-1790.

From a Medallion by Nini.

Original, $4\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

where she could gain information, and thus, without being at all suspected, she contrived to transmit an account of the number of the troops, and the place of their destination to her political friends abroad. She at one time had frequent access to Buckingham House; she used, it is said, to speak her sentiments very freely to their Majesties who were amused with her originality. The great Lord Chatham honored her with his visits, and she took his likeness, which appears in Westminster Abbey. Mrs. Wright died very old in February, 1786."

Mrs. Wright's model was used by Wedgwood and Bentley as early as 1774, at a time before Wedgwood had invented his jasper-ware and was making portraits in a white composition and basalt.

The popularity of the subject, as well as the date, is affirmed by the existence of two hurry orders, one from Bentley and the other which Wedgwood, when on a visit to London March 2, 1775, sent to his representative at Etruria for "Some heads of Dr. Franklin in black, framed, and some on the fine white composition." The features in this portrait of Franklin bear a striking resemblance to those in the well-known portrait painted in London in 1767 by David Martin, and mezzotinted by Edward Savage. They show us Franklin, the writer on economic subjects and the statesman. His face lacks the freshness so prominent in his early portraits. It is the Franklin made serious and sorrowed by the measures of oppression enacted by the British Government against his people. Copies of this portrait are found in "the fine white composition," in basalt, and in both blue and white and

black and white jasperware. A copy exists with the relief in white clay on a basalt base, evidently one of Wedgwood's "trials" made while experimenting for his jasperware.

Wedgwood issued another portrait of Franklin in 1777 from a wax model by John Flaxman. This gives a different conception of Franklin but one evidently exceedingly popular with Franklin's friends

and admirers in England, for it was reproduced in seventeen sizes and colors. The largest of these is on an oval (see frontispiece) 10½ x 8 inches, and formed one of a series of similar size made in 1779 of "eminent Philosophers," comprising Boyle, Locke, Newton, Priestley, Sir William Hamilton and Captain Cook, all modelled by Flaxman.

The smallest of these Franklin portraits were made for mounting in brooches and finger rings.

Intaglios for seal rings also bore this popular portrait. Possibly the face was slightly idealized as well it might be, for Franklin in 1775 had been quick to recognize the extraordinary possibilities in Flaxman when still a struggling youth of twenty and had commended his talents to his friends Wedgwood and Bentley. These portraits may well be characterized as Franklin, the friend. Tender in their conception and delicate in their modelling they picture Franklin, the welcome guest in literary and scientific circles in England, the friend of the struggling artist, writer and inventor, the one quick to recognize and assist talent and integrity; Franklin the helping friend.

The two other types of Wedgwood's portraits of Franklin are more familiar. The one reproduced upon page 688 was modelled



Thomas Bentley.

1730-1780.

Modelled by John Flaxman, R.A.

Original, 5 x 4¼ inches.

after a bust by Jean Jacques Caffieri exhibited in the Salon in Paris in 1777 and afterwards owned by Louis XVI. An engraving of this Wedgwood medallion* first appeared in the collection of Franklin's writings edited by Benjamin Vaughn, Lord Shelburne's private secretary, and published in London in 1779. It became the accepted type of Franklin's portraits and was the model Wedgwood worked from in subsequent years.

The Caffieri type apparently was only manufactured in the size here reproduced. It is found on light and dark blue jasperware and in basalt. All the three above described types of Franklin's portraits were advertised in Wedgwood & Bentley's Sale Catalogues of 1779.

Another French portrait of Franklin, in the form of a terra cotta medallion, furnished Wedgwood with another model. It was that made by Jean Baptiste Nini, the worker in terra cotta whose portrait medallions are so highly treasured by the museums of France. Nini had exceptional facilities for studying the character of Franklin, for he was the manager of the terra cotta works of LeRay de Chaumont, who was Franklin's host at Passy during his nine years' stay in France. It pictures Franklin at the time of his arrival in France in December, 1776, with the fur cap he wore to protect his aged head from the wintry blasts. From its scarcity this portrait was evidently less in demand in England than those heretofore described. Wedgwood made it in only one size. It is found in both

blue and white and black and white jasperware and also in a red and black terra cotta.

The classic relief on the medallion labelled "Washington," reproduced on page 689, is further evidence of the extraordinary demand in England during our Revolution for portraits of the great American General. The model was obtained from a bronze medal, issued in 1777, labeled "G^E WASH-

INGTON^E GENERAL OF THE CONTINENTAL ARMY IN AMERICA." Contemporary accounts describe it as being struck at the instance of Voltaire, who supplied the legend on its reverse: "WASHIN. REUNIT PAR UN RARE ASSEMBLAGE LES TALENTS DU GUERRIER & LES VERTUS DU SAGE" (Washington combines by singular union the talents of a warrior and the virtues of a philosopher). No portraits of Washington were obtainable from which to work.

Indeed it was not

until three years later, when Valentine Green made his great mezzotint from Trumbull's portrait, that the true portrait of Washington was seen by his English adherents. A classic type of face was selected as emblematic of the principles Washington was defending. Two extracts of letters from Wedgwood to Bentley under date of July 17 and 19, 1777, gave the history of Wedgwood's use of the medal. They reflect Wedgwood's hesitation in putting upon the market any article which might interfere with his commercial success. They also indicate that the threatened French alliance was causing Wedgwood to waver in his opposition to the Government, as was the case of many others, when England's ancient foe entered the combat:

. . . I mention'd to you before my having re-



Josiah Wedgwood.

1730-1795.

Modelled by John Flaxman, R.A.

Original, 5 x 4 1/4 inches.

* The identity of the original model has been established by a copy of this engraving in the New York Public Library, inscribed with ink in Temple Franklin's handwriting, "Fait d'après le buste de Caffieri."

ceiv'd the K. of Sweden, & the Brazen head, & I was giving them out to be made in the common course of business, when a thought or two came into my mind which made me pause, & lay them by 'till I could canvas the matter a little more at my leisure.

My first hasty thought was, that the two characters we were going to celebrate were very different! One had just enslav'd a Kingdom. I need not say how the other is employed. It cannot be right to celebrate them both. Perhaps neither. I may think one of them worthily employ'd, but many circumstances may make it highly improper for me, & at this season, to strike Medals to his honor. . . .

. . . My objection to striking medals from the Bronze you sent me rather increase. It would be doing no service to the cause of *Liberty in general*, at least so it appears to me, & might hurt us very much *individually*. Nay the personage is himself at this time more absolute than any Despot in Europe, how then can he be celebrated, in such circumstances as the Patron of Liberty?—Besides if France should declare herself openly an ally &c &c I am from that moment an enemy to both, & the case being very probable, I would not bring myself into so whimsical a situation as you may easily conceive, by throwing these circumstances together a little in your mind, I might add, that as the two Powers may be said to act really as Allies against us, though for political reasons without the form of a public declaration, the event of this conceal'd warfare may be more fatal to us than an open rupture, as I may, as a subject of the British Empire, declare myself an enemy to all its enemies & their Allies though I may curse most bitterly those who have brought us into the dilemma of calling those our enemies, who were, & might have continued to be, our best friends.

Bentley's wishes, however, prevailed and the portrait of Washington was put upon the market in large numbers and listed in the catalogue published by the firm in 1779. Thirteen known varieties in model, size and

color demonstrate its extraordinary popularity. The size of the head varies from three and a half inches in length on a medallion to that of one-third of an inch in an intaglio seal ring. It appeared on pink, black and blue jasper bases and in basalt. In some models shoulders draped with classic garments were added.

The other portrait of Washington here reproduced is of a familiar type and was modelled from the dry-point etching of Washington made by Joseph Wright (the son of Mrs. Patience Wright) one Sunday morning in 1789, when Washington was attending divine service in St. Paul's Chapel, New York.

The medallion of Dr. John Fothergill was issued in 1783 and was modelled by Flaxman from the mezzotint by Valentine Green of a portrait by Gilbert Stuart. It is a characterful



Mrs. Josiah Wedgwood.

Obit., 1815.

Modelled by Henry Webber.

Original, $4\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

study of the eminent Quaker physician and scientist. Fothergill was an intimate friend and the medical adviser of Franklin. His practice was largely among the nobility and Americans sojourning in England. His interest in Franklin dated from 1751, when he advised the publication and wrote the preface to the pamphlet containing the letters to Peter Collinson, which gave to the world at large the history of the "Experiments and Observations on Electricity made in Philadelphia by Mr. Benjamin Franklin," for which discoveries Franklin in 1757 received the Copley Medal from the Royal Society. Fothergill's life was devoted to the cause of humanity and his character was thus pithily summed up by Franklin, "I can hardly conceive that a better man has

ever existed." He was essentially a man of peace. His part in the negotiations to avert the break between the Colonies and Government in 1775 is a matter of historical record.

In these days, when the hopes of the civilized world are centred on the Hague Tribunal, it is interesting to note that when the English Government, early in 1778, through Fothergill, Hutton and Hartley, was making secret overtures of peace to Franklin as America's representative, Fothergill, in a letter to Franklin thus outlined his plan for what he termed his Court of Arbitration: "In the warmth of my affection for mankind I could wish to see engrafted into this League [of Nations] a resolution to preclude the necessity of general wars,—the great object of universal civilization, the institution of a college of Justice, where the claims of sovereigns should be weighed—an award given and war only made on him who refused submission. No man in the world has it so much in his power as my honored Friend to infuse this thought into the hearts of princes, or those who rule them and their affairs."

Equally active in his attempts to avert the separation then impending was England's great Admiral, Richard, Lord Howe, whose rugged features appear on the medallion on page 690. Admiral Howe had long been identified with America. His vessel, the *Dunkirk*, had fired the shot at Cape Race in 1755, which opened the "Seven Years' War" with France. His brother George, Lord Howe, was scarcely less loved in the colonies than Chatham. His personality and soldierly qualities made him idolized by the colonial troops, at whose head he fell when second in command of the ill-starred attempt to capture Ticonderoga in 1758. His death caused the colonies to mourn, and his memory was kept fresh by the monument in Westminster Abbey erected by Massachusetts, which still testifies "to the affection her officers and soldiers bore to his command." Howe's part in the Revolution was more as a peace-maker than an Admiral in command. His prearranged meeting with Franklin at his sister's chess-table was a last attempt to avoid the impending trouble. Franklin's willingness to accompany Howe to America as private secretary, provided he

go as High Commissioner to negotiate a settlement of the American grievances, is an evidence of the confidence reposed in him. His acceptance of command in America was due to the fact that he went as Special Commissioner to effect a settlement of the differences, though the addle-headed ministry sent him without the powers to make his plan a success.

As representative of the portraiture of the numerous scientific and literary men of the day a portrait of Sir Frederick William Herschel, modelled by Flaxman in 1783, has been selected for reproduction. It reminds us of Herschel's discovery in 1781 of the planet Uranus, which, with Saturn, each in its own orbit, appear on the field of the medallion, and recall the facetious, and widely circulated remark of Dr. Turner, the chemist and friend of Bentley, that George III might console himself on the loss of his American Colonies, as Herschel had just discovered a world in *Nubibus*, which he had named *Georgium Sidus*, a name, however, which was not accepted by astronomers.

Many of the early portraits were made from likenesses executed at Etruria by one of Wedgwood's workmen, William Hackwood. Among the finest of these is that of the Rev. William Willet, who late in life had married Wedgwood's favorite sister. Mr. Willet was a Unitarian clergyman with a church near Burslem. He was a student of the natural sciences and a writer on theological dogmas. His inspiration first imbued Priestley with the love for scientific research. Wedgwood's own criticism of this portrait was contained in a letter to Bentley under date of July 5, 1776: "I send you this Head of Mr. Willet as a specimen of Hackwood's Portrait modeling. A stronger likeness can scarcely be conceived. You may keep it as the shadow of a good Man who is marching with hasty strides towards the Land of Forgetfulness." Mr. Willet was in his eightieth year when death seized him, two years later.

The basalt medallion of Mrs. Wedgwood was modelled by Henry Webber, who entered Wedgwood's employ in 1782 and was the chief modeller of the bas-reliefs for Wedgwood's copy of the Barberini vase. Much of Wedgwood's success was due to the active assistance and strong sympathy with his ideals displayed by his wife. Their

honeymoon had scarce ended when we find Wedgwood writing to Bentley, his friend: "Sally is my chief helpmate in this as well as other things, and that she may not be hurried by having too many *Irons in the fire*, as the phrase is, I have ord^d the spinning wheel into the lumber room. She hath learned my characters at least to write them but can scarcely read them at present."

For years Mrs. Wedgwood alone had the keys to his secret formulas and in her husband's absence mixed the clays for the jasperware and doled them out to the proper workmen. Her approval had to be gained before any innovation was pronounced a success. Husband and wife developed intellectually apace. The long evenings were spent reading aloud a classic or some bit of literature forwarded by Bentley from London. Their life was a continued comradeship.

The question has often been asked as to what peculiar talents were possessed by Wedgwood which have made his portraiture impossible of effective imitation by his contemporaries, and equally impossible of successful reproduction by the forgers of to-day. The answer must be found in Wedgwood's profound understanding of character, which enabled intelligent criticism of each and every model made by the best artists he could engage, and in his untiring devotion to securing perfection of detail in the processes of manufacture. Wedgwood retired from active business in 1792, and died three years later. The works were carried on by his partners. The same formulas were used and the same workmen remained. Within a short time, however, the quality of the output gradually deteriorated; the master's presence was lacking, the master mind had gone.

THE SONG OF OLD HOMES

After the French of Anatole le Braz

By E. Sutton

I LOVE you, dwellings of the long ago,
Whence my youth issued to unclouded skies;
Beneath your eaves my heart her nest doth know,
And with the wren and martlet homeward flies.

Fair-walled ye stand, unworn by time or change,
Yet your deep-linted windows seem to be
Like to an old man's faded eyes and strange,
Musing upon a near eternity.

Round ye a glamour of old sunlight shines,
Drowsed by the lulling call of dove to dove,
(Ah, wingèd memories!) and your woven vines
Flower and breathe sweetly from the dust of Love.

Shades of the generations darkly drawn
Lengthen themselves athwart your thresholds gray,
Cradled have ye the dreams of many a dawn,
And covered o'er the fires of many a day.

One home there is—it's fountain-close doth tell
The years' long bead-roll to the silent blue,

With lapse of waters, as an ocean shell
Softly lamenteth for the life it knew.

Oh, faithful shape of days divinely scrolled,
More sad than ruin because still the same,
Chill is thy hearthstone in the autumn cold,
And dead thy garden to the summer's flame!

And I—I also know the bitter brier
In my life's plot, and ashes pale confess,
Since, with the cherished rose and guarded fire,
Hearts that were mine are one in nothingness.

Rememberest thou our nestling? On a night
Shuddering with wind unto her farthest shore,
He heard the cry aloft, and sped his flight
To fairer lands than ours, and wiser lore.

Then fell our hopeless winter, grim and long;
Touched by no change—no April blossomings,
No twilights exquisite with sudden song,
Or the glad rustle of returning wings.

Thus are we joined in fate, and sad unrest;
Voyagers we, whose sun hath long declined;
Ships that beat out into a glooming West,
Yet glimpse a glory on the peaks behind.

.

Weary am I of songcraft oftentimes;
Yet, when my thoughts seek that belov'd door,
Melodies break unbidden into rhymes,
And the dry channels feel the wave once more.

Rapt from these hours I repeat my prayer—
Thither to win when all forspent with pain;
There to awaken from the dream, and there
See the gray mist suffused with gold again.

Delve me no grave within the sunny garth;
But lay my body, friends unknown, I pray,
One burned-out cinder more, beneath the hearth
Where rang the laughter of that by-gone day.

There shall the shades of outworn joys and tears
Make soft my slumbers, and my home and I
Crumble together, till the jealous years
Leave but a green field, open to the sky.

A BROTHER TO GENIUS

By Katharine Holland Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. WALTER TAYLOR



HERE were three of the Banning boys, as all Eastchester knew; and yet Evelina Banning was wont to say, in her voice of the mourning-dove, that with Reginald, her artist, clasping one hand, and Ethelbert, her poet, the other, she felt herself worthy to stand beside Cornelia, with her two jewels. This she always voiced with that faint, touching sigh which betrayed her soaring maternal hopes, and in the same breath echoed the melodious pathos of her bereft estate. Somehow this tender imagery quite overlooked Thomas Chalmers Banning, the red-headed in-between, three years younger than Reginald, two years older than Ethelbert. But Thomas Chalmers, well accustomed to being overlooked, carrot-top, stammering tongue, and all, went whistling on his freckled way; so that hardly mattered.

Midway up Court-house Hill stood the old Banning place, one of the impeccable Presbyterian mansions of the mid-century. Martial evergreens guarded its scrubbed approach; staid lilac clumps and pensive smoke-trees scarfed its lank walls. The high, gaunt hall, with its clinking old tiled floor and flagrant stained-glass panels, was hung with the chilled engravings and the stark needlework which attest our artless gentility as do the grim portraits and dusk armorial bearings on far older walls. The big square rooms were crowded with flamboyant horrors of carved black walnut and insistent gilt; every chair bristled with wool-work roses and satin-stitch cats; every chandelier was flounced with air-castles and corseted with beads. All this depressing splendor reached its zenith in the life-size Carrara statue of the first Thomas Banning, twice Governor of his imperial State in the hurtling forties, which stood at bay before the hat-rack; a huge and clammy presentment in alarmingly classic drapery, whose outlines seared on Reginald's artist-eye and drew impious Limericks from Ethelbert while still in short trousers. Young Thomas

heard his brothers' gibes with bewildered grins. There was absolutely no sense of humor in him. His gods of the hearth were gods still, even in this dubious apotheosis. He could not see even the absurdities in the house itself. From pompous cupola, sacred to dusty trover of birds' eggs and arrow-heads, to stored and fragrant cellar, it was always his House of Dreams.

Evelina loved it, too. It had been her home since her girlhood marriage, the scene of all her triumphs; the dinners and the balls where she had shone resplendent had kept her own worthy Thomas bent over his desk till many a midnight hour. Moreover, the house framed her belated picturesqueness to perfection. She was a woman born to her own epoch, chiming exquisitely to her own day; a day of flowing draperies, even yet reminiscent of the crinolines of a more venturesome hour, of drooping shoulders, of drooping lashes, and of flowing speech. Throned in her low-hung green barouche, robed in the sweetly melancholy crapes and laces that good easy Thomas's departure made befitting, with lovely hands close-folded and lovely eyes downcast, she might have sat for the Age of the Daguerreotype, so gently did she mirror forth its billowing sentiment, its wreathed poetic sorrow. In short, she was as one created, set apart, to be the mother of a Reginald, to say nothing of an Ethelbert.

Her unromantic and laborious Thomas had left what seemed a fortune for the early eighties; but it shrank inexplicably before Reginald was half-way through college. When tardy realization came to Evelina, it was, as always, not a rain, but a downpour. Reginald was clamoring for a year of art study abroad; the house must have a new roof and modern plumbing; Ethelbert's bills at Prep. were past belief. Evelina took aggrieved counsel with her lawyer; then, scared and resentful at his implacable figures, she summoned the boys to her aid.

The boys came. Reginald, at twenty-one already stoop-shouldered and heavy-eyed,

with the lowering abstraction of the seer of visions, and the gusty temper of overstrained nerves; Thomas, a big, two-fisted awkward cub; Ethelbert, a gallant princeling, his mother's replica in face and nature. Evelina surveyed them, then smiled vaguely at the mirror as she readjusted the new pearl necklace on her still slender throat. It was really wonderful, considering——

Reginald was not made for the slow discipline of council fires. Retrench, indeed! Come back to this stuffy town, this impossible house, renounce his birthright of art in the very hour of achievement! He stormed from the room on the wind of his own tirade, with a final belligerent bellow: "Confound it, mother! Use some judgment. Take Bert out of Prep. and chuck him into high school instead. Look at his bills! He's the spender, not I. Teach the cub a little sense!"

"After you, my dear Alphonse." Ethelbert acknowledged his brother's courtesy with airy grace. He lounged on the arm of Evelina's chair, handsome as a stripling god, and stroked her satin braids with masterful, beguiling hands. "I say, Madre, why not send Reg to finishing school instead, where they'll teach him some manners? Though he needs the kind they wallop into you with a cowhide. Nay, nay, my love. No baby high school in mine. But listen. Divide what you can spare between us three, then let us pitch in and earn what more we need."

"But, Bertie, I can't spare *anything*!" Evelina fairly wailed. "And I surely can't see why, for whenever we run over our allowance, I just charge it to the estate. And I've been p-pitifully saving! I never *d-dreamed*——"

"You blessed lamb! Now, stop that." Ethelbert caught her into strong arms, and crooned over her like a lover. "Quit, I tell you! You'll wash those nice curly eyelashes out of root. Listen; did you know the *Chronicle* printed my write-up of the Princeton game? Paid me five dollars, too!"

"Why, Bertie!" Evelina fairly gasped. Tom's jaw dropped; he gaped at his brother, awe-struck.

"Fact. Said they'd take more whenever I'd send it in." Ethelbert expanded visibly. "I can make expenses, easy. Though I don't need to; for there's plenty of fellows

who'd lend me a hundred a month, and be glad to. Never miss it."

"It shocks me to see boys of your age spend so much money," murmured Evelina, in adoring reproof.

"It would shock you a lot worse to see how we spend it," retorted Ethelbert, engagingly frank. 'By! I'm off for the Country Club. See you to-night."

"But, Bertie, you and Tom must go over the books with me. Please, dearest! Reggie won't help. He says my figures make his head ache——"

"And mine, too. Nonsense, sweetheart! What's the use? Not for Bertie. *Adios!*"

He flung her a kiss and raced off, whistling. Ethelbert had a lovely disposition, as Evelina always declared. Not even these crowding anxieties could quench his spirit.

"Ethelbert mustn't leave school, at any cost, Tom." Evelina gazed wistfully after her glorious youngest. "To think his work has been published—in the *Chronicle*! And he barely seventeen! How do I deserve my gifted children? Ethelbert in literature, Reginald in art!" She swayed girlishly in her joy; a soft pink brightened her cheek. "Isn't it splendid, Thomas! Isn't it wonderful!"

"Sure," said Thomas absently. He stooped over the pile of fussy ribboned account-books, his freckled face intent. "Say, mother, what are all these 'etc's.' where you balance?"

"Where I balance? Oh, little things that aren't worth writing down. Stamps and pins and shoe-strings."

"Sixty dollars' worth of shoe-strings ought to go a good way." Tom softened the impertinence with a contrite grin. "'Scuse me, mother. Never do it again."

"Well, I knew I had spent that much, though I couldn't tell how," Evelina explained patiently. "And I do believe half those checks were forged, there's so many, and yet the signature looks like mine. Though this year I've tried to sign differently on each check, so that if anybody *should* be trying to imitate my hand, they couldn't possibly imitate *all* my signatures."

"I can't see how we've spent such a lot," murmured Tom. "'Hicks & Hamblen, 47 Fifth Avenue, \$115.50.' Who the dickens are Hicks & Hamblen?"

"It's the new livery for Peters," explained his mother hastily. "You said yourself that

Peters looked like a fat scarecrow in that old green suit."

"I said that, yes. But I wanted him to stop wearing livery altogether. Such a lot of airs for just us boys."

Evelina stiffened.

"Thomas, your grandfather was Governor of his State for two terms——"

"Oh, never mind, mum. If you like it, all right. 'Smith & Heppner, \$230.00.' The carpenters? Why-ce!"

"They built the little bay-window off my room. I was so tired of the four straight walls! Do hurry, Tommy."

Tom did not hear. He was staring at the slip in his big hand. His mother looked at him impatiently; for the thousandth time she felt the irritating conviction that he would never really grow up. At nineteen he was what he had been at nine: merely a big, soft-cheeked, freckled boy.

"Mathilde et Cie, 22 East Twenty-first Street, New York, \$437.45.' Great Saint Patrick! Mathilde must think she's the whole cheese. Who on earth is she?"

"She's Mrs. Senator Curtis's dressmaker, and I——" Evelina lifted martyred eyes. "I really think, Thomas, that my personal expenses might be exempted from your criticism. Yes, I know she's expensive. But she always uses good material; the very best of everything. And good things come high."

"I suppose so," said Thomas obediently. He put down the sum, his face still a little dazed.

"How long will it take, Tom?"

"Not so very long, mother—at this rate. Stop in after your drive, dear. Then we'll see."

He sat there through the gay spring afternoon, his thick brows bent black, his slow wits groping through the tangled web of her guileless weaving. At last he wrote down the unbelievable total, with stubby fingers that shook a little. He caught the old governor's blank Carrara eye across the hall, and gave it a wry grin.

"Well—we Bannings are good material," he remarked. "And—you bet we come high!"

"Townsend's figures are correct, mother. I'm sorry," he told her awkwardly. "I don't just see how we'll manage. Unless we'd take a smaller house——"

"Take a smaller house!" Evelina

dropped her lilac parasol with a wail. "Thomas, how can you! And Reginald was born here, and Ethelbert, and you, too, and your grandfather built it, and he Governor——"

"Well, maybe——" Tom's shoulders took on an odd stoop; his voice grew suddenly older. "I—I guess I won't go back to Yale this year. Reg oughtn't to stop now. And Bert is only a kid. We'll fix it, somehow. Sure."

"Dear Tom, you're so sensible." Evelina breathed deep for relief. "And while it's a pity for you to leave college—still, we can deny ourselves *anything*, knowing that we are ministering to their genius, can't we? Button my glove, dear. And tell Selina to be sure and have orange *soufflé* to-night. Bertie does love it so."

Reginald sailed for Europe a week later. As to Reginald's rights, there was no uncertainty in Tom's mind. He had little knowledge of art, and less of that second sight which looks beyond, far past the faulty image, and discerns the Vision that the groping hand has striven to make real. Yet he stood before his brother's sketches thrilled and shaken. They flashed upon him with a winged sweep, a wild enchantment: that daybreak splendor, that weird incarnate magic, which challenges the up-blown word, the flying thought. Reginald must have his chance. As to Ethelbert—but Ethelbert was only a kid. Surely he would sober down and be a credit to the family in time.

It seemed to take a good deal of time. The months slipped through Tom's hands like beads off a string. He planned to keep up his biological experiments, and he had fitted out a tiny laboratory in the cupola accordingly. For the healing instinct was strong within him; and deep in his shy boy heart lurked a shamefaced longing to take up the work that his kindly driven father had laid down. But Evelina fretted at the odors of chemicals and daily prophesied fire and disaster therefrom. It was unfair to cause her discomfort, he felt. So he shut up the cupola, and planned a laboratory in the garden. Building was costly that year, however. Besides, Ethelbert's bills were again monumental; and Ethelbert's resources through literature proved lamentably apocryphal. His dark references to the callous indifference of editors and to the brutal jealousy of "the metropolitan

clique" melted his mother to furious tears. She was comforted, however, by a letter which proclaimed his victories at the track meet, and asked for eighteen dollars, toward the Athletic Association deficit. Tom paid it promptly. It was a drop in the bucket beside his other bills.

Reginald wrote home fitfully. His work was already recognized: he had refused two profitable mural commissions, the better to devote himself to his great triptych, "The Soul Questions," which was to distinguish the Salon that year. *He* was making good, at all events. Peevish messages and shattered handwriting alike betrayed a mind driven to breaking speed.

The triptych was accepted and hung. It sold to a Russian collector within a week. Its generous compensation exactly balanced Reginald's doctor's bill. For the reaction of success swept Reginald beyond his depth; and he lay for months in an illness that drained him, body and soul. Tom longed to go to him; but Evelina was pitifully overwhelmed by this cruel news of her darling, and even Tom's slow wits could realize that their ship must have a steady helmsman. Reginald should have rest and travel; Evelina needed luxuries and companionship; Ethelbert—Ethelbert's demands swept the whole realm of nature. Thomas had a black hour of anger toward the boy when he came home at Easter, gracious, resplendent, blithely inconsequent to his wretched reports, and talking noisily of card debts and racing scores, to his mother's fearful joy. But his passion melted speedily. Bert was only a kid. He would make good, some day.

Throughout that spring Tom studied doggedly. He planned for Yale again that fall. Heretofore he had not allowed himself to feel how keen had been his chagrin at dropping out of college. But now, as possibility deepened to certainty, he let himself exult in anticipation.

Perhaps it was well that he lorded it in his airy castles while he might. By August all his dreams had faded into the light of common day. Reginald's summer in Norway had lengthened into a fall on the Rhine, an imperative winter in Sicily; Evelina had taken to embroidered tea-gowns and long whimpering conferences with her physician. Her heart, always weak, showed grave symptoms, which were aggravated by Ethelbert's inexplicable suspension from college.

Thomas, with grim prescience, said little, but hurried straight to the university. By arguments and pleas which lay like ashes on his mouth for months to come, he won the boy's reinstatement. Evelina fainted for relief when he brought home his news. But there was no relief in Tom's face; instead, a sharp new groove of dread. All his life, he had known it his part to take care of the other two. He had always championed belligerent Ethelbert against the big boys, he had stood between poetical Reginald and the jeering little boys. But now Ethelbert's needs were deeper, sterner. Out of the welter of rage and accusation and weak self-upbraidings he had emerged with but the one compelling thought in his big childish red head. Ethelbert must be taken care of. He must see him through. The boy's face drifted before him: ivory flawless profile; bronze curling hair, hyacinthine about the forehead of a young god; dark shifting eyes; loose sensual mouth. No matter what else went undone, Ethelbert must be taken care of. He must see him through.

Ethelbert's senior year knew several grim lapses; but at last his graduation was assured. Tom went on for commencement, hilarious and triumphant. His own class had its first reunion that year. The hours sped, blown on a storm of clamor and delight. When the two boys started homeward, Tom looked ten years the younger. He had stepped back from his hurried, goaded manhood into the wide gay highroad of the boy. All his plans were laid again, in rapturous array. He owned a galled amusement at returning to college a sophomore, three years behind his class; his age weighed upon him; one is never superannuated so hopelessly past retrieval as at twenty-two. But it was a glorious chance. Ethelbert could take his place, and care for Evelina. It was all positive, all assured. No shadow of contingency could thwart him now.

"Just one point you've overlooked," yawned Ethelbert, tapping the ash from his cigar as Thomas finished his glowing forecast. "And that is the trifling element of myself—even I. You know what my novel promises. Now you are going to smash it? Knock all my chances in the head, eh? Pen me up in this beastly town, put a ball and chain of fool tenants to me, make me fetch and carry for mother like a club porter? Or are you going to give me a show? Let me go

on to New York, where I can really live, where I'll have some chance to make good?"

Thomas did not reply. He stared at Ethelbert with a curious expression. Not of anger, however. Merely a blank, astounded grin.

"I'm not surprised," Ethelbert went on, blowing an amethystine ring. "When I saw what a ripping time you had with your old crowd, I suspected that you'd be handing me just such a frost as this. Not for me. But I'm not standing in your way, old man. Not one bit. There's no reason on earth why you should stick to mother's apron-strings this way. It's just your eternal granny caution. And you surely can't expect me to sacrifice all my plans, when it's so blatantly unnecessary!"

"If you don't mind—just what do you mean to live on, while you're finishing your novel?" queried Tom easily. He dared not let himself look at the boy. The old resentment pulsed in his throat and misted furious red before his eyes.

"Mother will lend me a thousand, she says. Don't you worry. Mother will get it back—and interest, too. Come, now, buddy." His voice took on its old beguiling sweetness; he leaned to Tom with a gesture irresistibly winsome. "Go get your degree, old chap. I know how you've always longed for it. Pull out. Go take your own where you find it, as I do. It's the only way."

Ethelbert left for the city a few days afterward. Evelina kept up till he had gone. Then she drooped again, with tears and repinings that all Tom's clumsy devotion could not soothe. He was tenderly patient with her. His inborn physician's instinct already discerned the shadow that lurked behind her inconstant will, her leap of mood from reasonless delight to unreasoning grief. And within the month that looming dread was dark certainty.

One hot white August morning Tom carried Evelina to her piazza chair, then went back to his own room and set himself relentlessly to work upon three letters. One was a brief line relinquishing the rooms which he had engaged at New Haven for the year. The other two were longer, and immeasurably more difficult to write. He sat over them for long hours; his whole head was sick, his heart sank faint within him, when at last he had signed those guarded even pages which told Reginald and Ethel-

bert, as gently as words could say it, that their mother would never again be well.

Finally he put them down and went to Evelina, wan among her pillows. She smiled up at him, shyly; a dim blush warmed her shadowy white-rose cheek. With illness, she had taken on a lovely childish coquetry which made her beauty twice appealing. She patted Tom's face, as he bent to kiss her, with a satin-thin palm.

"Tom, dear, I wonder——" she began. Her soft eyes lit with a beseeching glow. "I've been talking to Selina, and—and—I have a confession to make, dear. You know Selina's sister, Mamie, the one whose husband drinks so terribly—and all those children?"

Tom's brows lifted. He certainly did know Selina's Mamie, that woebegone slattern, with her eternal tale of calamities, her uncounted brood. Parasites all, they were. Scoundrel husband to helpless youngest, they had lived off the Bannings for half a generation.

"I should say I did. What is she badgering you for now?"

"Tom! And the poor thing died only yesterday!"

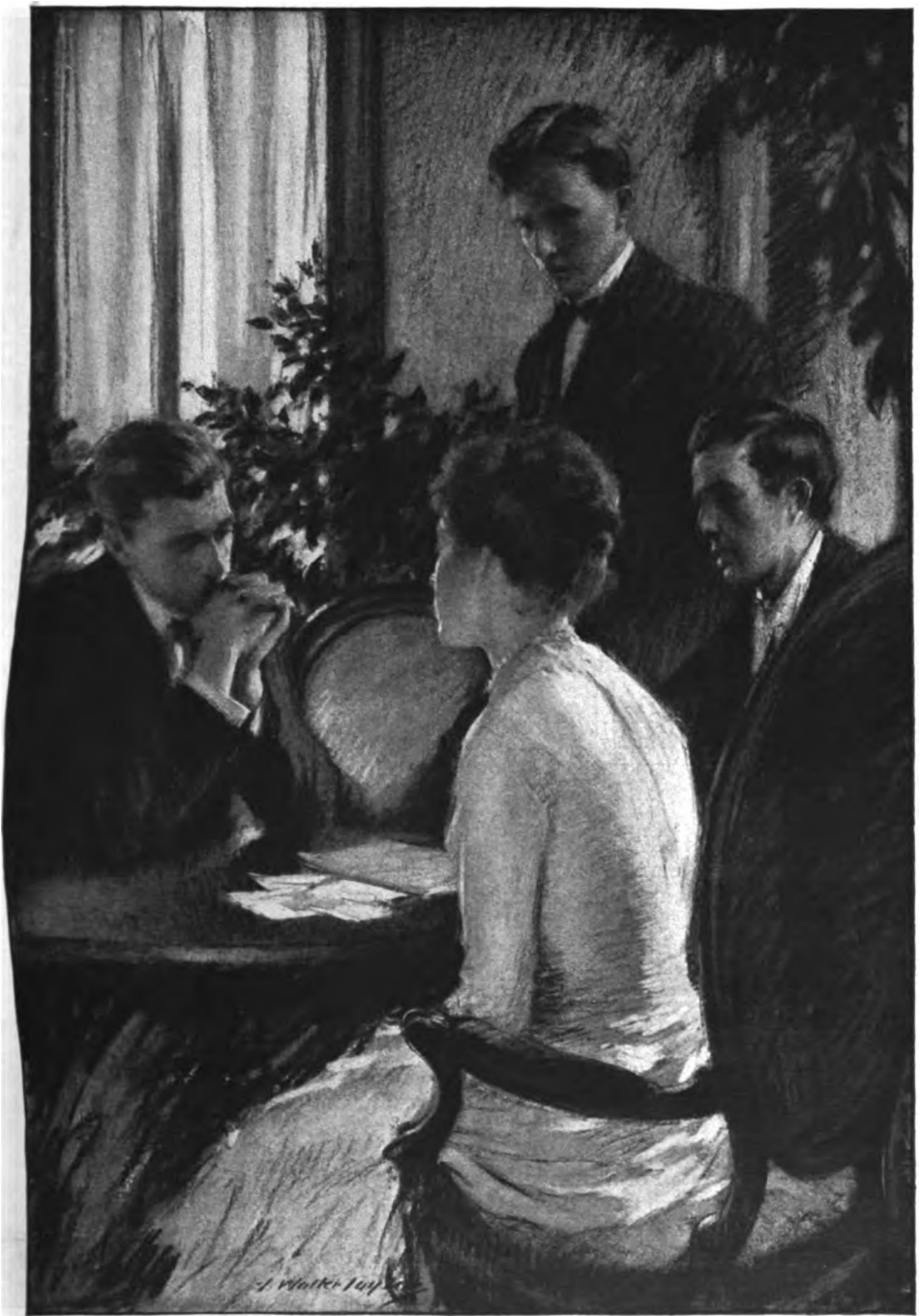
"Why, mother!"

"And all those children must go to the orphanage. And, Tom," her voice cooed, pleading, "you'll laugh at me, I know. But—oh, I do so want the baby, the one she let me name for Ethelbert! Just to have that little cunning thing trotting about would be such a pleasure—and, now the boys are gone, I—I do have such a dull time, dear!"

The blank absurdity of it all smote Tom to helpless laughter. Then he looked down at the veined waxen hand upon his knee.

"We'll adopt the whole kit, father and all, if it will please you, dearest. By the way, I've been writing—to Reginald. I rather think—he'll come back to America, for a while."

"Reginald coming!" Joy leaped like returning life through Evelina's veins. Reginald, her genius, her wonder-child! For days she seemed incredibly stronger. She fluttered about the house, she ordered new gowns, she engaged an additional maid. "For Reginald is so accustomed to Continental service, Tom, we mustn't seem too barbaric!" In the face of Tom's chafing protests, she sent out cards for a great reception in her boy's honor. When Reginald



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

She summoned the boys to her aid.—Page 700.

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finally arrived, for once in his life aroused to real anxiety, he found her so blooming and so joyous that the moment they were alone he flung himself upon Tom in a tempest of reproach.

"What the devil possessed you, to frighten a fellow like that?" he blustered. The two men sat alone before the library fire, late the night of Evelina's radiant festival. "So mother's fatally ill, is she? And I'd best come at once? Looks like it, doesn't it? And here you've broken in on my Dante group, you've scared the very soul out of me, you've ruined my last six months of work; for after this shock, I'll never again catch the real swing of the thing. And all for such nonsense! You indulge mother ridiculously, that's all ails her. And, considering what my needs are now——"

Tom did not answer. He stared from the fire to the flower-decked mantel above. The marble shelf was banked with white azaleas, a city importation, to please his mother's whim. Nothing was too good, too costly, for her genius, she had protested, to Thomas's faint demur. The scent of the drooping, overwarm petals came to him with a sudden burdening irritation. Finally he spoke out.

"Considering what your needs are now, what are you driving at, Reg? What do you mean?"

Reginald pitched to his feet.

"I mean that I'm planning a thing that will mark an epoch in art." His cavernous eyes blazed with swift fire; his lean talking hands clenched, eloquent. "I can see every line—see it? *Feel it!*—as I do the chairs and tables in this room. But to work it out, to make it real— Good Lord!" His tense body relaxed, twitching. He flung his head on his arms with a shivering, angry groan. "Look at me! I'm so played out, so clean beat, I don't dare even try to paint in the background. I've got to have change—and travel—and freedom. For at my best, it's going to take every drop of blood, every breath in me, to cope with the splendor of it. Fagged and worthless as I am now—if I made a try, I'd make a hell of a failure, that'd be all."

"What is it about?" said Tom briefly.

"The Spirit of Sacrifice," said Reginald vaguely. A slow red burned through his dun parched skin; his eyes illumined with their seer glow, remote, exultant. "It will give me my place for all time, if only—if!"

"What sort of travel will you need?"

"Oriental, probably. Though Africa would do. I want the desert colors, the desert air, the lift you get in those endless spaces—and the solitude. Sacrifice implies solitude, don't you see?"

"I dare say." Tom pencilled absent figures. "What's all this going to cost, Reg?"

"I've barely eight hundred to my name," retorted Reginald. "But if you could advance, say, two thousand, on the estate——"

"Well, then." Tom finished his computations with a long, impatient sigh. He leaned his heavy red head on his hand; the firelight betrayed the darkening worry in his eyes; but his voice held to its deep, good-humored note. "Go along, then, and travel after your ideal. I'll pay the freight."

"Is that you, Thomas?"

Evelina's whisper lifted faint as he blundered past her door in the gray freezing dawn.

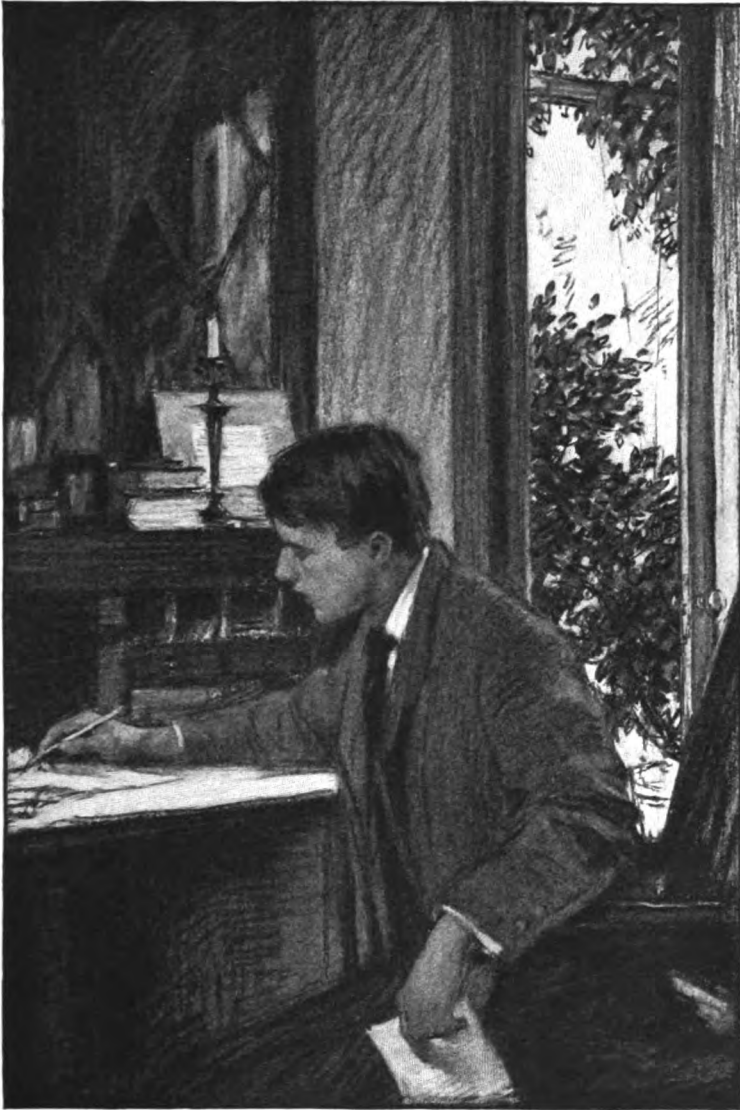
"Yes, dear. Why aren't you asleep?"

Evelina lay high on her pillows. In the ashen light, her eyes were pools of shadow; her beautiful hueless face glimmered as in a fading mist before his eyes. She turned eagerly and clutched both wasted arms around his neck.

"Tom, I've had such a queer dream!" Her voice broke, grieving. "I thought I wanted you, and I looked, and called, but I couldn't find you. For you'd gone away—gone and left me!" Her weak clasp tightened in panic dread. "You wouldn't leave me one minute, would you? Wasn't it just a dream?"

"Sure," said Tom comfortably. He gathered her up against a mighty shoulder; her body trembled, piteously light, on his broad arm. "Nothing but a dream, mother. Just go to sleep. I'm Johnny on the Spot. I'm here to stay."

The flame of Evelina's life, quickened as by the wind of her mother-pride, sank to the merest gleam in the months that followed. Tom nursed her faithfully. She was not easy to care for. The little Ethelbert, her godson, could sometimes divert her; but messages from her jewel sons were her one real solace; and these were few and far between. Sometimes Reginald acknowledged Tom's letters and drafts; sometimes he did not. Ethelbert confined himself to a semi-occasional scrawl. His novel appeared



At last he wrote down the unbelievable total.—Page 702.

the following spring, to die the prompt and crushingly convincing death that only a first novel can die. Ethelbert then retired to an uptown studio, where in three weeks he completed a play which was to carry everything before it. Before it had found a manager, however, there came to him a dazzling offer from a great city journal. Wild with triumph, he sailed for Panama on the first steamer, with but a curt telegram home.

Throughout that spring Evelina had

lived only in the hope of Ethelbert's coming. The shock of disappointment quenched her very breath. She made but little moan, but her life ebbed with the waning year. And when the last dim autumn mists folded purple upon the hills, she slipped away.

The boys could not come home to her. Reginald was in Paris, toiling on the great "Sacrifice" which was to carve his niche in Time. Ethelbert sent a pathetic cable from Gamboa, and ordered orchids from the city.

So Tom went alone with his dead. It was a fair October day, sweet winds a-sweep beneath a brooding sky, stooping deep-breasted, tenderly blue. Away among its drifted leaves, the year sat telling golden beads. And all the air was crystal-still; and all the world was peace.

Tom walked alone. His red head was bowed; his big shoulders already betrayed the yoke that cares and years had laid upon them. His heart was heavy for the brothers who could not walk beside him, and heavier still for a loss that plucked at his soul. For his mother had never been his mother in truth; merely a charming petted plaything. Yet as her frail grasp upon life had loosened, the tie between them had grown closer, dearer; the mysterious link of nativity was again renewed. Only his was now the mother instinct, his the watching love, the care. And he had carried her fading life like a crippled child in his arms.

But as he turned back, up that golden slope, his eyes met another gaze, dark, steadfast, waiting. And he was all but shamed by the swift new hope their mystic light could bring.

It was not a year since Edith had entered his world. He looked back now upon the years before her coming as one long blind, but now miraculously granted vision, might look back, wondering, upon the long years of his night. The glory of her love bewildered, even while it exalted him. It enfolded him like an aura; it lay like a white bloom upon his days. The very texture of life grew by it finer, firmer, purer. He found himself leaning upon her powerful spirit; he hardly dared to yield to the deep rest her tenderness could bring. Child that she was, this grave, shy slip of girlhood, she would never fail him. She was as loyal as her own white stars. And there was no chill saintliness in her high gallant youth. The fire of her nature was the hearth-fire, not the shrine.

He turned again to the duties which his mother's illness had deferred. He divided the estate with punctilious care. Despite his efforts, it had shrunk greatly. The checks for five thousand apiece which he sent to Reginald and Ethelbert left him with but the homestead, a scant third, for his share. He closed up every dragging obligation. Then, quietly, joyously, he turned from the old life to the new.

Those were the golden days. Together he and Edith planned, and worked, and dreamed. The old home was to be the new home, as well. He found a quaint delight in decking it for her, this dearest guest. He was proud of it all: the rose-trees, the mellow lights of the old mahogany, the thin old silver. Edith loved the house even more than he. By instinct, she loved and hoarded every trifle that had touched upon his life.

One thing disturbed him. In all this time there had been no word from Ethelbert.

Ethelbert was always neglectful; but this silence held through month upon month. However, at length the message came.

Among Tom's mail one morning lay an envelope bearing the stamp of the city firm which had handled the estate. Tom read the letter twice over before the brusque typed phrases yielded their meaning to his stunned brain.

Finally he folded the pages and crept to his feet. He took up the letter with numb shaking hands, and stumbled away.

Little Ethelbert trotted puppy fashion at his heels, and stared in wistful astonishment when Tom strode past him, without even a thump on his shock head for good-by.

"That is the only possible explanation, Mr. Banning," said the senior partner, for the twentieth time. His voice rasped harsh, his dry, keen face worked and quivered. His son had been one of Tom's classmates; he felt now as if his own boy sat before him, crushed, beaten down beneath this drowning flood of shame. "He has undoubtedly—ah—raised the check from five to fifteen thousand. I suspected as much the moment I saw it; however, I took up the paper, knowing that you would prefer any monetary sacrifice rather than—than publicity. There is this in extenuation of Mr. Ethelbert Banning; since his marriage, I fancy, he has had exceedingly heavy demands."

"His marriage?" Tom echoed dully.

"Surely he has told you! He was married the week he returned to New York."

"But he is in Panama. His cablegram—but that was away back——" Tom groped for thought. "You mean he's here, in this country—and didn't tell me? That he's married—and never sent me one word?"

"The whole affair has been kept—ah



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

He was tenderly patient with her.—Page 704.

—peculiarly quiet.” The senior partner would not meet Tom’s eye. “He married, I believe, a Miss Aimée—I can’t recall her surname. An—an actress, I understand, although not regularly of that profession. They have apartments at the St. Elmo. Mr. Ethelbert has shown the most puzzling bravado in this act. Somehow I imagine that he has relied upon your protection—when need should arrive.”

Tom started to the door.

“Just one thing, Tom, boy.” The senior partner dropped his eye-glasses and his dignity. His hand shut on Tom’s shoulder with a wringing grip. “Don’t let this hamper you. I’ll carry it for a year, two years, and be glad to. I only wish—I’d give anything in the world, boy, to have spared you this. If you’ll just let me lend a hand——”

“Much obliged,” said Tom absently. “The St. Elmo is up the Avenue, isn’t it? Much obliged. Good-by.”

“Well, what are you going to do about it?” Ethelbert faced his brother, haggard, yet debonair. He was still the princely boy, audacious, charming, insolent, with his bronze hyacinthine curls, his forehead of a god. Dark ominous circles widened beneath his furtive eyes. Two new cruel lines tightened his beautiful mouth. “I had to have that money. I was in the devil’s own scrape, and that check barely—Gone? Of course it’s gone, all but a thousand or so. Aimée alone—— What’s that? No, I didn’t write you about my marriage. Didn’t think you’d care to hear.

“Where has it all gone? Well, how in thunder do I know!” His voice shrilled in hysterical petulance. “Aimée had to have it. She’s got to have money—loads. She won’t live anywhere, unless it’s a place like this,” he swept the senseless magnificence of the private drawing-room with a wavering hand. “She’s been tormenting the very heart out of me, for heaven knows how long. Oh, yes, appeal to my honor, all you damn please. But honor doesn’t count when the woman you love wants things, and you can’t give. You don’t understand, that’s all. You never have loved a woman like that.”

“No,” said Thomas stupidly. His face was pinched. “No, I never have loved a woman like that.”

He went again to the senior partner.

The matter was closed within the hour. Ethelbert’s forgery was made good. It took practically every cent that Thomas possessed.

A week later came the obvious sequel. A shower of frantic telegrams poured upon Thomas; a few hours later, Aimée, pretty, bedizened, tear-stained, swayed from the westbound train to cast herself dramatically into his arms. Ethelbert’s secret was still inviolate; but Ethelbert, smarting beneath his brother’s unspoken reproach, and perhaps fearing disclosure, had fled to South America, leaving the traditional pencilled note—of farewell to his beloved Aimée, and of ironic gratitude to Thomas, to whose care he committed her.

To Edith alone Tom told it all. She listened in silence to the halting, miserable tale.

“Then we must wait. Another year. Maybe longer.”

“Maybe longer than that,” said Tom listlessly. “You see, dear, there’s Aimée now; and Reginald, and little Ethelbert, too. I’ll earn it all back before long. Only meanwhile there’s no telling what they may need. You never can be sure.”

“No. There never is any telling. Only be sure you’ll have them all to carry, all the way.” The words broke from Edith’s lips with a fury that stunned him. But her outburst passed as swiftly as it had risen. All her fierce mother-passion leaped up instead, her frantic, inarticulate resentment for this big, overtaken bewildered love of hers. Tom yielded to her imperious ministry like a tired child. He was utterly exhausted, body and mind. Yet there was wine as well as balm in her kisses, strength in her tender arms. He went from her again his resourceful self, staunch, tranquil, confident, armed against every fear.

Then like a thunderbolt came the word of Reginald’s death. It was to Thomas as if the light had passed from his own world. Reginald and he had had no common interests; hardly—such is the eternal tragedy of kinship—hardly did they speak the same tongue. But to Thomas, pride in his brother’s powerful talent atoned for every lack of affection and understanding. To him, both his brothers were as torch-bearers. The time would never come when the splendor of Reginald’s art would not blind him to



He sat for a long hour staring at the great crude, glorious failure.

Reginald's colossal selfishness. The hour could never strike when the charm of Ethelbert's printed word would not spread its enchanted cloak over Ethelbert's shortcomings.

In grim irony, Reginald's ripest years, and, at the end, his life itself, had gone out in fruitless labor upon his great "Spirit of Sacrifice," which was to blazon his name upon eternity. He had died of overwork, so the word ran; the sheer exhaustion of his struggle

to reach a pinnacle too high and far for even his eagle flight. In truth, Reginald was one of the torch-bearers. He had fed all things, even his own being, to that devouring flame.

The huge unfinished canvas was sent back to Tom. He lifted it from its wrappings and sat for a long hour, staring at the great crude glorious failure. The thing was Tragedy itself; even Tom's slow wits could grasp the infinite pity of this last defeat; the wonder of the vast shadowy, meaningless

framework, Reginald's forever unfinished tapestry of dreams flung broad and dim across it. Another colder vision than his might have followed the wretched parallel of the painting and of the treasures that it had cost, till Tom's own days were merged in the endless, useless sacrifice. But Tom's sight was mercifully holden. Blessed are the matter-of-fact, for they shall see content.

And he went again down that quiet road, to lay the son beside the mother, beneath another October's golden pall.

The year that followed Reginald's death was a hurtling race of pitiless days. Every month brought fresh perplexities. Every hour cast its pebble upon his load. His business did not prosper. The little adopted Ethelbert, the gnome-child that Evelina had loved, grew strangely frail; Tom lavished money and care upon him, to little end. And not one word ever came from Ethelbert. He had vanished as absolutely as if he had stepped off the edge of the world.

Edith stood to his laboring arm, a constant champion. But she on her side carried many burdens; she would not add her own wasted household to his cares. And so they waited.

At the new year, Tom took a decisive step. He established Aimée and the child at the homestead. Then he went to the city, and set with all his might upon the opportunity which the senior partner had put into his hands. It was the chance of a life-time for retrieval. He bent to his task as the oarsman toils through the last blackening swell that lies between him and the harbor's peace.

He worked on, month after month. After a while, he realized that he was steadily losing ground. Another man, given his chances, might have snatched victory from the first hour. Tom was essentially a plodder. He had Edith to live for, to be sure. His flagging spirit fed upon the thought of her. But years of relentless strain had deadened the spring of even his boyish hope. And when, after a siege of hounding failures, he was stricken down, neither his tired body nor his dulled brain could make a fight.

Only one wish stirred in his stagnant thought; the longing to go home. And home they brought him, gaunt, passive, silent. But not to the wide, still homestead, his House of Dreams, which had gleamed

before him through his slow, fevered days. Aimée, without consulting him, had subtilized the place as it stood, and had betaken herself to a smart new flat. The house was draughty, she said, and so old-fashioned, and the location was no longer really choice. Moreover, as Thomas could permit her only one servant, it was quite too hard for her.

So Tom came home to a narrow, shiny bedroom, looking out upon a frozen, hideous back yard, instead of a great hushed chamber, high among the pines. And he lay for days, wondering at the sprawling *art nouveau* wall-paper, the cheap new furniture, the glittering tiles. And Aimée went to stay with friends, for, as she explained, she knew how trained nurses disliked to have the family forever pottering about. Besides, when you considered that Tom was not really a relative, merely a brother-in-law, it seemed scarcely the proper thing.

But Edith came, not having in her any regard for the preferences of trained nurses, nor any other thought, save her wild, anguished passion for the man that she adored. And for five days the man and woman drank as a sacrament their cup of life, so long withheld. For it is so ordained by an illogical Providence that the supreme hour is forever the supreme hour, alike for prince and beggar, poet and clod. And even those underlings who know not Genius may yet ascend the farthest heights, and drink deep of the immemorial cup of love and grief.

When he went down that quiet road for the last time, there was not one of his own blood left, to follow him. Only Aimée walked behind, clinging hysterically to the handsomest second cousin. She was distinctly captivated by the suffocating pathos of her rôle, and carried it well.

It was eager April once more, and the last brown oak leaves swept and swirled in the high gay wind across the tender grass. All the elms were yet bare; but a soft misting green cloaked the birches; and through the tossing naked branches the sunshine lay clear upon his face; that face of the eager boy, still alight, for all his tired years. And it shone with even a deeper radiance; that far, ineffable glow, that lingering splendor, of the soul whose glory still illumines its broken lamp; that light which is our one sol-

ace, our one lifting star; that hope which seals the golden link between us and our beloved dead.

And the woman whose youth lay stilled within his quiet heart stood patiently at one

side, the little Ethelbert clutching, wide-eyed and wondering, at her knee. And as the dead leaves eddied and blew about her feet, it was to her as though she stood among the drifted ashes of her lost days.

THE DESERTED GARDEN

By James B. Kenyon

HITHER like ghosts old memories steal;
Here Time forgets his idle glass;
About the crumbling borders wheel
The flickering shadows o'er the grass.

Yon mossy dial still weds the hours;
Light feet that thither used to run
Now brush the dews from other flowers
That smile beneath no earthly sun.

Ah, slender world of lost delights!
Sweet privacies, communions dear,
Shy whispers in the velvet nights—
What happy love once haunted here!

And still about the mouldering place
Linger the gentle presences—
Fair phantoms, each with girlish face,
Gliding beneath the wistful trees.

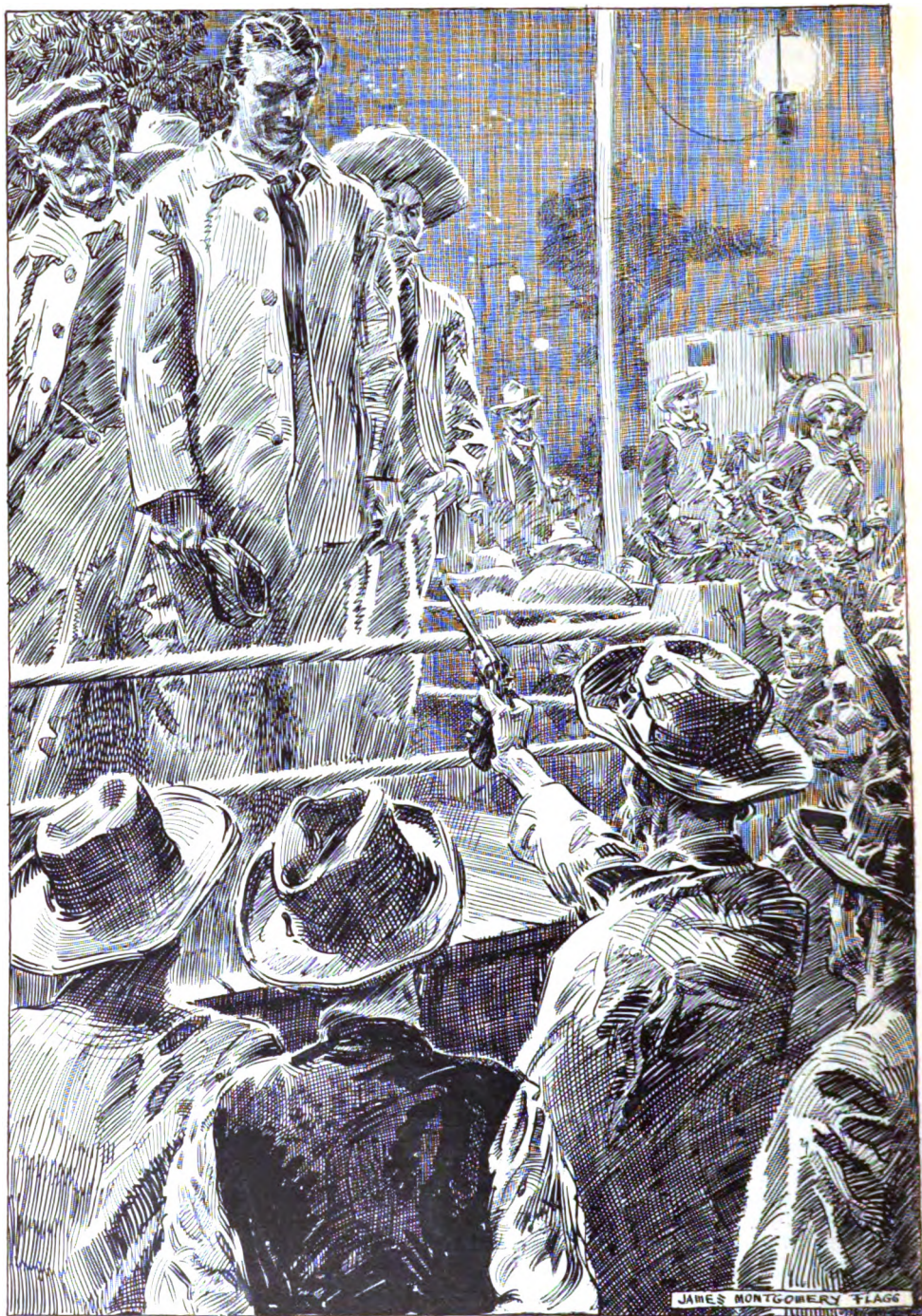
Yet even here 'mid ruined walks,
And growths that clog the dwindling stream,
And blooms decaying on their stalks,
The heart renews the deathless dream.

Somewhere beneath a dappled sky,
On green slopes pied with autumn's gold,
While flocks, unfearing, wander nigh,
Once more the ancient tale is told.

Afar a swart-armed reaper sings;
Nearer, adown the hollow vale,
The music of an anvil rings
O'er the dull throbbing of a flail.

And where the river's sinuous tide,
Dimpling among its sedges, flows,
With wicker creel against his side,
Homeward a loitering fisher goes.

So, while the season weaves its spell,
And evening sows its early dew,
Love's troth is plighted; all is well;
And nature keeps her purpose true.



Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

The upturned bore stared threateningly into Joe's astonished face.—Page 723.

THE PHOENIX OF ALTA VISTA

By Robert Fulkerson Hoffman

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



JOE HANLEY came to Alta Vista when just out of Harvard. He was so green that he was proud of it; or at least he said so in a cheerful and convincing way, and nobody questioned his right to take his own measure. Alta Vista, the stalwart little division point, guards the New Mexico end of Big Pass, through which the railroad climbs loftily up many steep and crooked miles on the Colorado side, and similarly drops cautiously down the southern side into the shelter of the town. There is grim wholesomeness there that is born of plenty of sun in an atmosphere a mile above sea-level. The half-circle of rim-rock that aspires farther skyward back of the town gives accent to the open reaches that spread away invitingly to the southward and meet the far table-lands as the sea meets the sky. Altogether it is a prospect that clears the mental vision, and young hearts, properly attuned, there catch the key-note of their surroundings promptly; and so it proved with Hanley.

Joe was handsome, six feet or over, with a crown of straight brown hair and a pair of clear gray eyes that were good to look into, and when Chubb, the master mechanic, set him regularly to firing a freight engine over the mountain for Mike Denby everybody looked satisfied.

Mike, ex-plainsman and prospector, was also tall, but heavy, deliberate, and philosophical. Together they fitted into an engine-cab like the parts of a good design. Like old Bill Amsler, who stumped about defiantly on his oak leg and ran the boring-mill in the back shop, Mike was considered an authority on local history. Otherwise, they were quite different.

The town was quiet when Hanley arrived. There had not been a wreck or a fire in the year past, and no other prime cause for excitement, yet we who knew Alta Vista's quiet moods knew that the guns were all oiled and the hose-cart well housed.

All manner of men appeared, now and again, in Alta Vista's shifting human sands, and Mike Denby welcomed all alike. If, then, they appeared to him worth while he tried to help them. Otherwise he left them to their own devices. Joe came late in the break-up of winter. But not until well along in the spring did Mike's ideas of developing him culminate, and then it was Joe who gave the occasion.

One morning in May, they left Crystal, on the Colorado side, starting while it was yet dark, on their all-day freight run over the mountains to Alta Vista. Joe stood in the gangway, facing the east, an hour later, as the engine throbbed out its measured strength, laboring toward the top of a great earth-billow in the foot-hills. The sun gave imminent signs of climbing up back of the big mountain range, and darkness fled swiftly.

The Spanish Peaks, in the friendly air of coming summer, looked twin spires of gold, frosted with the crystal of their everlasting ice and snow. Pike's Peak, more remote, a mere shadow against the growing skyline, took on slowly the exquisite blend of violet and steel that makes the burnt amethyst almost a precious stone. Below, and all about the track, awoke the nameless beauty of the vast silent reaches of the foothills and the plains in early morning, as when the coming sun sends over the mountain barriers an advance-guard of light to reconnoitre for the occupation of a brilliant day in the high altitudes of the south.

The shadows receded deeper among the draws and *coulées*. The star-flecked dome of the sky whitened under the insistent light of the sun. It flushed pink, then fiery red at the sky-line, and, with a flash fit to herald the launching of a new-born sun in a new orbit, the first clear rays shone gloriously over the rocky battlements and gilded the plains, and made a heroic creature of the laboring engine and fell softly upon the grimy face of Hanley, with an all-embac-



We ought to be reorganized an' I believe you're the man to help do it.—Page 718.

ing touch that made them, all alike, almost divine beneath the deepening blue of the wide sky.

Hanley silently revelled in the glory of it, until his young soul could bear no more.

"Ye gods!" he suddenly cried, with a wide sweep of his cap against the gently stirring air. "You great and everlasting phoenix! Mike, are you seeing it? Why don't more people live out here where they can breathe air and live life? I'd like to do something for this country, in return for what it is doing for me."

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"She's sure fine; an' I'm a seein' it," said Mike, with a pleased side-long glance at Joe's upturned face. "Look out fer your fire now. I'm a-goin' to make a run through this sag fer the top."

When they were well over the swell and drifting steadily down the other side, Mike resumed without prelude:

"We've got one o' them things you was talkin' about; over at Alta Vista." But Joe's face remaining blank, he added: "Phoenixes; leastways, that's what we all called it."

"Phoenixes?" echoed Joe.

"Yes. That's what young Tom Maxon named it. It come up the time we org'nized the Alta Vista Fire Department. He sure put life an' sperit into them perceedin's, but it come nigh about wreckin' the town, once or twice. The night we called the first public meetin' they wa'n't scasey enough of us left whole afterward to put bandages onto tothers. Tom was my fireman then. Nephew o' old Doc Maxon; an' there's a man fer you! Tom come out here from school jest like you; an' Doc allowed he wanted to toughen him up some afore he commenced readin' medicine."

"Have you a fire department? Who is chief?" queried Joe.

"We've got about one hundred and twenty pound pressure o' clear water over there," said Mike, "from up back o' the Geyser Peak. An' we've got a hose-kerrige an' a Phoenix bird," he continued, with twinkling eyes, "but I ain't chief now. We're kind o' disorg'nized."

"Mebbe tell you about it when we git over there this evenin', if they don't hold us too long on the mountain," he added a moment later, and turned to look from the cab-window out over the soft green plains, where wonderful carpets of tender grass and square miles of pink wild phlox and yellow brown-eyed Susans stretched away to the distant horizon and rippled and swayed in the shifting breezes; a glad and smiling prospect, until the desert should grow bolder in the summer's heat, and crowd in around the feet of the mountains in the withering age-long struggle to wear them down.

All in good time they rolled down off the last line of foot-hills, into the deep defile at Sentinel, the coaling station, and soon they were ready, with helpers added, for the long pull over the Pass. Erwen, conductor, with a bunch of wild phlox tucked into his hat-band, came forward jauntily to the engines. He handed up through orders, with rights to Alta Vista, without a meeting-point.

"Take them away," said he, and went to the rear.

The red board dropped, the two big consolidations sent the echoes bounding and rebounding between the cliffs, in the start for the mountain, and Joe, drawing on his heavy gloves, called impersonally to the

chattering waters of the near-by Geyser Water and to the flying echoes: "Laugh! You don't feel any better than we do. Do they, Mike?" he added, as he turned to his fire.

"Reckon not," said Mike, and opened out a little stronger.

The pass, always majestic, seemed in a friendly mood in the bright afternoon. Winding noisily in and out among the tender, shimmering greenery of advanced spring, the engines voiced a mighty song of greeting to the heights. As the hours passed the heavy climb became a triumphal march among a nodding, whispering host, where each turn upon the shoulders of the mountain discovered a deeper beauty, and the sombre shadows in the depths seemed brooding in happy peace.

Joe stood often in the gangway mopping his heated face, caught great breaths of the rare, clear air, and looked upon it all with delight.

Mike, seasoned and practical, but keenly alive to the unfolding beauty, settled back loosely upon his cushion. Missing none of the multitude of sounds that tell of the working of the engine, and losing none of the mute messages of the familiar landscape, he went back over memory's long trail to days on the plains. At last the regular clink of the shovel and the fire-door, the purring of the injector, and the slow beat of the engines blended in an heroic lullaby that soothed and gently buffeted his tired senses. The pleasant thrill of relaxation pervaded his body. He thought with increasing effort. And then—just among ourselves this—Mike nodded and slept peacefully in the midst of the tumult. He even dreamed a bit in a jumbled sort of way about the last run of the old Alta Vista fire brigade, until the leading engine came in sight of the target near the top of the mountain. When the head engine whistled for the board Mike was at once broad awake, with an apologetic smile toward Joe.

"We were coming along with the rest of them all right, Mike," laughed Joe.

"I heard her all the way," said Mike; and men who know of those things would agree that he probably did.

When the threatening descents of the rugged pass had, under Denby's skilful hand, surrendered them into the safer levels of the yard in the wide valley at Alta Vista,

and their work was done, Mike led the way to a shed-like building at one side of the plaza. Turning a key in the rusty lock, he threw open the door. The interior showed a two-wheeled hose-cart of odd but strong build, rivalling the rainbow in colors. The room was bare of furniture, and from the middle of the ridge-pole hung a stout rope that led to a bell-hammer in the small cupola above. The bell looked remarkably like an old locomotive bell.

Mike seated himself upon the tongue of the hose-cart and said, "Set down, Joe. This here's the fire outfit we was talkin' about this mornin'. We ought to bereorg'nized, an' I believe you're the man to help do it.

"I told you, partly, how we come to call this kerrige the 'Phoenix,' and how Tom Maxon stood on that, but I never had none too much use fer the name. Always seemed to me like a bird that has no more sense than to set itself a-fire an' has luck to be riz up from 'er own ashes, ain't, in my judgment, a no-ways reliable ner dependable bird, if it goes an' repeats them bold experiments indefinite.

"But young Tom had a book about it, an' some other freaks o' nature, an' he says it's all right to have it, because that's what the phoenix bird was habited to do. An' jest to humor him, we says mebbe we'd better git a phoenix fer the hose-cart. An' we let it go at that till the next meetin' night.

"Tom jest laughed a little, an' the first we know, he goes up on the Rim Rock with a rifle an' shoots the old hen eagle that had been nestin' an' yellin' an' hatchin' an' fightin' an' general housekeepin' up there, jest like folks, ever since the railroad come through. The mule-team freighters in the wagon trains that lined out Cimarron way with pervisions an' stuff, said them birds had been ketchin' prairie-dogs fer a hundred mile around Alta Vista an' the Cimarron country as fur back as they could remember. They took it personal, same's if they'd been shot at an' missed, or nigh about so.

"It was a freighter that nailed Tom comin' down off o' the cliff with the old hen eagle, dead; pleased as a young retriever with his first sage-hen. The freighter set up the long yell amongst some more o' them old silver-tips that was stockin' up on can- an' bottle-goods over along Main

Street. An' that's about the closest Tom'll ever come to bein' hung till he's indicted reg'lar an' can't prove no alibi som'eres else.

"I'm an awful good shot, if I do say it myself, an' perticler with a Winchester," he asserted, with no appearance of boasting. "Of course, if they'd shoot at me first an' git me, like from behind the coal chutes over yonder, why they'd git me. But, Hanley, if they was to shoot at me an' miss me," he continued, with half-closed eyelids and a confident smile, "I'd sure git 'em before they could shoot ag'in. It took mighty good shootin', an' plenty of it, to git him away from them fellers after they'd got a lariat onto his neck. But we convinced 'em. We was all worked up fer a fire comp'ny jest about then, an' that made it different from if the young feller had jest shot 'er fer fun. But I wouldn't no-ways advise you to try to git a fresh one off o' the cliff, even now. The old rooster eagle got hisself another mate som'eres an' them birds is a-livin' up there now. Folks here feels they kind o' need 'em in the landscape."

Joe arose from his perch beside Mike and turned to look up to where a pair of golden eagles were circling and screaming in the waning sunlight that still bathed the top of the sombre cliff and tipped the dwarf cedars with purple and gold. His broad young shoulders heaved convulsively once or twice, but his face was quite composed, and his mellow voice steady and respectful when he turned again to Mike and said, "I believe we don't need a fresh bird. I think the old one might do, if you have it."

"Suits me. We have it," said Mike, and made no further comment until, with a look of reverie in his keen eyes, he remarked: "It was a fire that lost Amsler his leg, I might say, if we was talkin' about Bill's leg. But let's git on about this phoenix business."

"Didn't Bill lose his leg on the road?" said Joe with studied care.

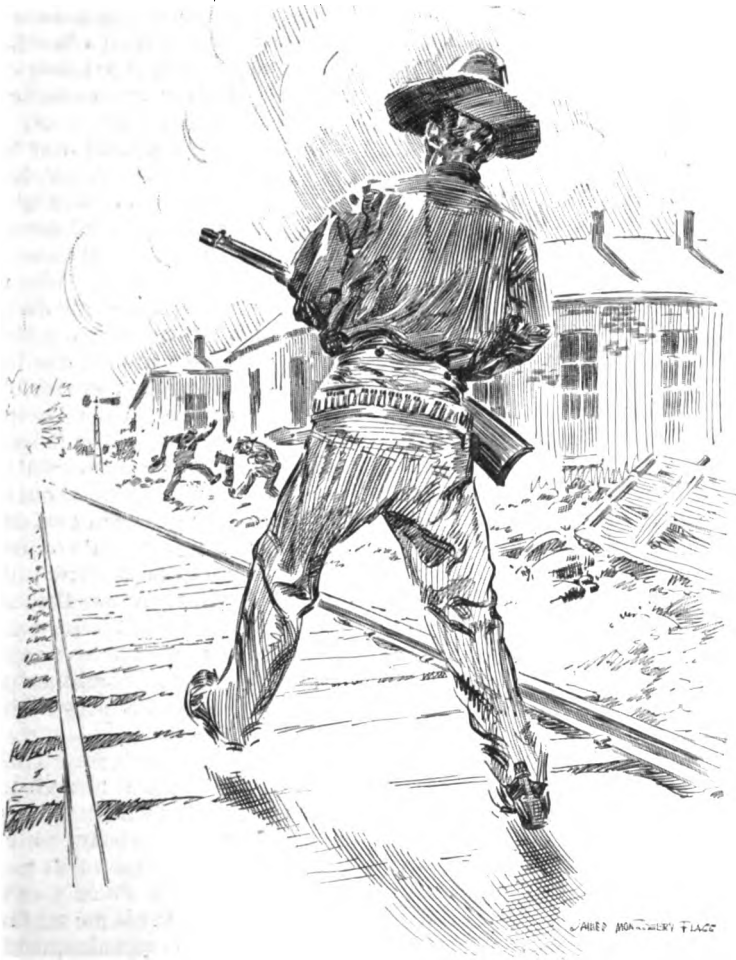
"Road?" Mike repeated with startling vigor. "Him on the road? None whatever. I know how he lost that leg. An' while I deplore his loss, he sure got jest what was a-comin' to him, an' lucky that he ain't got two oak legs, stid o' one.

"Not meanin' to be abrupt with you," he went on, quite under control again as Hanley dropped lightly to the tongue be-

side him, "that's what comes o' bein' too talkative. Got myself all keyed up an' shootin' at dead coyotes. But now that we're onto them old topics, I'm a-goin' to tell you jest how Bill Amsler did git that there prop o' his'n.

"This fire outfit dates back to the times

check. An' in ten minutes more he's due to march down the straight track in the back shop an' stampede all them machinists over there. But he always made the round-house gang run fer cover first, an' they wa'n't one o' them ever stopped to ask him fer his card, or did he belong to



He always made the round-house gang run fer cover first.

when Alta Vista got drunk onc't a month reg'lar, before the pay-car could pull out o' town; an' the pay-car always hurried. I used to pull the paymaster then. Bill Amsler was always counted due to have the mag'zine of his rifle as full as the rest of him in about half an hour after he got his pay-

the union, nuther. They jest hid out and done it quick.

"Take a look, some time, over there in the shop office where Chubb was a little slow about gittin' his head out o' range durin' one o' them festivals. Bill put a .45 acorn bullet through the edge o' the door-

casin' an' crimped the poke o' Chubb's cap scandalous before Chubb could drop under the table and crawl out the back door behind the shop b'ilers. Bill was jest plumb mean when he was drunk, an' special, the night he got the leg, among that Paradise gang that had rid in.

"You know about Paradise? No? Well, it's a bunch o' owls an' prairie-dogs, about ten mile, t'other way from our run, down the division here, that wants to control the water from Geyser Peak, an' they was a-fightin' us purty mean in them days. But they didn't make it an' they never will, nuther."

Mike's eyes kindled again in reflective silence. But he soon resumed:

"I'm fer peace and kind relations with folks, an' them Paraders was sure invid-yus foes, but, if you'll look this kerrige over pertickler the back end, an' the wheels, you can see they was some reason to it."

Hanley walked to the rear of the cart and read aloud from the dim gilt lettering: "Phoenix of Alta Vista. T'ell with Paradise!"

"That's it," nodded Mike. "I never did favor givin' out that there insultin' text so uncompromisin' in public, no matter what a man might be thinkin'. But once it's give out, you got to support it, an' stand by yer town. It was calc'lated to start things. Things that ther' wa'n't no other way o' stoppin'," he finished after a thoughtful pause. "It looked mighty sassy an' on-polite; special when we had that Phoenix spread-winged onto the front, to balance up this here maxim on the back. Go look in to that cupboard in the corner. Tom Maxon had the painter in the back shop do 'er up in gold-leaf that way."

The opened cupboard showed a golden eagle, of noble size, beautifully mounted, with wide-spread wings and opened beak. But it had been treated to a coat of gold-leaf over a coat of shellac, and the rich plumage was ruffled and tufted by the tracks of several bullets.

"But I never took much notice o' Bill Amsler's doin's," he continued, "until my wife, Mis' Denby, an' our neighbor woman, Mis' Sones, went down to Main Street to see the Phoenix go by, when the hide-house burnt, over there on the edge o' the arroyo.

"The Paradise gang had rid in early that evenin' an' it was light yit when the fire

busted out. In them days it was a habit fer everybody to line up on the high side o' Main Street an' leave the lower side, which was unbuilt, clear. Then, if the Phoenix was runnin' to anybody's fire that the gang didn't like, it'd be all clear fer takin' a shot at 'er as she went by. It was bad fer the hose.

"Well, old Lazarus owned that fire, an' the Paraders sure cut loose, good an' frequent. Ain't many spokes there but what's bullet-creased, an' that's the third set o' wheels that's been about shot out o' that machine. But we had patience some, till that evenin' I'm talkin' about.

"Axel Neilson had rid over from off o' the mesa that afternoon an' had his big pinto hoss standin' in front o' the drug-store. So he comes lopin' down the street to meet us when the bell rung an' looped up his lariat as he come. When he meets up with us he jest wheels an' drops his loop under the hook onto this tongue here, an' takes a half-hitch around the horn o' his saddle, with about seven yards o' rope out, all on the canter. Then he spurs away ahead o' some fifteen o' us fellers that was pullin' on the tongue an' pushin' behind the kerrige; an' when we steered out fer around the post-office, daggone but we was a-goin'!

"Jest as we was curvin' around the post-office, which had been started on blockin' fer a new location an' was then standin' in the middle o' Main Street, one o' them Paraders jumped onto his pony an' slung a rope around the Phoenix an' then side-jumped an' stood his hoss, like throwin' a steer.

"Well, o' course, you see what happened quick. The Phoenix turned turtle an' about a dozen o' us with her, into the gutter an' then over onto the board-walk, amongst the rest o' the Paraders that was all busy takin' a shot at the Phoenix as she rolled over. But what made me see red was Bill Amsler fannin' his gun along with the outsiders, an' Mis' Denby—that's my wife—a-mournin' over two holes that was shot through the pilot slats o' her new helmet.

"I got up an' see Bill about the time he seen me a-comin' fer him. Him bein' caught with his gun empty an' no belt on, an' me havin' none, he made tracks an' pulled his freight fer Greaser Town, across the arroyo. Bill had good legs then, an' he made right fair runnin'. But I ain't so

crippled up, even yit. So after I'd got my Winchester out o' the drug-store, I trailed over soon enough to see Bill, with a full belt, lopin' out o' Mexican José's doby an' up the slope to'rds the graveyard; but too fur off jest then fer a snapshot.

"That's the place, over yon, that some smart Easterner called 'Chihuahua-on-the-Hill,' an' the fool name stuck. I suppose if they's all tallied up, takin' it one time an' another, ther's enough boots an' spurs kivered up in that old graveyard to make harness an' fixin's fer a four-mule team an' keep 'em up to business on the trail. They's sure about six o' them Paradisers found peace there the day after the hide-house fire, an' none o' the Paradise bunch has showed as much evil sperit sence.

"But about Bill: You see the place is some hilly, an' with the wide board runnin' around the base o' the picket fence it made fair sort o' hidin' to shoot from in a pinch, an' Bill most gen'ally made fer there when he was pushed.

"Well, it was comin' dusk, an' I got a little too anxious, account o' his doin' that mean shootin' in Mis' Denby's bonnet, an' I come out o' the arroyo exposed, when he was gittin' in behind the fence. He put a glance shot along the bar'l o' my rifle jest as I was about to unhook 'er. His ball split my left arm from wrist to elbow, light-like, but it spiled my first shot, an' sent it wild.

"He got too sure then, Bill did. Layin' onto his stomach, he give a shout o' vict'ry an' crossed his legs up behind his back, like fer a fancy shot, soon as I'd show out o' the arroyo ag'in'. While I was a-squeezin' up my arm some Bill fergot his legs was a-stickin' up behind the pickets, an' I thought it was better judgment to take what I could see than to guess at what was down behind the board.

"That's when he lost the leg, an' that's how. Soon as my .45 soft-nose reached him he let out a yell that wa'n't no shout o' vict'ry, an' chucked his gun over the fence into the trail. I picked 'er up an' helped him into town, an' Doc Maxon shortened him up sufficient; but he ain't been friendly much, ner frisky sence. He's liable to bust out some day yit, mebbe. No tellin', when the bell rings."

Joe looked thoughtful as they arose and left the little building, and when they had

reached the corner of the plaza in silence they halted and looked a moment into each other's eyes.

"Can we do it?" said Joe.

"We can," Mike answered. "I know the *alcalde's* views. He wants it done. Will you take chief, an' us old fellers back you?"

"If you say so," replied Joe.

"Ther'll be a public meetin' called fer this evenin'. The shop band plays in the plaza to-night, anyway. Ther'll be more er less o' Paradise up here, an' we might as well let 'em see that we're growin'. You be here an' you'll sure be elected. *Adios*," and Mike moved on leisurely homeward.

Seeing Jim Fairlie, town marshal, standing at the drug-store corner, Mike took that turn in his homeward course after parting with Hanley. When he left Fairlie, a few minutes later, the stocky little marshal drawled, "Sure. I'll go up to the house now an' git my other gun."

"You tell the *alcalde* that I'd special like this to be to-night," said Mike, "an' that you an' me will steer things. But ring the bell slow an' peaceable, an' don't git things stirred up too much at the start. We kin hold 'em, with the band."

So it came about that when the stars were looking steadily down upon the plaza, with its throng of varicolored faces pressing in about the flaring lights of the little band-stand, the pretty closing strains of "La Fandango del Agua Blanca" were followed by the musical call of the bell. Very guardedly the first stroke rang, and echoed away against the cliff. When the instant shuffle of the crowd and the sound of scurrying horses' feet upon the rim of the throng had quieted to a questioning murmur, the company call was regularly taken up by the old bell.

"One! One-two-three!" it rang, again and again, until the people, silent for the most part, filled the little plaza. Then, following the lead of Mike, Joe, and Fairlie, from the fire-shed, they swayed back toward the band-stand, and pressed close to it, as before. Mounting the short flight of steps, the three men advanced upon the platform, and at a motion from Fairlie the band instruments were lowered.

"Git action on it, Jim," advised Mike in a whisper, and Fairlie went to the railing where the crowd was densest. Slowly he hitched up his belt with the indescribable

twist that only a seasoned frontiersman or a soldier can accomplish gracefully.

"Men of Alta Vista," spoke Fairlie; "an' I see a few friends from Paradise has rid in——"

"You bet. Rah fer Paradise!" yelled a rider on the fringe of the crowd and spurred his horse into a curveting buck-jump that brought forth a stifled cheer and drew half a dozen other galloping horsemen after him. They circled the edges of the crowd and came back with a swoop to the starting-point. Unmoved, Fairlie waited until the little cavalcade came to a spectacular halt in the outer rim of light from the bandstand.

"That'll be all right about Paradise," he then announced slowly; "an' we're glad to have the folks from down that way with us, showin' life an' action. But we don't have no more time fer them amusements this evenin'. We're here to begin reorg'nizin' the town fire company, an' I'm dep'tized by the *alcalde* to say his say, him not bein' present in person. I ther'fore offer in evidence as the sense o' this meetin' our friend an' ex-chief o' the Alta Vista Fire Department, Mike Denby. He knows my sentiments. Mr. Denby will talk to you," he concluded, with a jerk of his thumb in Mike's direction, after a searching glance at the Paradise outriders.

"Got a gun?" Mike asked hastily of Joe while Fairlie was talking. Before Joe could reply Mike cautioned in undertones: "Don't shown none. We've got plenty fer war, here an' scattered through the crowd; an' you're to be the emblem o' peace this evenin'."

"You people o' Alta Vista—an' Paradise—know me well enough, I reckon," said Mike, taking his stand beside Fairlie. "I've done my best by this town, one way an' another, goin' an' comin', times I'm not on the road, an' always will, accordin' to my lights.

"The marshal has said the business o' this meetin' all well, an' what we most need now, havin' the hose-kerrige an' the fire-house, is a new chief. Time was when ther' was disagreements an' some signs o' bad feelin' durin' the workin's o' the comp'ny, but them emotions we expect is passed with time gone."

"Oh, I don't know," spoke an unfriendly voice from the centre of the crowd, and Bill

Amsler's face, flushed with feeling, stretched higher above the throng, and his right shoulder heaved slowly above the level. "Ther's folks in this town that needs be lots more keerful with the'r shootin' an' the'r talkin' in times o' public interest."

"Right fer you, neighbor," replied Mike without venom. "It's well an' timely said. This here left arm o' mine is a-stiffenin' more'n is comfortable as time gits furdur from the hide-house burnin'. But I ain't carryin' no ill feelin's that can't be kivered under the stamp o' that leg o' yours. So let's let it go as it lays, an' continue the times o' peace."

A murmur of approval ran through the gathering, which was well leavened with railroad men. Amsler's shoulder went down and he edged into the lesser light of the group and subsided.

"There is here," said Mike, "a young man, Joe Hanley, that most o' you know an' some o' you don't. I guarantee him to stand er run with the comp'ny accordin' to the town's needs, an' I put him in nomination fer chief. Is there any other candidates?"

"There is not," said Jim Fairlie promptly. "All in favor o' makin' this election unanimous, say so now."

If there was objection offered it was lost in the affirmative shout of friends and in the single blare of the band that came with suspicious timeliness. Before Joe could fully grasp the fact that he was elected there were calls, both friendly and jeering, for a speech, and he was standing at the rail in front of Fairlie and Denby.

"Make yer play, Joe. You needn't say much," prompted Mike aside; "but be careful what you say."

Joe flushed as he surveyed the serious-faced gathering and felt the intensity of the fires of life that burned there. Then he stiffened, with a flash of his gray eyes, and spoke.

"I want to live here," he began abruptly; "I like it and want to help. I am obliged to you for the office of chief. Other officers, I am told, will be elected; but it will all amount to nothing unless everybody helps. To promote good feeling, I propose that we take out the hose-cart now and invite the boys from Paradise to hitch on and join us in a parade up Main Street and back to the plaza. Let us head up with Marshal



JERRY MONTGOMERY ILLUSTRATION

The practice runs went on with increasing interest.—Page 724.

Jim Fairlie, Mike Denby, Bill Amsler, and the band. Are there any objections to the idea?"

Something between a growl and a groan broke from Mike and Fairlie, but the thing was done.

"Pardner, there is," said a mountaineer, who had been standing close in front of Joe. As he spoke the man laid the blue muzzle of a big revolver on the second rail of the bandstand. The upturned bore stared threateningly into Joe's astonished face and swayed only enough to cover Fairlie and Denby at his side.

"There is objections. An' I give notice that if I'm gun-covered, back er front, before the p'int's settled you're sure covered; an' ther's others covered. I advise fer peace."

There came the deadly rustling swish of guns stealthily leaving holsters, but not a hammer clicked. The thing was too complete and certain as it stood. Joe stood transfixed and gazing vacantly down into the big muzzle. His ruddy cheeks slowly turned white, and his nostrils tightened noticeably. Then suddenly the color surged back into his face, and he did something that has cost many a man his life in like position. He smiled.

But this was a pervasive, friendly smile, that took in the gun and the gunner, and

those beyond him. Joe saw the softened reflection of his own face in the faces below him as they relaxed. He had arrived at the other man's point of view, and it conjured a picture that made him smile even into the muzzle of the gun.

"Are you from Paradise?" he quietly asked of the man.

"I am," said the man with the gun.

"I think you are right to object," said Joe steadily. "State your point, but lower the gun. I have none, anyway, and if we were on the engine it would look to me like heading into a tunnel just now."

A gritty sort of laugh rippled through the crowd, but mixed with it was the dull thud of steel in leather, as unseen guns went back into hidden holsters.

Mike breathed a sigh of relief and said low to Fairlie: "It's all right now. Hold steady."

"The pint is," said the man as he looked closely at Mike and Fairlie and allowed the muzzle to slip below the rail, "that as long as we got to come up here from Paradise to Alta Vista, visitin', an' the like, we don't keer to be insulted an' worked up no more by indecent messages onto public vehicles; not while they's a gun left to shoot. But we're wantin' peace, as I announced."

"The neighbor from Paradise refers, I believe, to some inscriptions on the rear of the hose-carriage, with which you are prob-

ably all familiar," announced Joe in quiet seriousness. "I would move you that the offensive lettering be at once removed, and that we then proceed with the parade. Will somebody second that motion?"

"I second the motion. The man is wrong with his gun, which we fergive, an' he's right with his p'int, which we all applauds," said Fairlie promptly. "This is a meetin' fer peace."

"Question!" said Mike heartily.

"You have heard the motion, gentlemen. All in favor signify by saying 'Aye.'"

The shout of "Ayes" that went up was whipped to a crescendo of "Yip-yip-yees" from a shadowy line of circling Paradise horsemen and a volley of high-aimed guns that gave Alta Vista almost the vim of a cow-town in jubilee. Then the throng broke and headed for the hose-house.

That night Alta Vista, along Main Street and the plaza, saw a new sight. Following the valiant shop band, Jim Fairlie, Bill Amsler, Mike Denby, and the citizen from Paradise, four abreast, and afoot, led a small platoon of Paradise horse that drew the "Phoenix of Alta Vista" with half a dozen lariats. Joe, hoisted by friendly hands, rode the hose-carriage with the dilapidated eagle, and two by two the crowd brought up the rear. What Mike had called the "insultin' text" had vanished under a bar of fresh shale-red paint, and all was peace and good-will.

It was a joyful mood of Alta Vista, and the enlivening strains of "The Dance of the White Water" again fared forth, but now mingled with the jubilant crash of guns that had not been heard since the night of the hide-house fire. The far sounds and echoes of it survived after the Paradise delegation had galloped away into the night and the Phoenix was safely housed and the plaza lights were out. The Phoenix, for once, had gone proudly unscathed.

When Denby, Fairlie, and Amsler had libated and talked out their peace powwow at the drug-store, and were about to separate for home, Mike ventured an opinion.

"I expect ther's something into a young feller that kin start up a thing as bristly as that was fer a few minutes, an' then throw an' tie it, without gittin' hurt."

"Ther' is," said Amsler.

"You bet," said Fairlie.

The reorganization of the fire company

and the practice runs in convenient afternoons and evenings went on with increasing interest and enthusiasm during the summer. It was not until a pleasant evening in early September that the results of Mike's coaching and Joe's generalship were put to the test. On that day all trains had come through on time and the town was serene, but very much alive with the making up of trains and the home-coming of crews. Nearly a full fire company could have been mustered just before José Alvarez Conquistador Rodriguez precipitated a crisis. Oddly enough, it was this "Yellow Conk" whose spasmodic enthusiasm had won for him the distinction of being the only Mexican in the company, who brought about its undoing.

Much of the mild, sunny afternoon he had reclined dreamily against a packing-case on the freight-house platform. His sleepy eyes saw dimly, when at all, the chortling switch-engines that untiringly backed and filled cars into trains in the yard before him. There was nothing to be anxious about. The engines were for the working. Why not, then, the *siesta*?

Finally, when the yards were quieting down and the echoes fell fewer from the Rim Rock cliff, "Conk" arose and yawned luxuriously. His left hand searched out tobacco while his right found paper, and slowly he rolled a cigarette. Properly moistened, it hung at a careless angle from his lips as he indolently surveyed the crowded yards and with much deliberation twirled a match between thumb and finger.

Canting his high, conical hat, with its brave filigree band and bell-buttoned brim, to a more soothing angle above his eyes, he lifted one graceful corduroyed leg, gazed far away across the sunny reaches of the open, and struck the match with a languid sweep. A slow smile spread over his lazy, handsome face as he expelled the first deep inhalation of fragrant smoke and tossed the glowing match stem over his shoulder.

Buena! Ah, it was good!

It was good and, so being, Conquistador, the immortal, was in the next moment gathered unto his fathers, and poor "Conk" the mortal, was scattered wide upon the yards, leaving little but the unresistant sombrero, with its now pitiful little bells, and the splintered and spattered freight-house to mark his exit. The heavy box of



Stretched Joe and his group of helpers like tumbled nine-pins.—Page 726.

explosive had been marked plainly enough, but not upon the side where "Conk" had dreamed the sunny hours away.

The freight-house was flaming when the old bell sent out its hurried alarm, and Joe, with many others of his patiently drilled company, came promptly to the work. Fleet and strong, they ran the distance bravely, amid cheers. Deftly the agile pipeman dropped off at the plug. The reel spun out the well-kept hose, and the hose-

cart was thrust into an outer angle of the burning building—and forgotten.

So sure were they of their skill that Joe straightened and waved the signal for water before the nozzle was screwed into place. The long line of hose leaped and belled and writhed under the hurtling rush of the heavy head of water, and they grouped anxiously over the big nozzle. The nozzle jammed, cross-threaded, and locked itself hopelessly askew, just when Mike broke through the

circle and joined Joe and his lieutenants. With a heavy chug, the water struck the last kink in the hose and lifted, then stretched Joe and his group of helpers, like tumbled nine-pins, around the feet of Mike.

Then the freed nozzle raised and struck like a living thing at Mike. He went down, bruised and stunned, upon the shattered group. Once more, the nozzle raised and struck a sounding blow upon the muddy mass of them, and then it fell clear of the gushing hose. A moment more, and the rout was complete. The anxious pipe-man, watching the nozzle signals, had wrenched the plug-screw down heedlessly until it burst the bottom from the only available plug. It was a sorry group that the towns-folk and the remainder of the company pulled from the little pool in which they lay, with the nozzleless hose pouring a weak and gulping stream of muddy water among the fallen ones.

"It's bad," said Mike, as they helped him to the drug-store; "but don't you mind too much, boys. Things is happenin' all the time, you know; an' always will be."

"But the freight-house is gone," gritted Joe between his teeth, and tears of anger and mortification ran freely down his muddy face.

"Yes," said Mike; "an' the Phoenix is gone. She burned with the rest of it. But you tried, didn't you?"

"Yes; but what a try!" groaned Joe, with a backward glance at the smouldering mass by the tracks.

Here the story of the Phoenix might end but for a letter or two which Mike proudly showed a short time ago, when the love of the old days, and of the boys who were there then, decided us to get off at Alta Vista. We found him contentedly watching the antics of a team of young fire-horses, as they galloped in practice, with a glistening apparatus. Above the door of the engine-house before which he sat a bird of wonderful design in gilt and bronze presided over the legend "Phoenix Company, No. 1."

"Remember Joe?" he asked presently, and a kindly light spread and settled upon his face.

"Read that," he commanded, as we assured him that the memory of Joe was clear and dear to us.

He handed us a letter that bore the name of a great railroad. On the letter-head

Joe's name is among those of the men who rule, but the letter was boyish, pleading, in its familiar phrasing.

DEAR OLD PARTNER [it ran]: Are you there, I wonder, and is it still well with you all?

I hear of Alta Vista often, as a city growing, and once or twice of late I have heard of you through the boys who scattered from there. But you will not write—or you would not—and I am wanting the sight of you to-day somehow in surprising fashion.

You may see from this letter that it is as you once said to me. Some must go beyond the timber-line of the crowd, while some must work at tide-water. And some, good friend, like you, stay long upon the sunny slopes and make the rest of us possible.

I suspect that I have been above timber-line too long, as you would say, and that I am a trifle chilled. Write me, will you not, for the once, and send me the feel of Alta Vista?
JOE.

"The boy's tired; jest plumb tired," nodded Mike with emphasis, as he returned the letter to his pocket and drew another which he did not at once unfold.

"I writ him t'other day, an' told him we're a city that has no equal of its size. I told him that our old hen has a brood o' chickens; and the birds are nestin' an' singin' an' the posies a-bloomin' in the Water Canyon, same as of old; an' that you kin see as fur as ever from our front porch over to the mesa.

"An' I says further to him that the Phoenix has riz, finer than ever, from her own ashes—er some'res else," he interjected, with a slow smile, "an' that he's to come out here next summer an' we'll meet him with the band an' turn out the new comp'ny, an' give him the town. Er we'll muzzle it up still an' quiet fer him; whichever he wants. An' this here's what he says," glowed Mike in conclusion.

We took the proffered letter and read:

DEAR OLD MIKE: I am coming in the summer; back to where I got my first real discipline and first tasted the wholesome bitterness of defeat.

I want to see the new Phoenix, and the other birds, and things generally. I will risk the band, but if the fire company is not better than the one I drilled, please set a close guard around the freight-house before you turn the boys loose.
JOE.

"When we git that car o' his'n into Alta Vista yard we'll jest set the clock back five years fer him the first day, an' more to follow. That's what he's needin'. He sure never fergot Alta Vista. None o' the boys do," said Mike, as we left him.

YOUNG LOVE

By Jesse Lynch Williams

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



EVERY afternoon as he strolled up the brilliant crowded Avenue in the fading light the young man used to say to himself, "I wonder if I shall see her to-day," and, neglecting others eminently worthy of casual observation, he would keep a careful watch, behind his amused glances at the passing show, for the wonderful one.

She, most considerably, had reappeared—not once, but even twice!—since the memorable day when first she gloriously dawned upon him, making him tingle and rejoice that such things could be in such a world. For he had begun to think it rather a dreary world, now that he had come from college supposedly to conquer it. The glamour of life alone in a strange place was wearing off, because it was no longer strange; it was merely lonely—some interest more personal, less detached, was needed to restrain the tribal instinct to return to his own distant city where pleasant paths were laid down for him, where he would not be a detached nonentity. Well, he had it now, a very vivid personal interest, and it was the more alluring because elusive and mysterious.

His handful of friends in the preoccupied city of his adoption, had any of them encountered him upon his daily quest, would never have suspected what was going on behind the bright boyish exterior of this good-looking new-comer; he did not seem to be the sentimental sort, this quietly observant young man with the half-hidden humorous twinkle in his eyes. Men pronounced him a good fellow and surprisingly sophisticated for his years; women, taking more seriously the aristocratic connections, as they called it, from which he had cut loose to go it alone, considered him a rather dashing young person. He had a reserved, impersonally gallant manner toward themselves. He piqued an interest of which he was unaware.

Sometimes he found himself in imagina-

tion performing brave deeds for the lady of his adoration—such vivid impossible scenes, in which her horse ran away, or some brute of the town annoyed her. Oh, the delight of dashing to the rescue at the risk of one's life, or "knocking the villain down" and quickly disappearing in the crowd without a word. (They always disappear "without a word.") In his case he made it "without even waiting for a glance of gratitude," for he thought it might be uncomfortable to feel beholden to a stranger—like himself. No hope of reward was behind these boyish fancies, no design for romantic meetings; it would be enough, so much more than one could deserve, to know and to remember always that he had been the one! that he had enabled her to go on her lovely way again in beautiful serenity, wonderful as ever, and carrying with her, wherever she went, his distant devotion—though she would never know it.

II

WHEN they met it was in most unromantic settings—at a tea! a tea of all places, midst a babble of stupid talk and silly laughter. But he did not think about the settings now, for here she was at last, the one of all the world, the wondrous personage, the fair lady of his dreams and far more fair than ever he had dreamed, looking into his eyes, listening to him, actually addressing words to him in a clear, crisp voice not unlike the one he had imagined for her, with delicate intonations and musical cadences which subtly suggested rich depths of fineness, wonderful heights of supremacy.

But that was not all; she even favored him with the delectable privilege of a rescue—after a fashion: "Would you mind taking me into the other room?" she suddenly asked leaning towards him as if to exclude the rest of the world, "I am dying for a cup of tea—have you had your tea?"

But his eyes, though dazzled, were ob-

servant and he perceived that this move was to elude a tall serious-looking man bearing down upon them. Her real purpose in running away was to make the other man run after her—but this was not understood by the boy until long afterwards.

They found a secluded spot in a remote corner of the house, and the boy made her comfortable with sofa cushions in a window seat. The music and the babble were less insistent here. The air was cooler, and the fragrance of flowers came through the open window from a small but perfect garden beneath. The girl, observing his interestingly deferential attitude in looking out for her, wondered who he might be. He seemed an intelligent sort with good manners, even something of a manner, and so very nice to look at, with fine eyes and a clean ruddiness, like an athlete fresh from the bath. She turned and looked at him with clear-eyed calmness as he took his place beside her.

"Who are you?" she asked. "You interest me so much."

But if she thought to disconcert him she was mistaken. He was not a shy boy; he was not thinking about himself, but about her. Any unusual thing she might say or do would seem charming and wonderful, but not unexpected. "So glad I interest you," he said gravely but with a twinkle in the look he gave her. "You do me, too."

She had not expected him to say quite that. She thought him too young to be so self-contained. "How old are you?" she asked.

The boy was young enough not to relish being patronized, old enough not to say so. He knew she was trying to have fun with him. So, before answering this rather audacious question, he turned and looked at her with thoughtful interest, but with no audible comment—and he kept on looking until, strangely enough, her own gaze fluttered and fled. Then he said quietly, "About your own age, I think."

She laughed applaudingly. The young man had a way with him; he was not so callow as she had guessed. There was the nicest homage in his eyes, his attitude, in his unembarrassed silences—but no humility. He might adore one, but he would respect himself. She despised them when abject almost as much as she hated them when familiar.

"Suppose you tell me your name?" she

said, again in a most matter-of-fact manner, "it would be more convenient."

Again he pleased her by neither blushing nor laughing; he nodded lightly as though it seemed a most reasonable request. "My name is Hunter," he said. "What do you think of it?"

"Nice," she replied, distinguishing the common adjective by her manner of using it. "What is your first name?"

"Not so nice—James."

"James?" she repeated reflectively; "Jimmy Hunter. I was trying to recall where I had met you."

There was a pause. He did not enlighten her.

"Where was it?"

"In the other room."

"I mean the first time—where were we introduced?"

"We've not been introduced as yet."

This answer rather took her aback, but she would not let him guess that. "Then why did you speak to me?" she asked, as if merely interested to find out.

"You spoke first, you know. I couldn't very well cut you. I don't believe you are used to being cut—are you?"

"But you looked——"

"I only looked as if I wished I knew you—but I couldn't very well help that."

He did it beautifully. She glanced at this young stranger with new interest. He seemed distinctly worth knowing. "Well, we know each other now at any rate," she said. "My name is Gertrude Post."

"I knew that," he said.

"How did you know it?" she asked.

"I have known it ever since—do you happen to remember crossing on a German steamer a few months ago?"

"Ah, so *that* must be where I had seen you," she broke in.

"You did not seem to," he remarked quietly.

Again she laughed musically. "Oh, well, it doesn't matter about that now," she said; "and as we've both been guests of the Prangs to-day, perhaps we can manage without an introduction—don't *you* think so?" She handed him her empty cup and arose to leave him; for the tall serious man had, quite as she intended, tracked her down at last. "You've had no tea," she said by way of dismissing the younger man.

"But you see I'm not a guest of the



Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

"Who are you?" she asked. "You interest me so much."—Page 728.

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"What's-their-names," he replied, not wishing to leave now that he had found her at last.

She wondered what might that mean? She lingered to inquire.

"Oh, nothing," he answered lightly, "only—well I don't mind beating my way in here, but I draw the line on stealing their food."

She sat down again, pretending not to see the tall man; he could hover at a distance a little longer. "Do you mean, you weren't invited? Then why did you come?"

The boy looked at her in silence and then looked far away. "I'd rather not tell you," he said, though his eyes had already done so.

She ignored that, but she liked it. "How did you 'beat your way in?'" she asked, smiling indulgently; "tell me all about it."

He was not inclined to boast of his exploit, but again she showed signs of leaving him, so he explained that he had simply come in behind "some others," and that the hostess, shaking hands mechanically with the line of arriving guests, had told him how good of him it was to come, and that he had told her how kind it was of her to say so. She had tried to look as if she had merely forgotten his name temporarily, and he had tried to show her that he had no intention of storing it up against her, because we all forget names, and this seemed to relieve her mind considerably. "As a matter of fact," he added with the grave manner the girl was beginning to understand and like, "I had never heard of her name either, so that about evens matters up, you see."

The girl laughed, this time with the most piquant merriment in the glances she gave him, as if they were already quite old friends; and the boy was glad he had told her because she was so lovely when she laughed that way and because her look made him feel that she had forgiven him. But she had only been amused, and welcomed the zest and daring of his following her into this exclusive home; and though his declining to accept a cup of tea there was a subtle, a humorous discrimination for a romantic intruder, she liked that too—perhaps because it was subtle and humorous. "You are altogether delightful. I must see more of you," she said, and with that turned to admit the other man to her presence, for she knew it was not safe to keep him longer

at a distance. "Will you come to see me, Mr. Hunter? I am at home on Tuesdays."

Jimmy kindled with surprise and gratitude. "You know I will," he said deferentially.

"But not without an invitation—in my case," she whispered mischievously, and then dismissed him with a most conventional, "So you must be going on? Good afternoon."

And Jimmy, glancing back, saw her absorbedly listening to the serious person comfortably ensconced where he had been. Then he returned to the lonely quarters he was learning to call home—for that was the only place he could "go on" to.

III

THE boy called on the next Tuesday afternoon and on several others, even finally when it was not Tuesday, though these latter opportunities came but rarely; for naturally there were many demands on her time, many places to go to—where Jimmy was not invited. "But I thought you did not let little things like that stand in your way," she once said banteringly. He smiled at the jibe, but did not explain that it would be conscious and abhorrent to repeat the impulsive act. She saw this, understood, and liked him the more for not caring to do it again.

If she seemed a more frivolous divinity than the one he had worshipped from a distance, she was not less alluring for it. Beings like her, he supposed, found it necessary to wear a shield to hide the elusive personality beneath from the impious gaze of strangers, like himself. He was fascinated by watching the flashing shield, but under his own light banter lay a vague hope of being tested and tried and not found wanting, of being admitted some day to the real presence. He sought nothing, wanted nothing, except the exquisite pleasure of seeing her, of knowing she was there. It was young love.

But somehow in a stupid conventional drawing-room there weren't many opportunities for being tested and tried. Seldom could he even worship alone, and thus far the only services he had been permitted to render were repetitions of that first memorable one: it pleased her to intrust him at



Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

He looked at her, laughed a little and left her.—Page 736.

times with the task of rescuing her from the serious person, who pursued her persistently, it seemed. At this delicate art the boy proved clever, tactful too, surprisingly a man of the world; but he did not like this sort of thing in itself, though the rewards were ample. He continued to do what was expected of him only to save the lady, as he supposed, poor innocent, from annoyance or unmitigated boredom.

The other man was, very likely, something of a bore, but whether unmitigated or not depended upon the point of view. He was a scion of "the" Thorpes. From young Hunter's point of view that meant nothing, for his traditions were not Manhattan traditions; it will be remembered that he had never even heard of "the Prangs!" So it did not occur to him that there might be other reasons for her showing marked favor in the presence of Wilbur Thorpe to a good-looking newcomer on the field. Perhaps it did not occur to her either, quite so baldly as that; perhaps it was merely the unconscious practice of the art her sex has cultivated since ages before they considered the other arts worthy of their attention. But to Jimmy it sometimes seemed that she was rather cruel and inconsiderate to Thorpe, who after all, he discovered, was a pretty good sort considering his magnificent limitations of Manhattan insularity. And this did not seem in character, for whatever other girls whom he had known might be, this golden girl must be all things lovely and kind. So he felt rather sorry for Thorpe—and never thought of feeling sorry for himself.

"You don't seem to like Wilbur very much?" he said quizzically one day as he took the place she made for him near her by the tea things, while Thorpe across the room made a brave show of being contented where he was.

"Oh, yes," she replied intimately, "I like him, but I like to make him jump," and changed the subject.

Jimmy she no longer tried to make jump; he made her jump, and that was another reason she liked to have him around. One afternoon as he approached the house with the pleasant perturbation which had not decreased since the first time he rang the wonderful door-bell, the also wonderful victoria was drawing up at the curb, and she appeared at the door-way dressed for

driving. He stopped and watched her as she descended the steps, radiant, indolent, splendid and elusive. He had not seen her for what seemed a very long time, for though to him it was a matter of indifference what her friends might think of his frequent recurrence in the Post's popular drawing-room, to her he did not want to prove a nuisance. And now she was fleeing just when he had found her. He realized how much he had counted upon this chance half-hour. But he covered it up with a blithe salutation, and he helped her into her carriage like a gay courtier.

She lingered to tell him how heart-broken she was to miss his call and reproached him beautifully upon his late neglect of her. "I'm dying to have a good talk with you," she said, making ready to start off.

"Naturally you won't let me jump in beside you, will you?"

"Naturally," she said drawing up the robe. But seeing the interesting twinkle in his eye, and knowing his precocious contempt for the laws of her world she waited to hear what he had to say about it.

"Now, if I were only a groom," he sighed looking down the stiff, conventional street at a runabout approaching, "then you would take me, wouldn't you? like this obliging girl driving the negro. Isn't it nice of her to take him driving!"

"If you were only a groom!" said Miss Post, and away she swept leaving him alone upon the deserted street, gazing after her until she disappeared around the corner.

The next afternoon while Gertrude was dressing a knock came at the door, her maid entered and said, "The runabout is waiting, Ma'am."

Miss Post looked blank a moment and then stepped to the window. There sat Jimmy Hunter in a runabout, quite complete in whip-cords and a white cravat, chin and whip elevated at the proper angle. "The rascal," she said smiling, but decided to cut her engagement—which happened to be with Wilbur.

"Beautiful!" she exclaimed, as he jumped down respectfully to help her in.

"There are advantages in being unknown," he muttered contentedly, looking solemnly ahead as they sped up the gayly crowded avenue, driving in very good form. And then he had two wonderful hours of her, all to himself away up through the

west drive of the park and beyond, with no one to interrupt.

"How perfectly you dress the part," she said critically.

"And look it too?" he supplemented inquiringly.

She said he did not look quite like a groom, and was amused because he seemed disappointed. "But you drive well," she assured him.

"I'll let you drive me when we reach the park," he said. "Yes, I'm not a bad groom," he added complacently. But at that point she bowed to someone passing in a cab and before he realized it Jimmy had lifted his hat, which made them both burst out laughing.

"That was pretty bad," she said reddening.

Especially as it was Wilbur, thought Hunter, now recalling Thorpe's look of abject horror at recognizing Jimmy as they flashed by. "I'm afraid we made him jump a good deal that time," he said much amused.

She was discomfited by this inopportune meeting, and she thought it presumptuous in young Jimmy to say "we." What really disturbed her, however, was the consciousness of being disingenuous in her attitude towards the boy beside her, and she did not like to be consciously disingenuous—especially with such a nice boy. So that may be why, as they presently slowed down through an uncrowded part of the park, she felt called upon to remark quite languidly, "But you must promise me one thing, Jimmy"—she often called him Jimmy nowadays, only she pronounced it almost caressingly as if it ended in *ie*, and with a sort of pause between the two syllables, as if divided by a hyphen. And a hyphen would indicate quite as much of the charm it held for Jimmy as printed words would sound like the music of her tingling voice—"You must promise not to fall in love with me."

It was so sudden that he blushed (and she saw it—a most charming blush) but he only replied gamely, "Why not?"

"Because then, don't you see, I should hate you," adding softly, "and think how I'd hate to have to hate you, Jimmy."

He did not fancy this sort of thing very much himself, and it was rather jarring to his exalted conception of her. So he merely replied, with his eyes upon some passing old ladies taking their airing, "Yes, I suppose they *must* prove rather trying, when

they——" but he couldn't bring himself to use the words.

"—when they become abject and absurd," she put in with delightful disdain.

"Poor girl," said Jimmy with a twinkling glance of pretended sympathy, "what a horrible life you must lead." He was looking at her face as he spoke and kept on looking for a moment with the mischievous mingling of deference and humorous understanding which always puzzled and piqued her, until finally she found her eyes fluttering and her cheeks flushing.

What was one to do with such a boy? He knew too much; he was so gallantly impertinent. He did not realize how young he was; it seemed necessary to make him realize it. And yet she always found him more amusing when he forgot. She felt instinctively how easily she could gain power over him if she cared to try—and how tempting it was to try. She thought she had been exceptionally kind and considerate to refrain, and it was perilous for him to provoke her so.

As if guessing what was in her mind he said with gay humility, as they drew up at the curb before her house, "Well, I've had my warning, haven't I? That was so kind of you." But as he helped her down there was nothing but mocking defiance in his handsome young eyes.

IV

"BUT we've been back in town for over a month—you must have known it, Jimmy," she was saying reproachfully. "Why have you neglected me so?"

Though he had no intention of telling the real reason he hoped to be able presently to say something, but all he could do at first was to tell himself that it was true that he was in her presence once more, while he tingled with the delight of it; best of all, that she was glad enough to see him to chide him for keeping away so long. They had met near the corner, quite by chance, and were now comfortably seated by the tea things near the window. Outwardly all was as it used to be.

"But then," she said banteringly, as she put two lumps in his cup without asking, "you never really appreciated me, Jimmy." This meant that she had never succeeded in making him say so, though, to be sure,

she had never tried very conscientiously. Besides he had served her purpose in a more important way. "You know I am your devoted slave," his smiling manner always seemed to say, "so why say so and spoil everything?" It was quite disarming but quite exasperating. She could not help wanting to hear him say it—and without the smile.

To the young man there was something almost hysterically amusing in the thought of his not "appreciating" her, so the corners of his mouth twitched as he leaned forward to take the cup which she held out.

"Are you laughing at me, Jimmy?" she asked archly as he sat down again. She did not think he was, but his back was towards the window and she could not make out his expression. He had always been harder to understand than other men but she felt that he came nearer to understanding her than any of them.

"If I only could!" he thought, gazing helplessly across the space between them at her careless loveliness, with the fading light playing softly upon her shadowy eyes. "No," he replied, "I don't laugh at you any more." There was a volume of meaning in the quiet words—but she did not see it.

"Any more!" she repeated, lifting her eyebrows.

"Oh, I used to," he said. "You occasionally seemed rather ridiculous."

She bit her lip, not wishing the boy to know how much she cared. "Am I ridiculous to you now?" she asked with pretended timidity, her fair head tipped to one side.

Then it came out, quite casually. "No," said the boy, "you see, I love you now."

Even if he had intended to say it at all, this was not the time or the place for it. But his lips had said it while his hand kept on stirring his tea. "Now you know why I've tried to keep away," he said nodding convincingly. "Naturally," he went on, paraphrasing her warning, "I hate to have you hate me. But I think I did rather well to stand up so long." He looked at her over his tea-cup and smiled a little. "I believe you do too."

It had come at last, the thing she had done so much to bring about, but did not want to happen, the moment she had awaited with interest from the beginning but meant to postpone indefinitely, the thing she hated and loved, wanted and despised, and it had come about so quietly, so unex-

pectedly that for once she had nothing to say. Moreover, the moment was passing with a matter-of-factness which, it must be confessed, disappointed her. She had expected better things of him. He had the potentialities of such a wonderful lover; she felt cheated—more than that; she suddenly experienced, because she was guilty, the old disquieting sense of his seeing through her and laughing in his sleeve. With a flash of shame it occurred to her that all he was saying, so deferentially, with no hint of expectation, no cue for a reply, might be only a carefully prepared fib to explain his keeping away so long, a pretext for breaking with her entirely. He was gallantly capable of that, and the calm young effrontery of it amazed her.

He was gazing into his cup. "Well, I suppose you are hating me a good deal by this time," he said with a sort of grimace, and drank the rest of his tea. "But at any rate I'm not very abject, am I?"

She broke her silence by a low laugh of complete understanding, and leaned towards him. "Did you really expect me to believe a word of it?" she asked musically.

He looked up in surprise, then nodded comprehendingly. "Just like you," he said, "to want to let me down easily—you are always kind—but what's the use?" Then he went on, his eyes averted and a shake in his voice which she mistook for the self-consciousness of an inexperienced flirt: "Of course it's a great disappointment to me to have it all end this way. Perhaps you'll think it absurd, but I had ventured to hope that I might be of use to you somehow or other before being sent away. I owe you so much. In this big, bad city of yours a man all alone—well, I don't know where I might not have ended up, if I hadn't had you to think about, you to see once in a while, to remember always. I've got that still."

She was a woman, not a divinity, and women want to be wanted, not to be worshipped merely; and because she was insincere she did not appreciate the simple sincerity of this boyish confession. She had not consciously exercised any beneficent influence, was not particularly interested in doing so. She was not accustomed to this kind of wooing; what did it all mean? He had acknowledged laughing at her once and it rankled: Could he be mocking her now? She let him flounder

along unaided, watching in silence to see where his lie would lead him. "And so I wanted," he was now saying—"oh, I don't know just what—to perform some service, to repay in some way what I owe you." Still she said nothing. "Oh, well," he concluded abruptly, arising with an embarrassed laugh, "it doesn't matter about that; it's too late now. Good-bye," he said, as if glad to have it over with, and turned to go. "I know how unwelcome after this my presence must be to you—I shan't thrust it upon you in the future."

This confirmed her suspicions. And seeing him about to retreat in good order, unscathed, perhaps to laugh at her, undisturbed in that precocious poise which had challenged her on the first day of their acquaintance and now was defeating her at the end, she felt a sudden rage. She controlled it, but when she spoke at last there was a glitter in her eyes he did not see, nor would have understood. "But you *have* been of use to me, you have performed a very *great* service," she said, and the boy turned abruptly at the door. Then assuming her gay manner of worldly indifference, which had never seemed to him quite in character, though always delectable, she threw out, "Perhaps, you've not heard about Wilbur and me. I have you to thank for that, you know."

At first he only looked at her, dazed incredulity crowding out all else. In the stress of important emotion we can grasp but one idea at a time; there flashed through his mind, now in a turmoil, the rumors he had heard, read and dismissed as idle gossip. He knew Thorpe; knew how little he could appeal to her. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"Oh, it isn't announced yet, but it soon will be," she made answer and watched for the effect.

The full significance of what had been tossed out to him so carelessly was slowly dawning upon his stunned faculties. Could that be why she had taken him up, could that be her motive for showing him favor before the older man? Many trivial incidents not understood at the time recurred to him, illuminating the past. He saw himself as a ridiculous young dupe, a convenient tool for an ambitious girl.

So this was the rare personage he had chosen to adore, the fair divinity he had

singled out to worship, the woman to whom he offered the respectful homage of his virgin heart! But even now with her self-revealing words ringing in his ears his mind rebelled against receiving her cool confession. Women often made fools of men, but why throw it in his face at the very moment of laying his soul bare before her, seeking nothing but the privilege of acknowledging her sovereignty? The unconscionable cruelty, above all the outrageous taste of it! It seemed so unnecessary, it must be impossible.

"I don't believe you," he said simply, "I can't!"

"You don't believe me!" she returned coldly. "Why? If you for one moment believe that *you* could mean anything to *me*—you are much mistaken."

There was an interval of hideous silence, each staring at the other and learning much. "I was not thinking of that," he said quietly, scrutinizing her with comprehending eyes; "I have made a greater mistake." Indignant disgust with the pretty woman before him now swept over him, supplanting all other feelings except the innate consideration for her sex which muzzled his contempt. He turned towards the door in silence. Young love lay dead as a pretty shell.

For her too it had become the moment of clear vision. She had suddenly discovered all that she had done, and was appalled at her work. She understood the delicate reticence of his boyish declaration, appreciated its sweet eloquence, saw when too late to recall her blindly uttered retort what it must mean to him; and now as she beheld her grave young lover turn from her in silence, bruised, disillusionized, but too self-respecting to voice his indignation, she recognized at last what he was, and what she had lost. She valued it now infinitely more than what her worldly judgment had chosen. She saw him as the man with whom, whether wisely or not, one might be madly happy. It was no longer merely his fresh good looks, his piquing cleverness, his delicious innocence tempting her; vistas were opened in which she saw what a woman could be, ought to be, to a man, influencing as well as charming him. She suddenly despised the cheap desires of her semi-civilized class. She was determined to get back what she had lost and keep it. She was willing to pay the price.

"Jimmy!" she cried, intercepting him at the door, "forgive me! I thought you were pretending. I thought you did not care—it made me furious."

He turned and regarded her, impersonally attentive, his faculties alert once more. It was a remarkable statement even if true. "I see," he answered faintly sarcastic. "And you expected to *make* me care by telling me you cared for some one else?"

That was too near the truth to be answered truthfully. "Perhaps," she said with lowered lids, "it was to keep you from seeing that *I* cared for *you*." This *was* the truth now, she thought.

"Very flattering," he returned with a smile of appreciation for her cleverness—and his own—"especially from a girl engaged to another man, you know."

She felt the subtlety of his thrust, recognized the justice of it, but there was no time for parrying now; she wished only to surrender, and be adored and amused by this man always. "But, Jimmy," she said recklessly, "I can break my engagement." And impulsively both of her hands went out to him.

To what lengths would she not go, he thought, to have her way with one whom it pleased her rapacious vanity to immesh. Whether she meant what she proposed or not, she seemed less worthy of his respect with every step she took. This was not the woman he had admired; this was a pretty coquette, a very pretty one.

He had taken the hands she held out; they were throbbing, soft and crushable, in his own. He looked down critically into the fair face before him, the wonderful eyelashes lowered, the corners of her lovely mouth trembling. If this were art it was very good art, and he appreciated it. If she were false as sin, she was as beautiful as the rosy dawn, this girl whom he now saw through and despised but still craved with his heart despite the comments of his head. But the longer he looked the less his head had to do with the matter. He became bewildered by her fragrant nearness, her sweet slenderness, her sheer femininity. He could not think, he only felt. He was suffused with a melting glow. His blood leaped.

Blushing scarlet with the growing pressure of his masterful grasp she instinctively made to snatch her hands away. It was the one thing needed to fire his overwrought nerves. Almost like a reflex action in its

suddenness, his arms were around her flexible body and her head was bent back helplessly while in his eyes coming closer to hers there was a look she had never brought there before. They were man's eyes now, not boy's, and hers quivered before them as she strove in silence to be free of him. And Jimmy, looking down into the flushed face of the timorous thing struggling with such maddening impotence in his capable arms, made free with her cheeks, her lips, her eyes—until he saw the immemorial look of the hunted. Then other inherited instincts than the ancient one awakened in this youth asserted themselves, instincts less vital, less powerful than that primeval one, yet more dominant in men of his breed. He was disarmed by her pitiful helplessness. "Oh, I'll let you go," he laughed, and set her free.

Each, stung with shame, avoided the other's eyes, the width of the room between them. In his ardent embrace there had been everything except that which would have made her tolerate it, nay, welcome and yield to it. But no word of love escaped his eager lips; there was not even respect in his touch. She saw what it meant—and all it did not mean. She felt sullied in every quivering fibre of her being, hating him more than anything in the world except herself, who had caused it. She had deceived him from the first moment of their acquaintance, and now she had paid the penalty. She had destroyed the thing she loved.

As for the man, now realizing what had happened, he saw himself as a brute, and felt, in his innocence, a sickening chagrin out of proportion to his offence. Previously he had lost his respect for her only—now his self-respect was also gone. He wanted to say something—there was nothing to say. He looked at her, laughed a little, and left her.

V

WILBUR was taking Gertrude to view a house he had in mind. As they turned into the quiet side street they heard a feminine laugh, and looking up saw Jimmy Hunter—no longer "alone in the big, bad city." Gertrude, about to bow, was intercepted by Wilbur in the peremptory manner she sometimes found rather trying. "There's the house," he said, and abruptly led her across the street. But as they passed by on the other side she glanced back at Jimmy's companion and understood Wilbur's tactfulness.

you know what it is. It is the same old thing, but I've got to say it once more."

Eleanor looked frankly across the intervening table at the young man, and spoke in her clear, decided accents. "Now, Everett, don't say it. It's no use, you know. I shall never care for you in the way you wish me to, so why can't we just keep on like this?"

"I'd be thankful even for this, poor as it is," the young man said, rather pathetically, "but the change has got to come, now that you're going away." He cleared his throat again, and then went on haltingly, his tongue curbed by the self-consciousness which finds emotional expression impossible. "Of course I know you can't have anything different to say to me now. It's just as it always has been, I understand that, but I can't help hoping that perhaps when you are abroad you may find you care for me more than you realize. People do sometimes," he went on, vaguely; "and if you should, I want you to promise to write and tell me so."

"But what if you should feel differently too?" the girl asked, smiling. "This sort of thing gets to be habit, you know, and when the circumstances alter, the feeling sometimes goes. I think that my absence will be the best possible thing that could happen to you, and I'm not going to write to you once while I'm away, unless I get engaged to an Italian count or somebody, and then I'd want you to know that you were free of me forever."

"I'm not afraid of the count, Eleanor, but I agree with you that good for both of us may come from this separation, though not in the way you mean. You often tell me how much you like me, even care for me in a way, and how dependent you are on seeing me, and with all that, which you acknowledge, I can't help hoping that a stronger feeling will come when I drop out of your daily life."

"Is it possible that I have been *too* truthful?" the girl wondered, wrinkling her brows. "I have told you nothing that was not absolutely true, and yet the impression you carry away is *not* the one I mean to leave you with."

"I know! I know!" the young man interrupted, eagerly. "Any meaning beyond the plain statement that you have given me your sincere friendship is put

into your words by me. But it is because I care so much, don't you see, that I have to give myself a little hope in order just to live from day to day."

Any display of feeling was repugnant to Eleanor. The exposure of one's heart seemed to her rather immodest, and, now that she saw this man's love taking form and turning from shadow to substance, she grew almost alarmed.

"I will promise to write to you if I ever feel differently," she hastily put in, "but don't expect to hear, for I am not likely to change. I am a mature woman, you know, not a young girl any more." Her smile begged for a change of subject, but her companion ignored its appeal.

"You see you can hardly understand how much all this means to me," he explained with sudden boldness, "because you don't know what it is to love anyone as I love you."

Up to this time that uncompromising little word had always been translated into "care for," and the utterance of the short reality sent a wave of color over Eleanor's face. "I know," she said, rather breathlessly, "but I am almost sure that I shall never marry anybody. I am sorry for you, but I am not going to marry you out of pity or even out of friendship. I have been perfectly frank with you always, and I am telling the truth when I say that I wish for no man's affection—that is, the kind of affection you mean. I wish to stand alone. I am quite happy as I am, and in a very few years I shall be over thirty, and then I shall be my own mistress."

Everett did not seem to be listening to her picture of spinster independence with much sympathy, for he broke in, irrelevantly, "I often wonder, Eleanor, which is the stronger, your pride or your truth. They are your two most decided characteristics, and they have never yet been pitted against each other."

Eleanor was slightly nettled at the possibility that the less noble quality might triumph. "You can ill afford to speak scornfully of truth," she maintained. "There is no one who is more of a stickler for perfect sincerity than you. In fact there is only one quality for which you have more veneration."

Everett fell into her trap and inquired what that virtue might be. "Chivalry

toward women," the girl replied, with a slightly scornful curve in her lip. She had often teased him about what she considered a mistaken gallantry toward her sex, thinking that it lessened the equality that should exist between men and women. She went on, with a note of irritation in her voice. "If you think my pride is stronger than *my* truth, I am equally sure that your chivalry is stronger than *yours*," she insisted, "and I prophesy that in any conflict of characteristics your exaggerated sense of gallantry would come off victorious quite as soon as the pride you think so ill of in me."

Everett saw that he had wounded her *amour propre* in its most sensitive spot. "Don't misunderstand me," he explained, eagerly. "You are the most absolutely sincere and truthful person I have ever known. You must never regret your perfect honesty toward me. It is the quality in you that puts you above all other women." He rose and moved a step toward her. "You will let me write to you sometimes, even if I can't hope to hear from you in return, will you not?"

"Oh, yes!" Eleanor exclaimed, "only not too often for your own good. And if I am engaged I will let you know, and if—if——"

"If you *want* to be engaged you are to let me know also," interrupted Everett, trying to smile. "Good-by, dear."

For one wild moment he meditated seizing Eleanor in his arms and kissing her, and perhaps in a moment winning her, but the sober second thought on which he always acted told him that at such a display of feeling even the chairs and sofas would gather their linen skirts about them and thump reproachfully out of the room, leaving him alone with an insulted goddess. So he merely pressed her friendly hand warmly, tried to say something more, became suddenly self-conscious, and hurriedly left the room.

When she was alone Eleanor went to the window and looked out at the familiar stretch of green. A pang of homesickness for all that she was leaving behind stabbed her, and the thought of old friends from whom she was separating herself came to her as a real cause for sorrow. So unused was she to any absences from her home and early associa-

tions that the thought of change brought with it a sentiment of dread instead of hope. She thought how good it would have been to stay on in Beacon Street forever. Then suddenly it flashed upon her rather unimaginative mind that she would miss the sight of Everett Gray even more than the aspect of the familiar path under the trees that fronted the bow window where she stood. And what would he do without her to come to for sympathy and encouragement; and the affectionate friendship she had frankly held out to him through so many years? Her eyes filled with tears at the thought of his loneliness, tears that did not often dim her clear vision, for when her friends were in trouble Eleanor was less apt to weep with them than to act for them. A sudden flash-light of self-revelation suggested the possibility that her sorrow was not all for him. Could it mean that she had cared for him all these years without knowing quite how much, and now that a break in their relations was coming, the true nature of her regard was showing itself?

Eleanor drew herself up proudly. It seemed to her that anything appertaining to that objectionable and rather upsetting word *love* denoted weakness in a woman of her age and wide experience of life. She certainly was not going to summon back to her side a man whom she had dismissed only five minutes before; besides she didn't really care for him at all; her momentary weakness was only the result of her regret at leaving Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Marston and their daughter followed the steps of most of their countrymen, and went to Italy. They spent May in Naples, in order to be near the Howards, who lived in the same block with them in Boston. Then they went to Florence and admired everything to which Baedeker had affixed a star, but after a fortnight they began to miss the companionship of old friends. Accordingly they shortened their stay, and hurried to Venice to join the Warners. They "took" a gondola in much the same matter-of-fact way in which they used to step into the "little green car" that once gave color to Marlborough Street. Indeed many acquaintances from that familiar afternoon-calling ground had temporarily

transferred their head-quarters to the Grand Canal, and it was a momentous question with Mrs. Marston whether a visit paid in Venice could cause the recipient's name to be cancelled from her Boston list of unreturned calls.

The hot weather found the Marston family settled in a little Back Bay colony among the mountains of Switzerland, and by October 1st they were established in Rome for the winter, in what the prospectus defined as an "English-speaking hotel."

These months of so-called "foreign travel" had not been without a certain educational value to Eleanor. She could not fail to realize in how provincial a way her father and mother enjoyed all treasures of art and nature, and she saw with disdainful surprise to how many Americans Europe is merely a picturesque background to their own petty lives and interests. Mr. and Mrs. Marston were commonplace people, unimaginative but excellent; ominous examples of what their daughter might grow to be if no outside influences came to touch her life and broaden her outlook. But Italy, as seen under their guidance, did not seem to offer many glimpses of a wider horizon than Eleanor could have gained from her window at home. It was only after long family discussions and frequent arguments with other Bostonians that she was allowed to walk out in Rome unattended. Finally, after enveloping herself in a thick brown veil through which the genial Italian sun loomed sombrely, she was permitted to sally forth, matronized only by Baedeker. It would have been a very bold Italian who had dared to approach the tall, austere figure with the independent step and proud bearing, or to offer to the veiled features the tribute of the admiring look or word which Italians consider it the part of courtesy to offer to beauty in whatever form it is revealed. An occasional explanatory murmur of "Inglese" was the only comment that the girl's lonely wanderings ever elicited from curious natives.

During all these months Eleanor had not written to Everett Gray, but silence was far from meaning forgetfulness. The lonely passing of every day and every week had made her feel more certain that he had grown to be a vital part of her life. She was determined to give herself a fair trial

before mortifying her pride to the extent of writing to a seven-times-rejected suitor and telling him that, after years of stupid unconsciousness, her heart had been taught, by absence, the value of his love. Gradually the remembrance of him began to occupy all her spare thoughts. Each beautiful sight, each new experience, seemed incomplete because he was not by her side to enjoy and share it with her. One morning she wandered into St. Peter's, and stood leaning against a pillar, dreamily listening to the intoning of the priests and idly watching the tourists in their forced marches from chapel to altar. Suddenly her eyes fell on a man's figure, the sight of which smote her with a strange impression of familiarity. He was standing with his back turned toward her, but his outline and pose could belong to no one but Everett Gray. She felt a strange sense of suffocation, and for almost the first time in her life she acted on a sudden impulse. Without stopping to consider how improbable it was that her old friend should be in St. Peter's instead of in his Boston law office, she started forward, turning up her veil to see him the more distinctly and putting out her hand with a confiding and appealing gesture touchingly foreign to her. The young man in the tweed suit, with his hands in his pockets and a cane stuck under one arm, turned suddenly and confronted a beautiful young woman looking at him with all her heart in her eyes, and a happy, surprised tremulousness about her mouth, her eager hand held out in his direction. But the surprise in his face could not equal the shock of disappointed amazement in hers, as she murmured an embarrassed "I beg your pardon," and, turning away from him, walked quickly toward the great curtained entrance.

Eleanor's impulsive mistake had brought home to her, more surely than anything else could have done, the complete reality of her love for Everett Gray. The turbulence in her heart was a physical pain, and the supposed glimpse of her lover had filled her whole being with a rush of happiness. Then, the sight of the unknown face had sent all the blood coursing through her veins up into her cheeks, and a dull weight of sickening disappointment fell heavily on the joy that had possessed her. Now she knew that the time had come, when, to be

true to her promise, she must write and tell the man who had loved her so faithfully and so well, that, even as he had felt for her all those years, so did she now feel for him. When she reached the hotel she took from a package of home letters a little note Everett had written to greet her on her arrival in Italy, six months before. She re-read it, in order to feel in more immediate touch with the writer. He had merely reiterated, in writing, what he had already said in words, that he would wait patiently, hoping for a change in her feelings, and that his heart was wholly hers.

It was a difficult task that she had set herself. She was ignorant of the changes that time and absence might have wrought, but deep down in her heart she felt sure of his constancy. Eleanor Marston had forgotten that she was a woman of twenty-eight, and a Bostonian. For the first time in her life she was unconscious of her own importance and dignity. She remembered only, that after a long silence, she was speaking to the man she loved. Then she took up her pen and wrote the words which her heart prompted her to set down.

DEAR EVERETT: In spite of my silence of many months, I have not forgotten the promise I made you before leaving Boston. You were right in what you said about the advantages of absence. Certainly it has had a clarifying effect on my mind, and I am writing to you now to confess that you have always been right and I wrong. Perhaps if I had stayed on in Boston nothing would ever have happened to bring me to a true understanding of my feelings toward you. A crisis was necessary to open the eyes of my poor, blind, stupid heart, and the crisis—led up to by long weeks of self-analysis and loneliness—came this morning, when in the half light of St. Peter's I mistook a man—your double in general outline—for you. I rushed up to a perfect stranger, eager to tell him that he had been in my thoughts ever since I had said good-by to him in America, that he had grown to be part of my life and part of myself, without my knowing it, during all the dear old years of our youth, and that I had had to come abroad to find the real meaning of the sentiment I had thought was friendship.

But I couldn't say all this to a man I had never seen before, could I? Particularly when he looked in utter bewilderment at his forward fellow countrywoman who was most evidently expecting an enthusiastic welcome. But these things must be said to the person who was meant to hear them, not only because I promised to say them if I ever could honestly do so, but because it makes me happy to acknowledge their truth at last; and I believe, indeed, I *know*, it will make you happy to read them. If you were a different sort of man, I suppose I should hesitate to write

down a declaration of love, when you might have forgotten all about me. But you have proved that you are not made of changeable stuff. Perhaps even I have not really changed, only come to a better knowledge of myself and of my own feelings, just like the heroine of a cheap novel. Well, here it is, in black and white, and in some ways it is hard to write the words. Everett, I love you with my whole heart, and if you still feel as you did six months ago, it will make me very happy to answer a grateful "yes" to the question you asked me when you said good-by. If you feel in any way differently toward me after the lapse of time, I only beg the same sincerity I have shown toward you. Pay me the compliment of perfect truth. I think there is nothing less honorable in a woman's unreturned love than in a man's, and at least, I shall have proved conclusively the relative strength of my truth and my pride—which you remember, you questioned.

I am yours sincerely,

ELEANOR MARSTON.

If this self-deceived young woman had for a moment seriously entertained the possibility of Everett Gray's having changed his mind or his heart, no power on earth could have induced her to write this letter, but she was still sufficiently inexperienced to believe herself perfectly sincere in maintaining the equal dignity of man's and woman's unrequited love. In fact, she was secretly pleased with the large nobility of mind revealed in her closing sentences. She reckoned up the earliest date at which she might look for an answer to her letter, trying to put out of her mind—in order to be the more delightfully surprised when it came—the chance that a cable-message might reach her in ten days.

All her resolutions of calmness and patience were upset, however, two days later, by seeing on her breakfast plate a fairly thick letter addressed to her name in Everett Gray's writing. For an unreasoning moment she felt that an answer had come already, then she turned suddenly pale with apprehension, but she sat down and forced herself to drink her coffee, occasionally putting in a necessary word to keep up appearances with her unconscious parents. As soon as the meal was over she quietly took Everett's letter and went up-stairs to her own room. Once alone, she tore open the envelope, reminding herself, for the thousandth time in the last half hour, that Everett had said he should very likely write to her now and again. The letter ran as follows:

DEAR ELEANOR: I am sure you have not forgotten the promise we exchanged before you

sailed, to write and tell each other if either of us changed in feeling toward the other. I was a conceited and ignorant fool to imagine that absence, or anything else, could make you care for me in the way I wished. But I was right in one thing, absence was the test we both needed, and I know you will be truly glad to feel that in my case it has brought the result you desired.

For a number of weeks after you left, I was utterly miserable, and was slowly getting into a rut of self-absorbed loneliness. Then, all of a sudden, I decided that the time had come when I must pull myself together and conquer a feeling which would evidently bring me nothing but sorrow and bitterness. I tried to look at things impartially, and at last it began to dawn on me that your persistent holding out against me for ten years proved that there was some intrinsic reason why I never could make you happy. Theoretically I had always been a believer in the correctness of woman's instinct in these matters, but I had never before applied my belief to my own individual case. I have had such a horror of the kind of men whom women marry to get rid of, that I decided long ago that I would rather live and die single than coerce you, by over-persuasion or too aggressive constancy, into a marriage which instinct always had told you would not bring happiness. So I deliberately banished you from my thoughts as much as I could, and hurried from work to diversion in order to have no unoccupied time for brooding.

During July and August I haunted all the fashionable watering-places. And now comes the dénouement to this phase of frivolity. I can see you smiling with understanding at this point, and holding out your kind, generous hand in congratulation. Yes, my friend, the impossible happened. I fell in love with another girl, of course, the very antipodes of you! We stayed together as guests in the same house in Newport. She is Miss Agnes Harley, of St. Louis, and she remembers very well having met you at Beverly four years ago. We were thrown together quite intimately for some time, and the first thing I knew I was head over heels in love with her. She was different from anyone I had ever seen before, light-hearted and gay, yet thoughtful and clever and full of Western "go" and dash. Yet with all this she had such a foundation of inherited Eastern refinement and stability that I was first bewildered, then fascinated, then passionately in love, and now, thank fortune for it—engaged! I know you will sympathize with my happiness, dear Eleanor, and rejoice at my tardy wisdom in coming to think as you do, that you and I are too much alike to bring each other happiness. Do not think I am denying or lessening the love I have felt for you all these years. It was true and deep and sincere, and all that was best in me went into it and was made better by your ennobling influence. If there is anything decent in me now, you put it there. But, though I never used to believe it, I find that it is possible to love twice, though in different ways. You were always like some being infinitely above me. Agnes, by accepting my love, has come nearer to my human level, and I see that our contrasting temperaments and different surroundings and inheritances will

be the surest foundation for permanent happiness.

We shall probably be married in the spring, and I wish that my best friend could be at my wedding. This is a very egotistical letter, but I trust your indulgence to make allowance for extenuating circumstances. Send me your good wishes, and thereby cause my cup of content to overflow.

Believe me now and always,
Your sincere and affectionate friend,
EVERETT GRAY.

When Eleanor had finished reading the letter her face took on a look like marble, and her hand trembled as she tried to fold the closely written sheets in their original creases and put them back in the envelope. Then she sat for a long time with unseeing eyes turned toward the window, and an observer would have found it difficult to guess her thoughts from the varying expressions of her face. From time to time emotional spasms contracted her features, but gradually there came a look of decision which seemed to congeal her face into the cold passivity of sculpture.

"There is just one thing to do, and I am going to do it," she told herself with tightening lips. "I must act now while I am frozen inside. Later I shall suffer horribly, and remorse will be added to everything else, but *now* I can act." She locked Everett's letter in her desk, put on her hat and went out. In about half an hour she returned, having sent a cable-message to Everett Gray, saying, "Burn my first letter unopened. Will write explanation." Then she seated herself at her desk, and with perfect calmness and decision wrote as follows:

DEAR EVERETT: I have just sent you a cable-message *apropos* of a letter I wrote you two days ago, and both will need some explanation. Naturally I do not send such strange messages without some better excuse than mere changeableness. Since writing, certain events have occurred which make me very unwilling that you should read the most unrestrained letter I ever have written. Do you remember my telling you, half in fun, that I would write and tell you if I became engaged to an Italian count? Well, the impossible actually happened, and you were the first person I wanted to inform of such an important event. I was tremendously in love with him—more than I ever thought I could be with anyone, and he certainly seemed equally so with me. I wrote you a long letter, full of schoolgirly gush, entirely inappropriate to my age and condition, but somehow you were the one person in the world who, I felt, would understand. I went into every detail connected with

his family and traditions and past and future, in a way that seems to me now—only two days later—to have been simply insane. Yesterday we made discoveries about him which have changed everything, and the engagement is broken before anyone but Papa and Mamma knew that it existed. Don't ask me what the things are. I can only say that they will prevent my ever seeing him—or, if I can help it, thinking of him again. I believed him everything that was honorable and upright, and he has proved himself shamefully the reverse. I don't know how I can write about this so coldly and dispassionately, but I have suffered so intensely during the last twenty-four hours that my heart is callous now for a time. I suppose it will thaw again soon, but this coldness and apathy come as a relief from acute suffering. You will understand, I think, why I could not bear the thought of your reading all the details of my brief unfortunate engagement. Even the knowledge of the man's name is something I would do much to conceal, and at present I try to be thankful that his falseness was discovered in time to save me from a life of wretchedness.

Forgive the hard tone of this letter. It cannot be otherwise with me yet, for a time. You see I was right when I said I should never marry. I hope things are going well with you. I should like to think of you as happily engaged—or happily married—that is safer.

Sincerely yours,
ELEANOR MARSTON.

The letter finished, the girl flung her pen away as if it suddenly had become too hot to hold; then she dropped her head on her arms, and her body shook with deep, dry sobs, wrung out of her by wounded pride. She felt a deep scorn for herself and her shattered ideals of truth, while underneath all else was the simple human pain for a lost love. She could not feel quite confident that the letter she had just written would carry conviction, yet Everett believed in her truth above all else, and he was too modest for the real explanation to suggest itself—also, he was so absorbed in his own love for Agnes Harley that his hopes in regard to Eleanor had receded into the dim perspective of his past. She remembered, with a flash of cynical amusement, the closing rhetorical outburst of her first letter about the dignity of woman's unrequited love. How little she had known that when Truth and Pride really met face to face in deadly conflict, Truth would surrender unconditionally, stripping himself of sword and buckler that Pride might make the nobler figure before the eyes of Everett Gray.

And then, suddenly, to the girl sitting

there amid the wreck of her shattered ideals, there came a revulsion of feeling. Her fall from grace, her deliberate setting aside of truth and honor seemed to give her a new sympathy and sense of kinship with the rest of the world. To Eleanor's over-developed conscience this lie that she had told was a black blot of sin, that, relatively, put her on a plane with the most erring of the human race, whose ideals had been lower, and whose fall, therefore, had been less. For the first time in her life she had been tempted, and she had succumbed to temptation without even a struggle. But why should she feel a strange sense of elation, now that her first involuntary pang of shame was over? Her heart, softened by love, quickened by suffering, and humanized by an exaggerated sense of sin, went out toward all mankind with a new understanding, and a charity of which she had known nothing when she was an "Associated Charity Worker" in Boston. She would prove that the loss of a lover and the telling of a deliberate lie could be as broadening and as humanizing in their result as the average "happy" marriage. Her sense of exaltation was merely a phase—too unreal to last, although the mood contained an element of permanent truth. As she sat there, with her eyes fixed on vacancy, and the uplifted look on her face, another sudden reaction came, once more her head went down on her desk, and tears of hot, natural jealousy at the thought of Agnes Harley completed the evolution of Eleanor Marston into a human being.

After a few days she began to take a certain dramatic satisfaction in acting to the best of her ability the rôle which she had set herself to play. She was even conscious of a sense of artistic completeness, when, two days following the arrival of Everett's letter, she acknowledged its receipt as if it had that moment been brought to her. She felt this to be a refinement of unvaracity calculated to give the death-blow to any possible suspicions of Everett's in connecting their two letters as cause and effect. This time she sent him a brief note supposed to be consistent with her own perturbed feelings over her broken engagement, and as the perturbation did not have to be assumed, her words had the ring of sincerity.

"Your letter has come, my dear Everett," she wrote, "and seems to be an answer to the closing wish of my last letter. Indeed I do congratulate you, and wish you happiness with all my heart. I am sorry that I had to lay even a temporary weight of sympathetic sorrow on you at a time like this. Please dismiss my troubles from your thoughts and believe that my understanding of your present happiness is the more complete for my own knowledge of what it means to care for a person with one's whole heart. Yet with all the sympathetic gladness I feel for you, I must confess to a twinge of selfish regret at having to resign my right to take an interest in everything that concerns you. Our companionship and friendship were so good to have, that I know how much you are to be congratulated on having found something infinitely better. I remember Miss Harley very vividly. Her charming personality is not one to forget. I shall write to her directly and tell her a great many things that she knows already about you—among others, that neither of you will have a more truly sympathetic friend than yours faithfully,
ELEANOR MARSTON."

"I am sure I need not ask you to burn up all these queer letters I have been writing you. Please forget, or, at all events, please *seem* to have forgotten, when we meet, everything connected with myself to which I have alluded."

About three weeks from this time Everett Gray returned to Boston from a fortnight's visit in St. Louis, whither he had gone partly to make the acquaintance of his fiancée's family, partly to recuperate from a summer of over-gayety and an autumn of overwork. He had given strict injunctions that nothing in the way of mail should be forwarded to him, as he wished a complete rest. His partner would attend to the business part of his correspondence during his absence, and his mother's letters would keep him informed of home news, so for two weeks he banished all professional and domestic anxiety. When he returned, he looked better in health, but there was somehow, a less exuberant happiness in his general bearing. He gave a good account of himself and of Agnes to his mother, but in the reserved and almost restrained manner of his unengaged days. His mother knew that she would never hear anything of change or disappointment from him, but some subtle instinct told her that Agnes Harley, in her own home, surrounded by her family and her familiar, everyday associations, had not been quite the same Agnes Harley whom he had known only as his gay and fascinating fellow-guest at Mrs. Berkeley's Newport cottage. Mrs. Gray knew that

at heart her son was conservative and tradition-loving, that he was New England to the backbone, and her own sympathy with such a nature made her fear that the reverse qualities, though fascinating and interesting from their very novelty, would never hold him in permanent subjection. But he had seemed so childishly happy over his engagement to the pretty St. Louis girl, that Mrs. Gray had reluctantly resigned the long-cherished hope of one day having Eleanor Marston as a daughter-in-law. Now he had come back from the West surrounded by an impenetrable veil of reserve and mystery, and at what it concealed the anxious mother could only guess.

The first morning that he visited his office after his return, Everett was greeted by a pile of letters on his desk, three of them in Eleanor's handwriting. He was too intent upon comparing the dates on the outside to be conscious of a telegram surmounting his business correspondence close at hand. He opened the letter of the earliest date, and before he had read a page an exclamation of surprise and wonder broke from him, ending in a groan expressive of completest tragedy. For a moment it seemed as if he would throw aside a letter so evidently not intended to be read by a man placed in his circumstances, but his eye and heart were eager for the words that told him what he had longed to hear through so many years. When he had finished the letter his head sank down, as Eleanor's had done on a similar occasion, and he clenched his hands and groaned aloud, whether in pity for himself or for her it would be hard to know. He sat silent for some time, unable to collect his thoughts to plan for some action which would relieve Eleanor of the mortification and shame she must be undergoing. Then, in reaching out for her second letter, his hand touched the telegram and he saw the words *cable message*, which flashed some inkling of an explanation to his confused brain. He tore the envelope open and read the brief message it contained, cursing himself as an idiot for not having sooner seen it and saved himself the burning knowledge of Eleanor's love. Then he read her other letters, and his heart beat proudly for her pride. She had lied magnificently to save

herself from humiliation and him from knowledge of her shame—if shame her brave acknowledgment of love could be called. This revelation of her weakness seemed to bring her nearer to his own level. He threw his head back exultantly, allowing himself to luxuriate in the consciousness of her love and of what it might have been to him. He did not let himself think long on that subject, but he clenched his teeth tight together. Then he took out of his book-case drawer a photograph of Eleanor. He looked at it long and intently. Her coldly classical features regarded him with the pure, calm sincerity of expression which he always had thought the key-note of her character. Was this the woman who loved him, this woman who for the best years of his life had been his other self, the love of his youth? He put down the picture abruptly and took out of his pocket-book a small photograph of Agnes Harley. Her piquant prettiness, her smiling mouth, her laughing eyes and her prettily rounded neck and arms formed a complete contrast to the somewhat austere beauty of her rival in the book-case drawer. He remembered how Agnes had once mockingly said that Bostonians all wanted to marry their first cousins, and that if they hadn't any of suitable sex and age they tried to find someone as much like themselves as possible, in order to preserve a dead level of similarity in character and temperament for generations to come. With a sudden shock of surprise Everett realized that the eternal Bostonian in him still craved Eleanor Marston as his fitting mate. Yet he felt a sense of anger at the number of years it had taken her to find out that she loved him. If she could have discovered her feelings some six or eight years ago, they would probably by this time have been respected residents of the Back Bay, bringing up a family of rather uninteresting little reproductions of themselves and each other. Somehow it was a picture more peaceful than inspiring. The eternal man in him was veering to the side of his fascinating—though sometimes disturbing—fiancée. Her little crudities and unconventionalities, even her rather ordinary mother, seemed unimportant when he looked at the dimple in her chin and remembered the waviness of her gold-brown hair;

and his heart beat warmly at the thought of her.

Before he left St. Louis they had had a quarrel about various other men whose attentions she still took considerable pleasure in accepting, and she had lightly offered Everett his liberty, signifying that she could get on without him a good deal better than he could survive her loss. The chance of honorable escape was before him if he desired it. Strangely enough it was because the road to freedom was open that he was able to close its gates voluntarily. Had they been already shut, he might have spent his strength and lost his honor in wrenching them apart. The primal instinctive man in him overwhelmed the rational Bostonian without even attempting to answer the latter's perfectly reasonable arguments. The man simply tossed Eleanor's three letters into the fire, and as he watched the burning words turn into dull ashes, a sad little smile of retrospect broke the sombreness of his face. He remembered the prophecy concerning the overthrow of his truth by his chivalry with which Eleanor had capped his own surmises about the relative strength of her truth and her pride. He could still hear her rather sententious and irritated tones, and he hoped she would have forgotten her prophecy. At all events he trusted she would not realize that he was fulfilling it, when she should read the note he was mentally writing and tearing up again as he sat half-hypnotized by the bright flame. Finally he committed his thoughts to paper in this form :

DEAR ELEANOR: I thank you for all your letters. The cablegram of course sent your first unopened into the fire, though I confess I was mystified by its message. But since reading your explanation I understand perfectly how you felt about my reading any particulars of an affair so painful and tragic. You are not the kind of woman to whom one gives pity, but I feel that if your love couldn't save a man he must have been not worth saving. There certainly is real cause for congratulating you on being free of a man who proved himself faithless and unworthy. I shall always value and respect the confidence you have placed in me. I should have rejoiced in your happiness as truly as I sympathize with your sorrow. As I told you before, I shall always be the better for your friendship, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the sympathy and understanding in which you have never failed.

I am going to be married in April, and show

all my friends how happy a marriage of different temperaments and different traditions may be. Do not think it impertinent in me to advise you to go and do likewise. Put this sad love-affair behind you forever, or rather let it prepare you for the good and happy marriage you are so well fitted to make—not with your counterpart, as I

used to urge you to do, but with your contrast. Good luck to us all, whatever our ventures, say I. May we all be doing the best for each other as well as for ourselves. "And with God be the rest."

Yours ever sincerely,
EVERETT GRAY.



THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN

By William Hervey Woods

It rolls up out of dreams—
Sometimes it wakes me in Himal'yan snow,
Sometimes in Kandahar I hear it blow,
As round the mountain gleams
The Cyclops headlight, and I catch the roar
Cushioned with distance till it sounds no more
Than snow-fed April streams.

But quickly moves anear
And now, still hissing, at the station stands
This nightmare monster out of dragon lands;
Then on my waiting ear
Bells ring; and dim-lit squares, uncoiling slow
Like dragon scales, across the orchard go
And past the hillside clear.

So nigh the coaches glide
That sometimes at the window where I wait
I catch swift glimpses of their silken state—
The gay world in its pride
I see go by; anon, a hectic face
Fleeing the plague; and oft in youthful grace
The bridegroom and the bride.

They're faring south, they say,
To those bright regions where the only snows
Are pink and golden, and surnamed The Rose;
Joys, half a year away

The Midnight Train

From these bleak hills and skies of wintry gloom,
For yon blest pilgrims shall wear summer bloom
When once more night is day.

The townsfolk round me spread
Stir in their sleep, and say, "She's late, to-night."
Aye, sleep ye well; and yet was never sight
Nor sound like this that sped,
This roaring earthquake through the darkness hurled!
Not Phaethon's coursers so might shake the world
When first the dawn they led.

Nay, nor so dread to view
The fiery car that swept the Tishbite home;
Triumphs acclaimed in Babylon and Rome
Did punier pomp endue,
And vanished gods, around the Trojan gate
Ramping of old, in far less godlike state
Their mimic axles drew.

But oh, to go like this
When we too change our planets! Not with moan,
Nor yet to start in silence and alone,
But parting pangs to miss,
And crowned and charioted, th' abyss to win,
And thus on all worlds waiting thunder in,
And taste the conqueror's bliss!

It's gone. Like August streams
Dwindling, in distance dies the less'ning roar;
The sparks are dead; the red rear lights no more
Give back their warning gleams.
Far down in Kandahar the whistles blow,
And now I lose them in Himal'yan snow—
The train rolls on in dreams.



· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

AS a reader of current literary comment I have often wondered why professional writers about books love so dearly to snub one another and me. I do not refer to mere phraseological heirlooms from a pompous and didactic past, as when it is said that "every schoolboy knows" something that the writer has but recently ascertained or when the results of much grubbing on his part are introduced as "doubtless familiar to the reader."

I refer to the practice of sniffing at a class of people whom he rates very far beneath him—people on whom the "subtle something" in B's writings is quite thrown away, or who miss the "undercurrent

Literary Class
Distinctions

of philosophy" in C's humor, or who for some vile canine reason prefer D to F. "No better touchstone of literary taste could be conceived," says Porphyrogenitus, "than ability to appreciate the following passage," and finding the passage spiritless and altogether mediocre I learn that I am of the *canaille*, and so would scores of his fellow-writers if all of them had not "touchstones" of their own whereby they in turn become Vere de Veres, banishing him to the butler's pantry. And the more respectable and British the periodical, the more hopeless the lot of the outsider and the blacker the unparochial outer darkness. Nowhere has the Proper Thing more awful beadles than in the unsigned pages devoted to "light literature" in the British Isles. For each is proud not only of what he does know but of not knowing any more—*scienter nesciens, sapienter indoctus*, like the monk of old, or like Carlyle's gigman, if you prefer. I am always abashed before the British paragrapher, even when he speaks kindly of Poe or Walt Whitman or tells me Mark Twain is a genuine humorist. America lies so largely outside his experience and it is so clearly her fault and he is so grandly merciful to people who did not know they needed any mercy and he is so very like one of his country's institutions and so very unlike a fellow-man. Even when by accident my tastes are momentarily in accord with some writer for the London *Bombardinian*, I cannot help feeling for the others, those vulgar others, "half-

educated," "bourgeois," "suburban," who, say what you will, must somehow be aware of their condition, and suffer keenly. But it is given to no man to remain long among "Discriminating Readers." Successive writers hew them down, till, if you follow literary journalism far enough, not one soul is left to blush at the tale of his own exclusiveness. It comes to the same anarchy in the end, not only among frank literary egotists like Mr. George Moore or Mr. Shaw but among the severest academic persons full of grave discourse about the "best literary traditions," recognized standards and the like, speaking apparently for a class, yet each using his scale of values as a personal step-ladder to overtop the next. "In his treatment of Nature," says the *Literary Palladium*, "a *prosaic* thoroughness *mars* artistic effect." "As a matter of fact," retorts the *Weekly Rhadamanthus*, "precisely the opposite is true: A *poetic* thoroughness *heightens* artistic effect." And so it goes. Nor is it a merely rhetorical certainty. These strange creatures really feel all the absoluteness of pure mathematics or of childhood—and in regard to matters which in the long run will be ranged with millinery and waistcoat buttons.

The outskirts of literature, like the fringe of "our best society," are full of these queer meticulous beings, concerned with Heaven knows what pass-words and *cachets* and easily horrified little gentilities—anxious debaters of what's what and who's who and the minutiae of precedence and the things one ought to seem to know and the ins and outs of literary table manners. And the man who sips Walter Pater in old china must on no account be seen with the man who eats raw Kipling with a knife. And in the absence of any personal distinction there is this awful sense of class distinctions, conveyed in many shrugs and shudders and little screams; and books are neither loved nor hated; and "culture" must declare itself or it would never be suspected; and you guess that a man is fully educated because he calls some other man "half-educated" and seems to think it a very dreadful thing; and vulgarity is not a quality of the mind but a de-

gree of literary information; and were it not for the exclamatory derision for the "half-baked" on the part of gentlemen who, presumably, are completely baked, I defy you to tell the difference. Such are the higher planes to-day of literary journalism, whence come the warnings to us sordid folk below, and the vulgar rich look up and turn away again (small blame to them) and build still larger soap-boxes on the green, and the "tired businessman" with averted eyes flees faster to the roof-garden, and Western colleges add new schools of dentistry with funds diverted from the "liberal arts"—and I am going to buy a paper collar and learn to chew tobacco if I can. Such "true refinement" would certainly be an appalling thing to have happen to one.

Why has no Anglo-Saxon writer taken the hint from M. Lemaitre's little paper on *le snobisme littéraire* and carried the idea further? M. Lemaitre, of course, faltered miserably, for what could a Frenchman know of anything so intimately ours as *le snobisme littéraire*?

Books
of Sentiment.

ARE we less "sentimental" and "poetical" than we were fifty or sixty years ago? This question has been brought afresh to my mind by the recent inheriting of a small box of books from an aunt who was, evidently, terribly sentimental in the 'forties and 'fifties. The books are an amusing lot—a lot seldom seen nowadays except in the 10-cent trays outside the second-hand shops. Books that, alas for the fall! sold in their day for several dollars and were the dear adornments and treasures of the household.

The bindings are elaborate. Most of them are "full gilt," and gold scroll work in astounding profusion adorns both covers (we are more economical in these days) as well as the sumptuously lettered backs. Many are in black cloth, some in a purplish red, now faded in the exposed parts to a delightful old rose; and one, evidently the pride of the collection, is in soft green silk; this, "The Poetical Works of N. P. Willis." And hereby hangs a tale—a warning rather, which I constantly hold before my family duster (here let me hold it before others) against the dusting of books—a shocking habit which some people persist in. The sides of this book are as beautifully fresh as ever but the entire fabric of silk and gold is completely worn off the back, laying bare the thick white paper foundation—ruin caused by the dusting of years, as the book

stood in the case its sides protected by its neighbors, but its poor back exposed to the left, like Cromwell, naked to its enemies.

But to get back to the books—how many of the present generation knew them at all? Let me recount the titles of a few—to enlighten the young, and to recall their youthful admiration to those, who, like my aunt, once cherished them. (What have you done with yours, dear ladies?) There is the aforesaid Willis, and a very elaborate Fitz-Greene Halleck. Probably many of us now of "the usual age" learned in our youth, if we had sentimental aunts (and it is to be hoped we all had, for they are a sweet and delicate memory. What will our children do for such? Shall we ever, to a coming generation, be redolent of a lavendered past? I fear not—rather, of gasoline!) learned in our youth to recite (fragments still come to us in the watches of the night) Marcos Bozzaris; where

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in supppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.

though we have probably forgotten who wrote it—I had, till I found it in this book.

And the illustrations! Beautifully fine steel engravings, wonders of an art that has never been quite replaced! They are as sentimental as the verses—even more strangely so, perhaps, to modern eyes. As a rule they depict ideally (to that time) perfect young women with loose hair and flowing robes. Before me is one, over two lines of Marcos Bozzaris that I remember reciting in especially thrilling tones (Death is invoked):

Come to the mother when she feels
For the first time, her first born's breath.

A flourishing young woman, of the above type, is sitting amid huge cushions by an open window through which are seen a landscape (with an eminently New England church prominent in the foreground!); on the sill is a vase of roses, and all is elaborately draped with an evidently red velvet curtain. The infant is a lusty one, of apparently two years. Compare the picture with the text! But out upon modern realism!—is not this more charming than would be a hospital bed, disinfected surroundings, a prone mother and a really new-born infant?

Religion went, in those days, hand in hand with sentiment and poetry—not with philanthropy. Among the books are "Scenes in the Lives of the Patriarchs and Prophets," "Scenes in the Lives of the Apostles," "Scenes in the

Life of the Saviour," by the Poets and Painters; all illustrated with the same sort of pictures, the same sentimental long-lashed young women in the same clothes, with weeping willows and battlemented towers for backgrounds. And the curious part of it is that nearly all the poets selected for such expensive elaboration are now but names—hardly that. Mrs. Hemans, Thomas Dale, N. P. Willis, Miss Landon, George Croly, John Pierpont, Mrs. Sigourney, Thomas Raffles (!), William Crowell; these and even less known, utterly unknown, names appear over and over again—and *poets* had written before 1850?

There are three copies of Thomson's "Seasons," each more elaborate than the other; two in really beautiful stamped leather, a true joy in their quaint and faded beauty. This book was evidently one of the most popular—it vies with Mrs. Hemans and Martin Tupper in the 10-cent tray. Of course these two are in my collection, and Bailey's "Festus," and "Tokens and Keepsakes" and "Gifts of Affection." There are also volumes of Milton, and Burns, and Cowper, in the same sort of dress, but of them I'm not speaking.

Fiction is sparsely represented, but what there is is very typical. Grace Aguilar appears with "The Vale of Cedars," "Home Influence" and the "Mother's Repentance"; Miss Yonge with "The Heir of Redclyffe" and "Heartsease." There are "The Lamp-lighter," Rutledge," and, of course "The Wide, Wide World," and a few others of lesser note, but all once productive of the copious tear, and, happy treasure! a first edition of the "Twice Told Tales."

Sometimes I cannot help feeling "why did not my elderly relatives (of course they were not then elderly, but it's hard to think of them otherwise) buy more Hawthornes? Why might I not be the possessor of a Fanshawe? Why did they not take to Poe, and leave me the inheritor of rareties instead of——?" But let me not be ungrateful! I enjoy having these books, and I have enjoyed reading many of them; I daresay I should never have had the curiosity to go out of my way for it if they had not come to me—and I can read Poe and Hawthorne in my own editions. Yes, I have read most of the fiction, though I have not wept over it (in the good old way) not even over the flood-gates of "Ellen Montgomery" (she weeps specifically, I counted, nineteen times in ten pages), though I did sympathize about the dyed stockings. The poetry I confess I cannot read—it is a little "too," even for my catholic taste and capacity.

Of course I know that a few people (fewer in proportion, also) read better literature, to use the word in its broadest sense, than is found in these books (probably my aunt also occasionally read it, only her volumes of it have not come down to me) but this was the popular reading. The same people read these books that now delight in Mrs. Ward and our other popular writers. (Of course I am not speaking of the masters of either then or now.) I wonder, despite our modern feeling of satisfaction when we look over these old books—satisfaction that our taste has improved, that we can no longer thrill and weep over these dull tales, sentimentalize over their crude poetry; I wonder are our popular books so much better. Will the sixty or eighty books (including text, binding and illustrations) selected by the present young teacher, as my aunt was in 1840, be any more presentable in 1940 than hers are now. (Some cynics claim that there won't be any of our books left by that time, because the paper and bindings will be dust; and they rejoice.) Is Mrs. — (but I must not mention names, this is not a critical article), is she so superior after all to Miss Yonge? Are the present popular weeping children in plaid gowns really any more real than little Ellen in her dyed stockings? Is Mr. Blank's (the popular poet, if there is one) work so much better than Bailey's "Festus"? Who shall say? No one can judge his contemporaries' lasting powers. Other times; other manners: but the "heart quality" is always the same (don't sneer at the expression, it is but another term for the essence of the eternal human—which outlasts style), and I doubt if this quality is so fundamental in our popular writers as it is in some of these old-fashioned ones at whom we are inclined to sniff in our "cultured" self-satisfaction.

SOMETIMES, when I have been in a sentimental mood, I have felt it to be ominous that so much of the passion and pathos of human poetry should be bound up with the romance of place. Ominous, because the romance of place in the particular sense I have in mind, is becoming so obsolete. We certainly find places here, there, and everywhere, the world over, as picturesque and suggestive as ever;—probably our faculty for finding them so has increased. But, obversely, do we love a few special places as much as we used to do? By no means. With the workingman camping in

Poetry and
Homesickness

But to return to J. Q. A. Ward, the most important of our essays in architectural sculpture is the work of that *doyen* of our American sculptors, aided by Paul Wayland Bartlett. The pediment of the New York Stock Exchange was exhibited complete, in plaster casts of the clay models, on three different occasions, corresponding with three stages of the work. There was the small study, twelve feet long, or so, with figures a few inches high—there was the thirty-foot study at the Sculpture Society's exhibition in Madison Square Garden, and there were the figures and groups of half-life-size and larger. All these preceded the large models prepared for the carvers of marble. And if these artists would surrender all those models to our imagined Museum, what a gallery of modern sculpture that would be! And yet that great work is less absolutely architectural sculpture than is the West Porch of Trinity Church, in Boston. That work of John Evans is the most masterly of designs in the spirit of late mediæval work, but strengthened by modern knowledge of form. The statues of the three doorways, and the separate parts of the large frieze, would be even more instructive if they could be studied one by one—a small copy of the whole narthex being always at hand for reference.

Or, to go a step further in the development of ecclesiastical art in the way of monumental sculpture, consider Saint Bartholomew's Church, in New York, and its three porches. The sculptures there are the work of Daniel C. French, with whom Andrew O'Connor was associated, Herbert Adams and Philip Martiny. There is wonderfully spirited work in that sculptured front, perhaps too restless, assuredly less architectural in a strict sense than it should be, but not the less worthy of our constant attention. And the bronze doors remind one of those other doors, at Washington and Boston, the admirable work of our lost Olin Warner, and of French. The working models of those doors would form a noble chapter in the history of decorative art of the highest class.

Works closely connected with this question of architectural sculpture, are the ideal portrait statues in the octagon of the Library of Congress. I possess a cast of the head of one of those statues, Bartlett's Michelangelo. It is a very decorative object, however stern in its lines, however fragmentary, however to be disregarded as a "mere plaster head." And yet it is not casts or copies of completed work that I am speaking for here; our subject is the pre-

liminary work which went to build up that portrait statue, and give it mediævalism, true modernism, individuality, the personified memory of the greatest spirit among the artists whose personality we can estimate. So, let us think of Michelangelo, and remember the price put upon his earlier works—his boyish, imitative, abortive, satyr-head, his half finished statue, still engaged in the marble from head to foot, emerging sideways. And let us remember, in that connection, how much pleasure is to be got from the early work of able men; how in the long career of this very Buonarroti, the Virgin of St. Peter's, with the artist's name at length—so young he was, and so unknown when that group was wrought—excels in interest much of the sculpture of his maturity. We need, then, to look after the new men who come into notice, as having the gift of all gifts, the power of original design; and to beg for their early studies, many of which will never see the light as permanent works in marble or bronze. And are we not to remember the statuary of the great exhibitions, of which a part has been of excellent quality? The original plaster groups we will leave for the existing museums, whose business it is to house them; but the studies that were made for them! Yes, and those which were made for the Naval Arch,* which was erected in the fall of 1899, and stood in New York for a while—they were in themselves "studies" of effect, as there was no time allowed for the development of elaborate grouping.

The non-accepted designs have sometimes been fine. One remembers with especial pleasure that for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, the work of Karl Bitter, in collaboration with the architect, R. H. Hunt. And, as I recall that admirable work, I remember the successive studies which many an artist has made, in trying to meet (not his committee's, but) his own requirements. The difference between these little plans for great work, and small work designed as such—between studies for colossi and statuettes—is alone worth more, as a subject of study, than all that our Museum may cost us.

The sculptor is always handicapped by his accumulated models. When his studio is abandoned, these admirable works of his brain and hand go to ruin. No private means suffice for their preservation—and we are not so rich in fine-art work that we can afford that waste.

RUSSELL STURGIS.

* See the Field of Art for December, 1899.

· THE FIELD OF ART ·

AS TO A MUSEUM OF STUDIES

IT is only by purchasing their finished works that artists are to be encouraged. For the public, however, it may be good to buy and study unfinished work by artists of power—work never intended for sale.

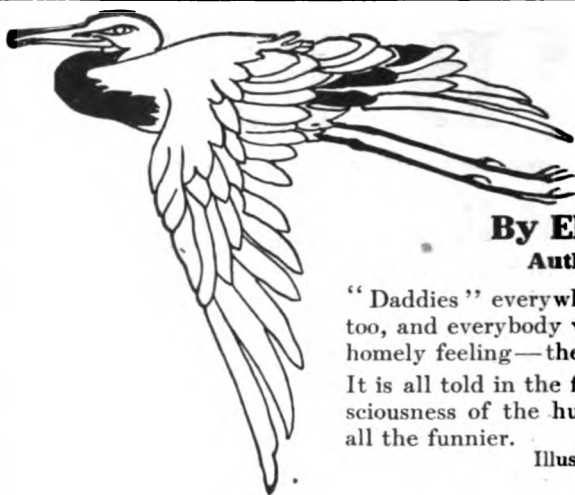
The demand for the finished product has been less eager, of late years, and this is a ruinous change—it marks a decline in civilization which we may fear is not to stop with the rejection of the purchasable work of art. What the physicians of the spirit may have to propose as a cure for this malady may be considered hereafter. Meantime let us think of what might be a palliative. The preservation of artists' studies, of those admirable things made for the art-workers' own guidance, permanent records of their steps toward the goal, embodiments of those thoughts which they had, and found worthy, before the final conceptions took form—this might help to keep before the people the real character of an artist's work. Moreover, as there is one form of "patronage" for the artist which tends to increase rather than diminish, so the results of that special form of fine-art labor may be popularized by keeping and showing the preparatory studies made for it.

Decorative work on a large scale, mural painting and monumental sculpture, seem to be constantly more in demand. The increasing number of very costly buildings carries with it an increasing desire to make them splendid with pictures permanently set up as part of the design of the large rooms. But such pictures can be seen only by those persons who can reach the city in which they are set up; and who have then the time to visit the building at the proper hours, and the energy to overcome this or that hindrance to free examination. Are there any paintings other than those in the Library of Congress at Washington, that have been seen by "the public"? Those in the Boston Public Library have been seen by a small class. Those of the great State Houses are visited, often enough, but how much are they really seen? The placing of the pictures to help the general scheme of pilasters and basement, panels and dado; the commonly inadequate lighting, made worse by the quasi necessity of arranging the painted panels in long-continued sequence, while the windows reach only one end or both ends of the

corridor with their illumination; the almost inevitable *skying* of the pictures by raising them high above door and dado, and out of reach of brandished umbrellas and protruded walking sticks; all may be harmless to the architecture, but the pictures naturally suffer. And then we have the visibly bad placing of this and that important work. Will any one assert that he has really seen, so as to enjoy it to the full, the great Puvis picture on the wall of the staircase in the Boston Public Library? It is on the wall of a corridor about ten feet wide, but the opposite supporting and enclosing member is not *a wall*, but an open arcade, so that light from windows beyond falls upon the painting too directly, but in sufficient quantity. But the picture is about thirty-five feet long and fifteen feet wide, or high, and to see it you have your choice—to walk along within eight feet of it, or to stand afar off, half-way down the stairs, on the main thoroughfare between outer doorways and working rooms, with the parapet of the corridor hiding the lower edge of the composition, and the columns of the arcade cutting it into three pieces, not at all provided for by the painter.

This may be an exceptionally bad case—but the conditions of mural painting in an epoch of grandiose architecture do not allow the pictures themselves to be seen aright and studied calmly. And, for ninety-five in every hundred of even the more prosperous of our people, any given picture is out of reach. The citizen, unless by special occupation an art student, does not even try to visit Saint Paul and Harrisburg, Newark and Bowdoin College, although there are great things to be seen there in the way of mural painting. Even Baltimore and Boston he visits only when he has things to think of other than contemporary fine art, and it is odds that he will not enter the Court House or the Library. As for New York, the prevailing note of hustle is not the best preparation for tuning one's self to the sweeter music of life.

So it is that I find myself asking for a museum in which may be preserved the studies for those huge pictures. Crowninshield is the man who has given to landscape its due place in mural painting; let us ask him for some of those studies of the Campagna and the Alban Mountains from which have been built up those admirable sketches of far-seen landscape in a Madison Avenue hotel and a Sixth Avenue



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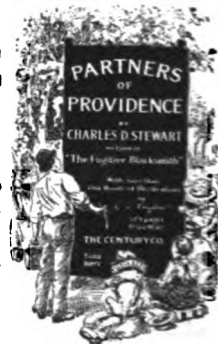
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***In the New York "Times Saturday Review,"
Mr. John R. Spears made the following inter-
esting comments on the best out-of-door books:***

New York Times Saturday Review of Books:

WITH the wakerobin and the spotted adder in full bloom and the leaf buds of most of the trees just opening, it occurs to me that a few paragraphs about such nature books as I have found helpful in the course of a sojourn of twenty years in the Adirondacks may be of interest to the reader who contemplates taking a vacation a little later in the season.

* * * * *

I began with Dana's "How to Know the Wild Flowers," and if one wishes for a book that is altogether convenient, trustworthy, and interesting, that is the one.

* * * * *

From flowers I went to ferns, and found Mrs. Dana's work on them entirely to my purpose. I remember how I was astonished when I got this book and learned that the mass of ferns on my back lot was composed of five different varieties, although I had never distinguished more than two.

For a visitor to the Adirondacks a book on trees is, or ought to be, absolutely necessary, and "Our Native Trees," by Keeler, is a most convenient and satisfactory work. I bought my copy in 1900. For the tourist nothing more on trees is needed; but the same writer has a book on shrubs that will be found equally useful.

* * * * *

I think mention ought to be made of the "Illustrated Flora," by Britton & Brown, a three-volume work. If one is an enthusiast on plant life that is the work to get, for it is complete as a work of reference.

* * * * *

The book that, as I believe, has done most to turn the thoughts of people to a study of animal life is "Animals I Have Known," by Ernest Thompson-Seton. I bought it when it was first issued, and have read it several times since with increasing pleasure. I am glad to indorse it as entirely trustworthy as well as interesting.

JOHN R. SPEARS,
Northwood, N. Y., May 22, 1907.

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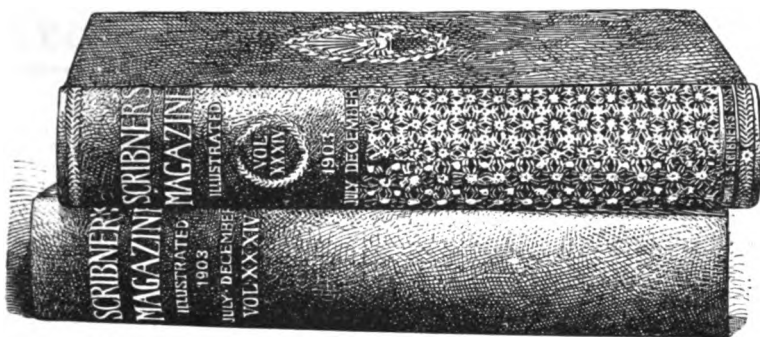
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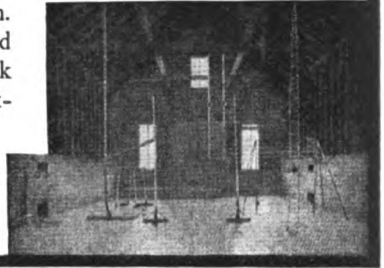
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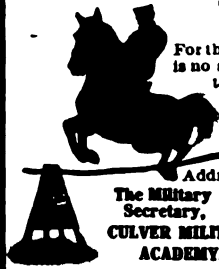
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MAGAZINE NOTES

August
Number
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ist number for this year will contain a group
ories widely varied in character and with an
al to every possible taste. Humor and
es, comedy and sentiment, imagination, and
and penetrating revelation of character are
elements that contribute to the successful
ng of the short story, and they have been
in their most effective and convincing way
he authors contributing to this number.



Harrison Fisher began to draw almost as soon
e could hold a pencil. With him it was a case
herited talent, for both his father and grand-
er were well-known painters, and the boy
ed at everything he saw with the eye of the
er. For a time he studied in the San Fran-
o Art Association and later taught in his
er's school there, but the training he looks
upon as of the greatest benefit to him in his
life is that which he got on the local news-
paper. He made drawings of accidents, street
scenes of all sorts, caricatures, portrait sketches
of famous men and beautiful women, and
other things that help make the modern
newspaper a pictorial review of the passing show.



Harrison Fisher

Fisher's ambi-
tion to become
an illustrator
and to find
wider oppor-
tunities for do-
ing the kind of
work he felt
himself quali-
fied for led him
in 1898 to New
York.

It is only
within a com-
paratively re-
cent period
that he has de-
veloped his
particular fan-
cy for drawings
dealing espe-
cially with well-
dressed and

well-groomed young American men and women.
For years the Gibson girl has been the accepted
ideal type, and her counterfeit presentment might
be found in the room of nearly every college girl in
the land from Maine to California. Mr. Fisher
has also drawn the American girl and with a de-
lightful and sympathetic appreciation of her dis-
tinctively national characteristics.

He is most versatile in his ways of working. He
draws admirably with the pen, works in charcoal,
with water-color and pastel. Some of his most
pleasing drawings are the result of a combination
of these. Pastel has always been a favorite me-
dium with him, as it is particularly adapted to
rapid and true impressions from nature, and gives
a richness and brilliancy of effect that are espe-
cially suitable for many of his subjects.



Readers of Nelson Lloyd's stories that have
appeared in the Magazine have been quick to
recognize in his work a distinct note of originality,
a whimsical vein of humor, often combined with
touches of genuine pathos, and a shrewd and
sympathetic knowledge of the vagaries of droll
characters. Mr. Lloyd has been for a number

of years associated with the New York *Evening Sun* and has had the widest opportunities for observing unusual phases of life at first-hand. Most of his stories, however, have dealt with the people and picturesque environment found in his own native Pennsylvania valley. "The Best Gun in the Valley," "The Admirable Whoopie," "The Man Who Studied Continual," "The Native Born Preacher," "A Bachelor of Elements," were all residents of "Six Stars," the title given to one of his collections of short stories.

Mr. Lloyd is also the author of several novels, including "A Drone and a Dreamer," "The Soldier of the Valley," which appeared serially in the Magazine, the amusing adventures of "Mrs. Radigan" in her attempts to break into New York society, and the recently published "Robberies Company Limited," a story of surprising ingenuity and quiet humor.

He will be represented in the August Fiction Number this year by "The Grandfathers of the Evolution," a fanciful and amusing account of how a young New York clubman was impressed by an unexpected meeting with some of his long-boasted ancestors.

The regular patrons of library reading-rooms are certainly, as a rule, discriminating readers, and their choice of periodicals is not without a distinct value as a criterion of standard. It is therefore pleasant to record the fact that SCRIBNER'S is on the list of practically every library in the United States. The library reader, more often than not, especially with regard to his magazine, is inclined to seek entertainment and instruction at the same time. He reads to broaden his views and to extend his knowledge of life and the things that will help to make it worth while.



Nelson Lloyd

The color work in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE has always attracted a great deal of attention from its readers as well as from those particularly interested in the development of color printing. There is an undeniable charm in color that appeals to a very large audience and a constant effort upon the part of publishers to improve the ordinary methods of plate-making so that paintings may be reproduced with all the lumi-

nosity and delicacy of tone of the original. SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE has been especially successful in devising new ways of dealing with color and in avoiding the hardness so commonly associated with much of the familiar commercial color printing. The Fiction Number will have some charming examples of color work: a cover from a design by S. N. Abbott; the frontispiece, from a painting by Marfield Parrish; and four drawings illustrating "A Day at the Country Club," by Harrison Fisher.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE has for more than twenty years appeared simultaneously in the United States and England, and there has been a growing appreciation on the part of business men that a magazine having such an international circulation offers unusual opportunities to advertisers wishing to reach a very wide audience of English-speaking readers. Many English concerns have taken advantage of the large circulation and special audience reached by the American edition, and the number is increasing.

The August number of the English edition, which will hereafter be issued under the direct supervision of the publishers, will contain the advertisements of a number of prominent American firms.

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About Shredded Wheat

She will say: "A Shredded Wheat Biscuit, heated in an oven and eaten with hot milk every morning, keeps the children healthy and strong and supplies me with all the energy needed for a day's work."

Ask the Chef:

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An ideal summer food — not so heating as corn or oats; contains more nutriment and is more easily digested.

A breakfast of SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT will supply the energy for work or play. TRISCUIT is the same as the biscuit except that it is compressed into a wafer. It is used as a Toast with butter, cheese or marmalades. It is an ideal food for flat-dwellers, light housekeepers, campers, for picnics, for excursions on land or at sea.

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This Summer, Join the Great and Growing Army of "PIANOLISTS"

YOU will never know the real fascination that the Pianola exerts until you become the owner of one of these marvellous instruments yourself. Everybody enjoys a good concert or listening to the performance of a fine pianist.

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Soap Powder for Washing.
PEARLINE is absolutely
HARMLESS and does the
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Washing everything and
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see how much BETTER
THEY LOOK and

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gleam like polished ivory
and the breath has the
delicate fragrance of
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5 " " 2 "	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	24
6 " " 3 "	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	38
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11½ " "	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	36
12½ " "	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	50

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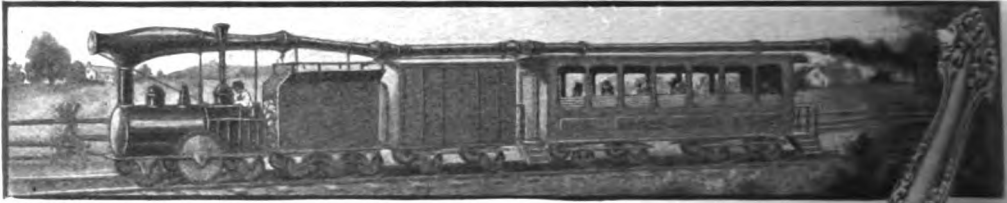
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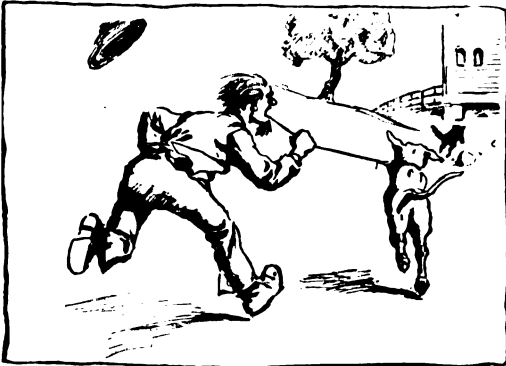
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IV.



II.



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III.

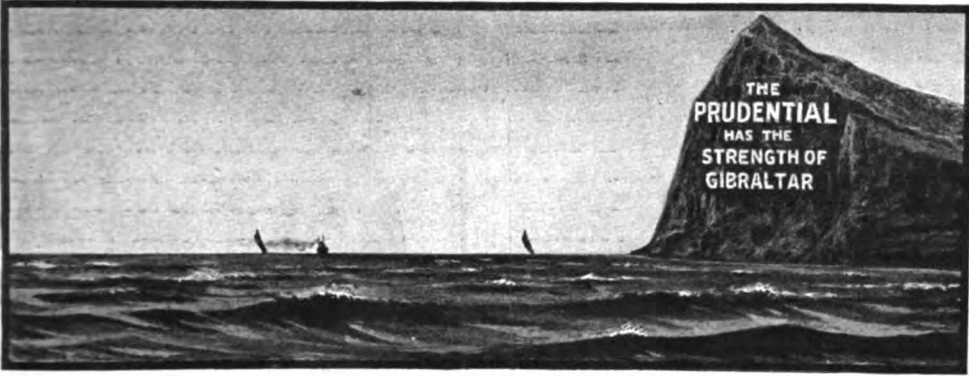


VI.



VII.

"What'd ye cut me loose fer—it was comin'!"



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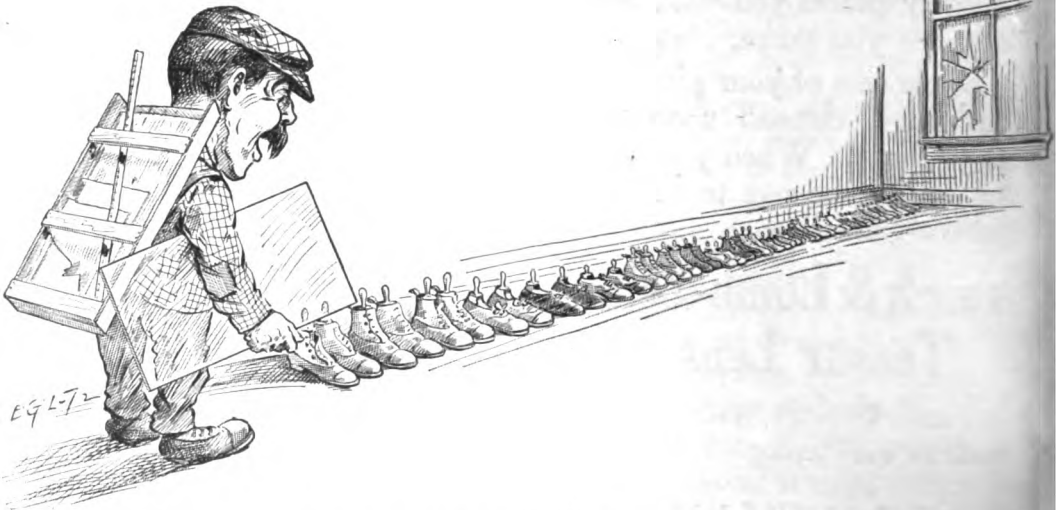
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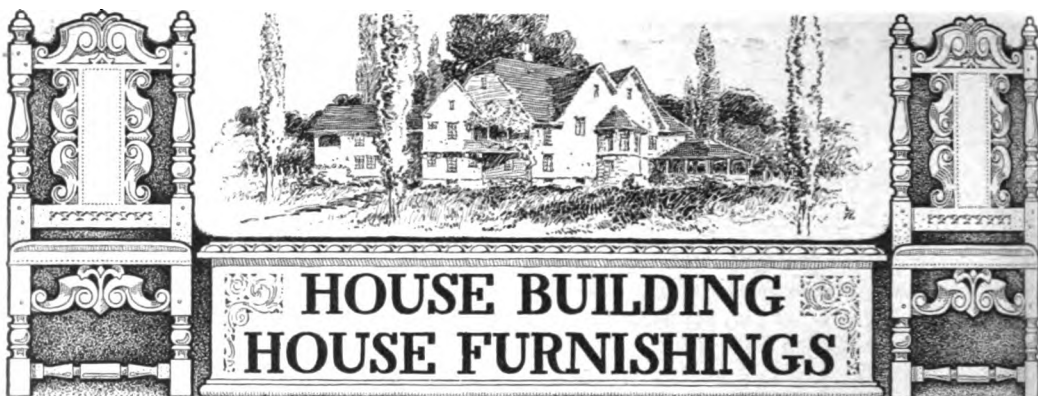
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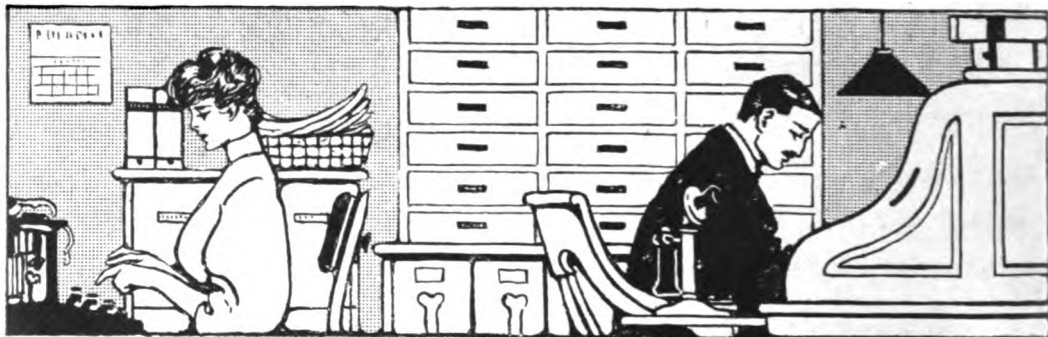
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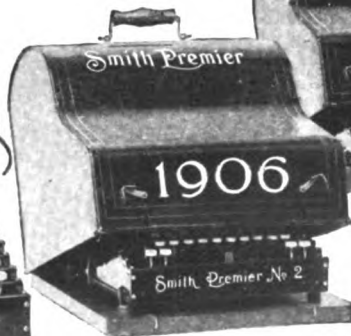
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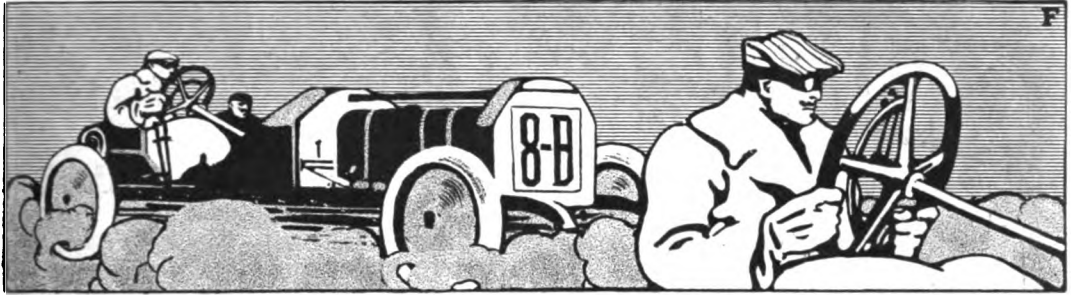
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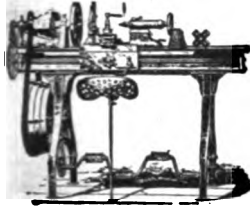
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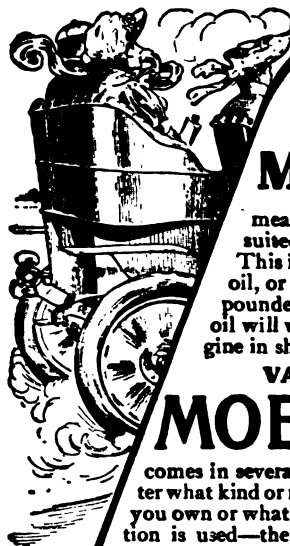
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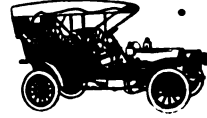
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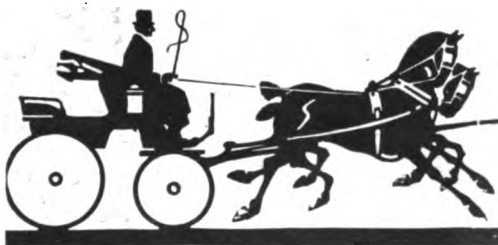


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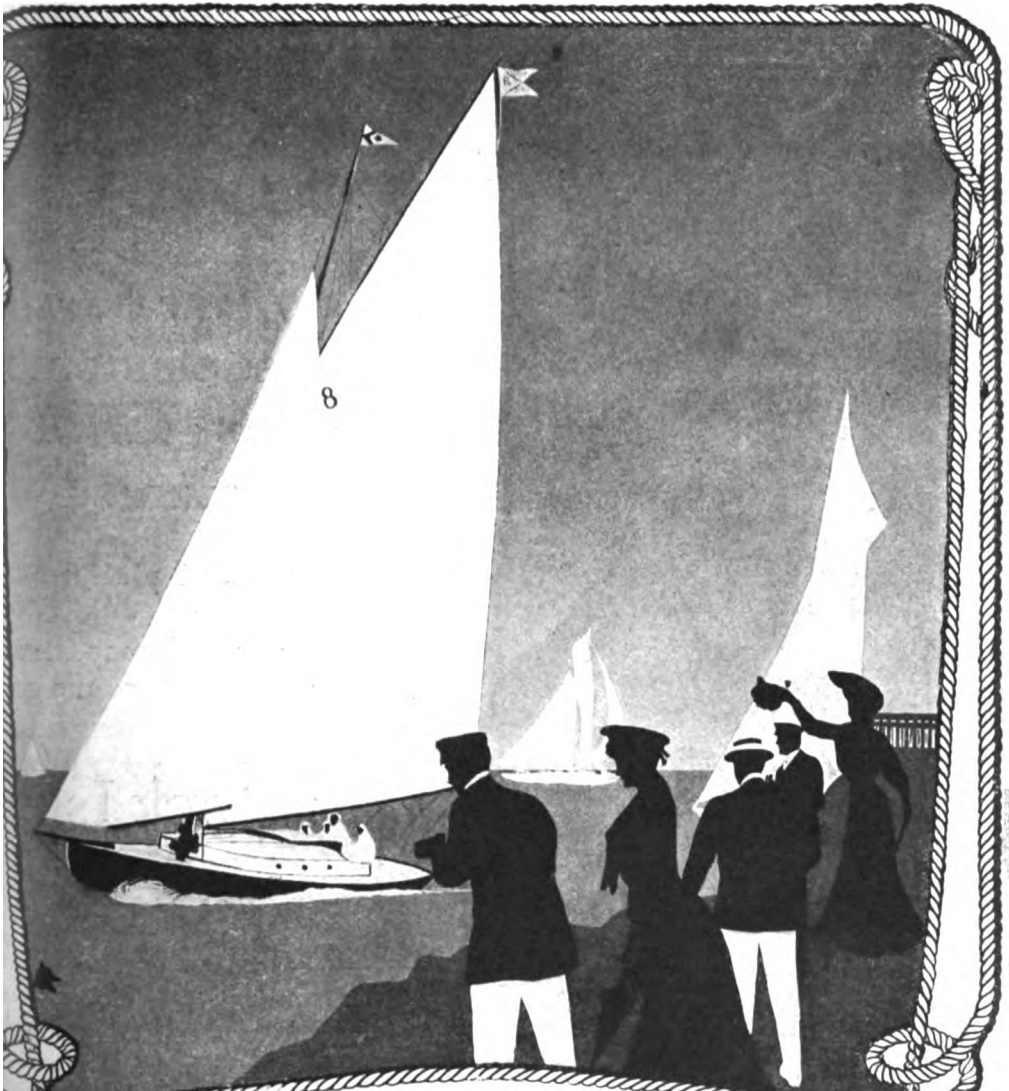
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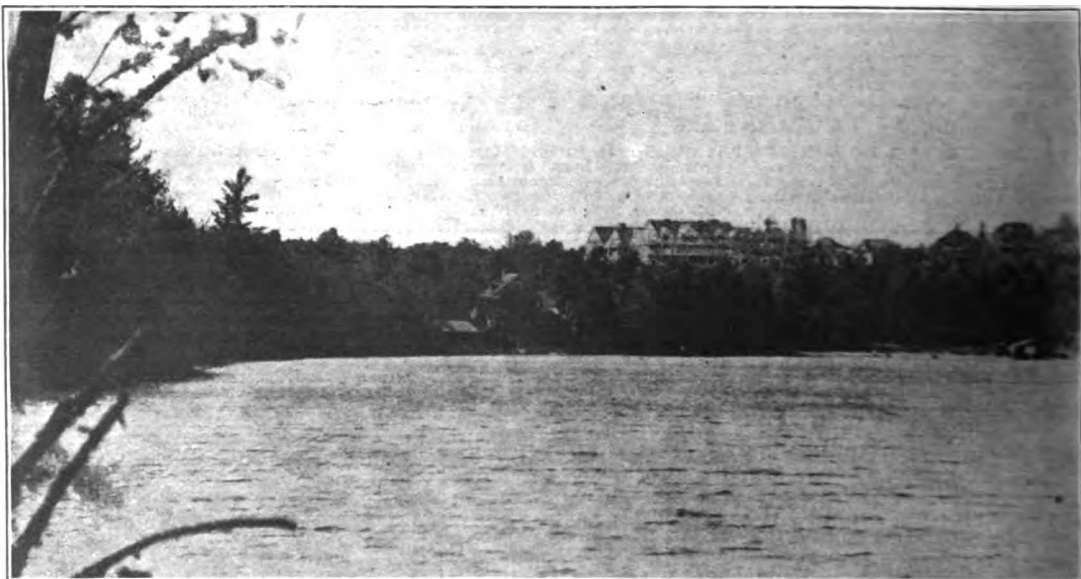
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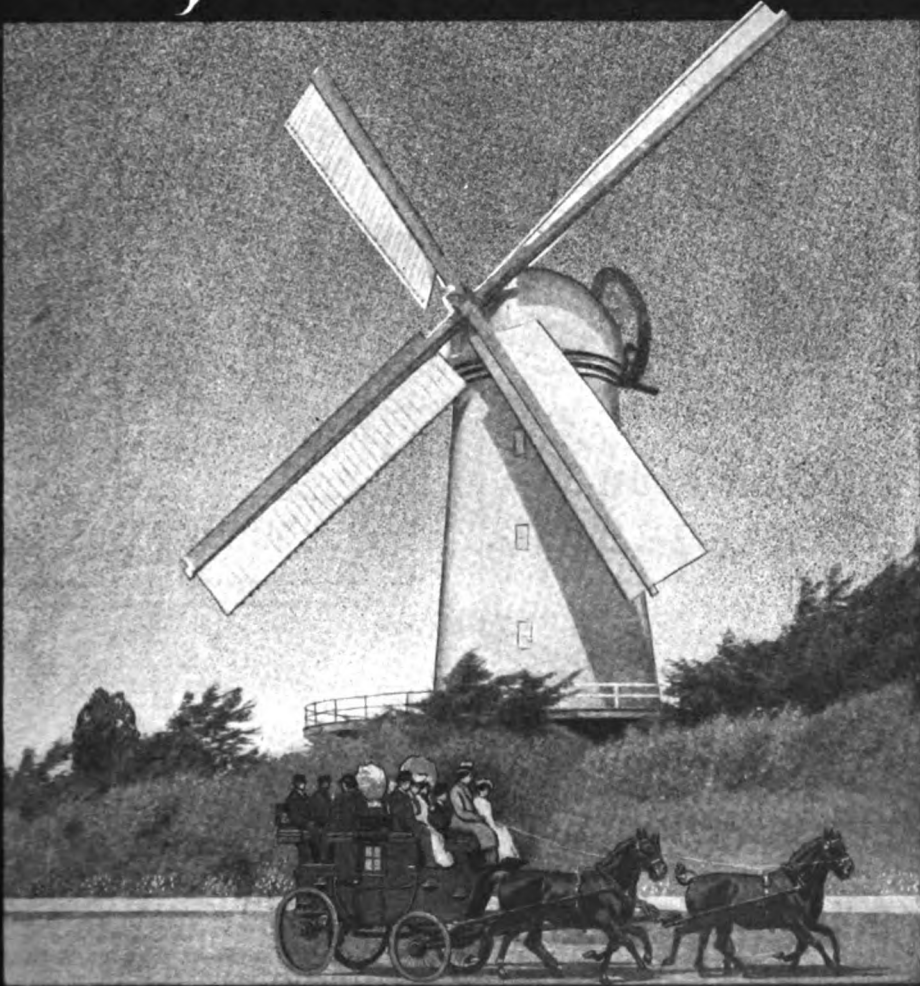
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Oregon and California, along the Road of a Thousand Wonders, with their redwood and pine forests—finest in America—clear mountain-born streams, snow-tipped peaks and long beaches where cool sea breezes blow, all natural parks through which wind the best summer wagon roads in America. For motoring and driving the oiled and sanded roads of California are an endless delight—and naturally the best roads in America. When you come west this summer under the low daily round trip rates or the yet lower rates for the National Educational Association Convention (Los Angeles, July 8-12) or the Christian Endeavor Convention (Seattle, July 10-15), or the Good Templars Meeting, (Seattle, July 16-22), be sure your tickets read over the Southern Pacific and the Road of a Thousand Wonders. For a beautiful book, with 120 pictures in glowing colors of the scenery between Portland, Oregon and Los Angeles, California, and a copy of *Sunset Magazine*, describing the reconstruction of San Francisco, send 15 cents to Chas. S. Fee, Passenger Traffic Manager, Southern Pacific Co., Dept. F, Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal.



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143 miles of finest Coaching over government built roadways most of which are sprinkled daily. Geysers, hot springs, mud pools, beautiful streams, deep canyons, cascades on every hand - not a dull moment during the entire tour. Excellent hotels. Most wonderful Vacation region in the world.

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Daily lessons and detailed courses of study and materials, whereby children from six to sixteen may be educated at home by parents, teachers, according to the best modern methods and under the supervision of a school with a national reputation for young children. Course for each of the six grades parallel to work being done, day by day, by pupils in own classrooms. Faculty of trained and experienced specialists in elementary education.

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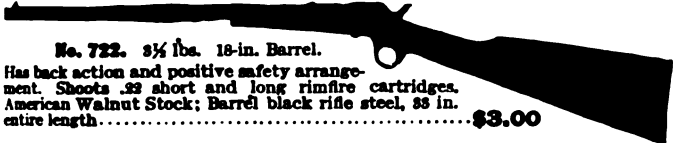
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No gun you can procure will give more satisfaction during the months of vacation than a Hopkins & Allen light caliber rifle. They are light, trim and up to date, shoot true to your aim and can be taken apart and packed in the suit case for traveling. *Make it a point to examine these Rifles before your vacation. You can find them at any good hardware or sporting goods store. They driveacks at 60 yards; handle perfectly; have deep seated screw-key take-down joints and cost less than any other rifles on the market of equal grade.*



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Has back action and positive safety arrangement. Shoots .22 short and long rimfire cartridges. American Walnut Stock; Barrel black rifle steel, 28 in. entire length.....

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No. 822. 4 lbs. 20-in. Barrel.

An improved Lever Action Gun with improved safety features. Shoots .22 long or short rimfire cartridges. Barrel 20 in. of best black rifle steel, deep rifled with our improved extra quick twist. Stock select American Walnut. Weight 4 lbs. 25-in. over all.....

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Write for our beautiful "Gun Guide and Catalog" for 1907. It illustrates and describes all these rifles, as well as 34 other models of our firearms and gives many points on the care and handling of guns. IT'S FREE to all who write promptly.

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☞ Every taste and every purse can be suited. Shall we send you booklets descriptive of this land of wealth, health and pleasure?

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B.V.D.
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If You Wear Tight-Fitting Underwear.

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Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers

allow perfect freedom of motion and permit refreshing air to reach the pores.

50c., \$1.00 and \$1.50 a garment.

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Insist upon seeing on every garment you purchase the B. V. D. red woven label which consists of three white letters B. V. D. on a red woven background. It insures you a correctly cut, perfect fitting, well-made undergarment. Do not be deceived. Accept no "just as good."

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Is the one that rejuvenates and confers the maximum benefit and pleasure upon mind and body.

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Is the Ideal Beverage with which to accomplish those results

Appetizing. Rejuvenating. Refreshing. Wholesome.
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The Outing Shirt plays a conspicuous part

Cluett SHIRTS

are the ideal for ease and appearance.
The care they receive in the making, the
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"KLEINERT-CROWN" GARTERS
made with "KLEINERT'S" Flexible Rubber
band and "Crown Make" patent stud (cast off)
inner, the two most essential features of
a good Garter.
No slipping. No tearing of Hosiery.
No unfastening of grip or Cast Off.
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A Reputation for purity and goodness.

Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate made
instantly with boiling milk.

We appoint one first-class druggist in every locality
as our exclusive agent. If there is no agent near you,
send us \$1.00 by mail and we will send prepaid a
box of Whitman's. An exquisite gift.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, 1316 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.



THE July number of THE PACIFIC MONTHLY, published at Portland, Oregon, will be a special Mid-Summer Outdoor Number. It will be superbly illustrated in colors—in fact a veritable picture book of Western outdoor life and sports. Men who have spent years of their life in the open hunting and fishing will tell of the sport to be found in the mountains, lakes and streams of the west, with gun and rod.

Every manly man—every man with red blood in his veins—loves to lay aside for a few weeks each Summer the cares of business, to go camping, hunting, trout fishing, canoeing, mountain climbing, yachting, or to spend a few restful weeks at the ocean or in the mountains.

The July number of THE PACIFIC MONTHLY will give you authentic information of the great west and its resources, both from the standpoint of profit and pleasure. It will be, in fact, a pleasure seeker's guide book.

It will undoubtedly be the most, attractive and elaborate publication of its kind ever issued in the West. If you want to learn more about the land of big game and big fish, big trees and big opportunities, buy the July number of THE PACIFIC MONTHLY.

You will find that it is high class, both from a literary and an artistic standpoint. It will interest every member of the family with its strong short stories. Every woman loves beautiful and artistic pictures and no finer nor more beautiful pictures are published than appear each month in The PACIFIC MONTHLY.

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*Why not try
 it a year?*



Pacific Monthly Publishing Co.
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 Gentlemen: Send me **THE PACIFIC MONTHLY** for one year, for which find enclosed \$1.00.
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The Biggest Kind of a Change that
ever Happened to Any Magazine
has Happened This Month to

THE SCRAP BOOK

THE SCRAP BOOK for July is issued in two sections—two complete magazines, each with its own cover and its own table of contents.

One of these sections is an ALL-ILLUSTRATED magazine; the other is an ALL-FICTION magazine. Each is a mammoth magazine in itself. The one presents an overwhelming array of human interest articles and illustrations; the other an enormous tonnage of fiction—160 pages of absorbing stories.

Ten years ago I created a new type of magazine—the ALL-FICTION magazine. Now I am creating another distinct type—the ALL-ILLUSTRATED magazine. This is the age of specialization. The conventional magazine, with its smattering of illustrations and its smattering of fiction and its smattering of special articles, doesn't contain enough of any one thing to make it satisfying. The ALL-FICTION magazine and the ALL-ILLUSTRATED magazine, joined together as a unit, strengthen each other, and make something really big and forceful and convincing.

The Only Way to Know a Thing is to Try It

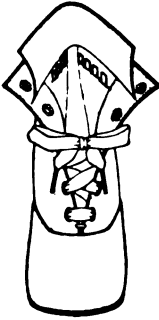
The two-section magazine idea is brand-new to the world. It is not quite new with me, however, as I have given it, at odd times, four or five years of thought. It first came into my mind in response to a desire to couple, in some way, the strength of the all-fiction magazine with the illustrated features of the conventional magazine. It has been a difficult problem to work out. Now that the idea is perfected, I wish to see what there is in it. It looks to me to be very good, but the only way to know a thing is to try it.

Two Magazines for a Quarter—Easy Money

The price of this two-part magazine is twenty-five cents, which is equal to twelve and one-half cents a magazine. Most magazines which were selling at ten cents have been advanced to fifteen cents. THE SCRAP BOOK in two parts means two magazines for twenty-five cents against thirty cents for two fifteen cent magazines.

Now Ready on all News-stands

FRANK A. MUNSEY, New York



Infants' Glazed Dongola,
hand-turned soles; sizes
2 to 7.....\$1.00
Children's Tan Russia and
Glazed Dongola, spring
heels and walking soles;
sizes 5 to 8.....\$2.25

BEST & CO
LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR

Children's Ankle and Arch Support Shoe

Weak ankles are common to childhood, and this shoe is specially devised to support and strengthen the ankle muscles. It is fitted with strong, flexible whalebone blades, which hold the ankle in a firm but yielding clasp, effectively preventing it from turning. The shoe is constructed to support the arch of the foot in many cases the real point of weakness. This shoe also prevents flat-foot, one of the most serious forms of foot trouble.

OUR SUMMER CATALOGUE furnishes interesting information about children's footwear, illustrates and describes a great variety of stylish and serviceable shoes and gives full directions for ordering shoes by mail. Copy sent to any address upon receipt of four cents (stamps) to cover postage.

MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION.

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Original and Only Genuine

For Travelers

The best aid in sea-sickness or car sickness.

It is both food and drink—agreeable to the taste, soothing to the stomach, and quick to digest.

There is the same nutriment in a glass of Horlick's Malted Milk, or a few Horlick's Malted Milk Tablets as you would get from the average lunch. You can take Horlick's easily when the stomach refuses other foods. Easy to carry; easy to prepare; easy to digest. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Served on trains, steamers and at leading hotels.

Ask for Horlick's—others are imitations.

The ideal food for all ages.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, burning, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. TRY IT TO-DAY. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, Etc. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 25c. (2 stamps).

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Trial Package FREE. Address, ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N.Y.

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Mexaline Soap made of pure oils and herbs used by Mexican Indians for cure of all skin diseases. Wonderful remedy for dandruff, falling hair, skin troubles.

OUR GUARANTEE: Send us for three large cakes. Use one cake, if not entirely satisfied return other two and receive back your dollar. The risk is all ours. Send to-day.

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Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Bells and Musical Instruments of all kinds. Write to us if you are interested in and we will send you a 300-page catalog free. It gives Band Music and Instructions for Amateur Bands. Complete from \$8.50 upward. Easy payments. Write now.

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*The Dainty
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**TAKE IT EASY
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Don't spend all your time over a hot stove,
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JELL-O

solves the problem satisfactorily and it is

SO EASILY PREPARED

Simply add boiling water and let cool. The result is a delicious, appetizing dessert.

Flavored just right.
Sweetened just right.
Perfect in every way.

All you have
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may be wrong.
Try it and see
how entirely
satisfactory it
is.

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7 Flavors:

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Laws and received Highest
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Chops Steaks and Salads

are some of the dishes the enjoyment of which can be very greatly increased by the use of

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THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Just a little on Cheese is delicious. It adds zest to Welsh Rarebit, Macaroni with Cheese, Cheese Toast and all Chafing Dish Cooking.

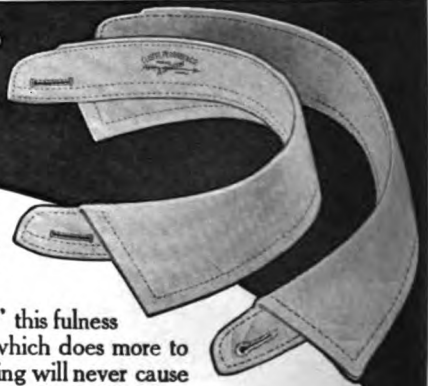
Beware of Imitations.

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York

Why an Arrow Collar is Smooth

If the outer and inner plies of a collar have been unevenly shrunk it loses correct shape because of unequal "pulling" of the different fabrics.

To restore form to the collar it is necessary to "scatter" this fulness by careful starching and heavy ironing—an operation which does more to destroy the collar than weeks of wear. Washing and ironing will never cause



ARROW COLLARS

to warp or show crooked lines, because the fabrics of which outside and inside are made (the finest ever woven for collar making) have each been *completely* shrunk by the Clupeco process before the cutter's knife touched them. This makes the exact quarter size possible, and insures the smooth, even appearance which characterizes all Arrow Collars.

Ask your dealer for the Arrow—the collar that "makes good."

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Send for the Man's Book—"WASH AND WEAR"—What to wear—When to wear it—Cravats and how to tie them.

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Makers of the Cluett Shirt—the shirt that fits.



AVOLYN

For Mosquito Bites Use

POND'S EXTRACT

Nothing else will so quickly relieve the annoyance and suffering caused by the bite or sting of any insect.

POND'S EXTRACT is a cooling antiseptic that not only promptly reduces the swelling and heals all irritation, but prevents infection or other serious consequences.

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Get the Genuine, sold only in sealed bottles with buff wrapper,—never in bulk.

Write for Booklet "First Aid to the Injured." Should be in every home.

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These Physicians Have Used It Personally and in Practice—Are They Not Competent Witnesses?

'For these Purposes it is Endorsed by the Highest Medical Authorities.'

Dr. Geo. E. Walton's standard work on the Medicinal Springs of the United States and Canada states: "**BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** is an efficient diuretic, and proves of great value in INFLAMMATION and IRRITATION of the BLADDER and KIDNEYS, especially when dependent upon the URIC ACID DIATHESIS, as exhibited in cases of GRAVEL and GOUT. For these purposes it is endorsed by the highest medical authorities.'

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Additional testimony on request. For sale by the general drug and mineral water trade.

Hotel at Springs opens June 15th

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**Better than Imported
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There's no beverage that enlivens* celebrations with the vim and spirit of joyous good health like

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A Glorious Drink for
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An exquisite blending of the pure, healthful Waukesha Arcadian Water with the finest extract of selected Ginger Root and Fruit Juices.

Devoid of Astringent Tendencies

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The tonic and curative properties of Malt - Nutrine are derived from *Lupulin*, found in its highest and most effective form in Saazer Hops, grown in the Province of Saaz, Bohemia.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
TRADE MARK.

is prepared exclusively from these Saazer Hops and the very highest grade of Barley Malt. It is real Malt Extract, containing over 14 per cent of extractive matter and less than 2 per cent of alcohol. It is non-intoxicating. A predigested liquid food, especially beneficial to dyspeptics, invalids and convalescents. Highly endorsed by physicians and nurses.

Sold by all druggists and grocers in cases of one dozen large or two dozen split bottles.

For 12 tops of Red Metal caps from Large Malt-Nutrine Bottles with GOLD TRADE-MARK or 24 from Split Bottles with BLACK TRADE-MARK and 15 cents for postage, we will send one of our Vienna Art Plates to any address in the United States.

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They enjoy today, as for years past, the favor of those smokers who seek quality, and who can recognize it.

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maintain an unchanged and unapproachable standard of excellence—the standard they first created and still alone uphold.

No. 1 Size 10 for 35c.

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S. ANARGYROS, Manufacturer
111 Fifth Ave., New York

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Egyptian scenes—Grand Temple of Karnac from across the Nile

These are Salad Days

Who can think of a more appetizing and cooling dish than a salad of crisp, tender greens and choice vegetables, seasoned with a smooth, snappy dressing made with

HEINZ

**Pure
Olive Oil**

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The pure virgin oil, pressed abroad under our own supervision from the best selected fruit, is what you get in Heinz Pure Olive Oil.

Faultless fruit, clean methods, surroundings and utensils strictly sanitary—all these contribute to make this oil an essentially perfect product.

Heinz Pure Malt Vinegar is the most delicious and wholesome vinegar possible to produce. Brewed by a special process from the best barley malt, it is of rich, clear, dark brown color, smooth, unusual in flavor, delightful in aroma, far surpassing all others.

Grocers sell both; you'll use them if you are particular about salad dressing.

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20,000 visitors were shown through Heinz Pure Food Kitchens last year.



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Our book, **"MODERN BATHROOMS,"** tells you how to plan, buy and arrange your bathroom, and illustrates many beautiful and inexpensive as well as luxurious rooms, showing the cost of each fixture in detail, together with many hints on decoration, tiling, etc. It is the most complete and beautiful booklet ever issued on the subject, and contains 100 pages. **FREE** for six cents postage and the name of your plumber and architect (if selected).

CAUTION: Every piece of **"Standard" Ware** bears our **"Standard" "GREEN and GOLD"** guarantee label, and has our trade-mark **"Standard"** cast on the outside. Unless the label and trade-mark are on the fixture it is not **"Standard" Ware**. Refuse substitutes—they are all inferior and will cost you more in the end. The word **"Standard"** is stamped on all our nickled brass fittings; specify them and see that you get the genuine trimmings with your bath and lavatory, etc.

Address **Standard Sanitary Works Co**

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Offices and Showrooms in New York: **"Standard" Building**, 35-37 West 31st Street

London, Eng.: 22 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.

New Orleans: Cor. Baronne & St. Joseph Sts.

Louisville: 325-329 West Main Street

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Should Death End All?

This is not a theological question; it is rather a bread and butter question. Should the death of a man end all the comfort of a family; the education of his children; the existence of his home? If such be not the case it is because the average plain man has given this matter thought, and, at the expense of present enjoyment, has provided for future needs.

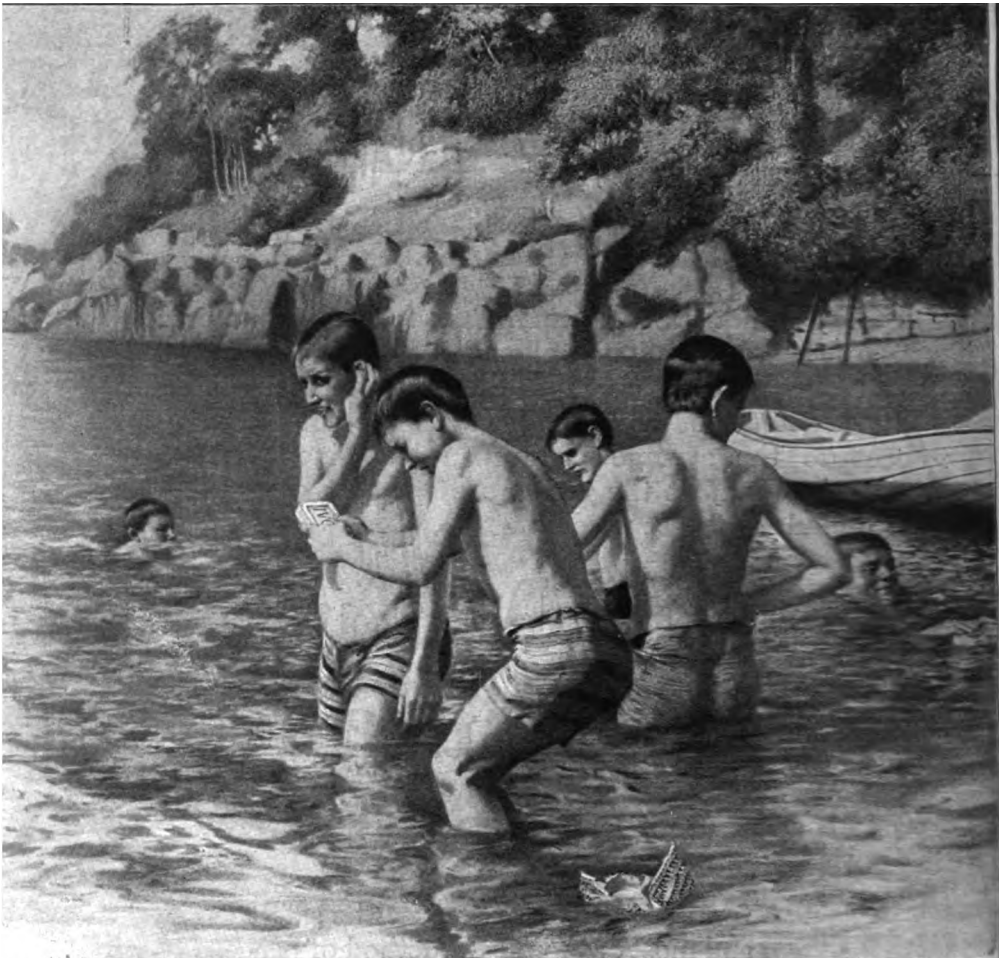
The Mutual Life Insurance Company

furnishes the best, because the safest and most economical, method of perpetuating the home and protecting its inmates. To meet these common and inevitable needs it was organized sixty-four years ago. It is owned by its policy holders. Their confidence and support have made and kept it the largest and staunchest of its kind. If you have responsibility and health it has the very best protection for you and yours.

The Time to Act is NOW.

For the new forms of policies consult our nearest agent, or write direct to

**The Mutual Life Insurance
Company of New York,
N. Y.**



G. HARTMAN

It is hot; and "all the boys" are going swimming.

Let your boys go, too.

Give them a couple of towels and a cake of Ivory Soap and let them go.

Thus will you achieve a double purpose—the boys will have a swim, which is good; and a bath, which is better.

For the bath, there is nothing quite so good as Ivory Soap. It is pure, it lathers freely, rinses easily and leaves the skin as smooth as satin.

There is no "free" (uncombined) alkali in Ivory Soap. That is why it will not injure the finest fabric or the most delicate skin.

Ivory Soap It Floats.

Beginning in January

The New Serial Story



JOHN FOX, JR.

The TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

BY

JOHN FOX, JR.

Author of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," Etc.

NO one who has read "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" will fail to have a feeling of keen appreciation for this new serial by Mr. Fox. "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" is to run through the year; it is the most ambitious as it is the most successful work of the author. The heroine, JUNE, is most appealing both as a little girl and as a grown-up woman. The pathos of her childhood and the difficulties of her maturity are depicted with that instinctive sympathy which unfailingly guides Mr. Fox's masterly literary skill and shows him not only an artist but a rare interpreter of hearts. The scene is in the Kentucky mountains, and the setting of the characters is romantic and picturesque. The love story which runs through the novel is a charming one. Mr. Yohn, who made the illustrations for "The Little Shepherd," will also illustrate "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

Scribner's Magazine

for 1908



FROM A DRAWING BY WILL H. LOW

A CHRONICLE OF FRIENDSHIPS:

Reminiscences by WILL H. LOW

Three Articles. Illustrated by the Author.

Artist Life in Paris and Barbizon in the Time and Circle of the Stevensons

Mr. Low's reminiscences of his artist life are remarkable for the friendships chronicled, and for the charming point of view of the author, both as to his friends and as to his art. There can be no better picture of the life of an ambitious art student thirty years ago, in the days when Millet was still living at Barbizon. Mr. Low had the privilege of conversing with him seriously on art topics and receiving from him much significant advice. The gayer side of the life among the young students is also depicted, and there are many delightful accounts of Robert Louis Stevenson and his cousin "Bob," the art critic, who added

much to the joy of Mr. Low's student life by their surprising wit and vivid personalities. The life of the students is reproduced by Mr. Low with a spirit and romance which has heretofore seldom appeared except in some famous fiction. The illustrations which will adorn each installment are of unusual biographical as well as artistic value.

AN OLYMPIC VICTOR: A STORY OF THE MODERN GAMES

A three-part serial by JAMES B. CONNOLLY

In this fascinating love story of modern Greece the author has vividly conveyed the spirit and enthusiasm with which in recent years it revived the old classic games. The description of the great Marathon race is one of the finest things of the kind ever written. Mr. Connolly, himself an athlete and a contestant in the games at Athens, gives, as only an

athlete could, a vivid impression of the tremendous physical and mental strain of the long twenty-five mile run. It is a masterly picture of the great struggle for victory between the athletes of the world, and of the thrilling scenes along the way and at the finish in the great Stadium.



JAMES B. CONNOLLY



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These articles, having the authority and accuracy of a trained scientist, are at the same time full of adventure and rich in their picturesque descriptions of the wild regions visited. Mr. Hornaday writes for both the nature-lover and the hunter. The articles will be illustrated with a series of most unusual photographs.



W. T. HORNADAY IN CAMP

THE WEST IN THE ORIENT By **CHARLES M. PEPPER**

Foreign Trade Commissioner, Department of Commerce and Labor.

Mr. Pepper (who will be recalled by the Magazine's readers as the author of its article on the Pan-American Railway) has recently returned from a tour around the world. He will contribute to the Magazine four remarkable papers crystallizing his impressions and observations of the remodeling of Oriental civilization, with its hundreds of years of poverty, its picturesque religions and social traditions, through the impact of the West—a process which many years ago George William Curtis predicted was sure to prevail.

1. Irrigation: An Old Force Newly Applied

Describing the modern application of the old forces of irrigation in Egypt, India and Mesopotamia, as influenced by the modern irrigation schemes and methods of the United States. The substitution of machinery for the shadoufs, sakiyehs, and taboots of the past.

2. Electricity: The New Force in Old Lands

Referring to such modern romantic contrasts as the Trolley Road in Damascus, The Electrical Power Company in the Valley of Kashmir and the Telegraph and Telephone in Tibet.

3. The Transformation of Transportation

This article shows how the old caravan trails have been modified by modern electric and steam railways; it outlines the great project for a railroad to Mecca, part of which has already been completed; it describes the modern terminal facilities of the Bagdad Railroad, where there are elevators with electric cranes as in this country; and it pictures the probable effects of the proposed railway from Afghanistan into Persia.

4. The New Tide of Commerce Through Suez

This article will give new impressions of international waterways, with special reference to the Suez Canal and the return currents of the commerce of the Orient.

All of these articles will be profusely illustrated from recent original material, showing the wonderful strides of the Orient, following in the footsteps of America and Europe.



SHIPS PASSING IN THE SUEZ CANAL.
FROM A DRAWING BY W. J. AYLRARD

MORE OF E. S. CURTIS'S WONDERFUL PICTURES OF INDIANS



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BY E. S. CURTIS

Mr. Curtis has devoted many years to his studies of the Indians, and his pictures of them, their manners and customs, and ceremonies afford an incomparable historical record of a fast-vanishing race.

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Santiago, The Little Metropolis of the Andes

Across the Cordilleras in Winter

Mr. Ruhl has the happy faculty of the experienced and observing traveller of giving the reader a clear idea of the country, and especially of the differences in the manner of life and special characteristics of the people.

ARTICLES WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ARTISTS

RAMMING A DERELICT

By William J. Aylward

THE OLD BOSTON POST ROAD

By Stanley M. Arthurs

Mr. Arthurs has for a long time been known for his exceptional knowledge of Colonial and later times. He succeeds admirably in bringing out the quaint and humorous human aspects of the old coaching days.

WINTER LIFE AND SPORT IN CANADA

By Birge Harrison

THE MEASURE OF CONTENT

By S. M. Chase



FROM A DRAWING BY
STANLEY M. ARTHURS

All along the rock-bound coast of Maine the dory fisherman is a picturesque figure. He is out in all kinds of weather, winter and summer, often miles from land. Mr. Chase writes of his life and illustrates it with a remarkable series of sea pictures.



A VIOLIN MAKER. FROM A DRAWING
BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

THE CHARM OF MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

By WILLIAM WILLIAMS

The author has climbed many of the world's famous peaks, and his account in Scribner's Magazine some years ago of his ascent of Mt. St. Elias will be recalled by many readers. He writes from practical experience of the "Indescribable attraction which the mountains have for some," and of the wholesome and invigorating physical exercise which belongs to the sport.

The article will be illustrated with an incomparable series of photographs of typical mountain ascents.



A PARIS BUS. FROM A DRAWING BY GEORGE WRIGHT

THE MOUNTAINS. *By* JOHN C. VAN DYKE

An article in the vein of the author's well-known books "The Opal Sea" and "The Desert," illustrated with a most unusual series of photographs of typical mountain scenery.

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CHÂTEAU AND COUNTRY LIFE IN FRANCE

By MADAME WADDINGTON

Illustrated with Drawings by E. L. Blumenschein.

In these further papers the author deals in her customary delightful intimate and personal way with "Visits," "Winter at the Château," and "Ceremonies and Festivals." These articles have the special charm that always attaches to a sympathetic study of the home life of a people. They give one a view not only of the dwellers in the Châteaux, but as well of the manners and customs and homely interests of the peasantry round about.

HARPOONING IN THE GULF OF MEXICO

By WILLIAM TODD

Illustrated with photographs by Bayard Dominick, Jr.

An account of big fish hunting off the Florida coast. A sport that offers abundant excitement with a sufficient element of danger always to add zest to a capture.



FROM A DRAWING BY
HARRISON FISHER

SHORT STORIES

The Magazine has always been distinguished by its short fiction, and it has for the coming year a number of stories that will well sustain its traditions. Among the authors represented will be ARTHUR COSSLETT SMITH, THOMAS NELSON PAGE, RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, F. HOPKINSON SMITH, JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS, KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN, ROBERT HERICK, EDITH RICKERT, FRANCIS COTTON, MARY HEATON VORSE, H. G. DWIGHT, MARY R. S. ANDREWS, NELSON LLOYD, JAMES B. CONNOLLY and ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER.

ART AND ARTISTS

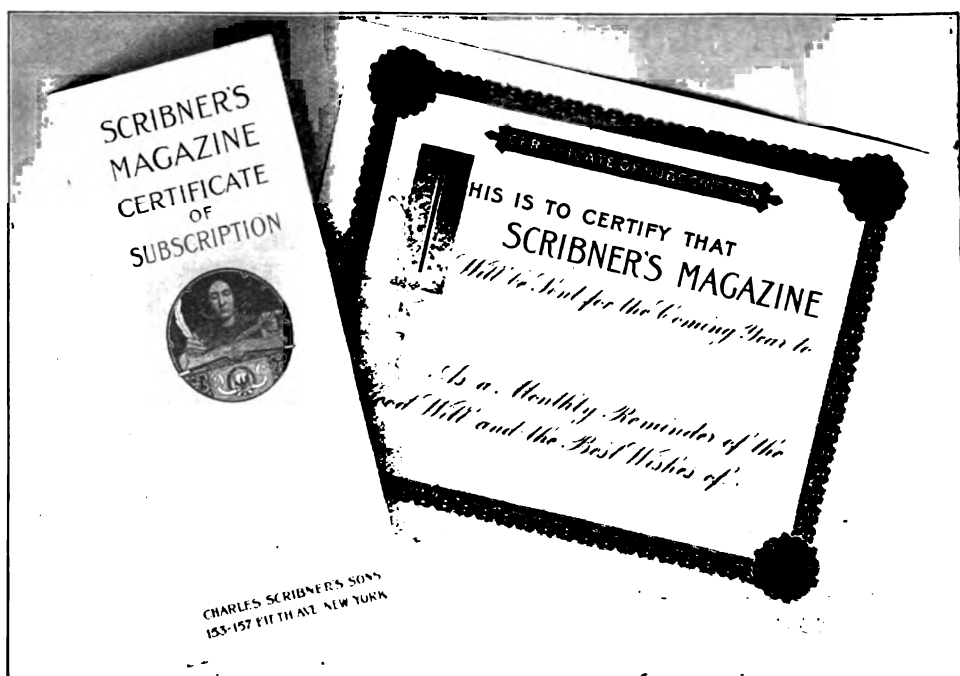
Scribner's Magazine has attained a standard in its illustrations which has earned for it most favorable comment abroad as well as at home. This standard will not only be maintained during 1908, but an effort will be made to surpass, if possible, the achievements of previous years both in black and white and colored illustrations.

Among the artists whose work will appear during 1908 are: HARRISON FISHER, FRANK BRANGWYN, F. C. JOHN, N. C. WYETH, F. WALTER TAYLOR, JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG, ALONZO KIMBALL, W. J. AYLWARD, RENÉ REINICKE, GEORGE WRIGHT, ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE, STANLEY M. ARTHURS, EDWARD PENFIELD, CHARLES HUARD, MAY WILSON PRESTON, F. E. SCHOONOVER, HENRY McCARTER, OLIVER KEMP, W. M. BERGER, E. FUHR, S. M. CHASE, H. G. WILLIAMSON, and many others.

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This record of an intimate knowledge of the one of our Presidents who is the least understood, will shed light upon controverted events of his administration. It is contributed by William H. Crook of the White House staff, in collaboration with Margarita S. Gerry.

SHORT STORIES

By May Sinclair, Jack London, Elizabeth Jordan, Mary Austin, Edna Kenton, Harry Stillwell Edwards, David Gray, Charles D. Stewart, Hamlin Garland, Elliott Flower, Will N. Harben, Roy Rolfe Gilson, L. Frank Tooker, Barton W. Currie, Elsie Singmaster, and many others.



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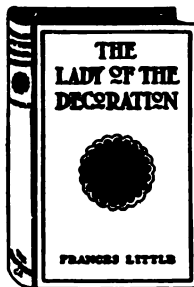
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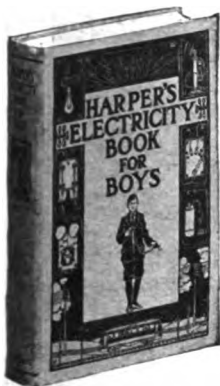
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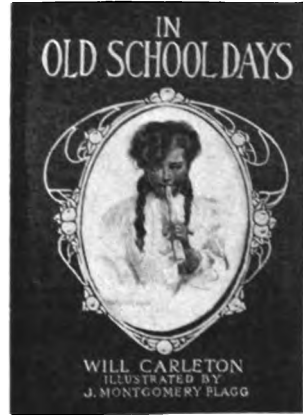
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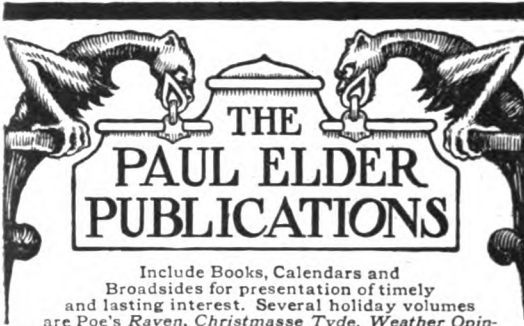
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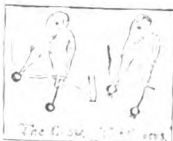


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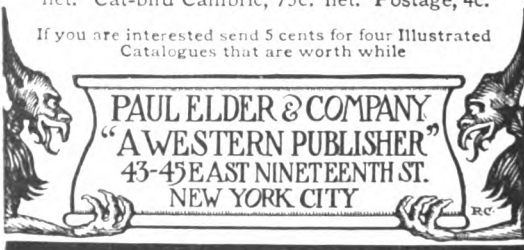
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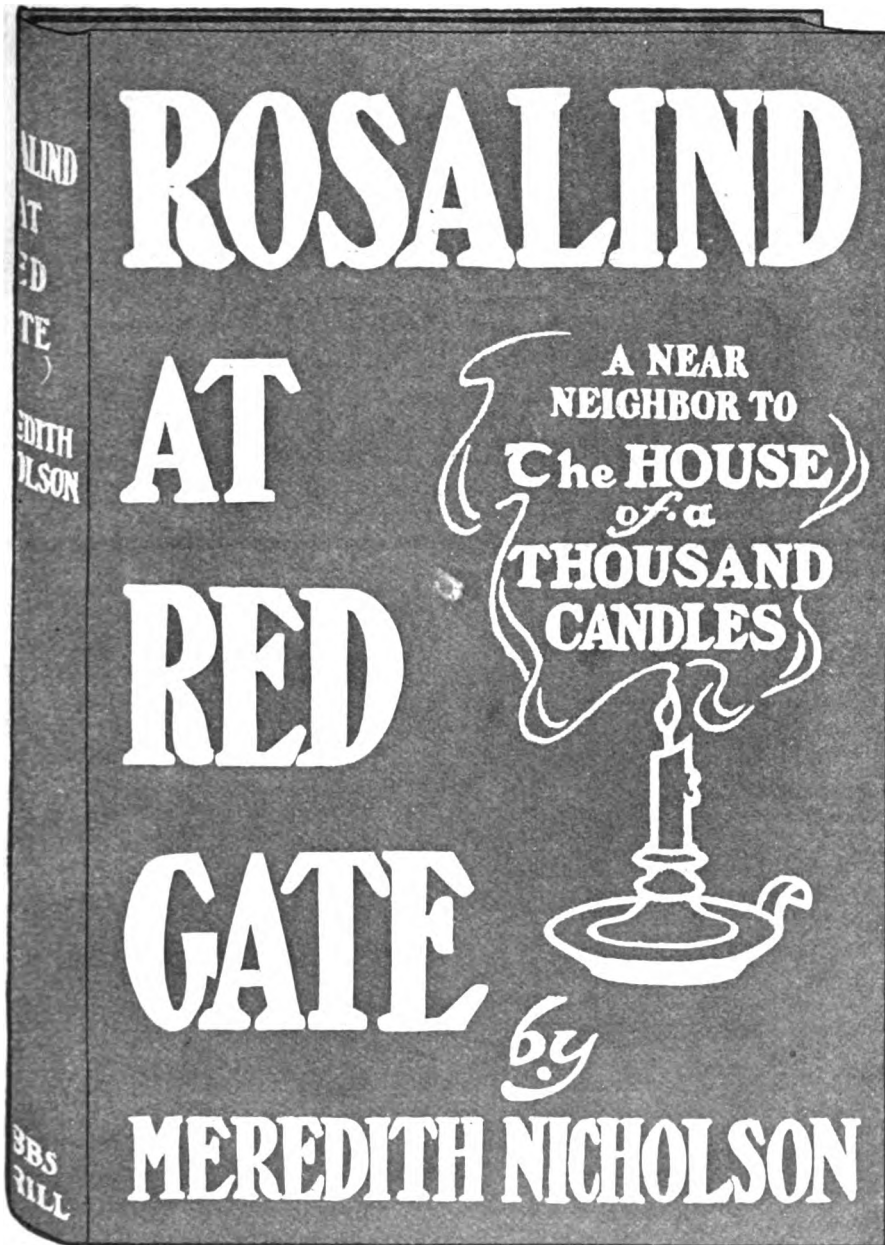
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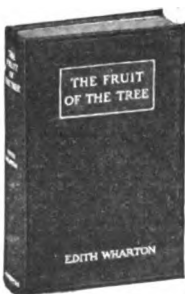
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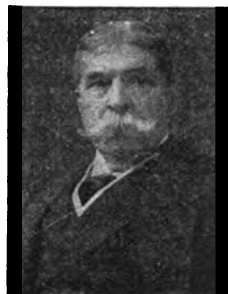
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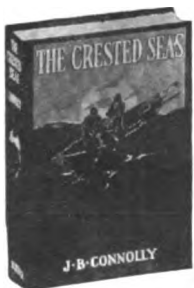
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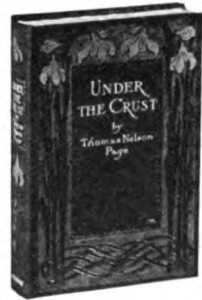
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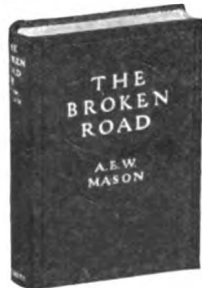
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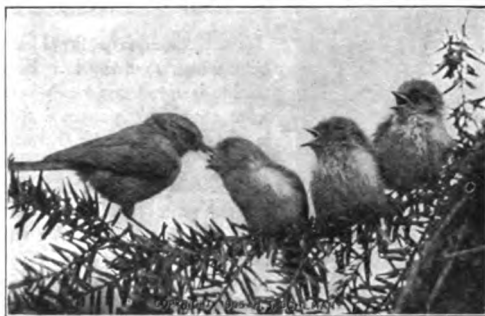
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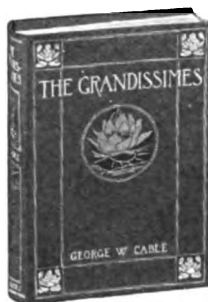


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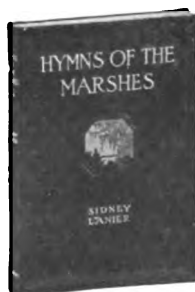


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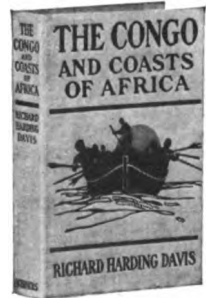
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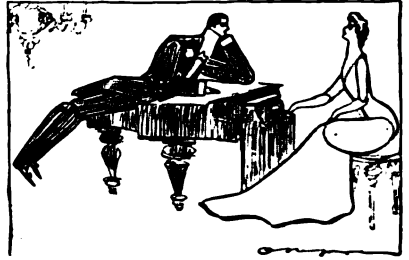
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MAGAZINE NOTES

Few years since the Magazine began have offered such an exceptional programme as that announced for 1908—its twenty-second year. It will be especially strong in its fiction, with John Fox, Jr.'s highly romantic and picturesque novel

—"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"—for its long story, and shorter serials by two of the most widely read and popular story-tellers of our time—Richard Harding Davis and James B. Connolly. Mr. Fox knows the people of the Kentucky mountains as few do and he writes of their lives, their feuds, their fierce passions, loyalty to their friends and primitive simplicity with a sympathy that will win the readers' interest at once. June, the wild little mountain girl that John Hale meets on his lonely way up the trail of the Lonesome Pine in the first chapter, is one of the author's most appealing creations. The love story that runs through the novel is one of rare charm, beautiful in its idealism and in its bearing on the lives of those concerned.

It has become a truism to refer to the "human interest" of a story, for it is, of course, an assumed quality with all writing worth reading. In Mr. Fox's case there are always a certain fine tenderness and sympathy, an understanding of all sorts of people—their dreams, aspirations, disappointments—that convince us of his possession of the dual gift of humor and pathos, without which the pageant of life, in either fiction or reality, is but a dull spectacle indeed.

Robert Herrick's story, "The Master of the Inn," in this number, is an admirable plea for the idealist; and we are all that in moments of freedom and relaxation from the stress and unrest of these busy modern times. The world-weary and nerve-racked man of affairs needs to get away from home and to learn something of the peace and tranquillity that come from con-

tact with simple and unselfish living, in an environment that brings him again in touch with nature, unencumbered with trolley-roads and skyscrapers.

Mr. Herrick is a Harvard man who has been for a number of years Professor of English Literature at the University of Chicago. He is the author of several novels that have dealt keenly and not without a touch of illuminative satire with various phases of American life.



Robert Herrick

No figure in the history of American letters is more identified in the minds of readers with the atmosphere of mystery and romance, with what is often referred to as "the spiritual aspect" of the art of writing, than Nathaniel Hawthorne. This view is emphasized by the character of his work, and pervades the common opinion of his genius and accomplishment.

W. C. Brownell, whose volume dealing with "Victorian Prose Masters," and recent essays in the Magazine on Lowell and Cooper, have placed him among the foremost modern literary critics, will contribute an article dealing with Hawthorne to the January number. It is a characteristically acute and illuminative summarizing of the qualities of mind and art of the author of "The Scarlet Letter," and will undoubtedly excite discussion by its departure from the conventional view of a man very generally accepted as the greatest of our imaginative prose writers.

There are so many admirable illustrations in our magazines in these days that it is especially pleasant to have any particular work recognized as having a significance apart and essentially belonging in the category of permanent art. Few things the Magazine has published have met with wider appreciation among artists than the

beautiful decorative paintings of Frank Brangwyn that appeared in the November number. They have the qualities that appeal to the men who know the skill and the power required to accomplish such work. The artists look at them from their own special point of view, that enables them to see the small reproductions with the eye of discrimination and to know the fine painter-like qualities that must characterize the originals. It is impressionism of the sort that distinguishes Mr. Brangwyn's work that gives to the real masters of the school its enduring reputation.



Fifty-one years ago George William Curtis wrote:

"The sole hope of the East is Western inoculation. . . . If the East awaken, it will be no longer in the turban and red slippers, but in hat and boots. The West is the sea that advances forever upon the shore, the shore cannot stay it, but becomes the bottom of the ocean."

The first of the articles dealing with "The West in the Orient," by Charles M. Pepper, Foreign Trade Commissioner, Department of Labor and Commerce, will appear in the January number. The author, who has made many journeys in the interest of his work, has recently returned from a trip round the world made with the special purpose of gathering material for these papers. He has had most unusual opportunities for observation due to his official position, and he has looked at the countries and people of the East from the vantage point of the student of the past as well as of the present. From Biblical times through the centuries the river Nile has been the great father and provider of the lands through which it flows, and upon the rise and fall of its waters has depended for ages the prosperity of Egypt. In dealing with the subject of "Irrigation: An Old Force Newly Applied," Mr. Pepper dwells upon the picturesque traditions of the past regarding the origin of the Nile, upon the old primitive ways of lifting the water by means of the shadoufs, sakiyehs and baskets, and upon the wonderful progress that has followed the introduction of modern pumping machinery and storage reservoirs. The great Libyan and Nubian deserts have been made to bloom, and within sight of the pyramid of Cheops and the Sphinx, an enterprising Arab has turned to profit the sun-baked sands. In India, too, and Mesopotamia the same problem of the conserving of the natural water resources is being developed with surprising results. The somnolence and indifference of the Orient are giving way before the spirit of modern commercial

progress and the markets of the world are being affected.



The choice of a year's reading is not to be lightly thought of when the question of time is concerned, for comparatively few in these busy modern days can find many consecutive hours to devote either to magazines or books. A periodical, essentially a reflex of our own times, not only in the field of literature and art, but as well in what the world is achieving in the way of civilization and material progress, affords reading at once timely and notably entertaining and instructive in its variety. Few probably realize that the aggregate amount of reading in a year of SCRIBNER'S amounts, measured in terms of books, to a well-filled library shelf.



All readers of Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Wrecker," will recall the chapters in which Loudon Dodd describes his experiences in Paris as a student of art. The one on "Roussillon Wine," gives an excellent idea of the traditional art student's attitude toward the famous Latin Quarter.

"I dined, I say, at a poor restaurant and lived in a poor hotel; and this was not from need, but sentiment. My father gave me a profuse allowance, and I might have lived (had I chosen) in the Quartier de l'Etoile and driven to my studies daily. Had I done so, the glamour must have fled; I should still have been but Loudon Dodd; whereas now I was a Latin Quarter student, Murger's successor, living in flesh and blood the life of one of those romances I had loved to read, to reread, and to dream over, among the woods of Muskegon."

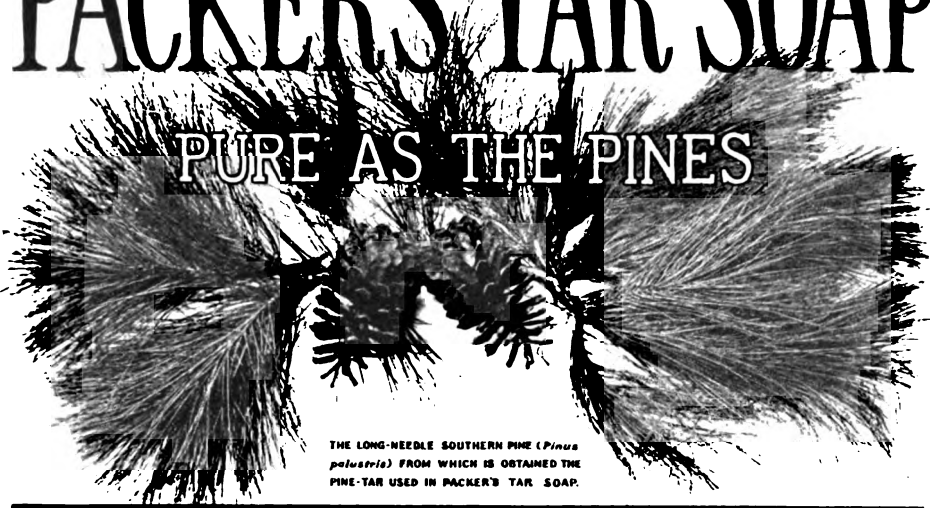
Another chapter, "In Which I am Down on My Luck in Paris," is a very true picture of the experiences of many young students who find that even in Paris something besides the artistic atmosphere is necessary to achieve success. Will H. Low, the well-known American painter and a lifelong friend of Robert Louis Stevenson, was a student at Paris and Barbizon in the days when Stevenson and his cousin Bob, the art critic, were there; and he gives many delightful glimpses of them in his "Chronicles of Friendship," which will be published in the Magazine next year.



Subscribers to the Magazine who wish to have it forwarded to any new address should remember that it is necessary to write to the publishers direct. Postmasters have no authority for remailing second-class matter unless it is accompanied by full postage, and in many cases this is overlooked and the Magazine consequently lost.

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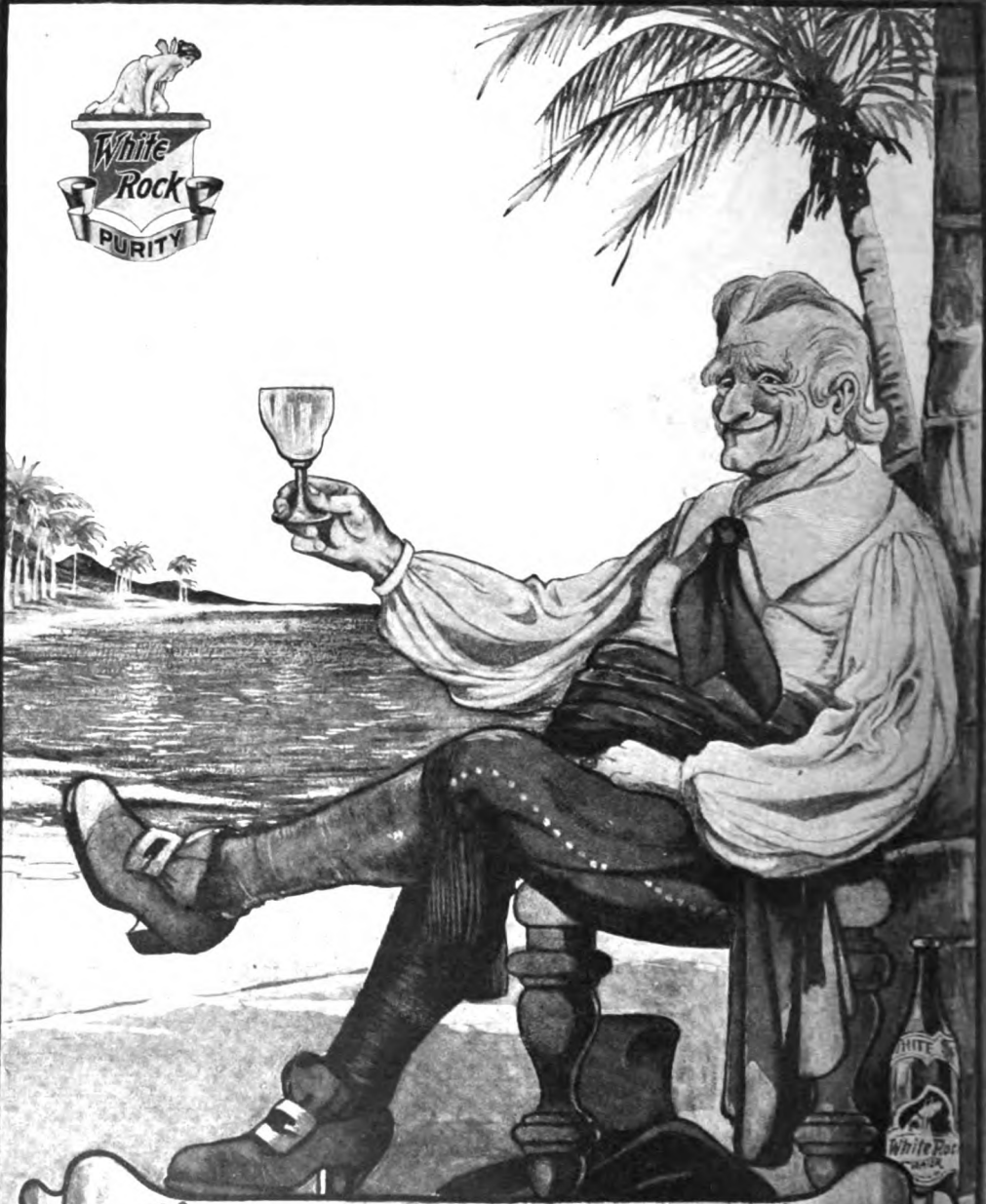
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frame of mind. There are many piano manufacturers all vigorously contending that they produce "the best piano."

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Yet there *must* be one piano which is a little better—or perhaps a great deal better—than any other. How shall we arrive at the facts? The quest is an interesting one; let us follow it.

To save time, suppose we eliminate at once all instruments on behalf of which such claims are manifestly absurd. No manufacturer sincerely believes his own claims, if he sells his product at prices materially less than the prices prevailing for the highest grade pianos. It goes without saying that no piano can logically be considered supreme if in the open market it is unable to command as good a price as other pianos.

This reduces the number of instruments under consideration to a very few—in fact they can be numbered on the fingers of one hand. Every one of these pianos is unquestionably of high grade. The best materials and the highest paid workmanship go into their making.

Yet they have different individualities. The choice among them becomes a matter of personal preference—a *matter for experts to weigh and determine*.

Each instrument has ardent followers, who believe sincerely in its superiority. The relative merits of the four or five different pianos, admittedly standing in the front rank, have given rise to more heated arguments and stronger partisanship than in the case of any other manufactured article.



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Read over the names that appear at the head of this article. Remember that such great artists as Paderewski and Rosenthal, Caruso and Calvé—the very magic of whose names is sufficient to fill a concert-hall in any part of the world—are in a far better position than any layman to rightly determine the comparative value of different pianos.

Their training, their whole lives, have been devoted to the art of tonal expression. Their ears are more acute than others to detect the slightest imperfection in tone production. Every piano manufacturer would be eager to secure the advantage of their endorsement.

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choice centers upon the Weber. Of course, the amateur is still entitled to retain his individual opinion, but he cannot fail to respect this overwhelming weight of evidence.

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Finally, let it be understood that there is no attempt to depreciate or underestimate the merits of other instruments of undoubted excellence and associated with time-honored names; but the fact is that the Weber, *always* holding a position in the front rank of great pianos, **HAS BEEN MAKING GREATER PROGRESS DURING THE PAST FEW YEARS THAN ANY OF ITS CONTEMPORARIES.** The early ideals of Albert Weber are now being promoted by the ablest board of musical experts ever assembled, and with the support of the largest house in the entire musical industry of the world.

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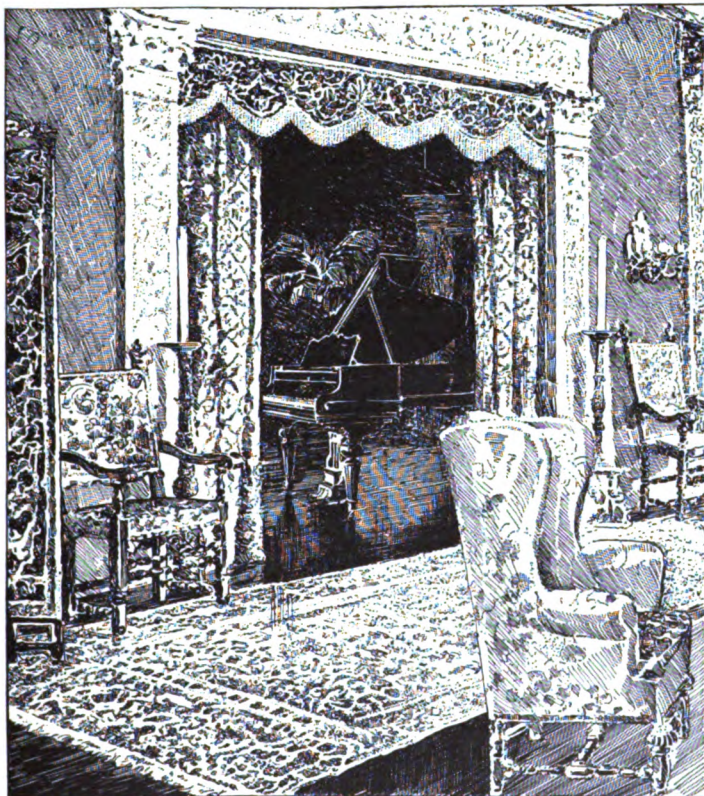
Two second prizes of \$150 each

Two third prizes of \$100 each

A folder giving complete information relative to the Contest with list of judges may be procured from responsible art dealers as well as samples of paper, or of

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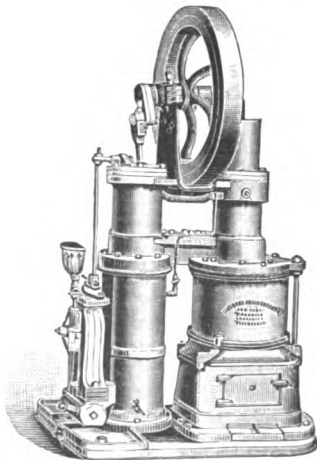
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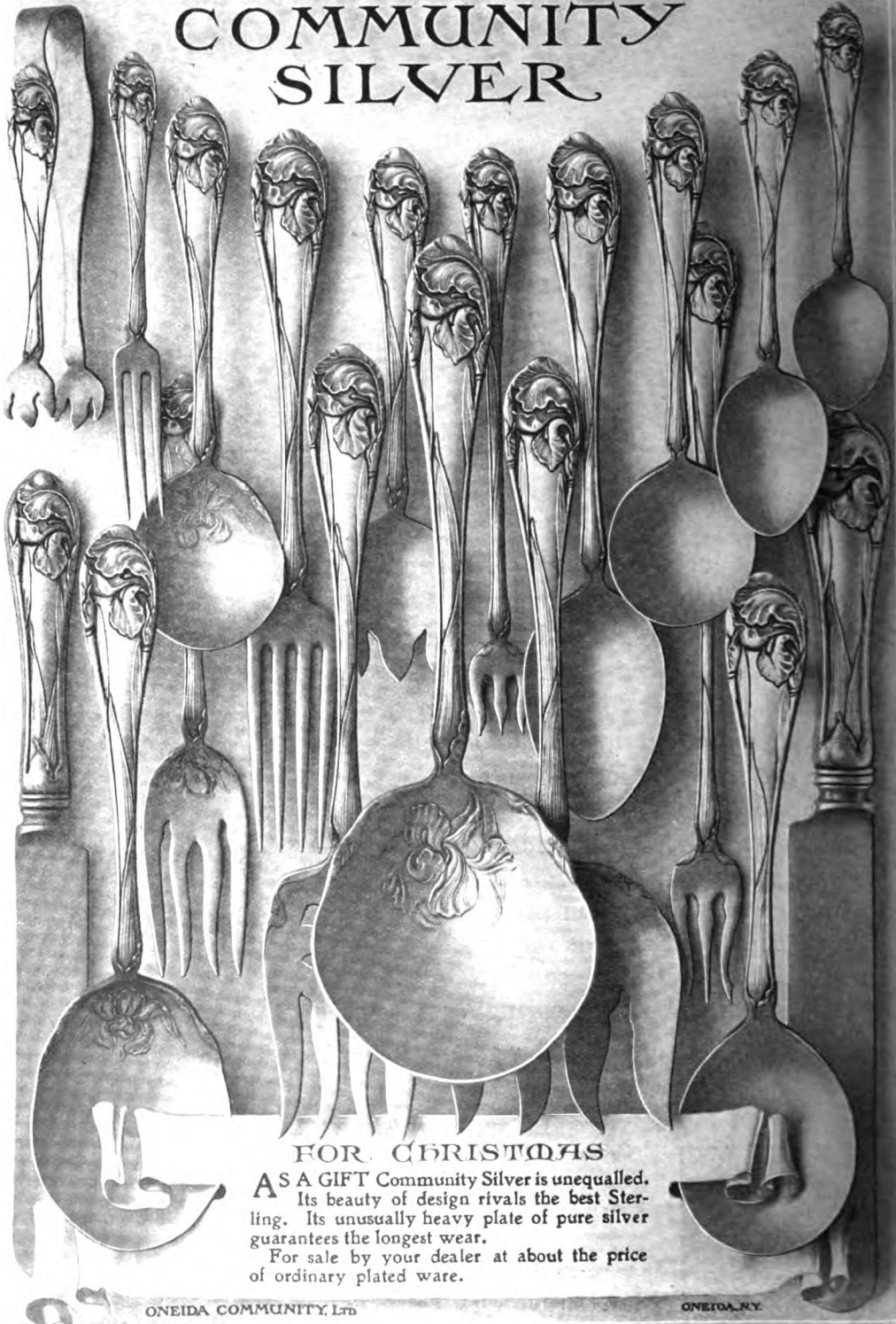
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TWO BUTTERICK DESIGNS FROM THE DECEMBER NUMBER OF
THE DELINEATOR

THERE ARE A HUNDRED OTHERS

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THE REVERSE SIDE

To America's Good Women:

With the November Delineator we started the "CHILD RESCUE CAMPAIGN"—the bringing into the home that needs a child the child that needs a home. There are 25,000 children in New York alone who do not know what Home means; there are 2,000,000 homes in America that do not know the joys that children bring. In the December issue are shown the second two, little, homeless children we are asking the great American womanhood to take into its heart.

We are proud of this December issue. It contains many notable features: "What Christmas Means To Me," a symposium by Edwin Markham, Madame Schumann-Heink, Eva Booth and the Rev. Charles F. Aked. It tells "How Santa Claus Comes to the Rich" with toys of fabulous price, and of "Christmas in Strange Places." Besides, it gives a generous list of fiction by well-known writers, Zona Gale, Owen Oliver, Ellis Parker Butler, Jean Dwight Franklin, Edith Fullerton Scott and Eloise Lee Sherman.

In fact we are proud of our record for the year. We have, of course, maintained our position as the greatest fashion authority in the world. This is acknowledged, and of it we presumably should be proud, as any one would be proud of leadership in anything. But, like most human beings who attain a recognized position, it is not on that position our pride rests.

During this past year we have given our readers some of the finest recent literature, for instance: the letters of Fraulein Schmidt to Mr. Anstruther, by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," and "The Chauffeur and the Chaperon" by the Williamsons. We have had contributions from some of the most famous people in the country: Hon. David J. Brewer, Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court; Cardinal Gibbons; Richard Le Gallienne; Ella Wheeler Wilcox; Newell Dwight Hillis, the great divine; Agnes and Egerton Castle; Anthony Hope; David Belasco; Ida M. Tarbell; Judge Henry E. Shute; Carolyn Wells; Ellis Parker Butler; Lida Churchill; Edgar Saltus; Tom Masson; Gelett Burgess; Grace MacGowan Cooke; Lillian Bell, and a number of other writers. But it is not of these things we are the proudest.

The Child Rescue Campaign,—the homeless child, the childless homes—the bringing of these little ones into the homes where little ones are needed; this movement is of our pride and of our heart. Will you make it of your heart? Will you give us such assistance as you can?

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and
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 in Light, Heavy or Extra Heavy Weights, Extra Long (No Extra Cost)

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Company of Corresponding
Size, Importance and Re-
sponsibility Throughout
the World.



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particulars. Address Dept. 10

Read
this
Table

Comparison of Rates on the New Policy
with Average Premium Rates of 102
Other Life Insurance Companies.

WHOLE LIFE PLAN—\$1,000

Ages	Prudential Insurance Company	49 American Companies	86 English Companies	*17 European Companies
21	\$15 29	\$15 69	\$16 48	
22	15 63	16 04	16 82	
23	15 99	16 41	17 18	
24	16 37	16 80	17 56	
25	16 77	17 19	17 97	
26	17 18	17 62	18 41	
27	17 62	18 07	18 87	
28	18 08	18 53	19 35	
29	18 57	19 04	19 85	
30	19 08	19 57	20 38	\$21 97
31	19 62	20 14	20 95	22 59
32	20 19	20 70	21 53	23 26
33	20 79	21 33	22 15	23 94
34	21 43	21 96	22 80	24 65
35	22 10	22 65	23 47	25 41
36	22 81	23 37	24 22	26 23
37	23 56	24 13	24 99	27 06
38	24 35	24 95	25 80	27 98
39	25 19	25 81	26 65	28 91
40	26 09	26 73	27 56	29 90
41	27 04	27 69	28 50	30 95
42	28 04	28 72	29 48	32 10
43	29 11	29 83	30 53	33 32
44	30 25	30 99	31 63	34 61
45	31 47	32 24	32 80	35 99
46	32 76	33 56	34 02	
47	34 13	34 96	35 34	
48	35 60	36 46	36 73	
49	37 17	38 06	38 21	
50	38 83	39 79	39 79	
51	40 61	41 57	41 47	
52	42 51	43 39	43 27	
53	44 53	45 57	45 18	
54	46 88	47 76	47 21	
55	48 98	50 10	49 28	
56	51 42	52 64	51 68	
57	54 06	55 33	54 13	
58	56 87	58 18	56 75	
59	59 87	61 22	59 50	
60	63 08	64 43	62 37	
Average,	\$30 74	\$31 48	\$31 77	

* European rates available only for ages 30-45.

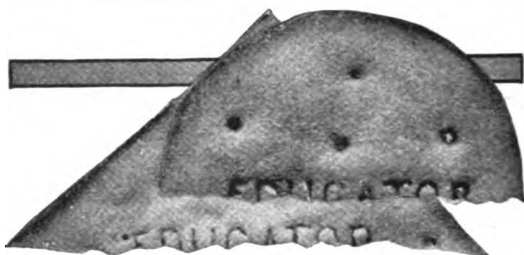
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Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

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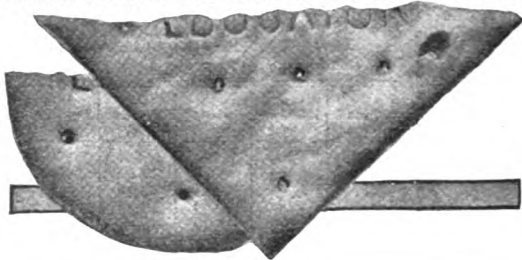
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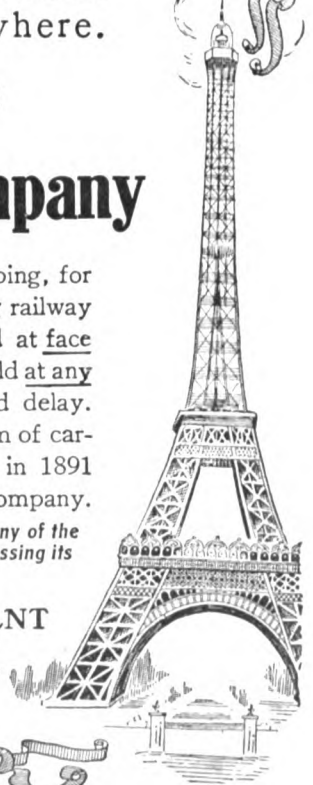
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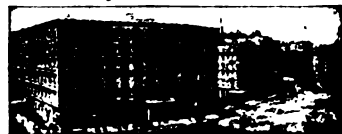


The Where-to-go Bureau

This department will appear each month in several leading magazines. Reliable hotels, resorts, and enterprises, etc., can be listed by applying to Knutland Shaffer, Pres., The Where-to-go Bureau, 8 Main Street, Boston, Mass. (A. American Plan; E. European Plan; *, write for further information.)

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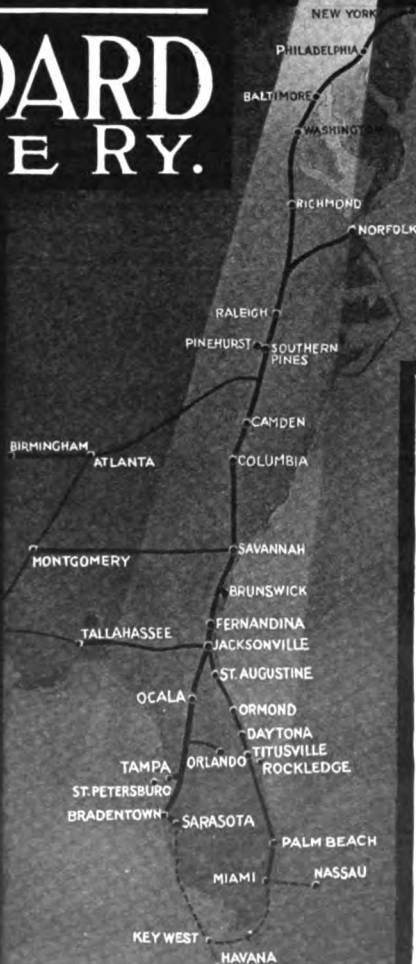
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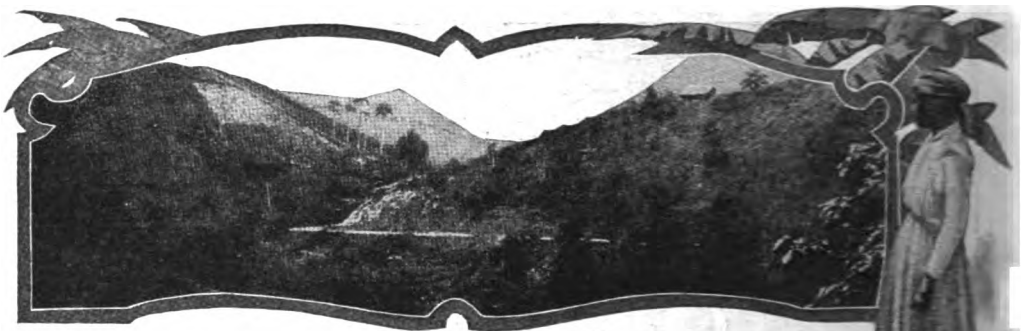


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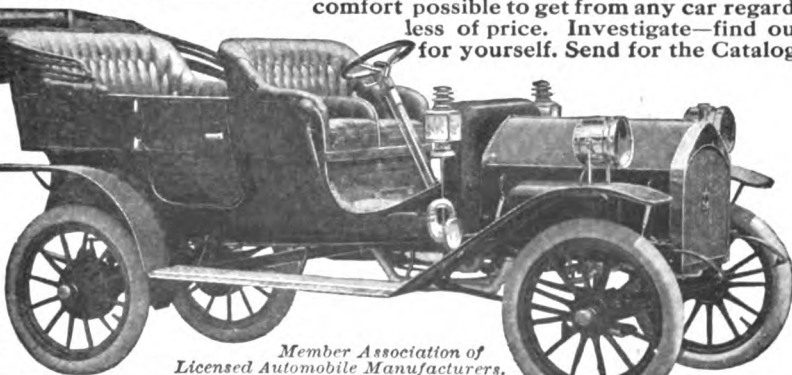
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Top extra
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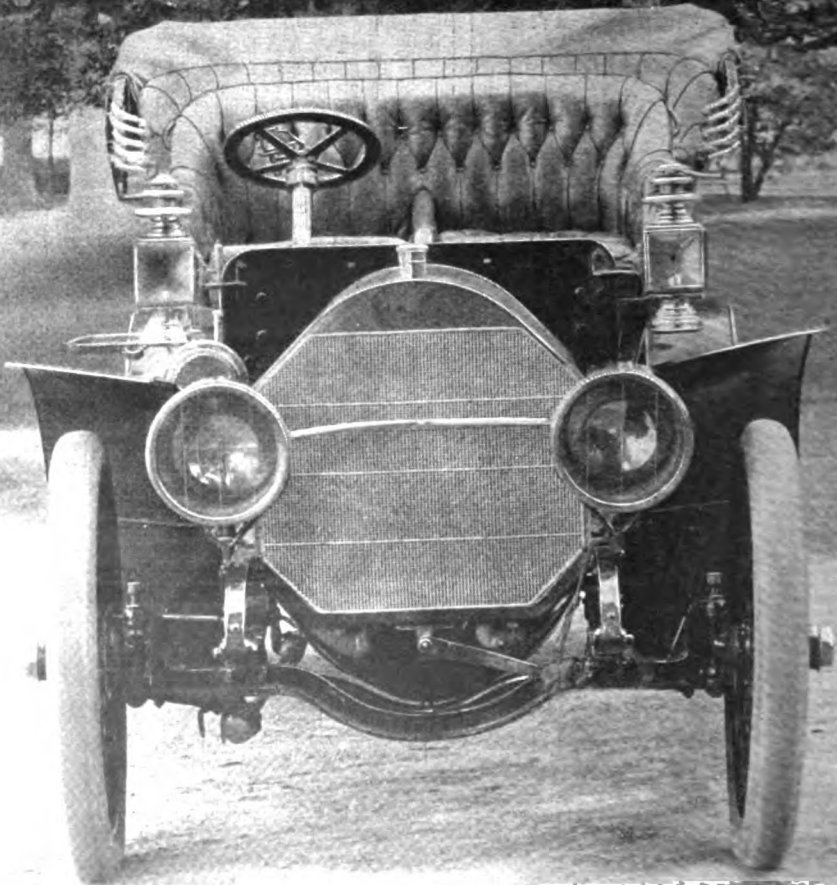
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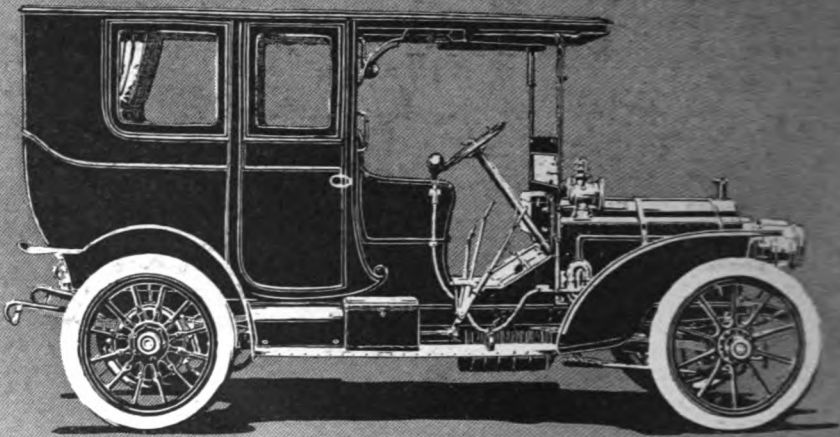
Write for our 1908 Catalogue "O" which fully describes and illustrates the Peerless Models

PEERLESS MOTOR CAR CO., 2445 Oakdale St., Cleveland, O.

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Packard

"THIRTY"
1908



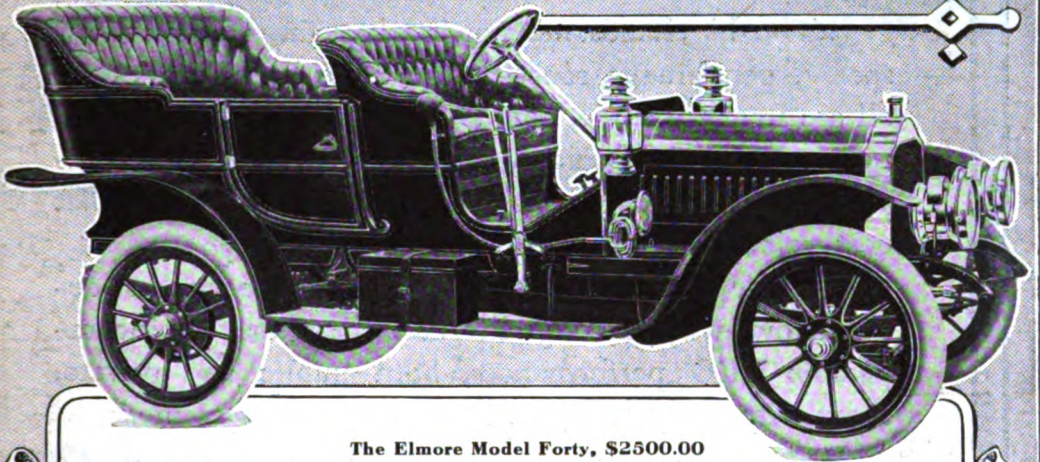
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The Car That Has No Valves

19 Elmore 08.

VALVELESS 2 CYCLE



The Elmore Model Forty, \$2500.00

The information which it contains is so remarkable—so very much out of the ordinary—that this advertisement will have failed in its purpose if it does not impel you to consult with the nearest Elmore agent at once.

The Elmore agent is prepared to show you:—
A car which will run for 2000 miles on one set of ordinary six-inch dry cells.

A car that will drain those cells to so low a point that cells ordinarily discarded as useless for other cars will operate the Elmore.

A car in which all troubles due to batteries, timer or coils are cut out altogether.

A car in which the ignition system ceases to be any occasion for thought or care at all.

A car which has not a single valve and consequently none of the troubles incident to valves, cams or springs.

A car equipped with continuous turning power which means—no idle stroke—and an impulse from each cylinder with every turn of the fly-wheel.

A car in which repair cost is practically *nil* because it contains none of the deficiencies or complications in engine construction, ignition system, or usage of valves by which repairs are rendered necessary.

A car that to the unbiased investigator puts the four-cycle theory of construction into a defensive attitude and has helped to hasten the widespread adoption of the six-cylinder idea—a vain effort to approach through increased cylinders, cost, and complications, the marvelous efficiency of the Elmore continuous torque.

A car that is doing so many almost unbelievable things in the hands of several thousand owners that our chief difficulty is to find plain English words which will convey to you an adequate idea of the wide gulf that separates it from the ordinary four-cycle car.

Write for the Elmore literature—but see an Elmore agent.

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The Car that shows why

Every REO shows why from beginning to end.

The big, handsome, powerful touring car; the swift, sporty, gentleman's roadster; the natty little runabout—all are strong, simple, able and sensible; easy to manage; speedy; smooth-running, comfortable; free from complications; full of style; and doing the work of cars that cost twice the money to buy and to operate.

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REO 5-passenger Touring-car \$1250; REO Gentleman's Roadster \$1000

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Prices f. o. b. Lansing

Write for the REO "Show Why" catalogue.

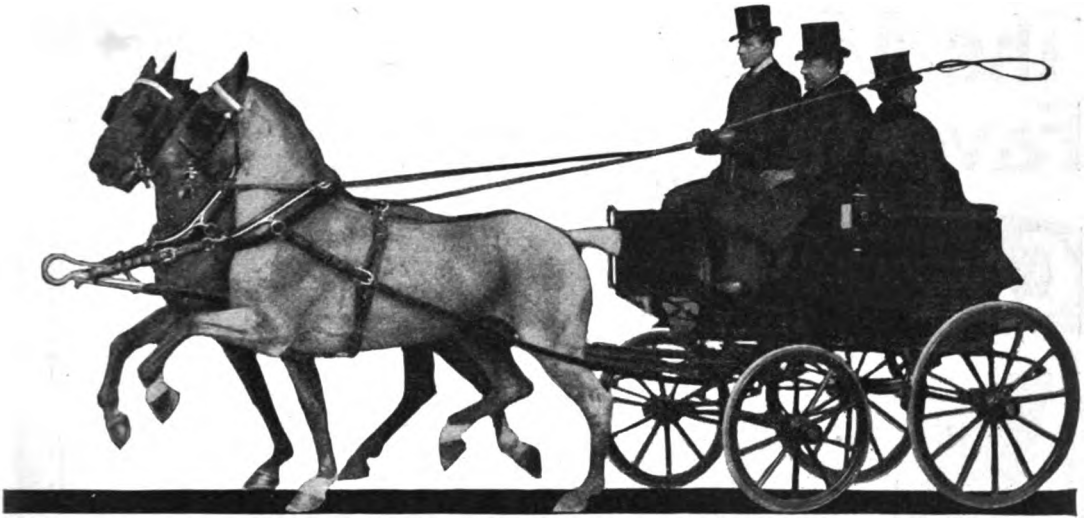
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Touring-car chassis. 32-inch wheels. 45 miles an hour. 2-passenger seat, with trunk box in rear, convertible into a 2-passenger seat. \$1000 f. o. b. Lansing, Mich.



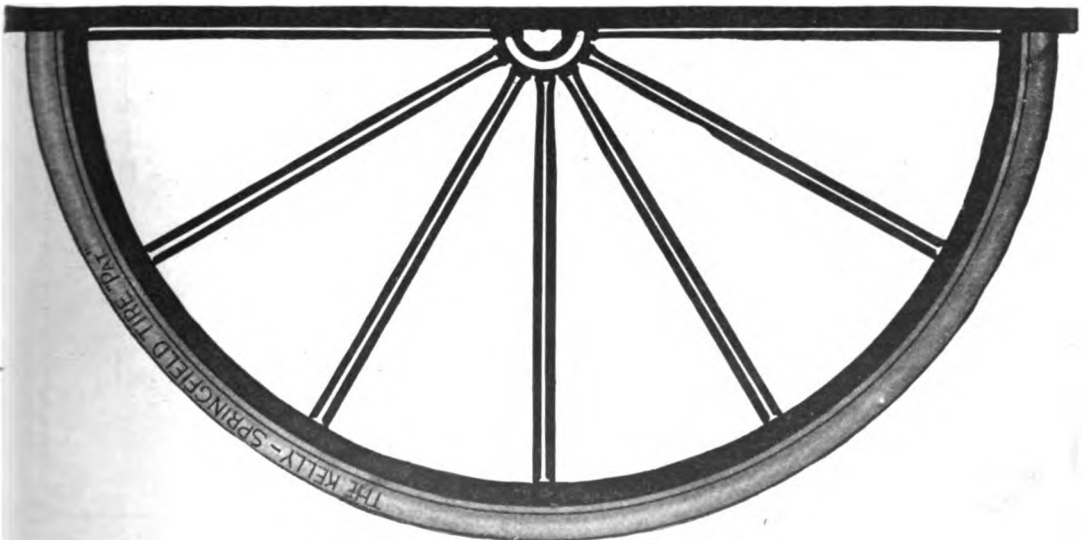
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The Advance Favorite **CADILLAC** Model G



\$2,000

Four Cylinders—25 Horse-power

Every day of service adds emphasis to the fact that the chief difference between Cadillac Model G and cars of the most expensive types is in price, not performance. Time after time it has proven its superiority over competitors of double its cost and thrice its rated power. Let a demonstrator convince you of this by actual tests; then observe the long, rangy lines of the car, its simplicity and strength, its racy, "thoroughbred" appearance, and you will appreciate why Model G is the advance favorite for 1908.

Speedy, silent, responsive, always dependable. Twenty-five horse power (A. L. A. M. rating); sliding gear transmission; shaft drive; 100-inch wheel base. Described in catalog G 31.

Cadillac Model H, a luxurious four-cylinder touring car, also commends itself to your attention. Thirty-horse power; 50 miles an hour; **\$2,500**. Described in catalog H 31.

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Is the title of a 64-page booklet of actual facts and figures compiled from sworn statements of a large number of users of the sturdy single-cylinder Cadillacs. Get a free copy of this valuable brochure, asking for Booklet No. 31. It contains many surprises for those who have been misled into believing that ~~every~~ automobile is an expensive luxury.

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1016 E. 22nd St., Indianapolis, Ind.





High power with light-weight makes an automobile “do things”.

Of course—nobody doubts that. And yet automobile manufacturers keep on handicapping their machines with the weight and inefficiency of a water-cooled engine.

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The Franklin engine is smaller because it works at the temperature of the highest efficiency, 350° or more. A water-cooled motor can't keep up to this temperature, the water would boil away. This is why the Franklin went 95 miles on two gallons of gasoline in the great Efficiency Contest, while the nearest water-cooled machine stopped at 48 miles.

Type G, the light family touring-car, is a striking example of high power with light-weight and perfect strength. It does more and lasts longer than any machine at or near its price. It is the easiest on tires, fuel, and repairs, and gives the most service, dollar for dollar.

You'd better look into this matter of light-weight and the Franklin.

The 1908 Franklin catalogue goes very fully into the subject.

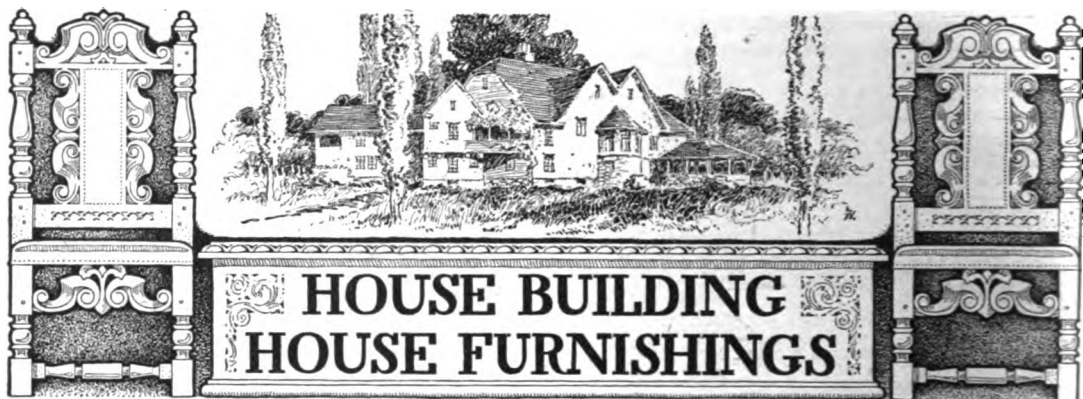
1908 Franklin Models

16 h p Touring-Car \$1850
16 h p Runabout \$1750

28 h p Touring-Car or Runabout \$2850
42 h p Touring-Car or Runabout \$4000

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It's Automatic Even, Healthful Heat With Reduced Coal Bills

This Heat Regulator is easily applied to all Hot Water, Steam, Hot Air or Natural Gas Heaters. It is Guaranteed for 10 years and sold on Merits. Thousands in use 25 years and still working. Cannot give out with reasonable care. Saves running up and down stairs. Prevents accidents by fires. Cannot forget the dampers and Cannot Run Down and Leave Front Draft Damper Open. This feature is strongly covered by letters patent and is positively not found in any other Thermostat. Coal saved pays for Regulator; therefore, it costs you nothing. Always the best.

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